Jennie M. Struthers
March 1877

THE

DRAMATIC AND POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT GREENE & GEORGE PEELE

WITH

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHORS AND NOTES

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER DYCE

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.
NEW YORK: 416, BROOME STREET.
1874.

LONDON :
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
SANTA BARBARA

NOTICE.

The Works of George Peele: now first collected. With some account of his writings, and notes: By the Rev. Alexander Dyce, A.B., 2 vols., were published in 1828. A "*Second edition with additions*" (the title-page slightly varied) appeared during the next year; and a third volume in 1839.

The Dramatic Works of Robert Greene, to which are added his Poems. With some account of the author, and Notes: By the Rev. Alexander Dyce, B.A., 2 vols., were published in 1831.

To the latter collection was prefixed a Dedication which I now subjoin, because I am unwilling that it should be forgotten;—

"TO

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.,

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED,

AS A SLIGHT MARK OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS GENIUS,

AND RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,

BY HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,

ALEXANDER DYCE."

At that period I had the honour of occasionally corresponding with Sir Walter: and in his *Life* by Lockhart (vol. vii. p. 272) is a letter addressed to me which shows that he intended to make my editions of Greene, Webster, &c., the subject of an article for the Quarterly Review; but his kind intentions were frustrated by the fatal malady from which he vainly sought relief in a foreign land.

The present volume contains the whole of the above-mentioned editions of Peele and Greene; nor is it a mere reprint, important alterations, corrections, and additions having been made throughout.

ALEXANDER DYCE.

CONTENTS.

THE DRAMATIC AND POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT GREENE.

PAGE

SOME ACCOUNT OF ROBERT GREENE AND HIS WRITINGS 1
LIST OF GREENE'S PROSE-WORKS 76
ORLANDO FURIOSO 85
A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND 113
FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY 149
SPECIMEN OF THE FAMOUS HISTORIE OF FRYER BACON 179
JAMES THE FOURTH 183
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON 221
GEORGE-A-GREENE, THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD 249
SPECIMEN OF THE HISTORY OF GEORGE-A-GREENE 269
BALLAD, THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD, WITH ROBIN HOOD, SCARLET, AND JOHN 270
A MAIDEN'S DREAM 273
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS 283
POEMS FROM MORANDO, THE TRITAMERON OF LOVE 285
MENAPHON 286
PERIMEDES, THE BLACKSMITH 292
PANDOSTO, THE TRIUMPH OF TIME 294
NEVER TOO LATE 294
THE MOURNING-GARMENT 304
THE FAREWELL TO FOLLY 309
THE GROATSWORTH OF WIT 310
CICERONIS AMOR, TULLY'S LOVE 311
PHILOMELA, THE LADY FITZWATER'S NIGHTINGALE . . . 314
THE SECOND PART OF MAMILLIA 316
THE ORPHARION 316
PENELOPE'S WEB 317
ARBASTO 318
ALCIDA 318
GREENE'S VISION 320
ENGLAND'S PARNASSUS 320

THE WORKS OF GEORGE PEELE.

PAGE

SOME ACCOUNT OF GEORGE PEELE AND HIS WRITINGS 323
THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS 347
EDWARD THE FIRST. 371
A WARNING-PIECE TO ENGLAND AGAINST PRIDE AND WICKEDNESS, &c. . 373
THE BATTLE OF ALCAZAR 417
THE OLD WIVES' TALE 441
DAVID AND BETHSABE 459
SIR CLYOMON AND SIR CLAMYDES 487
DEVICE OF THE PAGEANT BORNE BEFORE WOLSTAN DIXIE 535
DESCENSUS ASTRÆÆ 539
A FAREWELL TO SIR JOHN NORRIS AND SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, &c. AND A TALE OF TROY 545
AN ECLOGUE GRATULATORY, &c. 559
POLYHYMNIA 565
SPEECHES TO QUEEN ELIZABETH AT THEOBALD'S 575
THE HONOUR OF THE GARTER 581
ANGLORUM FERIÆ, ENGLAND'S HOLIDAYS 591
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS 599
LINES ADDRESSED TO THOMAS WATSON 601
THE PRAISE OF CHASTITY 601
LOVE 603
CUPID'S ARROWS 603
CORIDON AND MELAMPUS' SONG 603
FRAGMENTS OF THE HUNTING OF CUPID FROM DRUMMOND'S MSS. . . 603
A MERRY BALLAD OF THE HAWTHORN-TREE 604
PEELE'S MERRY CONCEITED JESTS 607

INDEX TO THE NOTES ON GREENE 621
INDEX TO THE NOTES ON PEELE 623

ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

P. 228. In the line,

"Naples, I mean, that city of *renowm*,"

alter "*renowm*" to "renown."

Ibid. Dele note †.

P. 338. "*Longshank* is afterwards repeatedly mentioned in the same *Diary*."

I ought to have added, that the Appendix to the same *Diary*, p. 276, contains an inventory of the apparel of the Lord Admiral's Players, 1598, in which occurs "Longeshankes scute." p. 276.

P. 464. Qy. if in the line,

"That, for their homage to her sovereign *joys*,"—

the word "*joys*" should be "eyes"?

THE

DRAMATIC AND POETICAL

WORKS OF ROBERT GREENE.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

ROBERT GREENE AND HIS WRITINGS.

ROBERT GREENE was a native of Norwich.* The date of his birth has not been ascertained: in all probability it may be fixed about the year 1550.

* Greene, dedicating his *Maiden's Dream*, 1591, to Lady Elizabeth Hatton, declares that he is her "ladyship's poor countryman," and signs himself "R. GREENE, *Nordovicensis*."

In 1592 was printed a piece by Lodge, entitled *Euphues Shadow, the Battaile of the Sences*, &c.: it was edited by Greene, who prefixed to it the following Address;

"To the Right Honourable Robert Ratcliffe, Viscount Fitzwaters, Robert Greene wisheth increase of honour and vertue.

"Ever desirous (right honorable) to shew my affectionate duty to your lordship, as well for the generall report of your vertue vniuersally conceipted in the opinion of all men, as for the natiue place of my birth, whereby I am bounde to affect your honourable father, and you for him aboue others, in suspence of this dutifull desire, it fortuned that one M. Thomas Lodge, who nowe is gone to sea with Mayster Candish, had bestowed some serious labour in penning of a booke called *Euphues Shadowe;* and by his last letters gaue straight charge, that I should not onely haue the care for his sake of the impression thereof, but also in his absence to bestowe it on some man of honor, whose worthye vertues might bee a patronage to his worke: wherevpon taking aduice with my selfe, I thought none more fit then your honour, seeing your lordships disposition was wholy giuen to the studie of good letters, to be a Mecenas to the well-imployed laboures of the absent gentleman: may therefore your lordship fauourably censure of my good meaning, in presenting your honour with this pamphlet, and courteouslye graunt acceptance of his workes and my good will, his labour hath his end, and my desire in dutie rests satisfied; and so humbly praying for your lordships health and welfare, I take my leaue.

"Your honors humbly to commaund,

"ROB. GREENE, *Norfolciensis*."

Euphues Shadow is not mentioned in any list of Lodge's works. [At least, it had not been mentioned among them in 1831, when the present memoir originally appeared.] Why Mr. Collier (*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 149, note) should suspect that it might have been written "by Greene himself," I am at a loss to understand.

"I neede not make long discourse of my parentes, who for their grauitie and honest life is well knowne and esteemed amongst their neighbors; namely, in the cittie of Norwitch, where I was bred and borne."—*The Repentance of Robert Greene*, &c., 1592. sig. C.

He was educated at Cambridge, taking the degree of A. B. at St. John's College in 1578, and that of A. M. at Clarehall* in 1583: in July 1588 he was incorporated at Oxford;† and on the title-pages of some of his works he ostentatiously terms himself "*Utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister.*"

During the time that elapsed between his taking the degree of A. B. and that of A. M. Greene visited Italy, Spain, and other parts of the continent;‡ and from the

---

The full title of the very rare piece last quoted will be found in the List of Greene's prose-works appended to this essay. It opens with the following Address;

"The Printer to the Gentlemen Readers.

"Gentlemen, I know you ar not vnacquainted with the death of Robert Greene, whose pen in his life-time pleased you as well on the stage as in the stationers shops: and, to speake truth, although his loose life was odious to God and offensiue to men, yet forasmuch as at his last end he found it most grieuous to himselfe (as appeareth by this his repentant discourse), I doubt not but he shall for the same deserue fauour both of God and men. And considering, gentlemen, that Venus hath her charmes to inchaunt, that fancie is a sorceresse bewitching the senses, and follie the onely enemie to all vertuous actions; and forasmuch as the purest glasse is the most brickle, the finest lawne the soonest staind, the highest oake most subiect to the wind, and the quickest wit the more easily woone to folly; I doubt not but you will with regarde forget his follies, and, like to the bee, gather hony out of the good counsels of him who was wise, learned, and politicke, had not his lasciuious life withdrawen him from those studies which had been far more profitable to him.

"For herein appeareth that he was a man giuen ouer to the lust of his owne heart, forsaking all godlines, and one that daily delighted in all manner of wickednes. Since other therefore haue forerun him in the like faults, and haue been forgiuen both of God and men, I trust hee shall bee the better accepted, that, by the working of Gods holy spirit, returnes with such a resolued repentance, being a thing acceptable both to God and men.

"To conclude, forasmuch as I found this discourse very passionate, and of woonderfull effect to withdraw the wicked from their vngodly waies, I thought good to publish the same; and the rather, for that by his repentance they may as in a glasse see their owne follie, and thereby in time resolue, that it is better to die repentant than to liue dishonest.

"Yours, C. B.[urbie.]"

The rest of the tract professes to proceed from the pen of Greene, with the exception of a few pages headed "The manner of the death and last end of Robert Greene, Maister of Artes."

When I first read *The Repentance* I suspected it to be the forgery of some writer who had taken advantage of the public curiosity concerning so notorious a person as Greene. But now I am strongly inclined to believe that it is genuine. The translator of *The French Academy*, T. B., noticing Englishmen of atheistical opinions, mentions "the testimonie which one of that crew gaue lately of himselfe, when the heauy hand of God by sicknesse summoned him to giue an accompt of his dessolute life," and then relates an anecdote of his impiety (not speaking of him, however, by name),—which anecdote is nothing more than a quotation from *The Repentance of Robert Greene*. And Chettle, in the Address "To the Gentlemen Readers," prefixed to *Kind-Harts Dreame*, says; "About three moneths since died M. Robert Greene, leauing *many papers in sundry booksellers hands*, among others his *Groats-worth of Wit*," &c.

* "I find Rob. Greene, A. M., Clare Hall, 1583."—MS. note by Dr. Farmer.

The Dedication of the Second Part of *Mamillia* (which was not printed till after Greene's death) is dated "From my Studie in Clarehall the vij. of Iulie" (the year not being added).

In Cole's MS. Collections relative to Cambridge (in the British Museum) I could find no mention of Greene.

† "1588, July —, Robert Green, M.A., of Cambridge, was also then incorporated."—Wood's *Fasti Oxon.* Part First, p. 245, ed. Bliss.

‡ "To be briefe, gentlemen, I haue seen the world and rounded it, though not with trauell, yet with experience; and I crie out with Salomon, *Omnia sub sole vanitas.* I haue smyled with the Italian, and

laxity of manners prevalent in some of those countries he seems to have acquired a taste for the dissolute habits in which he afterwards indulged.

It is stated that he entered the Church. In the Lansdowne Manuscripts, 982, art. 102, fol. 187, under the head of "Additions to Mr. Wood's Report of Mr. Robert Green, an eminent poet, who died about 1592," is a reference to a document in Rymer's *Fœdera*, from which it appears that a "Robert Grene" was, in 1576, one of the Queen's chaplains, and that he was presented by her Majesty to the rectory of Walkington in the diocese of York.* According to Octavius Gilchrist,†

worn the vipers head in my hand, and yet stopt his venome; I haue eaten Spanishe mirabolanes, and yet am nothing the more metamorphosed; Fraunce, Germanie, Poland, Denmarke, I know them all, yet not affected to any in the fourme of my life; onelie I am English borne, and I haue English thoughts, not a deuill incarnate because I am Italianate, but hating the pride of Italie, because I knowe their peeuishnes: yet in all these countreyes where I haue trauelled, I haue not seene more excesse of vanitie then wee Englishe men practise through vain glory."—*A Notable Discouery of Coosnage*, 1591, Sig. A 2.

"For being at the Vniuersitie of Cambridge, I light amongst wags as lewd as my selfe, with whome I consumed the flower of my youth; who drew mee to trauell into Italy and Spaine, in which places I sawe and practizde such villainie as is abhominable to declare. Thus by their counsaile I sought to furnishe myselfe with coine, which I procured by cunning sleights from my father and my friends; and my mother pampered me so long, and secretly helped mee to the oyle of angels, that I grew thereby prone to all mischiefe: so that beeing then conuersant with notable braggarts, boon companions, and ordinary spend-thrifts, that practized sundry superficiall studies, I became as a sien grafted into the same stocke, whereby I did absolutely participate of their nature and qualities. At my return into England, I ruffeled out in my silks, in the habit of malcontent, and seemed so discontent, that no place would please me to abide in, nor no vocation cause mee to stay myselfe in: but after I had by degrees proceeded Maister of Arts," &c.—*The Repentance of Robert Greene*. Sig. C.

* "Anno 1576. Regina, delectis Nobis in Christo, Decano et Capitulo Ecclesiæ nostræ Cathedralis et Metropoliticæ Eboracensis, aut Vicario suo in Spiritualibus Generali et Officiali Principali, aut alii cuicumque in hac parte Potestatem habenti, Salutem.

"Ad Rectoriam sive Ecclesiam Parochialem de Walkington Eboracen. Diœces. per mortem Johannis Newcome ultimi Incumbentis ibidem, jam vacantem et ad nostram Donationem et Præsentationem pleno jure spectantem, Dilectum nobis in Christo, Robertum Grene, unum Capellanorum nostrorum Capellæ nostræ Regiæ, vobis Tenore Præsentium præsentamus, Mandantes et Requirentes quatenus eundem Robertum Grene ad Rectoriam sive Ecclesiam Parochialem de Walkington prædictam admittere, ipsumque Rectorem ejusdem ac in et de eadem cum suis Juribus et Pertinentiis universis instituere et investire, cæteraque omnia et singula peragere facere et perimplere, quæ vestro in hac parte incumbunt Officio Pastorali, velitis cum favore. In cujus rei, &c.

"Teste Regina apud Gorhambury tricesimo primo die Augusti.

"*Per breve de Privato Sigillo.*"

Rymer's *Fœdera*, tom. xv. p. 765.

See a sketch of Greene's life by Sir N. H. Nicolas, in his reprint of Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*.

† *Examination of Ben Jonson's Enmity towards Shakespeare*, p. 22, where no authority is cited for the statement.

The following passage of *Never too Late*, even if it be allowed that Greene meant Francesco for a picture of himself, must not be adduced to show that he had ever been in orders: his "hauing tasted of the sweet fruits of theology" is to be referred merely to the divinity which (as well as philosophy) Francesco, "who had been nursed up at the Universities," had acquired during his academical career:—

"Hast thou read Aristotle, and findest thou not in his philosophie this sentence set downe? *Omne animal irrationale ad sui similem diligendum natura dirigitur.* And wilt thou that art a creature indued with reason as thou art, excelling them in wisedome, exceede them in vanities? Hast thou turnd ouer the liberall sciences as a scholler, and amongst them all hast not found this general principle, that vnitie is the essence of amitie, and yet wilt thou make a diuision in the greatest simpathie of all loues? Nay, Francesco, art thou a Christian, and hast tasted of the sweet fruites of theologie, and hast not read

our author was presented, 19th June, 1584, to the vicarage of Tollesbury in Essex, which he resigned the next year. And a copy of *The Pinner of Wakefield* exists, on the title-page of which are the following notes, in hand-writing of about the time when the play was printed ;

"Written by . . . . . *a minister* who acted the piner's pt in it himselfe. Teste W. Shakespeare.

Ed. Juby saith it was made by Ro. Greene."

Of *The Pinner of Wakefield*, of these MS. Notes, and of Greene's acting, more will be said hereafter.

From the title-page of his *Planetomachia*, 1585, where he is styled "Student in Phisicke," we may gather that, at one period of his life, he had intended to pursue the medical profession.

That Greene has described some of his own adventures under those of Francesco in his *Never too Late*, must be, I think, sufficiently evident to every one who has perused it with attention : and that he intended Roberto, in his *Groats-worth of Wit*, for a picture of himself, he has not left us to doubt ; "Heere, gentlemen, breake I off Roberto's speech, whose life in most part agreeing with mine, found one selfe punishment as I have done. Hereafter suppose me the said Roberto, and I will go on with that he promised: Greene will send you now his Groats-worth of Witte," &c. But, since in both narratives he has undoubtedly exaggerated the incidents and heightened the colouring much beyond the truth, it is very difficult to determine what portions of them are to be received as facts. These two pieces may be regarded as among the best of Greene's pamphlets ; and the ample extracts which I am about to make from them, will serve not only as illustrations of his life, but as specimens of his style in prose.

The Palmer's story in *Never too Late*,* opens thus: "In those dayes when Palmerin reigned King of Great Britaine, famoused for his deedes of chiualrie, there dwelled in the citie of Caerbranck a gentleman of an ancient house, called Francesco ; a man whose parentage though it were worshipfull, yet it was not indued with much wealth ; insomuch that his learning was better than his reuenewes, and his wit more beneficiall than his substance. This Signor Francesco desirous to bend the course of his compasse to some peaceable port, spread no more cloath in the winde than might make easie saile, least hoysting vp too hastely aboue

this in Holy Writt, pend downe by that miracle of wisedome Salomon, that he which is wise should reiect the strange woman, and not regard the sweetnesse of hir flattrie. . . . . If then, Francesco, theologie tells thee such axiomes, wilt thou striue against the streame ?"

Part First, p. 48. ed. 1590.

* I print from the edition of 1590 : see the full title in the List of Greene's prose-works appended to this essay. I have not quoted here any of the verses with which *Never too Late* abounds, as they are all given in the present volume among our author's Miscellaneous Poems.

the maine yeard, some sodaine gust might make him founder in the deep. Though he were yong, yet he was not rash with Icarus to soare into the skie, but to crie out with olde Dedalus, *Medium tenere tutissimum;* treading his shooe without anie slip. He was so generally loued of the citizens, that the richest marchant or grauest burghmaster would not refuse to graunt him his daughter in marriage, hoping more of his insuing fortunes than of his present substance. At last, casting his eye on a gentlemans daughter that dwelt not far from Caerbranck, he fell in loue, and prosecuted his sute with such affable courtesie as the maide, considering the vertue and wit of the man, was content to set vp her rest with him, so that her fathers consent might be at the knitting vp of the match. Francesco thinking himselfe cocksure, as a man that hoped his credite in the citie might carrie away more than a country gentlemans daughter, finding her father on a day at fit opportunitie, he made the motion about the grant of his daughters marriage. The olde churle, that listened with both eares to such a question, did not in this *in vtramuis aurem dormire;* but leaning on his elbow, made present aunswere, that hir dowrie required a greater feoffment than his lands were able to affoord." The old gentleman, who was called Signor Fregoso, now goes home, and rates his daughter, whose name was Isabel, for having thought of marrying a man who was unable to maintain her. "And with that, he carried her in, and shut her vp in his owne chamber, not giuing her leaue to depart but when his key gaue her license: yet at last she so cunningly dissembled, that she gat thus farre libertie, not to bee close prisoner, but to walke about the house; yet euerie night hee shut vp her cloathes, that no nightly feare of her escape might hinder his broken slumbers." Francesco is for some time unable to gain access to his mistress, or to communicate with her in writing. At last a poor woman, for a bribe, conveys a letter from him to Isabel, who, in her answer to it, desires him to "be vpon Thursday next at night hard by the orchard vnder the greatest oake, where expect my comming, and prouide for our safe passage; for, stood all the worlde on the one side, and thou on the other, Francesco should be my guide to direct me whither hee pleased. Faile not, then, vnlesse thou bee false to her that would haue life faile ere she falsifie faith to thee." On the appointed Thursday, at midnight, Isabel "rose vp, and finding her apparell shut vp, she was faine to goe without hose, onely in her smocke and her petticoate, with her fathers hat and an olde cloake. Thus attired like Diana in her night-geere, she marcheth downe softly, where she found Francesco readie with a priuate and familiar frend of his to watch her comming forth; who casting his eye aside, and seeing one in a hat and a cloake, suspecting some treacherie, drew his sword." He, of course, soon recognizes his mistress, and professes his devotion to her. "'Sir,' quoth she, 'these protestations are now bootlesse: and therefore to be briefe, thus' (and with that the teares trickled downe the vermilion of her cheeks, and she blubbred out this passion) 'O Francesco, thou maist see by my attire the depth of my fancie, and in these homely roabes maist thou noate the rechlesnesse of my fortunes, that for

thy loue haue straind a note too high in loue. I offend nature as repugnant to my father, whose displeasure I haue purchast to please thee; I haue giuen a finall farewell to my friends, to be thy familiar; I haue lost all hope of preferment, to confirme the simpathie of both our desires: ah Francesco, see I come thus poore in apparell, to make thee rich in content. Now, if hereafter (oh, let me sigh at that, least I be forced to repent too late), when thy eye is glutted with my beautie, and thy hotte loue prooued soone colde, thou beginst to hate hir that thus loueth thee, and prove as Demophon did to Phillis, or as Aeneas did to Dido; what then may I doo, reiected, but accurse mine owne folly, that hath brought mee to such hard fortunes? Giue me leaue, Francesco, to feare what may fall; for men are as inconstant in performance as cunning in practises.' She could not fully discourse what she was about to vtter; but he broke off with this protestation. 'Ah Isabel, although the windes of Lepanthos are euer inconstant, the chriseroll euer brittle, the polype euer changeable, yet measure not my minde by others motions, nor the depth of my affection by the fleeting of others fancies; for as there is a topace that will yeeld to euerie stamp, so there is an emerald that will yeeld to no impression. The selfe same Troy, as it had an Aeneas that was fickle, so it had a Troylus that was constant. Greece had a Piramus as it had a Demophon; and though some haue been ingrateful, yet accuse not al to be vnthankful; for when Francesco shall let his eye slip from thy beautie, or his thoughts from thy qualities, or his heart from thy vertues, or his whole selfe from euer honouring thee, then shal heauen cease to haue starres, the earth trees, the world elements, and euerie thing reuersed shall fall to their former chaos.' 'Why, then,' quoth Isabel, 'to horsebacke, for feare the faith of two such louers be impeached by my fathers wakefull icalouzie.' And with that (poore woman) halfe naked as she was, she mounted, and as fast as horse would pace away they post towards a towne in the said countrey of Britaine called Dunecastrum." Fregoso, rising early in the morning, is half distracted at Isabel's escape. "Whereupon in a despayring furie he caused all his men and his tenaunts to mount them, and to disperse themselues euerie one with hue and crie for the recouerie of his daughter, he himself being horst, and riding the readie way to Dunecastrum. Where he no sooner came, but fortune meaning to dally with the olde dotcard, and to present him a boane to gnaw on, brought it so to passe that, as he came riding downe the towne, he met Francesco and his daughter comming from the church; which although it pierete him to the quicke, and straindc euerie string of his heart to the highest noate of sorrow, yet he concealed it till he tooke his inne; and then stumbling as fast as he could to the Mayors house of the towne, he reuealed vnto him the whole cause of his distresse, requiring his fauour for the clapping vp of this vnruly gentleman; and to make the matter the more hainous, hee accused him of felonie, that he had not onely, contrarie to the custome, bereft him of his daughter against his wil, but with his daughter had taken away certaine plate. This cuidence caused the Mayor

straight, garded with his officers, to march downe with Fregoso to the place where Isabel and her Francesco were at breakfast, little thinking, poore soules, such a sharp storme should follow so quiet a calme." Francesco is conveyed to prison, and Isabel to the Mayor's house; and Fregoso, "as a man carelesse what should become of them in a straunge countrey," rides back to his home. After many days the Mayor, perceiving that the charge of felony was groundless, procures the consent of his brethren to set Francesco free. Taking Isabel with him, he goes to the gaol, and tells his prisoner, that "he was content to set him at libertie, conditionally Francesco should giue his hand to be answerable to what hereafter in that behalfe might be obiected against him. These conditions accepted, Francesco was set at libertie; and he and Isabell, ioyntly together taking themselues to a little cottage, began to be as Cyceronicall as they were amorous; with their hands thrift coueting to satisfie their hearts thirst, and to be as diligent in labours as they were affectionate in loues: so that the parish wherein they liued so affected them for the course of their life, that they were counted the very myrrours of a democraticall methode; for hee being a scholler, and nurst vp in the vniuersities, resolued rather to liue by his wit than any way to be pinched with want, thinking this olde sentence to be true, that wishers and woulders were neuer good housholders; therefore he applied himselfe to teaching of a schoole, where by his industry he had not onelie great fauour, but gote wealth to withstand fortune. Isabel, that she might seeme no lesse profitable than her husband careful, fel to her needle, and with her worke sought to preuent the iniurie of necessitie. Thus they laboured to mainetaine their loues, being as busie as bees, and as true as turtles, as desirous to satisfie the worlde with their desert as to feede the humours of their owne desires. Liuing thus in a league of vnited vertues, out of this mutuall concorde of confirmed perfection, they had a sonne answerable to their owne proportion; which did increase their amitie, so as the sight of their young infant was a double ratifying of their affection. Fortune and loue thus ioyning in league to make these parties to forget the stormes that had nipped the blossomes of their former yeers, addicted to the content of their loues this conclusion of blisse. After the tearme of fiue yeares, Seigneur Fregoso hearing by sundry reports the fame of their forwardnesse, howe Francesco coueted to be most louing to his daughter, and she most dutifull to him, and both striue to exceede one an other in loyalty, glad at this mutuall agreement, hee fell from the fury of his former melancholic passions, and satisfied him selfe with a contented patience, that at last he directed letters to his sonne in lawe, that he should make repayre to his house with his daughter. Which newes was no sooner come to the eares of this married couple, but, prouiding for all things necessarie for the furniture of their voyage, they posted as fast as they coulde towards Caerbrancke; where speedily arriuing at their fathers house, they found such friendly intertainement at the olde mans hand, that they counted this smile of fortune able to counteruaile all the contrarie stormes that the aduerse planets had inflicted vpon them." . . . .

. . . . . "It so chanced that Francesco had necessarie businesse to dispatch certaine his vrgent affaires at the chiefe city of that iland, called Troynouant: thither, with leaue of his father, and farewell to his wife, he* departed after they were married seuen yeeres. Where after he was arriued, knowing that he should make his abode there for the space of some nine weeks, he solde his horse, and hired him a chamber, earnestlie endeuouring to make speedie dispatch of his affaires, that he might the sooner enioy the sight of his desired Isabel; for, did he see any woman beautiful, he viewed her with a sigh, thinking howe farre his wife did surpasse her in excellence; were the modesty of any woman well noted by her qualities, it greeued him hee was not at home with his Isabel who did excell them all in vertues." . . . . . "As thus his thoughts were diuided on his businesse and on his wife, looking one day out at his chamber windowe hee espied a young gentlewoman which looked out at a casement right opposite against his prospect, who fixed her eies vpon him with such cunning and artificiall glaunces, as she shewed in them a chaste disdaine and yet a modest desire. Where, by the way, gentlemen, let me say this much, that our curtizans of Troynouant are far superiour in artificiall allurement to them of all the world; for although they haue not the painting of Italie, nor the charms of France, nor the iewelles of Spaine, yet they haue in their eies adamants that wil drawe youth as the jet the strawe, or the sight of the panther the ermly: their looks are like lures that will reclaime, and like Cyrces apparitions that can represent in them all motions; they containe modesty, mirth, chastity, wantonnes, and what not; and she that holdeth in her eie most ciuility, hath oft in hir heart most dishonestie, being like the pyrit stone that is fier without and frost within." . . . . . "This courtisan, seeing this countrey Francesco was no other but a meere nouice, and that so newly that, to vse the old prouerb, he had scarce seene the lions, she thought to intrap him and so arrest him with her amorous glances that shee would wring him by the pursse: wherevpon euery day shee would out at hir casement stand, and there discouer her beauties." . . . . Francesco "when his leisure serued him, woulde, to make proofe of his constancie, interchange amorous glaunces with this faire curtisan, whose name was Infida; thinking his inward affections were so surely grounded on the vertues of his Isabel that no exterior proportion could effect any passion to the contrary: but at last he found by experience, that the fairest blossomes are soonest nipt with frost, the best fruite soonest touched with caterpillers, and the ripest wittes most apt to be ouerthrowen by loue. Infida taught him with her lookes to learne this, that the eie of the basiliske pierceth with preiudice; that the iuice of celidonie is sweete, but it fretteth deadly; that Cyrces cuppes were too strong for all antidotes, and womens flatteries too forceable to resist at voluntarie: for she so snared him in the fauours of her face that his eie beganne to censure partially of her perfection, insomuch that he thought

* *he*] Old ed. "the."

her second to Isabel, if not superiour. Dallying thus with beautie as the flie in the flame, Venus, willing to shewe how forceable her influence was, so tempted with opportunitie, that as Francesco walked abroad to take the ayre, he met with Infida gadding abroad with certaine hir companions, who like blazing starres shewed the markes of inconstant minions; for she no sooner drew neere Francesco, but dying her face with a vermillion blush, and in a wanton eie hiding a fained modesty, shee saluted him with a lowe courtesie. Seigneur Francesco that coulde well skill to court all kinde of degrees, least he might then be thought to haue little manners, returned not only her courtesies with his bonnet, but, taking Infida by the hand, beganne thus. 'Faire mistresse, and if mine eie be not deceiued in so bright an obiect, mine ouerthwart neighbour, hauing often seene with delight, and coueted with desire to be acquainted with your sweete selfe; I cannot now but gratulate fortune with many thankes that hath offered such fit opportunitie to bring me to your presence, hoping I shall finde you so friendly as to craue that wee may be more familiar.' She that knewe howe to entertaine such a young nouice made him this cunning replie. 'Indeede, sir, neighborhoode craues charitie, and such affable gentlemen as your selfe deserues rather to be entertained with courtesie than reiected with disdaine. Therfore, sir, what priuate friendship mine honour or honestie may affoord, you aboue all (that hitherto I haue knowne) shall commaund.' 'Then, mistres,' quoth hee, 'for that euery man counts it credite to haue a patronesse of his fortunes, and I am a meere straunger in this citie, let mee finde such fauour that all my actions may be shrowded vnder your excellence, and carrie the name of your seruant, ready, for requitall of such gratious countenaunce, to unsheath my sworde in the defence of my patronesse for euer.' She that had her humour fitted with this motion, answered thus, with a looke that had beene able to haue forced Troylus to haue beene trothlesse to his Cressida. 'How kindly I take it, Seigneur Francesco, for so I vnderstand your name, that you proffer your seruice to so meane a mistresse! the effectual fauours that shall to my poore abilitie gratifie your curtesie, shall manifest how I accompt of such a friend. Therefore, from henceforth Infida intertains Francesco for her seruant.' 'And I,' quoth he, 'accept of the beauteous Infida as my mistresse.' Upon this they fell into other amorous prattle which I leaue off, and walked abroad while * it was dinner time; Francesco stil hauing his eie vpon his new mistresse, whose beauties he thought, if they were equally tempered with vertues, to exceede all that yet his eie had made survey of. Doating thus on this newe face with a new fancie, hee often wroong her by the hand, and brake off his sentences, with such deepe sighes, that she perceiued by the weather-cocke where the winde blewe; returning such amorous passions as she seemed as much intangled as he was enamoured. Well, thinking, now that she had bayted her hooke, she woulde not cease while * she had fully caught the fish, she beganne thus to

* *while*] i. e. till.

lay the traine. When they were come neere to the city gates, she stayed on a sodaine, and straining him hard by the hand, and glauncing a looke from her eies, as if she would both shew fauour and craue affection, she began thus smilinglie to assault him. 'Seruant, the lawyers say the *assumpsit* is neuer good where the partie giues not somewhat in consideration; that seruice is voide where it is not made fast by some fee. Least, therefore, your eie should make your minde variable, as mens thoughts follow their sights, and their lookes wauer at the excellence of new obiects, and so I loose such a seruant; to tie you to the stake with an earnest, you shall this day be my guest at dinner. Then, if heereafter you forget your mistresse, I shal appeale at the barre of loyaltie, and so condemne you of lightnes.' Francesco, that was tied by the eies, and had his hart on his halfpeny, could not deny her, but with many thanks accepted of hir motion; so, that agreed, they went all to Infidaes house to dinner: where they had such cheere as could vpon the sodaine be prouided; Infida giuing him such friendly and familiar intertainement at his repast, as wel with sweet prattle as with amorous glances, that he rested captiue within the laborinth of hir flatteries." In a short time the arts of Infida have complete success: she "so plied Francesco with her flattering fawnes that, as the yron follows the adamant, the straw the jet, and the helitropion the beames of the sunne, so his actions were directed after her eie, and what she saide stoode for a principle, insomuch, that he was not onely readie in all submisse humours to please her fancies, but willing for the least worde of offence to draw his weapon against the stoutest champion in al Troynouant. Thus seated in her beauty, hee liued a long while, forgetting his returne to Caerbrancke." . . . .

"Wel, his affaires were done, his horse solde, and no other businesse now rested to hinder him from hying home, but his mistresse; which was such a violent deteyner of his person and thoughts, that there is no heauen but Infidaes house; where although hee pleasantly entred in with delight, yet cowardly he slipt away with repentance. Well, leauing him to his new loues, at last to Isabell, who daily expected the comming home of her best beloued Francesco, thinking euery houre a yeare till she might see him in whome rested all her content. But when (poore soule) she coulde neither feede her sight with his presence, nor her eares with his letters, she beganne to lower, and grew so discontent that she fell into a feuer. Fortune, that meant to trie hir patience, thought to proone hir with these tragicall newes: it was tolde her by certaine gentlemen her friends, who were her husbands priuate familiars, that he meant to soiorne most part of the yeere in Troynouant; one blunt fellowe, amongest the rest, that was playne and wythout falshoode, tolde her the whole cause of his residence, howe hee was in loue wyth a most beautifull gentlewoman called Infida, and that so deepely that no perswasion might reuoke him from that alluring curtizan. At this Isabell made no accompt, but tooke it as a friuolous tale, and thought the woorse of such as buzzed such fantasticall follies into her eares: but when the generall report of his misdemeanours were bruted abroad throughout all

Caerbrancke, then, with blushing cheekes, she hid her head, and greeuing at his follies and her owne fortunes, smothered the flames of her sorrows with inward conceit, but outwardly withstood such in satyricall tearmes as did inueigh against the honestie of Francesco; so that she wonne great commendations of all for her loyaltie and constancie; yet when she was gotten secret by hir selfe, hir heart full of sorrowfull passions, and her eies full of teares, she beganne to meditate with her selfe of the prime of her youth vowed to Francesco, how she forsooke father, friendes, and countrey to bee paramour vnto her hearts paragon, the vowes hee made, when he carried her away in the night, the solempne promises and protestations that were vttered." She then writes the following letter. "'Isabel to Francesco, health. If Penelope longde for her Vlysses, thinke Isabel wisheth for her Francesco, as loyall to thee as she was constant to the wily Greeke, and no lesse desirous to see thee in Caerbranck than she to enioy his presence in Ithaca; watering my cheekes with as manie teares as she her face with plaints; yet, my Francesco, hoping I haue no such cause as she to increase hir cares; for I haue such resolution in thy constancie, that no Circes with all her inchantments, no Calipso with all her sorceries, no Syren with all her melodies could peruert thee from thinking on thine Isabel; I know, Francesco, so deeply hath the faithful promise and loyall vowes made and interchanged betweene vs taken place in thy thoughtes, that no time how long soeuer, no distance of place howsoeuer different, may alter that impression. But why do I inferre this needlesse insinuation to him that no vanitie can alienate from vertue? let me, Francesco, perswade thee with other circumstances. First, my sweete, thinke how thine Isabel lies alone, measuring the time with sighes, and thine absence with passions; counting the day dismall and the night full of sorrowes; being euerie way discontent, because shee is not content with her Francesco. The onely comfort that I haue in thine absence is thy child, who lies on his mothers knee, and smiles as wantonly as his father when he was a wooer. But when the boy sayes, 'Mam, where is my dad? when will hee come home?' then the calme of my content turneth to a present storme of piercing sorrowe, that I am forced sometime to say, 'Unkinde Francesco, that forgets his Isabell!' I hope, Francesco, it is thine affaires, not my faults, that procureth this long delay; for if I knewe my follies did any way offend thee, to rest thus long absent, I woulde punish myselfe both with outward and inward penaunce. But, howsoeuer, I pray for thy health and thy speedie returne; and so, Francesco, farewell. Thine, more than her owne, Isabell.'" This letter awakened some feeling of remorse in the breast of Francesco; "but when he went foorth of his chamber, and spied but his mistresse looking out of her windowe, all this geare chaungde, and the case was altered: shee calde, and in hee must; and there in a iest scofft at his wiues letters, taking his Infida in his armes, and saying, 'I will not leaue this Troy for the chastest Penelope in the world.'" . . . . "After these two louers had by the space of three yeares securely slumbred in the sweetnesse of their pleasures, and, drunke with the surfet of content, thought no

other heauen but their owne supposed happinesse ; as euerie storme hath his calme, and the greatest spring-tide the deadest ebbe, so fared it with Francesco : for so long went the pot to the water that at last it came broken home ; and so long put he his hand into his pursse that at last the emptie bottome returned him a writt of *Non est inuentus ;* for well might the Diuell dance there, for euer a crosse to keepe him backe. Well, this louer, fuller of passions than of pence, began (when hee entred into the consideration of his owne estate) to mourne of the chyne, and to hang the lippe as one that for want of sounding had stroke himselfe vppon the sands : yet he couered his inward sorrowe with outward smiles, and like Janus presented his mistresse with a merrie looke, when the other side of his visage was full of sorrowes. But she, that was as good as a touchstone to trye metalls, could straight spie by the laste where the shooe wringde him ; and seeing her Francesco was almost foundred, thought to see if a skilfull farrier might mend him ; if not, like an vnthankefull hackneyman, shee meant to tourne him into the bare leas, and set him as a tyrde iade to picke a sallet. Uppon which determination, that shee might doo nothing rashly, shee made enquirie into his estate, what liuings he had, what landes to sell, howe they were eyther tyed by statute or intailde ? At last, thorough her secret and subtill inquisition, she found that all his corne was on the floore, that his sheepe were clipt, and the wooll solde ; to be short, that what he had by his wife coulde neither be solde nor morgaged, and what he had of his owne was spent vppon her, that nothing was lefte for him to liue vppon but his wits. This newes was such a cooling card to this curtezan that the extreame heate of her loue was alreadie growen to bee lukewarme : which Francesco might easely perceiue ; for at his arriuall his welcome was more straunge, her lookes more coy, his fare more slender, her glaunces lesse amorous ; and she seemed to bee Infida in proportion, but not in wonted passions.' The simple Francesco attributes the change in the behaviour of his mistress "to the distemperature of her bodie." Presently his hostess becomes clamorous for money, his creditors threaten to arrest him, and his clothes wax thread-bare. Whereupon one day, as he was sitting beside his fair courtesan, he said, "'Knowe, then, Infida, that Troynouant is a place of great expence ; like the serpent hidaspis, that the more it suckes, the more it is athirst ; eating men aliue as the crocodile ; and being a place of as daungerous allurement as the seate where the Syrens sit and chaunt their preiudiciall melodie. It is to young gentlemen like the Laborynth, whereout Theseus could not get without a threed ; but here be such monstrous Minotaures as first deuour the threed and then the person. The innes are like hotehouses, which by little and little sweate a man into a consumption ; the hoste he carries a pint of wine in the one hand to welcome, but a poniard in the other to stab ; and the hostesse she hath smiles in her forhead, and prouides good meate for her guests, but the sauce is costly, for it far exceeds the cates. If coyne want, then either to Limbo, or els clap vp a commoditie (if so much credite be left), where he shall finde such knots as he will neuer be able without his vtter preiudice to vntie.

Brokers, I leaue them off, as too course ware to be mouthde with an honest mans tongue. These Minotaures, faire Infida, haue so eaten mee vp in this Laborinth as, to bee plaine with thee that art my second selfe, I want, and am so farre indebted to the mercer and mine hostesse as either thou must stand my friend to disburse so much money for me, or els I must depart from Troynouant, and so from thy sight, which how precious it is to mee, I referre to thine owne conscience; or for an *Vltimum vale* take vp my lodging in the Counter, which I know, as it would be vncouth to me, so it would bee greeuefull to thee; and therefore now hangs my welfare in thy wil. How loath I was to vtter vnto thee my want and sorrowe, measure by my loue; who wish rather death than thy discontent.' Infida could scarce suffer him in so long a periode, and therefore, with her forehead full of furrowes, shee made him this answere. 'And would you haue me, sir, buy an ounce of pleasure with a tunne of mishappes, or reach after repentaunce with so hie a rate? haue I lent thee the blossoms of my youth, and delighted thee with the prime of my yeares? hast thou had the spoile of my virginitie, and now wouldest thou haue the sacke of my substaunce? when thou hast withered my person, aymest thou at my wealth? No, sir, no: knowe, that, for the loue of thee, I haue crackt my credite, that neuer before was stained; I cannot looke abroad without a blush, nor go with my neighbours without a frump; thou, and thy name is euer cast in my dish, my foes laugh, and my friends sorrow to see my follies; wherefore, seeing thou beginnest to picke a quarrell, and hereafter, when thine owne base fortunes haue brought thee to beggarie, wilt say that Infida cost thee so many crownes and was thine ouerthrowe, auaunt, nouice, home to thine owne wife, who, poore gentlewoman, sits and wants what thou consumest at tauerns. Thou hast had my despoyle, and I feare I beare in my bellie the token of too much loue I ought thee. Yet content with this discredite, rather than to runne into further extremitie, get thee out of my doores, for from hencefoorth thou shalt neuer be welcome to Infida.' And with that shee flung vp, and went into her chamber. Francesco would haue made a replie, but shee woulde not heare him, nor holde him any more chat." The discarded louer goes to his lodging; and "leaning his head on his hand, with teares in his eies, he beganne to be thus extremely passionate." The greater part of his soliloquy is a tirade against courtesans: its conclusion is; "'What nowe rests for thee, poore infortunate man? Thou hast yet left a meanes to ende all these miseries, and that is this, drawe thy rapier and so die, that with a manly resolution thou mayest preuent thy further misfortunes. Oh, although thou hast sinned, yet despaire not; though thou arte anathema, yet proue not an atheist; the mercie of God is aboue all his workes, and repentaunce is a pretious balme. Home to thy wife, to the wife of thy youth, Francesco; to Isabell, who with her patience will couer all thy follies: remember this, man, *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.*' Thus hee ended, and with verie griefe fell in a slumber." On awaking, "hee arose vp and raunged about the citie, despayring of his estate as a man pennylesse, and therefore impatient because he

knewe not how to redresse his miseries : to relie vppon the helpe of a curtizan, he sawe by experience was to hang hope in the ayre : to stand vpon the fauour of friends, that was bootelesse ; for he had fewe in the citie, as being but a straunger there, and such as he had were wonne with an apple, trencher-friends, and therefore to bee left with the puffe of the least blast of adversities : to goe home to his wife, to faire Isabel, that was as hard a censure as the sentence of death ; for shame of his follies made him ashamed to shewe his face to a woman of so high desarts. In this perplexitie he passed ouer three or foure daies till his purse was cleane emptie, his score great, and his hostesse would trust him for no more money, but threatned him, if present payment were not made, to lay him in prison. This newes was hard to Francesco, that knewe not how to auoyd the preiudice ; only his refuge was, to preuent such a misfortune, to carrie his apparell to the brokers, and with great losse to make money to pay for his diet : which once discharged, he walkt vp and downe as a man forlorne, hauing neither coyne nor credite. Necessitie, that stingeth vnto the quick, made him set his wits on the tenter, and to stretch his braines as high as ela, to see how he could recouer pence to defray his charges, by any sinister meanes to salue his sorrowes : the care of his parents and of his owne honor perswaded him from making gaine by labour ; he had neuer been brought vp to any mechanicall course of life. Thus euery way destitute of meanes to liue, he sight* out this olde sayd sawe, *Miserrimum est fuisse beatum :* yet at last, as extremities search very farre, he calde to minde that he was a scholler, and that although in these daies arte wanted honor and learning lackt his due, yet good letters were not brought to so lowe an ebbe but that there might some profite arise by them to procure his maintenance. In this humour he fell in amongst a companie of players, who perswaded him to trie his wit in writing of comedies, tragedies, or pastorals, and if he could performe any thing worth the stage, then they would largelie reward him for his paines. Francesco, glad of this motion, seeing a meanes to mitigate the extremitie of his want, thought it no dishonor to make gaine of his wit or to get profite by his pen : and therefore, getting him home to his chamber, writ a comedie ; which so generally pleased all the audience that happie were those actors in short time that could get any of his workes, he grewe so exquisite in that facultie. By this meanes his want was releeued, his credit in his hosts house recouered, his apparell in greater brauerie then it was, and his purse well lined with crownes." Infida, hearing of this change in his fortunes, "thought to cast foorth her lure to reclaime him, though by her vnkindnesse he was proued haggard ; for she thought that Francesco was such a tame foole that he would be brought to strike at any stale. Decking her selfe,

* *sight*] i. e. sighed,—as our early writers frequently spell the word. So Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, B. vi. C. viii. st. 20 ;

> "I was belov'd of many a gentle knight,
> And sude and sought with all the service dew ;
> Full many a one for me deepe groand and *sigh't*," &c.

therefore, as gorgiously as she could, painting her face with the choyce of all her drugges, she walkt abroade where shee thought Francesco vsed to take the ayre. Loue and fortune, ioyning in league, so fauoured her that according to her desire she met him. At which incounter, I gesse, more for shame than loue, she blusht; and fild her countenaunce with such repentant remorse (yet hauing her lookes full of amorous glaunces) that she seemed like Venus reconciling her selfe to froward Mars. The sight of Infida was pleasing in the eyes of Francesco, and almost as deadly as the basilisk; that had hee not had about him moly as Vlisses, he had been inchaunted by the charmes of that wylie Circes: but the abuse so stucke in his stomack that she had profered him in his extremitie that he returned all her glaunces with a frowne, and so parted." Infida makes another attempt to win back Francesco to her love, by writing to him a soothing letter full of penitence; but he is not to be entrapped a second time, and returns an answer showing that he understands her character and is proof against all her allurements. The courtesan, now, perceiving "that wrought she neuer so subtillie, yet her traines were discouered, that her painted luers could not make him stoop, so had he with reason refelled his former follie; when she perceiued (I say) that all her sweet potions were found to bee poysons, though she couered them neuer so clarkly, she fel not in dispaire with ouermuch loue, but swore in her selfe to intend him some secrete preiudice, if euer it lay in her by any meanes to procure it." Meantime "Isabel liuing thus pensiue in that shee wanted the presence of her Francesco, yet for her patience and vertue grew so famous that all Caerbranck talked of her perfections: her beautie was admired of euerie eye, her qualities applauded in euerie mans eare, that she was esteemed for a patterne of vertuous excellence throughout the whole citie. Amongst the rest that censured of her curious fauours, there was one Signor Bernardo, a bourgomaster of the citie; who chauncing on a time to passe by the doore where Isabel soiourned, seeing so sweete a saint, began to fall enamoured of so faire an obiect; and although he was olde, yet the fire of lust crept into his eyes and so inflamed his heart that with a disordinate desire he began to affect her: but the renowme of her chastitie was such that it almost quatted those sparkes that heated him on to such lawlesse affection. But yet when he calde to minde that want was a great stumbling-blocke, and sawe the necessitie that Isabel was in by the absence of Francesco, he thought gold would bee a readie meanes to gaine a womans good will, and therefore dispayred not of obtaining his purpose." . . . . . "Being the chiefe bourgomaster in all the citie, he determined to make a priuie search for some suspected person; and being master of the watch himselfe, to goe vp into her chamber, and there to discouer the depth of his desire; so he thought to ioyne loue and opportunitie in one union, and with his office and his age to wipe out all suspition." One night, accordingly, he puts this plan into execution, gains admittance into Isabel's chamber, and endeavours to overcome her chastity: his fortune, he tells her, shall be at her command if she consent to his wishes; but, if

not, he threatens to accuse her publicly of incontinence, and throw an indelible stain upon her character. Isabel's virtue is not to be shaken : she spits in his face, and bids him do his worst. Immediately she is hurried to prison. Bernardo then assembles the other burgomasters in the town-hall, sends for Isabel, and producing a youth of the city whom he had suborned as a false witness, says ; "'This young man here present for a certaine summe of money compounded to lie with Isabel, and for pence had his pleasure on her ; she alluring him with such wylie amorettes of a curtizan that in her companie he hath consumed all his substance. The young mans friends seeing his follie, and that no perswasions could disswade him from affecting her, made complaint vnto me : whereupon I examined him, and found him not onely guiltie of the crime, but tractable to be reclaimed from his follie. Seeing, then, citizens of Caerbranck, such a curtizan as this may vnder the colour of holines shrowd much preiudice, and allure many of our youth to mischiefes, I thought it my duety to bring her into open infamie, that she may be punished for her fault, knowen for a harlot, and from hencefoorth liue dispised and hated of all. For proofe that shee hath liued long in this leawd kinde of life, this young man shall here before you all make present deposition' : and with that he reacht him a bible ; whereon he swore that hee had long time conuerst dishonestly with Isabel, euer since the departure of her husband. At which oath the people that were iurours in the cause, beleeuing the protestation of Bernardo and the deposition of the youth, presently found hir guiltie ; and then Bernardo and the rest of the burgomasters gaue iudgement, that she should presently haue some open and seuere punishment, and after be banished out of the town." She now prays aloud, calling for succour on the deity who knows her innocence ; and almost immediately after, "hee which had accused Isabel start vp as a man lunaticke, and cried out vnto the people, 'Thus I haue sinned, men of Caerbranck, I haue sinned : the thought of my present periurie is a hell to my conscience ; for I haue sworne falsly against the innocent, and haue consented to condemne Isabel without cause' : and with that hee discourst at the barre how Signor Bernardo had suborned him against the gentlewoman, and how in all his life before he neuer was in her companie." Isabel, of course, is set free, while Bernardo is punished by a great fine, to be paid to her, and declared incapable of ever bearing any office in the city. "This strange euent spread abroad through all the countrey, and as fame flies swift and far, so at last it came to the eares of Francesco ; for he, sitting in Troynouant at an ordinarie amongst other gentlemen, heard this fortune of Isabel reported at the table for straunge newes by a gentleman of Caerbranck, who brought in Isabel for a myrrour of chastitie, and added this more, that she was married to a gentleman of a ripe witte, good parentage, and well skild in the liberall sciences, 'but,' quoth he, 'an vnthrift, and one that hath not beene with his wife this sixe yeares.' At this all the table condemned him as passing vnkinde, that could wrong so vertuous a wife with absence. He was silent and blusht, feeling the worme of his

conscience to wring him, and that with such a sharpe sting, that assoone as he got into his chamber, he fell to meditate with himselfe of the great abuses he offered his wife; the excellence of her exteriour perfection, her beautie, vertue, and other rare ornaments of nature presented themselues into his thoughts; that he began not onely to be passing passionate, but deepely penitent, sorrowing as much at his former follies as his hope was to ioy in his ensuing good fortunes." Soon after this, taking farewell of his friends in Troynovant, he sets out on his journey homewards. "Within fiue daies hee arriued at Caerbrancke; where, assoone as he was lighted, he went to the house where his wife soiourned, and one of the maides espying Francesco, yet knewe him for all his long absence, and ranne in and tolde it to Isabel that her husband was at the doore. She being at worke in her chamber, sat at this newes as one in an extasie, vntill Francesco came vp; who at the first sight of his wife, considering the excellencie of her beautie, her vertues, chastitie, and other perfections, and measuring her constancie with his disloyaltie, stoode as a man metamorphosed: at last he began thus. 'Ah Isabel, what shal I say to thy fortunes or my follies? what exordium shall I vse to shewe my penance, or discouer my sorrowes, or expresse my present ioyes? For I tell thee I conceiue as great pleasure to see thee well as griefe in that I haue wronged thee with my absence. Might sighes, Isabel, teares, plaints, or any such exteriour passions pourtray out my inward repentance, I would shewe thee the anatomie of a most distressed man; but amongst many sorrowing thoughts there is such a confusion that superfluitie of griefes stops the source of my discontent. To figure out my follies or the extremitie of my fancies, were but to manifest the bad course of my life, and to rub the scarre by setting out mine owne scathe; and therefore let it suffice, I repent heartelie, I sorrowe deeplie, and meane to amend and continue in the same constantlie.' At this Francesco stoode and wept; which Isabel seeing, conceiued by his outward griefes his secret passions, and therefore taking him about the necke, wetting his cheekes with the teares that fell from her eyes, she made him this womanlie and wise answere. 'What, Francesco, comest thou home ful of woes, or seekest thou at thy returne to make me weepe? Hast thou been long absent, and now bringest thou me a treatise of discontent? I see thou art penitent, and therefore I like not to heare what follies are past. It sufficeth for Isabel that henceforth thou wilt loue Isabel, and vpon that condition, without any more wordes, welcome to Isabel.' With that she smiled and wept, and in doing both together sealed vp all her contrarie passions in a kisse." So end the adventures of Francesco and Isabel.

Let us now turn to the *Groats-worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*.* "In an iland bound with the ocean there was sometime a citie situated, made rich by marchandize, and populous by long space: the name is not mentioned in the

* I quote from the edition of 1617.—A reprint of the *Groats-worth of Wit* appeared in 1813, from the private press of my old friend Sir Egerton Brydges, to whose unceasing and disinterested labours in the cause of our early literature the world has not yet done justice.

antiquary, or else worne out by times antiquitie; what it was it greatly skils not; but therein thus it happened. An olde new-made gentleman herein dwelt, of no small credite, exceeding wealth, and large conscience. Hee had gathered from many to bestow vpon one; for though hee had two sonnes, he esteemed but one, that beeing, as himselfe, brought vp to bee golds bondman, was therefore helde heyre apparent of his ill-gathered goods. The other was a scholler, and married to a proper gentlewoman, and therefore least regarded; for tis an olde sayde saw, 'To learning and law theres no greater foe then they that nothing know.' Yet was not the father altogether vnlettered, for hee had good experience in a *Vouerint*, and by the vniuersall tearmes therein contained had driuen many gentlemen * to seeke vnknowne countries: wise he was, for hee bare office in his parish, and sate as formally in his foxe-furde gowne as if he had beene a very vpright-dealing burges: hee was religious too, neuer without a booke at his belt, and a bolt in his mouth, ready to shoote through his sinnefull neighbour." This old usurer, called Gorinius, "after many a goutie pang that had pincht his exterior partes, many a curse of the people that mounted into heauens presence," is struck by a mortal disease. "'At this instant,' says he when on his death bed, '(O griefe to part with it!) I haue in ready coyne threescore thousand pound, in plate and jewels xv thousand, in bonds and specialities as much, in land nine hundred pound by yeare; all which, Lucanio, I bequeath to thee: onely I reserue for Roberto, thy well-read brother, an old groate (being the stock I first began with), wherewith I wish him to buy a groats-worth of wit; for hee in my life hath reproued my manner of life, and therefore at my death shall not be contaminated with corrupt gaine." Gorinius dies. Lucanio "was of condition simple, shamefast, and flexible to any counsell; which Roberto perceiuing, and pondering how little was left to him, grew into an inward contempt of his fathers vnequall legacy, and determinate resolution to worke Lucanio all possible iniurie: hereupon thus conuerting the sweetnesse of his study to the sharpe thirst of reuenge, he (as enuie is seldome idle) sought out fit companions to effect his vnbrotherly resolution. Neyther in such a case is ill company farre to seeke, for the sea hath scarce so many icoperdies as populous cities haue deceyuing Syrens, whose eyes are adamants, whose wordes are witchcrafts, whose dores leade downe to death. With one of these female serpents Roberto consorts; and they conclude what euer they compassed, equally to share to their contents. This match made, Lucanio was by his brother brought to the bush; where hee had scarce pruned his wings but he was fast limed, and Roberto had what he expected." Lucanio is lured to the house of the fair courtesan, Lamilia, "which was in the suburbes of the citie, pleasantly seated, and made more delectable by a pleasaunt garden wherein it was scituate." He presents her with a diamond of great value, and is cheated out of his money at dice. "Lamilia beeing the winner, prepared a banquet, which finished, Roberto

* *gentlemen*] Old ed. "gentlewomen."

aduised his brother to depart home, and to furnish himselfe with more crownes, least hee were outcrackt with new commers. Lucanio, loath to be outcountenaunst, followed his aduise, desiring [him] to attend his returne, which he before had determined vnrequested; for, as soone as his brothers backe was turned, Roberto begins to reckon with Lamilia, to be a sharer as well in the money deceitfully wonne as in the diamond so wilfully giuen. But shee, *secundum mores meretricis*, iested thus with the scholler. 'Why, Roberto, are you so well read, and yet shew yourselfe so shallowe-witted, to deeme women so weake of conceit that they see not into mens demerites? Suppose (to make you my stale to catch the woodcocke your brother) that, my tongue ouerrunning mine intent, I speake of liberall reward: but what I promised, there is the point; at least what I part with I wil bee well aduised. It may bee you will thus reason: had not Roberto trained Lucanio unto Lamilias lure, Lucanio had not now beene Lamilias prey; therefore, sith by Roberto she possesseth her prize, Roberto merites an equall part. Monstrous absurd, if so you reason: as well you may reason thus: Lamilias dogge hath kilde her a deere; therefore his mistris must make him a pastie. No more, pennilesse poet: thou art beguilde in me; and yet I wonder how thou couldest, thou hast beene so often beguilde. But it fareth with licentious men as with the chased bore in the streame, who, being greatly refreshed with swimming, neuer feeleth any smart vntill he perish, recurelesly wounded with his own weapons. Reasonlesse Roberto, that hauing but a brokers place, asked a lenders reward; faithles Roberto, that hast attempted to betray thy brother, irreligiously forsaking thy wife, deseruedly beene in thy fathers eye an abiect; thinkest thou Lamilia so loose, to consort with one so lewde? No, hypocrite: the sweet gentleman thy brother I will till death loue, and thee while I liue loath. This share Lamilia giues thee, other gettest thou none.' As Roberto would haue replyed, Lucanio approched: to whom Lamilia discourst the whole deceit of his brother, and neuer rested intimating malitious arguments till Lucanio vtterly refused Roberto for his brother and for euer forbad him of his house. And when he would haue yeelded reasons and formed excuse, Lucanio's impatience (vrged by her importunat malice) forbad all reasoning with them that were reasonlesse, and so, giuing him Jacke Drums entertainement, shut him out of dores: whom we will follow, and leaue Lucanio to the mercy of Lamilia. Roberto, in an extreme extasie, rent his hayre, curst his destinie, blamed his trecherie, but most of all exclaimed against Lamilia, and in her against all enticing curtizans." . . . . . "With this he laid his head on his hand, and leant his elbow on the ground, sighing out sadly,

'Heu patior telis vulnera facta meis!'

On the other side of the hedge sate one that heard his sorrow; who getting ouer, came towards him, and brake off his passion. When he approached, he saluted Roberto in this sort. 'Gentleman,' quoth he, 'for so you seeme, I haue by chaunce heard you discourse some part of your griefe, which appeareth to be more then you

will discouer or I can conceit. But if you vouchsafe such simple comfort as my ability will yeeld, assure yourselfe that I will endeuour to doe the best that eyther may procure your profit or bring you pleasure; the rather, for that I suppose you are a scholler, and pittie it is men of learning should liue in lacke.' Roberto wondring to heare such good words, for that this yron age affoordes few that esteeme of vertue, returned him thankefull gratulations, and, vrged by necessitie, vttered his present griefe, beseeching his aduise how he might be imployed. 'Why, easily,' quoth he, 'and greatly to your benefit; for men of my profession get by schollers their whole liuing.' 'What is your profession?' sayde Roberto. 'Truly, sir,' sayde he, 'I am a player.' 'A player!' quoth Roberto; 'I tooke you rather for a gentleman of great liuing; for if by outward habite men should be censured, I tell you, you would bee taken for a substantiall man.' 'So am I where I dwell,' quoth the player, 'reputed able at my proper cost to build a windmill. What though the world once went hard with me, when I was fayne to carry my playing fardle a foot-backe? *Tempora mutantur*, I know you know the meaning of it better then I, but I thus conster it, *It is otherwise now;* for my very share in playing apparrell will not bee solde for two hundred pounds.' 'Truely,' sayde Roberto, 'it is strange that you should so prosper in that vaine practise, for that it seemes to me your voyce is nothing gracious.' 'Nay, then,' sayd the player, 'I mislike your iudgement: why, I am as famous for *Delphrygus* and *The King of Fairies* as euer was any of my time; *The Twelue Labours of Hercules* haue I terribly thundered on the stage, and played three scenes of the Diuell in *The Highway to Heauen*.' 'Haue ye so?' said Roberto; 'then I pray you pardon me.' 'Nay, more,' quoth the player, 'I can serue to make a pretty speech, for I was a country author, passing at a Morrall;* for it was I that pend *The Morrall of Mans Wit*, *The Dialogue of Diues*, and for seuen yeeres space was absolute interpreter of the puppets. But now my almanacke is out of date:

> The people make no estimation
> Of Morals, teaching education.

Was not this prety for a plaine rime extempore? if ye will, yee shall haue more.' 'Nay, it is enough,' said Roberto; 'but how mean you to vse me?' 'Why, sir, in making playes,' sayde the other; 'for which you shall bee well paied, if you will take the pains.' Roberto perceiuing no remedie, thought it best to respect his present necessitie, [and], to trye his witte, went with him willinglie: who lodged him at the townes end in a house of retayle, where what happened our poet you shall hereafter heare. There, by conuersing with bad company, hee grew *a malo in peius*, falling from one vice to another; and so hauing found a veine to finger crownes, hee grew cranker then Lucanio, who by this time began to droope, being thus dealt withall by Lamilia. Shee hauing bewitched him with her enticing wiles, caused him to consume in lesse then two yeares that infinite treasure gathered by his father with so many a poore

* *Morrall*] i. e. Moral-play.

mans curse. His lands solde, his iewels pawnde, his money wasted, hee was casseerde by Lamilia that had coosened him of all. Then walked he, like one of D[uke] Humfreyes squires, in a threed-bare cloake, his hose drawne out with his heeles, his shoes* vnseamed lest his feete should sweate with heate : now (as witlesse as he was) he remembred his fathers wordes, his kindnes to his brother, his carelesnesse of himselfe. In this sorrow hee sate downe on Pennilesse Bench ; where when Opus and Vsus tolde him, by the chimes in his stomacke, it was time to fall vnto meate, he was faine with the camelion to feed vpon the ayre and make patience his repast. While he was at his feast, Lamilia came flaunting by, garnished with the iewels whereof shee beguiled him : which sight serued to close his stomacke after his cold cheare. Roberto hearing of his brothers beggerie, albeit he had little remorse of his miserable state, yet did hee seeke him out, to vse him as a property ; whereby Lucanio was somewhat prouided for. But being of simple nature, he serued but for a blocke to whet Robertoes wit on : which the poore foole perceiuing, he forsooke all other hopes of life, and fell to be a notorious pandar, in which detested course he continued till death. But Roberto now famoused for an arch-playmaking poet, his purse, like the sea, sometime sweld, anon like the same sea fell to a low ebbe ; yet seldome he wanted, his labours were so well esteemed. Marry, this rule hee kept, whatsoeuer he fingered aforehand, was the certaine meanes to vnbinde a bargaine ; and being asked why he so sleightly dealt with them that did him good, 'It becomes me,' sayth he, 'to be contrarie to the world ; for commonly when vulgar men receiue earnest, they doe performe ; when I am payd any thing afore hand, I breake my promise.' He had shifte of lodgings, where in euery place his hostesse writte vp the wofull remembrance of him, his laundresse, and his boy ; for they were euer his inhoushold, besides retayners in sundrie other places. His company were lightly the lewdest persons in the land, apt for pilferie, periurie, forgerie, or any villanie. Of these he knew the caste to cogge at cardes, coosin at dice ; by these he learned the legerdemaines of nips, foysts, conicatchers, crosbyters, lifts, high lawyers, and all the rabble of that vncleane generation of vipers ; and pithilie could hee paint out their whole courses of craft : so cunning he was in all crafts as nothing rested in him almost but craftinesse. How often the gentlewoman his wife laboured vainely to recall him, is lamentable to note : but as one giuen ouer to all lewdnes, he communicated her sorrowfull lines among his loose sculs, that iested at her bootlesse laments. If he could any way get credit on scores, hee would then brag his creditors carried stones, comparing euery round circle to a groning O, procured by a painfull burthen. The shameful end of sundry his consorts, deseruedly punished for their amisse, wrought no compunction in his heart ; of which one, brother to a brothell he kept, was trust vnder a tree, as round as a ball."

Here I must interrupt the narrative, and call the reader's attention to the

* *shoes*] Old ed. "hose."

concluding part of the sentence last quoted, which has not been noticed by any of Greene's biographers. The person who "was trust under a tree, as round as a *ball*," undoubtedly means an infamous character named Ball* (commonly called Cutting Ball); who, when Greene was "driven to extreme shifts," used to gather together a band of ruffianly companions, to guard him from arrests; and who eventually was hanged at Tyburn. By the "brothell he kept" we are as certainly to understand the said Ball's sister; of whom we shall afterwards have a glimpse when the poet is on his death-bed. The fruit of this amour was a son, baptized Fortunatus Greene,† who died before his father had been quite a year in the grave.

Roberto, the tale goes on, was "nothing bettered, but rather hardned in wickednes. At last was that place iustified, God warneth men by dreames and visions in the night, and by knowne examples in the day: but if he returne not, he comes vpon him with iudgement that shall be felt. For now when the number of deceites caused Roberto bee hatefull almost to all men, his immeasurable drinking had made him the perfect image of the dropsie, and the loathsom scourge of lust tyrannized in his bones; liuing in extreme pouerty, and hauing nothing to pay but chalk, which now his host accepted not for currant, this miserable man lay comfortlessly languishing, hauing but one groat left (the iust proportion of his fathers legacie), which looking on, he cryed, 'O, now it is too late, too late to buy wit with thee! and therefore will I see if I can sell to carelesse youth what I negligently forgot to buy.'

"Heere, gentlemen, breake I off Roberto's speech, whose life in most part agreeing with mine, found one selfe punishment as I haue done. Hereafter suppose me the said Roberto, and I will go on with that he promised: Greene will send you now his Groatsworth of Witte, that neuer shewed a mites worth in his life; and though no man now be by to doe mee good, yet, ere I die, I will by my repentance indeuor to do all men good."

---

* "His [Greene's] imploying of Ball (surnamed Cuttinge Ball), till he was intercepted at Tiborne, to leauy a crew of his trustiest companions to guarde him in daunger of arrestes; his keping of the foresaid Balls sister, a sorry ragged queane, of whom he had his base sonne Infortunatus Greene."—Gabriel Harvey's *Foure Letters, and certaine Sonnets; especially touching Robert Greene*, &c. 1592, p. 10.

Nash alludes to this blackguard: "And more (to plague you for your apostata conceipts), ballets shalbee made of your base deaths, euen as there was of *Cutting Ball*."—*Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*, &c., 1596, Sig. I.

† "Gabriel Harvey, in his 'Four Letters and Certaine Sonnets,' 1592, names Greene's child ironically *In*fortunatus Greene, to which he was led by its real name, Fortunatus: when it was born we know not, but it was buried in 1593 from Holywell Street, Shoreditch, and the following is the registration of its interment at St. Leonard's:—

'1593. *Fortunatus Greene was buryed the same day.*'

[i. e. 12 August.] The place from whence the body was brought, 'Halywell,' was added by the clerk in the margin." Collier's *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*,—Introd., p. xx., note.

The author's striking Address to his brother poets, at the end of this tract, I reserve for a later part of the present essay.

As the reader has now been made intimately acquainted with the *Never too Late* and the *Groats-worth of Wit*, he is left to set down as auto-biographical whatever portions of those pieces he may think proper.

There is no doubt that Greene became the husband * of an amiable woman, whom, after she had borne him a child, he abandoned. His profligacy seems to have been the cause of their separation: but that they had once been strongly attached to each other is evident from the letter (hereafter to be given) which he wrote to her with his dying hand, wherein he affectingly conjures her to perform his last request "by the loue of our youth." It was, I apprehend, immediately after this rupture of his domestic ties that he repaired to the metropolis, determined to rely solely on the labours of his pen for the means of subsistence.† From the following (somewhat confused) account of his career in *The Repentance of Robert Greene*, it would seem that, even before his unfortunate marriage, he was well known as a dramatist and a writer of "love-pamphlets":—

"At my return into England [from travelling on the continent] I ruffeled out in my silks, in the habit of malcontent, and seemed so discontent that no place would please me to abide in, nor no vocation cause mee to stay myselfe in: but after I had by degrees proceeded Maister of Arts, I left the vniuersitie and away to London; where (after I had continued some short time, and driuen my self out of credit with sundry of my frends) I became an author of playes, and a penner of love-pamphlets, so that I soone grew famous in that qualitie, that who for that trade growne so ordinary about London as Robin Greene? Yong yet in yeares, though olde in wickednes, I began to resolue that there was nothing bad that was profitable: wherevpon I grew so rooted in all mischiefe that I had as great a delight in wickednesse as sundrie hath in godlinesse, and as much felicitie I tooke in villainy as others had in honestie." Sig. C. "Yet, let me confesse a trueth, that euen once, and yet but once, I felt a feare and horrour in my conscience, and then the terrour of Gods iudgementes did manifestly teach me that my life was bad, that by sinne I deserued damnation, and that such was the greatnes of my sinne that I deserued no redemption. And this inward motion I receiued in Saint Andrews Church in the cittie of Norwich, at a lecture or sermon then preached by a godly learned man,

* "The following, from the peculiar wording of the registration, as well as from the correspondence of dates, reads like the entry of the marriage of the ill-governed Robert Greene at St. Bartholomew the Less:—

'The xvjth day of Februarie, 1586, was maryed Wilde, otherwise —— Greene, unto Elizabeth Taylor.'" Collier's *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*,—Introd., p. xxi.

† Wood's assertion that he used his pen for the support of his wife, I am unwillingly obliged to regard as one of worthy Anthony's mistakes: "Other trifles he hath extant, which he wrote to maintain his wife, and that high and loose course of living which poets generally follow."—*Fasti Oxon.* Part I. p. 246. ed. Bliss.

whose doctrine and the maner of whose teaching I liked wonderfull well; yea, in my conscience, such was his singlenes of hart and zeale in his doctrine that hee might haue conuerted the worst * monster of the world.

"Well, at that time, whosoeuer was worst, I knewe myselfe as bad as he; for being new-come from Italy (where I learned all the villainies vnder the heauens), I was drownd in pride, whoredome was my daily exercise, and gluttony with drunkennes was my onely delight.

"At this sermon the terrour of Gods iudgementes did manifestly teach me that my exercises were damnable, and that I should bee wipte out of the booke of life, if I did not speedily repent my loosenes of life, and reforme my misdemeanors.

"At this sermon the said learned man (who doubtles was the child of God) did beate downe sinne in such pithie and perswasiue manner, that I began to call vnto mind the daunger of my soule, and the preiudice that at length would befall mee for those grosse sinnes which with greedines I daily committed: in so much as sighing I said to myselfe, 'Lord haue mercie vpon mee, and send me grace to amend and become a new man!' But this good motion lasted not long in mee; for no sooner had I met with my copesmates, but seeing me in such a solemne humour, they demaunded the cause of my sadnes: to whom when I had discouered that I sorrowed for my wickednesse of life, and that the preachers wordes had taken a deepe impression in my conscience, they fell vpon me in ieasting manner, calling me Puritane and Presizian, and wished I might haue a pulpit, with such other scoffing tearmes, that by their foolish perswasion the good and wholesome lesson I had learned went quite out of my remembrance; so that I fel againe with the dog to my olde vomit, and put my wicked life in practise, and that so throughly as euer I did before.

"Thus although God sent his holy spirit to call mee, and though I heard him, yet I regarded it no longer than the present time, when sodainly forsaking it, I went forward obstinately in my misse.† Neuerthelesse, soone after I married a gentleman's daughter of good account, with whom I liued for a while: but forasmuch as she would perswade me from my wilfull wickednes, after I had a child by her, I cast her off, hauing spent vp the marriage-money which I obtained by her.

"Then left I her at six or seuen, who went into Lincolneshire, and I to London; where in short space I fell into favor with such as were of honorable and good calling. But heere note, that though I knew how to get a friend, yet I had not the gift or reason how to keepe a friend; for hee that was my dearest friend, I would bee sure so to behaue my selfe towards him, that he shoulde euer after professe to bee my vtter enemie, or else vowe neuer after to come in my company.

"Thus my misdemeanors (too many to be recited) caused the most part of those so much to despise me that in the end I became friendles, except it were in a fewe

* *worst*] Old ed. "most."

† *misse*] i. e. *amiss*,—sin.

alehouses, who commonly for my inordinate expences would make much of me, vntil I were on the score, far more than euer I meant to pay by twenty nobles thick. After I had wholy betaken me to the penning of plaies (which was my continuall exercise), I was so far from calling vpon God that I sildome thought on God, but tooke such delight in swearing and blaspheming the name of God that none could thinke otherwise of mee than that I was the child of perdition. These vanities and other trifling pamphlets I penned of loue and vaine fantasies was my chiefest stay of liuing; and for those my vaine discourses I was beloued of the more vainer sort of people, who beeing my continuall companions, came still to my lodging, and there would continue quaffing, carowsing, and surfeting with me all the day long."—Sig. C 2.

Greene chiefly claims our notice as a poet; for though his prose-writings greatly exceed in number his poetical works, yet the former are almost all interspersed with verses, and are composed in that ornamental and figurative style which is akin to poetry. The date of the earliest of his publications yet discovered is 1583.* At that time the most distinguished poets alive in England were these. Thomas Churchyard; an indefatigable manufacturer of coarse-spun rhyme, who had been plying his trade for many years, and who continued to ply it for many more. Barnaby Googe; whose *Zodiake of Life* (a translation from Palingenius) was greatly admired. Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst; whose *Gorboduc* (composed in conjunction with Thomas Norton) is the earliest specimen in our language of a regular tragedy, and whose very picturesque "Induction" in the *Mirror for Magistrates* still shines with a lustre that throws the rest of that bulky chronicle into the shade. Arthur Golding; who rendered Ovid's *Metamorphoses* into spirited and flowing lines. Nicholas Breton; who persevered in employing his fertile pen till a late period in the succeeding reign; a man of no ordinary genius, writing in his more inspired moments with tenderness

* The First part of *Mamillia:* see List of Greene's prose-works at the end of this memoir.

"The earliest edition of it [The First Part of *Mamillia*] bears date in 1583; and by some verses signed G. B., 'in praise of the author and his booke,' which are prefixed, it is clear that it was written, if not published, before Greene left college;

'Greene is the plant, Mamillia is the flowre,
Cambridge the plat where plant and flower growes.'

My friend, the Rev. A. Dyce, in his beautiful edition of *Greene's Works*, in two vols. 8vo., also gives the date of 1583 to the publication of the first part of Greene's *Mamillia*. See vol. I. cviii. The second part of *Mamillia* was undoubtedly first printed in 1593; and I apprehend that there may be a mistake of a figure on the title of the *first part*. Greene would hardly write the second part of the same story nearly ten years after the appearance of the first part." Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.*, iii. 148, note.

Assuredly there is no "mistake" on the title-page of the First Part of *Mamillia:* the typography and spelling of that tract evince it to be of as early a date as 1583. Assuredly, too, the Second Part of *Mamillia* was written while Greene was resident at Cambridge (the Dedication being dated "From my Studie in Clare hall"), though it was not printed till 1593, when the author was in his grave: and we may conclude that it was one of those "many papers" which, as Chettle tells us (see before, p. 2, note), Greene left "in sundry booksellers' hands."

and delicacy. George Whetstone; whose *Promos and Cassandra* having afforded hints to Shakespeare for *Measure for Measure*, will prevent his name from being forgotten by posterity. Edmund Spenser; celebrated only as the author of *The Shepherds Calendar*. Sir Philip Sidney; whose songs and sonnets were then undoubtedly familiar to his countrymen, though they were not committed to the press till after an heroic death had set the seal upon his glory. Sir Edward Dyer;* of whose productions none have descended to our times that seem to justify the contemporary applause which he received. John Lyly; who in all probability was then well-known as a dramatist, though his dramas appear to have been intended only for court-shows or private exhibitions, and though none of them were printed before 1584; and who in 1579 had put forth his far-famed *Euphues*, which gave a tone to the prose-works of Greene. Thomas Watson; who had published a collection of elaborate and scholar-like sonnets, entitled Εκατομπαθια, *or The Passionate Centurie of Love*, and who wrote Latin verses with considerable skill and elegance: and Richard Stanyhurst; who went mad in English hexameters, seriously intending his monstrous absurdities for a translation of the first four books of *The Æneid*.†

* To modern readers Dyer was known as a poet only by some short and scattered pieces till the discovery, about twenty years ago, of a copy of his *Sixe Idillia*, translated from Theocritus, printed at Oxford in 1588.

"Tell me, in good sooth, doth it not too euidently appeare, that this English poet wanted but a good patterne before his eyes, as it might be some delicate and choyce elegant poesie of good M. Sidneys or *M. Dyers* (ouer very Castor and Pollux for such and many greater matters), when this trimme geere was in hatching?"

G. Harvey's *Three proper and wittie familiar Letters*, &c. 1580, p. 36.

"Hic quoque seu subeas Sydnæi, siue *Dycri*
Serinia, qua Musis area bina patet," &c.
Authoris ad libellum suum Protrepticon.

Watson's *Passionate Centurie of Love*, n. d. [1581, or 2.]

"Come, diuine poets, and sweet oratours, the siluer streaming fountaines of flowingest witt and shiningest art; come Chawcer and Spencer, More and Cheeke, Ascham and Astely, Sidney and *Dier*."—G. Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation*, &c., 1593, p. 173.

"Spencer and Shakespeare did in art excell,
Sir Edward Dyer, Greene, Nash, Daniel," &c.
Praise of Hempseed,—Taylor's *Works*, p. 72, ed. 1630.

† As Stanyhurst's strange volume is now lying before me, and as very few of my readers can ever have seen it, I subjoin a short specimen of its style from the Second Book of *The Æneid*—("Primus ibi ante omnes magna comitante caterva," &c. v. 40)—;

"First then among oothers, with no smal coompanie garded,
Laocoon storming from princelie castel is hastning,
And a far of beloing, 'What fond phantastical harebraine
Madnes hath enchaunted your wits, you townsmen vnhappie?
Weene you, blind hodipecks, thee Greekish nauie returned?
Or that their presents want craft? Is subtil Vlisses
So soone forgotten? My lief for an haulfpennie, Troians,
Either heere ar couching soom troups of Greekish asemblie,
Or to crush our bulwarcks this woorck is forged, al houses
For to prie surmounting thee towne: soom practis or oother
Heere lurcks of coonning: trust not this treacherus ensigne:

The following writers, some of whom started about the same time with him on the race for fame, were added to the catalogue of English poets during Greene's years of authorship. Christopher Marlowe; whose dramas in delineation of character and bursts of passion were immeasurably superior to any that had been before presented on our stage, and whose fine ear enabled him to give his fervid lines a modulation unknown to earlier writers. George Peele;* who may be regarded as the next most distinguished play-wright of his day, and who attempted various sorts of poetry with success. William Warner; the tediousness of whose long and homely *Albion's England* is relieved by passages of sweet simplicity. Abraham Fraunce;† who cultivated the unmanageable English hexameter. Thomas Nash;‡ more noted

---

And for a ful reckning, I like not barrel or herring;
Thee Greeks bestowing their presents Greekish I feare mee.'
Thus said, he stout rested, with his chaapt staffe speedily running,
Strong the steed he chargeth, thee planck ribs manfully riuing.
Then the iade, hit, shiuered, thee vauts haulf shrillie rebounded
With elush clash buzzing, with droomming clattered humming."

The First Fovre Bookes of Virgils Æneis, &c. 1583, p. 22.

[Since this memoir first appeared, Stanyhurst's *Virgil* has been reprinted.]

Justly did Nash characterize the English hexameter as "that drunken staggering kinde of verse which is all vp hill and downe hill, like the way betwixt Stamford and Beechfeeld, and goes like a horse pluuging through the myre in the deep of winter, now soust vp to the saddle, and straight aloft on his tiptoes."—*Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*, &c., 1596. Sig. A 3.

* There are eleven lines of blank-verse by Peele, prefixed to Watson's Εκατομπαθια, &c., n. d., which was published in 1581 or early in 1582; but we must not on account of so trifling an effusion set him down as a writer anterior to Greene.

† Fraunce is sometimes ridiculous enough. Appended to the Second Part of his *Countesse of Pembrokes Iuychurch*, 1591, is a translation into English hexameters of part of the First Book of the *Æthiopica* of Heliodorus; and the words Ἤδη δὲ ἡλιου πρὸς δυσμὰς ἰοντος (Cap. vii.) he chooses to render thus;

"Now had fyery Phlegon his dayes reuolution ended,
And his snoring snowt with salt waues all to beewashed." Sig. M 3.

But here Fraunce was thinking of Du Bartas, who commences the Third Book of his *Judith* with;

"Du penible *Phlegon la narine ronflante*
Souffloit sur les Indois la clarté rougissante
Qui reconduit le jour," &c.,—

a passage which is translated as follows (see *England's Parnassus*, 1600, p. 330, and Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, p. 364, ed. 1641) by Thomas Hudson;

"The *snoring snout* of restlesse *Phlegon* blew
Hot on the Indes, which did the day renew
With scarlet skie," &c.

(Perhaps I need hardly add that Du Bartas recollected Virgil, *Æn.* xii. 114;

"cum primum alto se gurgite tollunt
Solis equi, *lucemque elatis naribus efflant.*")

‡ I have not hesitated to include Nash in this list, believing that, as his livelihood depended on his pen, he must have produced about this time several plays which have not come down to us, and which, perhaps, were never given to the press (his satirical play called *The Isle of Dogs*, which he produced in 1597, was certainly never printed). In 1587 he wrote the address "To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities," prefixed to our author's *Menaphon;* and it is extremely unlikely that he should not have tried his powers as a dramatist till after Greene's death in 1592. (We now know that

as a prose-satirist, and as the merciless antagonist of Gabriel Harvey. Thomas Lodge, the coadjutor of our author in the *Looking-Glass for London;* whose lyric pieces are sometimes highly graceful; whose tale of *Rosalynde* furnished to Shakespeare the materials of *As you like it;* and whose *Fig for Momus* (published after Greene's death) entitles him to no mean rank as a satirical poet. Thomas Kyd; who in his *Spanish Tragedy* has scenes of such power as to redeem the absurdities for which it was long the mark of ridicule. Sir Walter Raleigh; * whose verses were in high repute, though probably little valued by that illustrious man himself. Henry Constable; a sonneteer of considerable elegance. Michael Drayton and Samuel Daniel, both afterwards so celebrated; who, when Greene had nearly run his race, were beginning to court the notice of the public: and, far greater than all, William Shakespeare; † who was then giving new life to the dramas of his predecessors by the touches of his magic pen. It may be right to add, that while Greene flourished as an author, Spenser (who has been already mentioned as preceding him) embodied in verse a portion of his divine vision.‡

Four of the writers just mentioned,—Marlowe, Peele, Nash, § and Lodge, ‖—were

Nash did not write *Dido* in conjunction with Marlowe, but that he completed it after Marlowe's decease in 1593; see my *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*, p. xxxv, ed. 1858.)

* He is praised, and quoted, by Puttenham in *The Arte of English Poesie*, 1589.

† Shakespeare's earliest works for the stage were undoubtedly rifacimenti of the plays of his predecessors; and Greene, as we shall afterwards see, alludes, with a feeling of bitterness, to those successful attempts of the great dramatist. None of Shakespeare's Poems were in print during Greene's life-time.

‡ The three first Books of *The Faerie Queene* were first printed in 1590, but they doubtless had been handed about in MS. several years before: Abraham Fraunce, in his *Arcadian Rhetoricke*, 1588, quotes the Fourth Canto of the Second Book; and in The Second Part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, which appears to have been acted somewhat earlier than 1587, we find a splendid simile borrowed from the thirty-second stanza of the Seventh Canto of the First Book.

§ Wood calls Nash Greene's "contemporary in Cambridge" (*Fasti. Oxon.* Part 1st. p. 246, ed. Bliss): he was of St. John's College, and took his Bachelor's Degree in 1585. After Greene's death Nash seems to have been a good deal annoyed at his intimacy with him being so much dwelt on by Gabriel Harvey.

‖ That Greene was the friend to whom Lodge entrusted the publication of his *Euphues Shadow*, has been shown at p. I., where the Address to Viscount Fitzwaters, which the former prefixed to it, has been given: another Address, immediately preceding the same tract, may be exhibited here;

"To the Gentlemen Readers, Health.

"Gentlemen, after many of mine owne labours that you haue courteouslie accepted, I present you with *Euphues Shadowe*, in the behalfe of my absent friend M. Thomas Lodge, who at his departure to sea vpon a long voyage, was willing, as a generall farewell to all courteous gentlemen, to leaue this his worke to the view; which if you grace with your fauours, eyther as his affected meaning or the worthe of the worke requires, not onely I for him shall rest yours, but what labours his sea studies affords, shall be, I dare promise, offered to your sight, to gratifie your courtesies, and his pen, as himselfe, euery waye yours for euer. Farewell.

Yours to command,

Rob. Greene."

Before our author's *Spanish Masquerado*, 1589, is the following Sonnet;

"Le doux babil de ma lire d'iuoire
Serra ton front d'un laurier verdisant;
Dont a bon droit ie te voy iouissant,
Mon doux ami, eternisant ta gloire.

the chief friends and associates of our author. Lodge has never been taxed with debauchery: but Greene and the former three appear to have rushed eagerly into the dissipations of London, encouraging each other in their course of folly. The money which they quickly earned by the labour of their ever-ready pens, they seem as quickly to have squandered; being lovers of good eating and drinking;* frequenters of ordinaries and taverns, to which the youths of fashion then resorted daily.† Marlowe has been accused of atheism; nor has Greene escaped the same charge;‡ while on the other hand it has been urged, that their accusers, being chiefly puritans who regarded the theatre as an abomination, were not unlikely to

---

Ton nom, mon Greene, aimé par mes vers,
Abaisse l'œil de gens seditieux;
Tu de mortel es compagnon de dieux:
N'est ce point grand loyer dans l'uniuers?
Ignoti nulla cupido.
Thomas Lodge."

* "A good fellowe hee [Greene] was; and would haue drunke with thee [Gabriel Harvey] for more angels then the lord thou libeldst on [Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford] gaue thee in Christ's College." . . . . . "In a night and a day would he haue yarkt vp a pamphlet as well as in seauen yeare; and glad was that printer that might bee so blest to pay him deare for the very dregs of his wit.

"Hee made no account of winning credite by his workes, as thou dost, that dost no good workes, but thinkes to bee famosed by a strong faith of thine owne worthines; his only care was to haue a spel in his purse to coniure vp a good cuppe of wine with at all times." Nash's *Strange Newes*, &c. 1592. E 4.

Greene used to be called familiarly *Robin;*

"Our moderne poets to that passe are driuen,
Those names are curtal'd which they first had giuen;
And, as we wisht to haue their memories drown'd,
We scarcely can afford them halfe their sound.
Greene, who had in both Academies ta'ne
Degree of Master, yet could neuer gaine
To be call'd more than *Robin:* who, had he
Profest ought saue the Muse, seru'd, and been free
After a seuen yeares prentiseship, might haue
With credit too, gone *Robert* to his graue."
Heywood's *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, 1635, p. 206.

"With *Robin* Greene it passes Kindharts capacity to deale."—Chettle's *Kind-Harts Dreame*, n. d. [1592] Sig. G 4.

Dekker in *A Knights Conjuring*, &c., 1607, introduces our author and his friends together in the Elysian fields; "whil'st Marlow, Greene, and Peele had got vnder the shades of a large vyne, laughing to see Nash (that was but newly come to their colledge) still haunted with the sharpe and satyricall spirit that followed him heere vpon earth," &c. Sig. K 4. For the entire passage, see my *Account of Peele and his Writings* in the present volume.

† Vide, in Dekker's *Guls Horne Booke*, 1609, "Chap. V. How a yong gallant should behaue himselfe in an ordinary," p. 22, and "Chap. viii. How a gallant should behaue himselfe in a tauerne." p. 30. He was to dine at an ordinary during the forenoon, then go to the play, and, after it, sup at a tavern.

‡ See the "Note" of Marlowe's "damnable opinions" by a person named Bame, printed, from an Harleian MS., in Ritson's *Observations on Warton's Hist. of E. P.*, p. 40, and in Appendix i. to my ed. of Marlowe's *Works;* Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgments;* Vaughan's *Golden Grove;* *The French Academy*, &c., &c. I subjoin from *The Repentance of Robert Greene* the passage cited by T. B. the translator of *The French Academy*,—see note in page 2 of this essay; and it is but fair to mention that

magnify without scruple the offences and indiscretions of dramatic writers. But the words of Greene to Marlowe in the Address to his brother poets at the end of the *Groats-worth of Wit* (which will be afterwards quoted),—even if we understand those words in a modified sense,—to say nothing of the whole tenor of *The Repentance of Robert Greene*, are an unquestionable proof that both Marlowe and Greene were more than careless about religion ; and in Marlowe's case there is additional evidence which strongly tends to show that his tenets were as impious as his morals were depraved.*

No more than five dramas,† the undoubted works of Greene, have come down to

---

Mr. Collier, without having ever seen *The Repentance of Robert Greene*, expressed his conviction, in the *Poetical Decameron*, that our author was the person to whom T. B. alluded :

"Cemming one day into Aldersgate street to a welwillers house of mine, hee with other of his friendes perswaded mee to leaue my bad course of life, which at length would bring mee to vtter destruction : wherevpon I scoffingly made them this answer ; 'Tush, what better is he that dies in his bed than he that endes his life at Tyburne ? all owe God a death : if I may haue my desire while I liue, I am satisfied ; let me shift after death as I may.' My friends hearing these words, greatly greeued at my graceless resolution, made this reply ; 'If you feare not death in this world, nor the paines of the body in this life, yet doubt the second death, and the losse of your soule, which without hearty repentance must rest in hell-fire for euer and euer.' 'Hell !' quoth I ; 'what talke you of hell to me ? I know if I once come there, I shal haue the company of better men than myselfe ; I shal also meete with some madde knaues in that place, and so long as I shall not sit there alone, my care is the lesse. But you are mad folks,' quoth I ; 'for if I feared the Iudges of the bench no more than I dread the iudgements of God, I would before I slept diue into one carles bagges or other, and make merrie with the shelles I found in them so long as they would last.' And though some in this company were fryers of mine owne fraternitie to whom I spake the wordes, yet were they so amazed at my prophane speeches that they wisht themselues foorth of my company." Sig. B 2.

* In my *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*, p. xxxiii., ed. 1858, I have the following remarks : "How far the poet's [Marlowe's] freethinking was really carried, I do not pretend to determine. I certainly feel that probability is outraged in several of the statements of Bame, who appears to have had a quarrel with Marlowe, and who, it must not be forgotten, was afterwards hanged at Tyburn ; and I can readily believe that the Puritans would not stick at misrepresentation in speaking of a man whose writings had so greatly contributed to exalt the stage : but when I see that the author of *The Returne from Pernassus*, whom no one will suspect of fanaticism, has painted the character of Marlowe in the darkest colours, while at the same time he bestows a high encomium on his genius ; and, above all, when I remember that, before either Bame or the Puritans had come forward as his accusers, the dying Greene had borne unequivocal testimony against him to the very same effect,—it is not easy for me to resist the conviction that Marlowe's impiety was more confirmed and daring than Warton and others have been willing to allow."

† The extreme scarcity of Greene's plays (as also of his pamphlets) is to be attributed, among other causes, to the fire of London in 1666 : see Evelyn's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 395, and Pepys's *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 462, 464 (which passages I have cited in my *Account of Peele and his Writings*).

In *The Shakespeare Society's Papers*, vol. i. p. 83, is an essay entitled *Early rarity of the works of Robert Greene ;* the writer of which adduces the following passage from the Introduction to Rowlands's *'Tis merrie when Gossips meete*, ed. 1602, as "a proof of the scarcity of some of Greene's works even as early as 1602" :

"*Gentleman.* Can'st helpe me to all *Greene's* Bookes in one volume ? But I will haue them euery one, not any wanting.

Prentice. Sir, I haue most part of them, but I lack *Conny-catching*, and some halfe dozen more : but I thinke I could procure them. There be in the Towne, I am sure, can fit you."

Now, though it is likely enough that some of Greene's works may have been scarce in 1602, the passage just quoted is no proof that they were so : the reply of the Prentice is merely a piece of facetiousness ; and I cannot but wonder that the essay-writer should not have perceived the joke intended.

posterity. But it is plain that during the series of years when he was a regular writer for the stage he must have produced a much greater number of plays : in all probability many of them were never published, and perhaps of some which were really printed not a single copy has escaped destruction.

I shall now notice his dramatic pieces one by one : none of them were given to the press till after his death ; and it is impossible to determine when they were written or originally performed.

The History of Orlando Furioso, 1594 and 1599. It is thus mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary*, under the year 1591-2, as having been acted by the Lord Strange's men ;

"Rd at *orlando*, the 21 of febreary . . . . . xvj^{s} vj^{d}." *

That this play was printed from a very imperfect manuscript there could be no doubt, even before Mr. Collier had discovered the curious paper which he describes as follows (and which I, of course, have used for the present edition). "The evidence to establish that the character of the hero of the piece was performed by Alleyn, may be looked upon as decisive. Among the MSS. at Dulwich College is a large portion of the original part of Orlando, as transcribed by the copyist of the theatre for the actor. It is in three pieces, one much longer than the others, all imperfect, being more or less injured by worms and time. Here and there certain blanks have been supplied in a different hand-writing, and that hand-writing is Alleyn's. We may conclude, therefore, that this is the very copy from which he learnt his part ; and that the scribe, not being able in some places to read the author's manuscript, had left small spaces, which Alleyn filled up, either by his own suggestion, from the MS., or after inquiry of Greene. It contains no more than was to be delivered by the actor of the character of Orlando, with the *cues* (as they were then, and are still, technically called) regularly marked, exactly in the same manner as is done at the present day by transcribers in our theatres."†—Mr. Collier thinks that Greene's *Orlando Furioso* may be alluded to in the following passage of Peele's *Farewell* to Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake, 1589 ;

> "Bid theatres, and proud tragedians,
> Bid Mahomet, Scipio, and mighty Tamburlaine,
> *King Charlemagne*, Tom Stukeley, and the rest,
> Adieu."

Perhaps so : but Charlemagne is not a character in Greene's *Orlando Furioso ;* nor, indeed, do I recollect any old play in which he makes his appearance.—In *The Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592, Greene is accused of selling it twice : "Master R. G., would it not make you blush—if you sold *Orlando Furioso* to the queenes players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, sold the same play to Lord Admiral's men, for as much more ? Was not this plain coney-catching, M. G. ?"—If

* P. 21, ed. Shake. Soc.

† *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, &c., p. 7.

the reader is acquainted with Ariosto and the romance-poets of Italy, he will be startled to find that in this drama Angelica is made the daughter of Marsilius.

A Looking-Glass for London and England, 1594, 1598, 1602, and 1617, is the joint-production of Lodge and Greene. That it was several times played by the Lord Strange's men, is recorded in Henslowe's *Diary*, where the earliest mention of it is,—

"Rd at *the lookinglasse*, the 8 of marche 1591[-2] . . . . vij^{s}." *

As it partakes of the nature of the ancient English Mysteries, one is surprised to find the following opinion expressed by Lodge in his *Wits Miserie, and the Worlds Madnesse, Discouering the Deuils Incarnat of this Age*, 1596; "Againe in stage plaies to make use of hystoricall scripture, I hold it with the legists odious, and, as the councill of Trent did, Sess. § 4. Fin., I condemne it." Sig. F 4. Jonah and the Whale, who figure conspicuously in the *Looking-Glass*, were personages once very familiar to the populace of the metropolis: no puppet-show (or motion, as it used to be termed,) was so attractive to the citizens as that of *Nineveh*.†

The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, 1594, 1599, 1630, and 1655. Several notices of the acting of this play are found in Henslowe's *Diary*, the earliest under the year 1591-2, when it was performed by the Lord Strange's men,—

"Rd at *fryer bacone*, the 19 of febrary, satterdaye . . . xvij^{s} iij^{d}." ‡

We learn from the same authority that subsequently it was revived for the court with a new prologue and epilogue by Middleton;

"Lent unto Thomas Downton, the 14 of desembr 1602, to paye unto Mr. Mydelton for *a prologe and epeloge for the playe of Bacon for the corte*, the some of } v^{s}." §

Our old dramatists hardly ever invented the stories of their pieces; and in this, the most pleasing of his plays, Greene has closely followed the well-known prose-tract,

* P. 23, ed. Shake. Soc.

† "*Wife*. . . . But of all the sights that ever were in London, since I was married, methinks the little child, &c. was the prettiest; that and the hermaphrodite.

Citizen. Nay, by your leave, Nell, *Nineve* was better.

Wife. *Nineve?* Oh, that was the story of *Joan and the wall*, was it not, George?

Citizen. Yes, lamb."

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act. iii.

"They say, there's *a new motion of the city of Nineveh, with Jonas and the whale*, to be seen at Fleet-bridge."—Ben Jonson's *Every man out of his humour*, act ii. sc. 1.

"O the motions that I Lanthorn Leatherhead haue given light to, in my time, since my master Pod died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was *Nineveh*, and the city of Norwich," &c.

Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, act. V. sc. I.

"I wonder that, amongst all your objects, you presented us not with Platoes Idea, or *the sight of Niniue*, Babylon, London, or some Stur-bridge-faire monsters."—*Lingua*, ed. 1617, Sig. F.

"I pray yee what showe will be heere to night? I haue seen the Babones already, *the Cittie of new Niniuie*, and Julius Cæsar acted by the mammets."

Euerie Woman in her Humor, 1609, Sig. II.

"Here are more maskers too, I think: this masking is a heav'nly entertainment for the widow, who ne'er saw any shew yet but *the puppet-play o' Nineve*."

Cowley's *Cutter of Colcman-street*, act v. sc. 11.

‡ P. 20, ed. Shake. Soc.

§ P. 228, ed. Shake. Soc.

entitled *The famous History of Friar Bacon.* The character of Margaret, the fair maid of Fressingfield is not, however, borrowed from the prose-pamphlet.

The Scottish History of James the Fourth, 1598.* From what source our author derived the materials of this strange fiction, I have not been able to discover; nor could Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh, who is so profoundly versed in the ancient literature of his country, point out to me any Scottish chronicle or tract which might have afforded hints to the poet for its composition.

The Comical History of Alphonsus, King of Arragon, 1599. † We learn from the speech of Venus at the close of this play that the author intended to have written a Second Part.

Besides the five dramas just enumerated, it has been thought right to include in the present collection *George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield,* 1599, in consequence of the following M. S. notes having been found on the title-page of a copy of that piece which was formerly in the possession of Mr. Rhodes;

"Written by . . . . . a minister who acted the piners pt in it himselfe. Teste W. Shakespeare."

"Ed. Juby ‡ saith it was made by Ro. Greene."

These two memoranda are by different persons, and in handwriting of about the time when the play was printed. Statements which render it highly probable that Greene was "a minister" have been before adduced: see p. 3. In *The Pinner of Wakefield,* George-a-Greene compells Sir Nicholas Mannering to eat the seals of the Earl of Kendal's commission; and Nash informs us that Greene once forced an apparitor to undergo a similar humiliation: "Had hee liu'd, Gabriel, and thou shouldst [have] so vnarteficially and odiously libeld against him as thou hast done, he would haue made thee an example of ignominy to all ages that are to come, and driuen thee to eate thy owne booke butterd, as I sawe him make an apparriter once in a tauern eate his citation, waxe and all, very handsomly seru'd twixt two dishes." *Strange Newes,* &c. 1592, Sig. C 3. The incident in the drama bearing so strong a resemblance to an adventure in the life of Greene would strengthen the probability of its having been written by him, were it not that in the old prose *History of George-a-Greene,* on which the play is undoubtedly founded, § the valiant Pinner obliges Mannering to swallow the seals. ||

* According to some authorities, it was reprinted in 1599.

† An edition of 1597 is mentioned by some bibliographers.

‡ Juby was an actor, and wrote a play called *Sampson* in conjunction with Samuel Rowley.

§ Ritson, after observing that the drama of *George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield,* "has been erroneously ascribed to Heywood the epigrammatist, and is reprinted, *with other trash,* in the late edition of Dodsley's Old Plays," says that it "(at least that part of it which we have any concern with) is founded on the ballad of Robin Hood and the pinder of Wakefield, which it directly quotes, *and is in fact a most despicable performance;*" and a little after he tells us "The [prose] History of George a

|| In *The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle,* (by Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathway), 1600, the Sumner is in like manner made to gulp down his citation.

In Henslowe's *Diary* is a list of plays acted by the Earl of Sussex's men, which contains four notices of this drama, the earliest of them being,—

"Rd at *gorge a gren*, the 29 of desembr 1593 . . . . . iij^{li} x^{s}." *

Among the old M. S. dramas, which the detestable carelessness of John Warburton allowed to perish, was the *Hist. of Jobe by Rob. Green.*

The opinion that Greene was concerned in the two "histories" entitled *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c., and *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c., is founded on a passage of his Address to his brother play-wrights in the *Groatsworth of Wit*, and will be afterwards noticed when that Address is laid before the reader.

Edward Phillips, in his (strangely incorrect) *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675, informs us, that Greene was the author of *Fair Emm*, 1631, and that he was associated with Lodge in composing *The Laws of Nature, Lady Alimony*, 1659, *The Contention betweene Liberalitie and Prodigalitie*, 1602, and *Luminalia*, 1627.—It is not impossible that Greene might have written *Fair Emm.* By *The Laws of Nature* we must understand one of Bale's Miracle-plays entitled *The Three Laws of Nature, Moses, and Christ*, &c. *Lady Alimony* is in a style so different from Greene's that no portion of it could have proceeded from his pen. *The Contention betweene Liberalitie and Prodigalitie* is probably, as Mr. Collier remarks, "an older piece revived and altered"; and Greene "may have had some concern in it prior to 1592."† *Luminalia* was not produced till long after his death.

If, as a dramatist, Greene fails to exhibit character with force and discrimination, if he has much both of the fustian and the meanness which are found more or less in all the plays of the period, and if his blank-verse is so monotonous as to pall upon the ear; it must be allowed, on the other hand, that he not unfrequently writes with elegance and spirit, and that in some scenes he makes a near approach to simplicity and nature.‡

Greene, pindar of the town of Wakefield, 4to, no date, is a modern production, chiefly founded on the old play just mentioned, of neither authority nor merit." *Robin Hood*, vol. 1. p. xxix. The ballad in question I have subjoined to the play; and the reader will see how slight a foundation the former afforded for the latter. That the prose-history was taken from the play I cannot believe: it was the almost constant custom of our old dramatists to borrow their plots and characters from popular story-books, and I have no doubt that the author of the play of *George-a-Greene* was indebted for its materials to the prose-tale on the same subject, which (though perhaps somewhat modernized) will be found in Mr. Thoms's *Early Prose Romances*, vol. ii. The following piece was sold by auction a few years ago [i. e. a few years before 1831]: *The Pinder of Wakefield, being the History of George a Greene, the lusty Pinder of the north, briefly showing his manhood, and his brave merriment amongst his boon companions: full of pretty histories, songs, catches, jests, and riddles*, 4to. b. l. 1632.

* P. 31, ed. Shake. Soc..

† *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* i. 319, ii. 352.

‡ "He was of singuler pleasaunce, the verye supporter, and, to no mans disgrace bee this intended, the only comedian of a vulgar writer in this country."

Chettle's *Kind-Harts Dreame*, n.d. [1592.] Sig. B. 3.

Prefixed to our author's *Perimedes the Blacke-smith*, 1588, is an Address to the Gentlemen Readers, part of which is as follows: "I keepe my old course, to palter vp something in prose, vsing mine old poesie still, *Omne tulit punctum*, although latelye two gentlemen poets made two mad men of Rome beate it out of their paper bucklers, and had it in derision, for that I could not make my verses iet vpon the stage in tragicall buskins, euerie worde filling the mouth like the faburden of Bo-Bell, daring God out of heauen with that Atheist *Tamburlan*, or blaspheming with the mad preest of the sonne: but let me rather openly pocket vp the asse at Diogenes hand, then wantonlye set out such impious instances of intollerable poetrie, such mad and scoffing poets, that haue propheticall spirits as bred of Merlins race. If there be anye in England that set the end of scollarisme in an English blanck-verse, I thinke either it is the humor of a nouice that tickles them with selfe-loue, or to[o] much frequenting the hot-house (to vse the Germaine prouerbe) hath swet out all the greatest part of their wits, which wasts *gradatim*, as the Italians say *poco à poco*. If I speake darkely, gentlemen, and offend with this digression, I craue pardon, in that I but answere in print what they haue offered on the stage." An obscure passage, from which it is difficult to gather anything except that Greene is highly indignant at his alleged incapacity of writing blank-verse, and alludes rather contemptuously to Marlowe's celebrated tragedy of *Tamburlaine*,—perhaps, also, to some other piece by the same author in which "the priest of the sun" was a character.—If Greene bore any ill-will to Marlowe in 1588, it would certainly seem to have passed away long before the latter was on his death-bed.

In *England's Parnassus*, 1600, are several quotations from our author's dramatic works.

There is good reason to believe that Greene not only composed for the stage, but also occasionally appeared on it as an actor. "I was suddainely certified," says Gabriel Harvey, "that the king of the paper stage (so the gentleman tearmed Greene) had played his last part, and was gone to Tarleton."* *Fovre Letters and*

"The best poets for comedy among the Greeks are these, Menander, Aristophanes, &c., and among the Latines, Plautus, &c.; so the best for comedy amongst vs bee, Edward Earle of Oxforde, Doctor Gager of Oxforde, Maister Rowley once a rare scholler of learned Pembrooke Hall in Cambridge, Maister Edwardes one of her Maiesties Chappell, eloquent and wittie John Lilly, Lodge, Gascoyne, *Greene*, Shakespeare, Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Mundye our best plotter, Chapman, Porter, Wilson, Hathway, and Henry Chettle."

Meres's *Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasvry*, 1598, fol. 283.

* From the following lines in a volume of great rarity it seems that Tarlton was celebrated for his tragic as well as his comic acting:

"*Rich. Tarltono, comœdorum principi. Epit.*

Cujus (viator) sit sepulchrum hoc scire vis,
Inscriptionem non habens?
Asta gradumque siste paulisper tuum:
Incognitum nomen scies.
Princeps comœdorum tulit quos Angliæ
Tellus in hoc busto cubat.

Certaine Sonnets, &c. 1592, p. 9: a little after he speaks of "his piperly extemporizing and Tarletonizing;" and in one place expressly calls him "a player," p. 25. See, too, the MS. notes already cited (p. 33) from a copy of *The Pinner of Wakefield*. —His friends, Marlowe and Peele, it has been ascertained, had trod the boards.

The various verses which are scattered through his prose-tracts constitute, as far as we know, the whole of Greene's non-dramatic poetry, with the exception of *A Maiden's Dream. Upon the death of the Right Honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, Knight, late Lord Chancellor of England*, 1591; which was reprinted in *The Shakespeare Society's Papers*, 1845, vol. ii. p. 127, by the possessor of the only copy yet discovered, who not unjustly describes it as "a favourable specimen, both of the fancy and of the facility of the writer."*

Of Greene's numerous prose-tracts, most of which are interspersed with verses, a list will be found at the end of this essay. Their popularity is sufficiently testified by the repeated editions through which many of them passed. On their first appearance, doubtless, they were perused with avidity by the courtly gallants and fair ones of the metropolis, and by the youthful students of our universities; and, long after Greene was in his grave, they were sold on ballad-mongers' stalls and hawked about the country by chapmen, forming the favourite reading of the vulgar.† In some of them he exhibits no mean invention, and no

Quo mortuo, spretæ silent comediæ
Tragediæque turbidæ.
Scenæ decus desiderant mutæ suum,
Risusque abest Sardonius.
Hic Roscius Britannicus sepultus est,
Quo notior nemo fuit.
Abi, viator: sin te adhuc nomen latet,
Edicet hoc quivis puer."

Joannis Stradlingi Epigrammatum Libri Quatuor, Londini, 1607, duod., p. 13.

* But where was his judgment when, a little before, he called Greene "Shakespeare's *most distinguished contemporary and rival*"?

† *The Myrrour of Modestie* is dedicated to the Countess of Derby, *Planetomachia* to the Earl of Leicester, *Euphues his censure to Philautus* to the Earl of Essex, *Morando* to the Earl of Arundel, *Menaphon* to Lady Hales, *Tullies Loue* to Lord Strange, the *Mourning Garment* to the Earl of Cumberland, *Alcida* to Sir Charles Blount, *Arbasto* to Lady Mary Talbot, *Philomela* to Lady Fitzwaters, *Penelope's Web* to the Countess of Cumberland and the Countess of Warwick, *The Card of Fancy* to the Earl of Oxford, &c. &c.: the dedication of *A Quip for an Upstart Courtier* is addressed to the Right Worshipful Thomas Barnaby Esquire, and is signed "Your duetifull adopted sonne Robert Greene."

"Euen Guicciardines silner historie, and Ariostos golden cantoes, grow out of request: and the Countesse of Pembrookes Arcadia is not greene inough for queasie stomackes, but they must haue Greenes Arcadia; and, I belleeue, most eagerlie longed for Greenes Faerie Queene." G. Harvey's *Fovre Letters, and certaine Sonnets*, &c., 1592, p. 26.

Ben Jonson, in *Every man out of his humour*, insinuates that Greene was beginning to go out of fashion; "*Fast.* She does observe as pure a phrase, and use as choice figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be in the Arcadia.

Car. Or rather in Greene's works, whence she may steal with more security." Act. ii. sc. 1.

But certainly for many years after this play was produced, (in 1599,) Greene continued to be very popular.

slight skill in the conduct of the fable; but I cannot take upon me to determine how much he borrowed from the obscurer writers of France and Italy. His fancy was exuberant, and supplied him with an endless variety of images; his facility of diction was very great; and though he does not display any depth of thought, he abounds in just and pleasing reflexions. He frequently delights us with passages of real pathos and genuine beauty; again, he is devoted to conceits and alliteration, or becomes insufferably tedious and diffuse. His love of similies drawn from the imaginary properties of herbs, stones,* &c. he caught from Lyly; and contemporary panegyrists imagined that they were bestowing the highest encomium on Greene when they ranked him with the fantastical author of *Euphues*.† Of the verses scattered through these tracts the merit is very unequal; some of them have a tenderness, a pastoral simplicity, and a lyric flow, which are truly fascinating, while some scarcely rise above mediocrity, and some fall considerably below it.‡

England's Helicon, 1600, and Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602, are enriched with some of Greene's verses, selected from his prose-tracts.§

Sir Thomas Overbury, in his *Characters*, describing a Chambermaid, tells us "She reads Greene's works ouer and ouer."

Greene, says Anthony Wood, "was author of several things which were pleasing to men and women of his time. They made much sport, and were valued among scholars, but since they have been mostly sold on ballad-mongers' stalls." *Fasti Oxon.* Part. 1st, p. 245. ed. Bliss.

* "Nash, the ape of Greene, Greene the ape of Euphues, Euphues the ape of Enuie, the three famous mammets of the presse."—G. Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation*, &c., 1593, Sig. S 4.

"Did I," exclaims Nash, indignant at being accused of imitating Greene, "euer write of cony-catching? stufft my stile with hearbs and stones? or apprentisd myselfe to running of the letter? If not, how then doo I imitate him?"—*Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*, &c., 1596, Sig. V. 3.

"If any man bee of a dainty and curious eare," says the author of *Martine Mar-sixtus*, 1592, undoubtedly alluding to Greene, "I shall desire him to repayre to those authors; euery man hath not a perle-mint, a fish-mint, nor a bird-mint in his braine, all are not licensed to create new stones, new fowles, new serpents, to coyne new creatures," &c.—*Preface.*

† "Marot et De-Mornay pour le langage Francois;
Pour L'Espaignol Gueuare, Boccace pour le Toscan;
Et le gentil Sleidan refait l'Allemand;
Greene et Lylli tous deux raffineurs de l'Anglois."
Sonnet by I. Eliote, prefixed to Greene's *Perimedes*, 1588.

"Multis post annis, conjungens carmina prosis,
Florait Ascamus, Chekus, Gascoynus, et alter
Tullius Anglorum nunc vivens Lillius, illum
Consequitur Grenus, præclarus vterque poeta."
Anon. Verses prefixed to Greene's *Alcida*, 1617.

"Of all the flowers a Lillie once I lou'd,
Whose labouring beautie brancht itselfe abroade;
But now old age his glorie hath remoud,
And Greener obiectes are my eyes aboade."
Verses by Henry Vpchear, prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, 1587.

‡ "As Italy had Dante, Boccace, Petrarch, Tasso, Celiano, and Ariosto; so England had Matthew Roydon, Thomas Atchelow, Thomas Watson, Thomas Kid, *Robert Greene*, and George Peele."—Meres's *Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasvry*, 1598, fol. 282.

§ The former contains five pieces from *Menaphon* and two from *Never too Late;* the latter, one from the *Orpharion.*

In the *Biographia Dramatica* and in other publications it is positively stated that Greene occasionally prostituted his talents for the amusement of the rakes of the day, and that some of his pieces were polluted by gross obscenity. I am much deceived if this be not one of those falsehoods which creep into literary history, and are transferred from book to book, through the ignorance and carelessness of biographers and editors; few of the persons perhaps who made the assertion having ever read one quarter of his works. It originated, I presume, partly in a misconception of the author's meaning, when he speaks with regret of the lighter productions of his pen; and partly in the misrepresentations of puritanic writers. Greene, in an Address to George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, before his *Mourning Garment*, 1590, says; "Having myself ouer-weaned with them of Nineuie in publishing sundry wanton pamphlets, and setting forth axiomes of amorous philosophy, *tandem aliquando* taught with a feeling of my palpable follies, and hearing with the eares of my heart Jonas crying, 'Except thou repent,' as I haue changed the inward affects of my minde, so I haue turned my wanton workes to effectuall labours. . . . . I hope your lordship will be glad, with Augustus Cæsar, to read the reformation of a second Ouid; pardon, my lord, inferiour by a thousand degrees to him in wit or learning, but I feare halfe as fond in publishing amorous fancies." * All, I believe, that we are to gather from these expressions is, that he had written pieces, which, being on the subject of love, were light and trivial,—that (as one of his panegyrists, Roger Portington, tells him, in verses prefixed to the First Part of *Mamillia*, 1583,) he had

> "payuted out Dan Cupids craft,
> And set at large the doubtfull chance of fancies drafte."

"I promised, gentlemen," says Greene in an Address to the Gentleman Readers before *Philomela*, &c., 1592, "both in my *Mourning Garment*, and *Farewell to Follie*, neuer to busie my selfe about any wanton pamphlets againe, nor to haue my brayne counted so addle as to set out any matter that were amorous: but yet am I come, contrary to vow and promise, once againe to the presse with a labour of loue, which I hatched long agoe, though now brought forth to light:" and let it be observed, that *Philomela* (which is inscribed to Lady Fitzwaters) is a moral tale of great beauty.—The author of a pamphlet called *Martine Mar-sixtus. A second replie against the defensory and apology of Sixtus the fifth*, &c. 1592, has the following passages in his preface, which were undoubtedly pointed at Greene: "What publishing of friuolous

* In Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, &c., are these words; "Only I must needes say to him that some of his trade will print lewd bookes and bawdy pamphlets, but *auri sacra fames quid non?*" I remember perfectly to have seen an edition of this tract with the date 1592 (during which year it seems to have been several times printed), wherein, after the words "bawdy pamphlets," was inserted, between brackets, "by R. G.": but in the edition of 1592, in the King's Library, the passage stands as just given.

and scurrilous prognostications, as if Will Sommers were againe reuiued! what counterfeiting and cogging of prodigious and fabulous monsters, as if they labored to exceede the poet in his Metamorphosis! what lasciuious, vnhonest, and amorous discourses, such as Augustus in a heathen common-wealth could neuer tolerate! and yet they shame not to subscribe, 'By a graduate in Cambridge, in Artibus Magister'; as if men should iudge of the fruites of art by the ragges and parings of wit, and endite the vniuersities as not onely accessary to their vanitie but nurses of bawdry: we would the world should know, that howsoeuer those places haue power to create a Master of Artes, yet the art of loue is none of the seauen . . . . . thus affecting to bee famous, they become notorious, that it may be saide of them as of the Sophisters at Athens, *dum volunt haberi celebriter docti, innotescunt insigniter asinini*, and when with shame they see their folly, they are faine to put on a mourning garment, and crie, Farewell."* But is not this merely the language of some canting individual, who held in utter loathing any writer whose pen had been employed on tales of love?—In that very curious poetical tract, *Greene's Funeralls* by R. B.†, Gent., 1594, the purity of his amorous pieces is particularly dwelt upon;

> "He, he is dead, that wrote of your delights;
> That wrote of ladies and of parramours;
> Of budding beautie, and hir branched leaues,
> Of sweet content in royall nuptialls.
> . . . . . .
> His gadding Muse, although it ran of loue,
> Yet did hee sweetly morralize his songs;
> Ne euer gaue the looser cause to laugh,
> Ne men of iudgement, for to be offended."—Sig. B.

* An allusion to Greene's *Mourning Garment* and *Farewell to Folly*.

† Ritson supposed that R. B. meant Richard Barnfield; but it is scarcely possible that he could have been the author of so mean a composition.—*Greene's Funeralls* contains the following

> "Catalogue of certaine of
> his Bookes.
>
> *Camilla* for the first and second part;
> The *Card of Fancie*, and his *Tullies loue*;
> His *Nunquam sera*, and his *Nightingale*;
> His *Spanish Masquerado*, and his *Change*;
> His *Menaphon*, and *Metamorphosis*;
> His *Orpharion*, and the *Denmarke King*;
> His *Censure*, and his *Loues Tritameron*;
> His *Disputation*, and *The Death of him*
> *That makes all England shed so many teares*;
> And many more that I haue neuer seene,
> May witnes well vnto the world—his wit
> Had he so well as well applied it."
>
> Sig. C 2.

In the 8th and 9th lines there is an allusion to Greene's poem on the death of Sir Christopher Hatton, *A Maiden's Dream* (already mentioned, p. 36).

In *The Repentance of Robert Greene* his love-pamphlets are noticed in no stronger terms of reprobation than "These vanities and other trifling pamphlets I penned of loue and vaine fantasies was my chiefest stay of liuing; and for those my vaine discourses I was beloued of the more vainer sort of people," &c. Sig. C 3. Nor must it be forgotten that Greene was in the habit of inscribing his productions to high-born personages, both male and female: and would the notorious author of grossly licentious tracts have presumed to aspire to the patronage of such illustrious names as are to be found in note † p. 36?

Pandosto. The triumph of Time, &c., 1588 (with the running-title, *The Historie of Dorastus and Fawnia*), is perhaps the most memorable of the prose-works of Greene, because on it our great dramatist founded his *Winter's Tale*. To those who may read the novel for the first time, having a previous acquaintance with the play of Shakespeare,—and to what reader is *it* altogether unknown?—the former will appear cold and uninteresting on a recollection of the marvellous truth and reality of the latter. But *Pandosto* is far from a contemptible production: if portions of it are disfigured by bad taste and coarseness of feeling, there are also portions composed in a very pleasing and affecting manner. The story, there is every reason to believe, was the invention of Greene: how far Shakespeare has deviated from it I proceed to show. * "In the countrey of Bohemia there rayned a king called Pandosto, whose fortunate successe in warres against his foes, and bountifull curtesie towardes his friendes in peace, made him to be greatly feared and loued of all men. This Pandosto had to wife a ladie called Bellaria, by birth royall, learned by education, faire by nature, by vertues famous; so that it was hard to iudge whether her beautie, fortune, or vertue, wanne the greatest commendations. These two, linked together in perfect loue, led their liues with such fortunate content that their subiects greatly reioyced to see their quiet disposition. They had not beene married long, but fortune (willing to increase their happines) lent them a sonne, so adorned with the gifts of nature as the perfection of the childe greatly augmented the loue of the parentes and the ioy of their commons." . . . . "Fortune enuious of such happy successe, willing to shewe some signe of her inconstancie, turned her wheele, and darkned their bright sun of prosperitie with the mistie cloudes of mishap and misery. For it so happened that Egistus king of Sycilia, who in his youth had bene brought vp with Pandosto, desirous to shewe that neither tracte of time nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, prouided a nauie of ships and sayled into Bohemia, to visite his old friend and companion: who, hearing of his arriuall, went himselfe in person and his wife Bellaria, accompanied with a great traine of lords and ladies, to meete Egistus; and espying him, alighted from his horse, embraced him very louingly, protesting that nothing

* I quote from the edition of 1588. (Since the first appearance of the present memoir, *Pandosto* has been reprinted complete in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*.)

in the world could haue happened more acceptable to him then his comming, wishing his wife to welcome his olde friend and acquaintance: who (to shewe how she liked him whom her husband loued) intertayned him with such familiar curtesie as Egistus perceiued himselfe to bee verie well welcome. After they had thus saluted and embraced eche other, they mounted againe on horsbacke, and rode toward the citie, deuising and recounting howe being children they had passed their youth in friendely pastimes: where, by the meanes of the citizens, Egistus was receyued with triumphs and shewes, in such sort that he maruelled how on so small a warning they coulde make such preparation. Passing the streetes thus with such rare sightes, they rode on to the pallace: where Pandosto entertained Egistus and his Sycilians with such banqueting and sumptuous cheare, so royally as they all had cause to commend his princely liberality; yea, the verie basest slaue that was knowne to come from Sycilia was vsed with such curtesie that Egistus might easily perceiue how both hee and his were honored for his friendes sake. Bellaria (who in her time was the flower of curtesie), willing to shew how vnfaynedly shee looued her husband by his friends intertainement, vsed him likewise so familiarly that her countenance bewraied how her minde was affected towardes him; oftentimes comming herselfe into his bed-chamber to see that nothing should be amis to mislike him. This honest familiarity increased dayly more and more betwixt them; for Bellaria, noting in Egistus a princely and bountifull minde, adorned with sundrie and excellent qualities, and Egistus, finding in her a vertuous and curteous disposition, there grew such a secret vniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the company of the other; insomuch that when Pandosto was busied with such vrgent affaires that hee could not bee present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walke with him into the garden, where they two in priuat and pleasant deuises would passe away the time to both their contents. This custome still continuing betwixt them, a certaine melancholy passion entring the minde of Pandosto draue him into sundry and doubtfull thoughts. First, he called to minde the beauty of his wife Bellaria, the comelines and brauerie of his friend Egistus, thinking that loue was aboue all lawes, and therefore to be staied with no law; that it was hard to put fire and flaxe together without burning; that their open pleasures might breede his secrete displeasures. He considered with himselfe that Egistus was a man and must needes loue; that his wife was a woman and therefore subiect vnto loue; and that where fancy forced, friendship was of no force. These and such like doubtfull thoughtes, a long time smoothering in his stomacke, beganne at last to kindle in his minde a secret mistrust, which, increased by suspition, grewe at last to a flaming iealousie that so tormented him as he could take no rest. He then began to measure all their actions, and to misconstrue of their too priuate familiaritie, iudging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy; so that hee began to watch them more narrowely, to see if hee coulde gette any true or certaine proofe to confirme his doubtfull suspition. While thus he noted their lookes and gestures,

and suspected their thoughtes and meaninges, they two, seely soules, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily eache others companie: which draue him into such a franticke passion, that he beganne to beare a secret hate to Egistus and a lowring countenaunce to Bellaria; who marueiling at such vnaccustomed frowns, began to cast beeyond the moone, and to enter into a thousand sundrie thoughtes, which way she should offend her husband; but finding in herselfe a cleare conscience, ceassed to muse, vntil such time as she might find fit opportunitie to demaund the cause of his dumps. In the meane time Pandostoes minde was so farre charged with iealousy that he did no longer doubt, but was assured (as he thought), that his friend Egistus had entered a wrong pointe in his tables, and so had played him false play: whereupon, desirous to reuenge so great an iniury, he thought best to dissemble the grudge with a faire and friendly countenance, and so vnder the shape of a friend to shew him the tricke of a foe. Deuising with himself a long time how he might best put away Egistus without suspition of treacherous murder, hee concluded at last to poyson him." Pandosto endeavours to accomplish his purpose by means of Franion his cup-bearer, offering him at last either preferment or death according as he should consent or refuse to become the instrument of his vengeance. Franion promises to despatch Egistus; but soon after informs that monarch of his danger, and flies with him from Bohemia. Pandosto now "commaundes that his wife should be carried straight to prison vntil they heard further of his pleasure. The guarde, vnwilling to lay their hands on * such a vertuous princesse, and yet fearing the kings fury, went very sorrowfull to fulfill their charge. Comming to the queenes lodging, they found her playing with her yong sonne Garinter; vnto whom with teares doing the message, Bellaria, astonished at such a hard censure, and finding her cleere conscience a sure aduocate to pleade in her cause, went to the prison most willingly; where with sighes and teares shee past away the time till she might come to her triall." Pandosto next "caused a generall proclamation to be made through all his realme, that the queene and Egistus had, by the helpe of Franion, not onely committed most incestuous adultery, but also had conspired the kings death; wherevpon the traitor Franion was fled away with Egistus, and Bellaria was most iustly imprisoned." Presently Bellaria finds herself pregnant, and laments her fate with bitter complaints. "The jaylor, pitying those her heauie passions, thinking that if the king knew she were with childe, he would somewhat appease his fury and release her from prison, went in al hast and certified Pandosto what the effect of Bellarias complaint was: who no sooner heard the jaylor say she was with childe, but as one possessed with a phrenzie, he rose vp in a rage, swearing that shee, and the basterd brat she was [quick] withall, should die, if the gods themselues said no; thinking that surely by computation of time, that Egistus and not he was the father to the childe. This

* *on*] Old ed. "one."

suspitious thought galled afresh his* halfe-healed sore, in so much as he could take no rest vntill he might mittigate his choller with a iust reuenge; which happened presently after. For Bellaria was brought to bed of a faire and beautifull daughter: which no sooner Pandosto hearde but he determined that both Bellaria and the young infant should be burnt with fire. His nobles, hearing of the kings cruell sentence, sought by perswasions to diuert him from his bloodie determination, laying before his face the innocencie of the childe, and vertuous disposition of his wife, how she had continually loued and honoured him so tenderly that without due proofe he could not, nor ought not, to appeach her of that crime. And if she had faulted, yet it were more honourable to pardon with mercy then to punish with extremity, and more kingly to be commended of pitty than accused of rigour; and as for the childe, if he should punish it for the mothers offence, it were to striue against nature and iustice; and that vnnatural actions doe more offend the gods then men; how causelesse cruelty nor innocent blood neuer scapes without reuenge. These and such like reasons could not appease his rage, but he rested resolute in this, that Bellaria being an adultresse, the childe was a bastard, and he would not suffer that such an infamous brat should call him father. Yet at last (seeing his noblemen were importunate vpon him) he was content to spare the childes life, and yet to put it to a worse death. For he found out this deuise, that seeing (as he thought) it came by fortune, so he would commit it to the charge of fortune, and therefore caused a little cock-boat to be prouided, wherein he meant to put the babe, and then send it to the mercies of the seas and the destenies. From this his peeres in no wise could perswade him, but that he sent presently two of his guard to fetch the childe: who being come to the prison, and with weeping teares recounting their maisters message, Bellaria no sooner heard the rigorious resolution of her mercilesse husband but she fell downe in a swound, so that all thought she had bin dead; yet at last being come to her selfe, shee cryed and screeched out in this wise. 'Alas, sweete infortunate babe, scarce borne, before enuied by fortune! would the day of thy birth had beene the terme of thy life! then shouldest thou haue made an ende to care, and preuented thy fathers rigour. Thy faults cannot yet deserue such hatefull reuenge; thy dayes are too short for so sharpe a doome; but thy vntimely death must pay thy mothers debts, and her guiltlesse crime must bee thy gastly curse. And shalt thou, sweete babe, be committed to fortune, when thou art already spited by fortune? Shall the seas be thy harbour, and the hard boate thy cradle? Shall thy tender mouth, in steede of sweete kisses, be nipped with bitter stormes? Shalt thou haue the whistling windes for thy lullabie, and the salt sea fome insteede of sweete milke? Alas, what destinies would assigne such hard hap? What father would be so cruell? Or what gods will not reuenge such rigor? Let me kisse thy lippes, sweete infant, and wet thy tender cheekes with my teares, and put this

* *his*] Old ed. "this."

chayne about thy little necke, that, if fortune saue thee, it may helpe to succour thee. Thus,* since thou must goe to surge in the gastfull seas, with a sorrowfull kisse I bid thee farewell, and I pray the gods thou maist fare well.' Such and so great was her griefe, that, her vitall spirits being suppressed with sorrow, she fell againe downe into a trance, hauing her sences so sotted with care, that after shee was reuiued, yet shee lost her memorie, and lay for a great time without mouing, as one in a trance. The guard left her in this perplexitie, and carried the child to the king; who, quite deuoide of pity, commanded that without delay it should bee put in the boat, hauing neither saile nor rudder† to guid it, and so to bee carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and waue as the destinies please to appoint. The very ship-men, seeing the sweete countenance of the yong babe, began to accuse the king of rigor, and to pity the childs hard fortune: but feare constrayned them to that which their nature did abhorre; so that they placed it in one of the ends of the boat, and with a few greene bows made a homely cabben to shroud it as they could from wind and weather. Hauing thus trimmed the boat, they tied it to a ship, and so haled it into the mayne sea, and then cut in sunder the coarde: which they had no sooner done, but there arose a mighty tempest, which tossed the little boate so vehemently in the waues that the ship-men thought it coulde not continue longe without sincking; yea, the storme grewe so great, that with much labour and perill they got to the shoare." Bellaria being brought into open court for her trial, "fell downe vpon her knees, and desired the king that for the loue he bare to his young sonne Garinter, whome she brought into the world, that hee woulde graunt her a request; which was this, that it would please his maiestie to send sixe of his noblemen whome he best trusted to the Isle of Delphos, there to enquire of the Oracle of Apollo whether she had committed adultery with Egistus, or conspired to poyson him with Franion; and if the god Apollo, who by his deuine essence knew al secrets, gaue answere that she was guiltie, she were content to suffer any torment, were it neuer so terrible. The request was so reasonable that Pandosto could not for shame deny it, vnlesse he woulde bee counted of all his subiects more wilfull then wise: he therefore agreed that with as much speede as might be there should be certaine embassadores dispatched to the Ile of Delphos; and in the meane season he commanded that his wife should be kept in close prison. Bellaria hauing obtained this graunt, was now more carefull for her little babe that floated on the seas then sorrowfull for her owne mishap; for of that she doubted; of her selfe shee was assured, knowing if Apollo should giue oracle according to the thoughts of the hart, yet the sentence should goe one her side, such was the clearenes of her minde in this case. But Pandosto (whose suspitious head still remained in one song) chose out six of his nobility whom hee knew were scarse indifferent men in the queenes behalfe, and prouiding all things fit for their iourney

* *Thus*] Old ed. "This."

† *rudder*] Old ed. "other."

sent them to Delphos. They willing to fulfill the kinges commaund, and desirous to see the situation and custome of the iland, dispatched their affaires with as much speede as might be, and embarked themselues to this voyage ; which (the wind and weather seruing fit for their purpose) was soone ended. For within three weekes they arriued at Delphos : where they were no sooner set on lande but with great deuotion they went to the Temple of Apollo, and there offring sacrifice to the god and giftes to the priest, as the custome was, they humbly craued an aunswere of their demaund. They had not long kneeled at the altar, but Apollo with a loude voice saide, 'Bohemians, what you finde behinde the alter take, and depart.' They forthwith obeying the oracle, founde a scroule of parchment wherein was written these words in letters of golde ;

THE ORACLE.

Suspition is no proofe ; iealousie is an vnequall iudge : Bellaria is chast ; Egistus blamelesse ; Franion a true subiect ; Pandosto treacherous ; his babe an innocent ; and the king shal liue without an heire, if that which is lost be not founde.

As soone as they had taken out this scroule, the priest of the god commaunded them that they should not presume to read it before they came in the presence of Pandosto, vnlesse they would incurre the displeasure of Apollo." On their return to Bohemia, Bellaria being brought again into the judgment-hall before the assembled lords and commons, speaks thus ; "'If the deuine powers bee priuy to humane actions (as no doubt they are), I hope my patience shall make fortune blushe, and my vnspotted life shall staine spightfull* discredit. For although lying report hath sought to appeach mine honor, and suspition hath intended to soyle my credit with infamie, yet where vertue keepeth the forte, report and suspition may assayle, but neuer sack. How I haue led my life before Egistus comming, I appeale, Pandosto, to the gods and to thy conscience. What hath passed betwixt him and me, the gods onely know, and I hope will presently reueale. That I loued Egistus, I cannot denie ; that I honored him, I shame not to confesse : to the one I was forced by his vertues ; to the other for his dignities. But as touching lasciuious lust, I say Egistus is honest, and hope myselfe to be found without spot : for Franion, I can neither accuse him nor excuse him, for I was not priuie to his departure : and that this is true which I haue heere rehearsed, I referre myselfe to the deuine oracle.' Bellaria had no sooner sayd, but the king commaunded that one of his dukes should reade the contentes of the scroule ; which after the commons had heard, they gaue a great shout, reioysing and clapping their hands that the queene was cleare of that false accusation. But the king, whose conscience was a witnesse against him of his witlesse furie and false-suspected icalousie, was so ashamed of his rashe folly that he intreated his nobles to perswade Bellaria to forgiue and forget these iniuries ; promising not onely

* *spightfull*] Old ed. "spightfully."

to shew himselfe a loyall and louing husband, but also to reconcile himselfe to Egistus and Franion; reuealing then before them all the cause of their secrete flighte, and how treacherously hee thought to haue practised his death, if the good minde of his cupbearer had not preuented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was worde brought him that his young sonne Garinter was sodainly dead: which newes so soone as Bellaria heard, surcharged before with extreame ioy and now suppressed with heauie sorrowe, her vitall spirites were so stopped that she fell downe presently dead, and could be neuer reuiued. This sodaine sight so appalled the kinges sences that he sanck from his seate in a sound, so as he was fayne to be carried by his nobles to his pallace, where hee lay by the space of three dayes without speache. His commons were, as men in dispaire, so diuersly distressed; there was nothing but mourning and lamentation to be heard throughout al Bohemia; their young prince dead, their vertuous queene bereaued of her life, and their king and soueraigne in great hazard: this tragicall discourse of fortune so daunted them as they went like shadowes, not men; yet somewhat to comfort their heauie hearts, they heard that Pandosto was come to himselfe and had recouered his speache: who as in a fury brayed out these bitter speaches. 'O miserable Pandosto, what surer witnesse then conscience? what thoughts more sower then suspition? what plague more bad then iealousie? Unnaturall actions offend the gods more than men; and causelesse crueltie neuer scapes without reuenge. I haue committed such a bloudy fact, as repent I may, but recall I cannot. Ah, iealousie! a hell to the minde, and a horror to the conscience, suppressing reason, and inciting rage: a worse passion then phrensie, a greater plague than madnesse. Are the gods iust? then let them reuenge such brutishe crueltie: my innocent babe I haue drowned in the seas; my louing wife I haue slaine with slaunderous suspition; my trustie friend I haue sought to betray; and yet the gods are slacke to plague such offences. Ah, vniust Apollo! Pandosto is the man that hath committed the faulte: why should Garinter, seely childe, abide the paine? Well, sith the gods meane to prolong my dayes to increase my dolour, I will offer my guiltie bloud a sacrifice to those sackles* soules whose liues are lost by my rigorous folly.' And with that he reached at a rapier to haue murdered himselfe: but his peeres being present stayed him from such a bloudy acte, perswading him to think that the commonwealth consisted on his safetie, and that those sheepe could not but perish that wanted a sheepheard; wishing that, if hee would not liue for himselfe, yet he should haue care of his subiects, and to put such fancies out of his minde, sith in sores past help salues doe not heale but hurt, and in thinges past cure care is a corrasiue. With these and such like perswasions the kinge was ouercome, and began somewhat to quiet his minde; so that assoone as hee could goe abroad, hee caused his wife to bee embalmed and wrapt in lead with her young sonne Garinter; erecting a rich and

* *sacklcs*] i. e. innocent.

famous sepulchre, wherein hee intombed them both, making such solemne obsequies at her funeral as al Bohemia might perceiue he did greatly repent him of his forepassed folly; causing this epitaph to be ingrauen on her tombe in letters of golde;

THE EPITAPH.

Here lyes entombde Bellaria faire,
Falsly accused to be vnchaste;
Cleared by Apollos sacred doome,
Yet slaine by iealousie at last.

What ere thou be that passest by,
Cursse him that causde this queene to die.

This epitaph being ingrauen, Pandosto would once a day repaire to the tombe, and there with watry plaintes bewaile his misfortune; coueting no other companion but sorrowe, nor no other harmonie but repentance. But leauing him to his dolorous passions, at last let vs come to shewe the tragicall discourse of the young infant. Who, beeing tossed with winde and waue, floated two whole daies without succour, readie at euery puffe to bee drowned in the sea; till at last the tempest ceassed, and the little boate was driuen with the tyde into the coast of Sycilia, where, sticking vppon the sandes, it rested. Fortune minding to be wanton (willing to shewe that as she hath wrinckles on her browes, so shee hath dimples in her cheekes), thought, after so many sower lookes, to lend a fayned smile, and, after a puffing storme, to bring a pretty calme: shee began thus to dally. It fortuned a poore mercenary sheepheard that dwelled in Sycilia, who got his liuing by other mens flockes, missed one of his sheepe, and thinking it had strayed into the couert that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the wolues or eagles had vndone him (for hee was so poore as a sheepe was halfe his substaunce), wandered downe toward the sea-cliffes, to see if perchaunce the sheepe was browsing on the sea-iuy, whereon they greatly doe feede. But not finding her there, as he was ready to returne to his flocke, hee heard a childe crie; but knowing there was no house nere, he thought he had mistaken the sound, and that it was the bleatyng of his sheepe. Wherefore looking more narrowely, as he cast his eye to the sea, he spyed a little boate, from whence, as he attentiuely listened, he might heare the cry to come. Standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shoare, and wading to the boate, as he looked in, he saw the little babe lying al alone, ready to die for hunger and colde, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet, richely imbrodered with golde, and hauing a chayne about the necke. The sheepeheard, who before had neuer seene so faire a babe nor so riche iewels, thought assuredly that it was some little god, and began with great deuocion to knock on his breast. The babe, who wrythed with the head to seeke for the pap, began againe to cry afresh: whereby the poore man knew that it was a childe, which by some sinister meanes was driuen thither by distresse of weather; marualing how such a seely

infant, which by the mantle and the chayne could not be but borne of noble parentage, should be so hardly crossed with deadly mishap. The poore sheepheard, perplexed thus with diuers thoughts, tooke pitty of the childe, and determined with himselfe to carry it to the king, that there it might be brought vp according to the worthinesse of birth; for his ability coulde not afforde to foster it, though his good minde was willing to further it. Taking therefore the chylde in his armes, as he foulded the mantle together, the better to defend it from colde, there fell downe at his foote a very faire and riche purse, wherein he founde a great summe of golde: which sight so reuiued the shepheards spirits, as he was greatly rauished with ioy, and daunted with feare; ioyfull to see such a summe in his power, and feareful, if it should be knowne, that it might breede his further daunger. Necessitie wisht him at the least to retaine the golde, though he would not keepe the childe: the simplicity of his conscience feared * him from such deceiptfull briberie.† Thus was the poore manne perplexed with a doubtfull dilemma, vntill at last the couetousnesse of the coyne ouercame him; for what will not the greedy desire of golde cause a man to doe? so that he was resolued in himselfe to foster the child, and with the summe to relieue his want. Resting thus resolute in this point, he left seeking of his sheepe, and as couertly and secretly as he coulde, went by a by-way to his house, least any of his neighbours should perceaue his carriage." The shepherd, who is called Porrus, and his wife, having no children of their own, rear the babe as their daughter, giving her the name of Fawnia. With the money which he had found in the purse Porrus having bought the lease of a pretty farm and a small flock of sheep, "grewe in short time to bee a man of some wealth and credite." When Fawnia "came to the age of sixteene yeeres, shee so increased with exquisite perfection both of body and minde, as her natural disposition did bewray that she was borne of some high parentage; but the people thinking she was daughter to the shephard Porrus, rested only amazed at hir beauty and wit: yea, she won such fauour and commendations in euery mans eye, as her beautie was not onely praysed in the countrey, but also spoken of in the court; yet such was her submisse modestie, that although her praise daily increased, her mind was no whit puffed vp with pride, but humbled her selfe as became a country mayde and the daughter of a poore sheepheard. Euery day she went forth with her sheepe to the field, keeping them with such care and diligence as al men thought she was verie painfull, defending her face from the heat of the sunne with no other vale but with a garland made of bowes and flowers; which attire became her so gallantly as shee seemed to bee the goddesse Flora her selfe for beauty." Dorastus, the only son of Egistus and aged about twenty, (who has just offended his father by showing decided dislike to the proposal that he should marry the King of Denmark's daughter,) becomes violently enamoured of the lovely shepherdess: she returns his passion, and consents

* *feared*] Mr. Collier (*Shakespeare's Library*) prints "scared,"—rightly perhaps.

† *briberie*] i. e. theft.

to be his wife. "Hauing thus plight their troath each to other, seeing they could not haue the full fruition of their loue in Sycilia, for that Egistus consent woulde neuer bee graunted to so meane a match, Dorastus determined assone as time and oportunitie would giue them leaue, to prouide a great masse of money, and many rich and costly iewels for the easier cariage, and then to transporte themselues and their treasure into Italy, where they should leade a contented life, vntil such time as either he could be reconciled to his father, or els by succession come to the kingdome." Soon after this, the neighbours of Porrus inform him of the meetings of the louers, fearing that the prince meant to lure Fawnia to folly. The old shepherd, greatly distressed at the intelligence, and dreading the anger of the king, resolves to go to his majesty, give him an account of his having found Fawnia in the little boat, and show him the chain and jewels that accompanied her: "'by this meanes,'" says he to his wife, "'I hope the king will take Fawnia into his seruice, and we, whatsoeuer chaunceth, shal be blamelesse.' This deuice pleased the good wife very well, so that they determined, assoone as they might know the king at leisure, to make him priuie to this case. In the meane time Dorastus was not slacke in his affaires, but applyed his matters with such diligence that he prouided all thinges fitte for their iourney. Treasure and iewels he had gotten great store, thincking there was no better friend then money in a strange countrey; rich attire he had prouided for Fawnia; and because he could not bring the matter to passe without the helpe and aduice of some one, he made an old seruant of his, called Capnio, who had serued him from his child-hood, priuie to his affaires; who, seeing no perswasions could preuaile to diuert him from his setled determination, gaue his consent, and dealt so secretly in the cause that within short space hee had gotten a ship ready for theyr passage. The mariners, seeing a fit gale of winde for their purpose, wished Capnio to make no delayes, least, if they pretermitted this good weather, they might stay long ere they had such a fayre winde. Capnio, fearing that his negligence should hinder the iourney, in the night time conueyed the trunckes full of treasure into the shippe, and by secrette meanes let Fawnia vnderstand that the next morning they meant to depart. She vpon this newes slept verie little that night, but gotte vp very early, and wente to her sheepe, looking euery minute when she should see Dorastus; who taried not long, for feare delay might breede daunger, but came as fast as he could gallop, and without any great circumstance tooke Fawnia vp behinde him, and rode to the hauen where the shippe lay, which was not three quarters of a mile distant from that place. He no sooner came there but the marriners were readie with their cock-boate to set them aboard; where, being coucht together in a cabben, they past away the time in recounting their old loues til their man Capnio should come. Porrus, who had heard that this morning the king would go abroad to take the ayre, called in haste to his wife to bring him his holyday hose and his best iacket, that he might goe like an honest substantiall man to tell his tale. His wife, a good cleanly wenche, brought him all things fitte, and spungd him vp very

handsomlie, giuing him the chaine * and iewels in a little boxe, which Porrus for the more safety put in his bosom. Hauing thus all his trinkets in a readines, taking his staffe in his hand, he bad his wife kisse him for good lucke, and so hee went towards the pallace. But as he was going, fortune (who meant to showe him a little false play) preuented his purpose in this wise. He met by chaunce in his way Capnio, who trudging as fast as he could with a little coffer vnder his arme to the ship, and spying Porrus, whome he knewe to be Fawnias father, going towardes the pallace, being a wylie fellow, began to doubt the worst, and therefore crost him the way, and askt him whither he was going so earely this morning. Porrus (who knew by his face that he was one of the court) meaning simply, told him that the kings son Dorastus dealt hardly with him; for he had but one daughter who was a little beautifull, and that his neighboures told him the young prince had allured her to folly: he went therefore now to complaine to the king how greatly he was abused. Capnio (who straight way smelt the whole matter) began to soth him in his talke, and said that Dorastus dealt not like a prince to spoyle any poore manes daughter in that sort: he therefore would doe the best for him he could, because he knew he was an honest man. 'But,' quoth Capnio, 'you lose your labour in going to the pallace, for the king meanes this day to take the aire of the sea, and to goe aboord of a shippe that lies in the hauen: I am going before, you see, to prouide all things in a redinesse; and if you wil follow my counsaile, turne back with me to the hauen, where I will set you in such a fitte place as you may speake to the king at your pleasure.' Porrus, giuing credit to Capnios smooth tale, gaue him a thousand thanks for his friendly aduise, and went with him to the hauen, making all the way his complaintes of Dorastus, yet concealing secretlie the chaine and the iewels. Assone as they were come to the sea-side, the marriners, seeing Capnio, came a-land with their cock-boote; who still dissembling the matter, demaunded of Porrus if he would go see the ship? who, vnwilling and fearing the worst because he was not well acquainted with Capnio, made his excuse that he could not brooke the sea, therefore would not trouble him. Capnio, seeing that by faire meanes hee could not get him aboord, commaunded the mariners that by violence they should carrie him into the shippe; who like sturdy knaues hoisted the poore shepheard on their backes, and bearing him to the boate, launched from the land. Porrus, seeing himselfe so cunningly betraied, durst not crie out, for hee sawe it would not preuaile; but began to intreate Capnio and the mariners to be good to him, and to pittie his estate; hee was but a poore man that liued by his labour: they, laughing to see the shepheard so afraide, made as much haste as they could and sette him aboorde. Porrus was no sooner in the shippe but he saw Dorastus walking with Fawnia; yet he scarse knew her, for she had attired her selfe in riche apparell, which so increased her beauty that shee resembled rather an angell then a mortall creature. Dorastus and Fawnia were halfe

* *chaine*] Old ed. "chaines."

astonished to see the olde shepherd, maruailing greatly what wind had brought him thither, til Capnio told them al the whole discourse; how Porrus was going to make his complaint to the king, if by pollicie he had not preuented him; and therefore now, sith he was aboord, for the auoiding of further danger, it were best to carrie him into Italy. Dorastus praised greatly his mans deuise, and allowed of his counsaile: but Fawnia (who stil feared Porrus as her father) began to blush for shame, that by her meanes he should either incur[r]e daunger or displeasure. The old shephard, hearing this hard sentence, that he should on such a sodaine be caried from his wife, his country, and kinsfolke, into a forraine lande amongst straungers, began with bitter teares to make his complaint, and on his knees to intreate Dorastus, that pardoning his vnaduised folly, he would giue him leaue to goe home; swearing that hee would keepe all thinges as secret as they could wish. But these protestations could not preuaile, although Fawnia intreated Dorastus very earnestly; but the mariners, hoisting their maine sailes, waied ankers, and hailed into the deepe." Egistus, greatly alarmed at the disappearance of the prince, learns at last from a fisherman in what company he had set sail; and is so grieved at "his sonnes recklesse follie" that he falls into a very dangerous quartan fever. "But his sonne Dorastus little regarded either father, countrie, or kingdome, in respect of his lady Fawnia; for fortune smyling on this young nouice, lent him so lucky a gale of winde for the space of a day and a night, that the maryners lay and slept vpon the hatches: but on the next morning, about the breake of the day, the aire began to ouercast, the winds to rise, the seas to swel, yea, presently there arose such a fearfull tempest as the ship was in danger to be swallowed vp with euery sea, the maine mast with the violence of the wind was thrown ouer-boord, the sayles were torne, the tacklings rent * in sunder, the storme raging still so furiously that poore Fawnia was almost dead for feare, but that she was greatly comforted with the presence of Dorastus. The tempest continued three dayes, al which time the mariners euerie minute looked for death, and the aire was so darkned with cloudes that the maister could not tell by his compasse in what coast they were. But vpon the fourth day, about ten of the clocke, the wind began to cease, the sea to wax calme, and the sky to be cleare, and the mariners descryed the coast of Bohemia, shooting of their ordnance for ioy that they had escaped such a fearefull tempest. Dorastus, hearing that they were arriued at some harbour, sweetly kissed Fawnia, and bad her be of good cheare: when they tolde him that the port belonged vnto the cheife cittie of Bohemia where Pandosto kept his court, Dorastus began to be sad, knowing that his father hated no man so much as Pandosto, and that the king himself had sought secretly to betray Egistus: this considered, he was halfe afraide to goe on land, but that Capnio counselled him to chaunge his name and his countrey, vntil such time as they could get some other barke to transport them into Italy. Dorastus liking this deuise,

* *rent*] Old ed. "went."

made his case priuy to the marriners, rewarding them bountifully for their paines, and charging them to saye that he was a gentleman of Trapolonia called Meleagrus. The shipmen, willing to shew what friendship they could to Dorastus, promised to be as secret as they could or hee might wish ; and vppon this they landed in a little village a mile distant from the citie : where, after they had rested a day, thinking to make prouision for their mariage, the fame of Fawnias beauty was spread throughout all the citie, so that it came to the eares of Pandosto ; who then being about the age of fifty, had notwithstanding yong and freshe affections, so that he desired greatly to see Fawnia ; and to bring this matter the better to passe, hearing they had but one man, and how they rested at a very homely house, he caused them to be apprehended as spies, and sent a dozen of his garde to take them ; who being come to their lodging, tolde them the kings message. Dorastus no whit dismayed, accompanied with Fawnia and Capnio, went to the court (for they left Porrus to keepe the stuffe) ; who being admitted to the kings presence, Dorastus and Fawnia with humble obeysance saluted his maiestie." Pandosto is amazed at the loveliness of Fawnia ; and when Dorastus has told him a tale devised for the occasion, he angrily declares, "till I heare more of her parentage and of thy calling, I wil stay you both here in Bohemia." The young prince answers the king with much boldness, and is committed to prison, while "the rest of the shipmen" are thrown into a dungeon ; but Fawnia is treated with great courtesy. The king now endeavours to overcome the chastity of the beautiful stranger, but his various allurements are vain ; and he swears at last that, if she does not yield to his wishes, he will have recourse to violence. Meantime Egistus learns from some Bohemian merchants that his son is imprisoned by Pandosto, and sends ambassadors to that monarch with a request "that Capnio, Fawnia, and Porrus, might be murthered and put to death, and that his sonne Dorastus might be sent home in safetie. Pandosto hauing attentiuely and with great meruaile heard their embassage, willing to reconcile himselfe to Egistus, and to shew him how greatlie he esteemed his fauour,* although loue and fancy forbad him to hurt Fawnia, yet in despight of loue hee determined to execute Egistus will without mercy ; and therefore he presently sent for Dorastus out of prison ; who meruailing at this vnlooked for curtesie, found, at his comming to the kings presence, that which he least doubted of, his fathers embassadours ; who no sooner sawe him, but with great reuerence they honored him ; and Pandosto embracing Dorastus, set him by him very louingly in a chaire of estate. Dorastus, ashamed that his follie was bewraied, sate a long time as one in a muse, til Pandosto told him the summe of his fathers embassage ; which he had no sooner heard, but he was toucht at the quicke for the cruell sentence that was pronounced against Fawnia. But neither could his sorrow nor perswasions preuaile ; for Pandosto commaunded that Fawnia, Porrus, and Capnio, should bee brought to his presence :

* *favour*] Old ed. "labour."

who were no sooner come but Pandosto, hauing his former loue turned to a disdainful hate, began to rage against Fawnia in these tearmes. 'Thou disdainfull vassal, thou currish kite, assigned by the destinies to base fortune, and yet with an aspiring minde gazing after honor, how durst thou presume, being a beggar, to match with a prince? by thy alluring lookes to inchant the sonne of a king to leaue his owne countrie to fulfill thy disordinate lusts? O despightfull minde! a proud heart in a beggar is not vnlike to a great fire in a smal cottage, which warmeth not the house, but burneth it: assure thyselfe thou shalt die. And thou, old doating foole, whose follie hath bene such as to suffer thy daughter to reach aboue thy fortune, looke for no other meede but the like punishment. But, Capnio, thou which hast betrayed the king, and hast consented to the vnlawfull lust of thy lord and maister, I know not how iustly I may plague thee: death is too easie a punishment for thy falsehood, and to liue, if not in extreame miserie, were not to shew thee equitie. I therefore award that thou shalt haue thine eyes put out, and continually, while * thou diest, grinde in a mil like a brute beast.' The feare of death brought a sorrowfull silence vpon Fawnia and Capnio: but Porrus, seeing no hope of life," confesses that Fawnia is not his daughter, tells how he found her in the little boat, and shows the chain and jewels that accompanied her. "Pandosto would scarce suffer him to tell out his tale but that he enquired the time of the yeere, the manner of the boate, and other circumstaunces; which when he found agreeing to his count, he sodainelie leapt from his seate, and kissed Fawnia, wetting her tender cheeks with his teares, and crying, 'My daughter Fawnia! Ah sweete Fawnia! I am thy father, Fawnia.' This sodaine passion of the king draue them all into a maze, especially Fawnia and Dorastus. But when the king had breathed himselfe a while in this newe ioy, hee rehearsed beefore the embassadours the whole matter, how hee hadde entreated his wife Bellaria for iealousie, and that this was the childe whome hee [had] sent to floate in the seas. Fawnia was not more ioyfull that she had found such a father then Dorastus was glad he should get such a wife. The embassadors reioyced that their yong prince had made such a choice, that these kingdomes, which through enmitie had long time bin disseuered, should now through perpetual amitie be vnited and reconciled. The citizens and subiects of Bohemia (hearing that the king had found againe his daughter which was supposed dead, ioyfull that there was an heire aparant to his kingdome) made bonfires and showes throughout the cittie. The courtiers and knights appointed iusts and turneis, to signifie their willing mindes in gratifying the kings hap. Eighteene daies being past in these princely sports, Pandosto, willing to recompence old Porrus, of a shepheard made him a knight: which done, prouiding a sufficient nauie to receiue him and his retinue, accompanied with Dorastus, Fawnia, and the Sicilian embassadours, he sailed towards Sicilia, where he was most princelie entertained by Egistus; who hearing this comicall euent, reioyced greatly at his

* *while*] i. e. till.

sonnes good happe, and without delay (to the perpetuall ioy of the two yong louers) celebrated the marriage : which was so sooner ended but Pandosto, calling to mind how first he betraied his friend Egistus, how his iealousie was the cause of Bellarias death, that contrarie to the law of nature hee had lusted after his owne daughter,—moued with these desperate thoughts, he fell in a melancholie fit, and, to close vp the comedie with a tragicall stratageme, hee slewe himselfe : whose death being many daies bewailed of Fawnia, Dorastus, and his deere friend Egistus, Dorastus, taking his leaue of his father, went with his wife and the dead corps into Bohemia ; where, after it was* sumptuouslie intoombed, Dorastus ended his daies in contented quiet." The reader will perceive that the characters of Antigonus, Paulina, Autolycus, and the Young Shepherd, in the *Winter's Tale*, are the creations of Shakespeare.

Greene, during his chequered life, having sometimes "kept villanous company," turned to account his intimate acquaintance with the sharpers and rogues of the metropolis by publishing several pamphlets wherein he laid open all the mysteries of their arts.† Prefixed to the first of these pieces, *A Notable Discouery of Coosnage*, 1591, is an Address "To the Yong Gentlemen, Marchants, Apprentises, Farmers, and plain Countrymen," which begins thus : "Diogenes, gentlemen, from a counterfait coiner of money, became a currant corrector of manners, as absolute in the one as dissolute in the other : time refineth mens affects, and their humors grow different by the distinction of age. Poor Ouid, that amorously writ in his youth the art of loue, complained in his exile amongst the Getes of his wanton follies ; and Socrates age was vertuous, thogh his prime was licentious. So, gentlemen, my younger yeeres had vncertaine thoughtes, but now my ripe daies cals on to repentant deedes, and I sorrow as much to see others wilful as I delighted once to be wanton. The odde mad-caps I haue beene mate too, not as a companion, but as a spie to haue an insight into their knaueries, that seeing their traines I might eschew their snares ; those mad fellowes I learned at last to loath by their owne gracelesse villenies ; and what I saw in them to their confusion, I can forwarne in others to my countreies commodity. None could decipher tyranisme better then Aristippus, not that his nature was cruell, but that he was nourtured with Dionisius: the simple swaine that cuts the lapidaries stones can distinguish a ruby from a diamond onely by his labour : though I haue not practised their deceits, yet conuersing by fortune and talking vppon purpose with such copes-mates, hath geuen mee light into their conceiptes, and I can decipher their qualities, though I vtterly mislike of their

* *it was*] Old ed. "they were."

† "But I thanke God that hee put it in my head to lay open the most horrible coosenages of the common Conny-catchers, Cooseners, and Crosse-biters, which I haue indifferently handled in those my seuerall discourses already imprinted. And my trust is, that those discourses will doe great good, and bee very beneficiall to the common-wealth of England."—*The Repentance of Robert Greene*, 1592. Sig. C 3.

practises." It was not without many threats of vengeance from this blackguard crew that our author persevered in describing their various villanies.

About the beginning of August, 1592, Greene having partaken too largely of pickled herrings and Rhenish wine, at an entertainment where Nash was a principal guest, was, in consequence, seized by an illness which terminated in death.* The

* My chief authority for the account of Greene's last illness and death is the tract entitled *Fovre Letters, and certaine Sonnets; especially touching Robert Greene*, &c. 1592, by Gabriel Harvey, whose enmity towards our author, and the cause of it, will be afterwards particularly noticed. Though this person has lowered himself in the eyes of posterity by his malignant attack on the memory of Greene, the fact of his having been the friend of Spenser is alone sufficient to prove the respectability of his character; and since he tells us that his information concerning Greene's miserable end was derived from the hostess who kindly acted as nurse to the dying poet, I see no reason for questioning the truth of his statements. The small portion of Nash's *Strange Newes, Of the intercepting of certain Letters*, &c. 1592, which is occupied by remarks on Harvey's attack on Greene, is weak and unsatisfactory: it must be observed, too, that Nash had not seen Greene for a month before his death, and was anxious to disclaim any great intimacy having existed between them.

"My next businesse was to enquire after the famous author; who was reported to lye dangerously sicke in a shoemakers house neere Dow-gate; not of the plague or the pockes, as a gentleman saide, but of a surfett of pickle herringe and Rennish wine," &c.—G. Harvey's *Fovre Letters*, &c. 1592, p. 5.

"His keping of the foresaid Balls sister, a sorry ragged queane, of whome hee had his base sonne, Infortunatus Greene," &c.—*Id.* p. 10. See p. 22 of this memoir.

"Truely I haue beene ashamed to heare some ascertayned reportes of hys most woefull and rascall estate; how the wretched fellow, or shall I say the prince of beggars, laid all to gage for some few shillinges; and was attended by lice; and would pittifully beg a penny-pott of Malmesie; and could not gett any of his old acquaintance to comfort or visite him in his extremity but Mistris Appleby and the mother of Infortunatus. Alas, euen his fellow-writer, a proper yong man if aduised in time, that was a principall guest at that fatall banquet of pickle-herring (I spare his name, and in some respectes wish him well), came neuer more at him; but either would not, or happily could not, performe the duty of an affectionate and faithfull frend. The poore cordwainers wife was his onely nurse, and the mother of Infortunatus hys sole companion, but when Mistresse Appleby came, as much to expostulate iniuries with her as to visite him."—*Id.* p. 10.

"His hostisse Isam, with teares in her eies and sighes from a deeper fountaine (for she loued him derely), tould me of his lamentable begging of a penny-pott of Malmesy; and, sir reuerence, how lowsy he and the mother of Infortunatus were (I would her surgeon found her no worse then lowsy!); and how he was faine, poore soule, to borrow her husbandes shirte, whiles his owne was a washing; and how his dublet and hose and sword were sold for three shillinges; and beside the charges of his winding sheete, which was foure shillinges, and the charges of hys buriall yesterday in the New-churchyard neere Bedlam, which was six shillinges and foure pence, how deeply hee was indebted to her poore husbande, as appeered by hys owne bonde of tenne poundes; which the good woman kindly shewed me, and beseeched me to read the writting beneath, which was a letter to his abandoned wife in the behalfe of his gentle host, not so short as persuasible in the beginning and pittifull in the ending."—*Id.* p. 11.

"Greene surfeted not of pickeld hearing, but of an exceeding feare of his [Harvey's] familiar epistles."—Nash's *Strange Newes*, &c. 1592, Sig. D 4.

"For the lowsie circumstance of his pouerty before his death, and sending that miserable writte to his wife, it cannot be but thou lyest, learned Gabriell.

"I, and one of my fellowes Will. Monox (hast thou neuer heard of him and his great dagger?), were in company with him, a month before he died, at that fatall banquet of Rhenish wine and pickled hearing (if thou wilt needs haue it so); and then the inuentorie of his apparrell came to more than three shillings (though thou saist the contrarie). I know a broker, in a sprnce leather ierkin, with a great number of golde rings on his fingers, and a bunch of keies at his girdle, shall giue you thirty shillings for the doublet alone, if you can helpe him to it. Harke in your eare; hee had a very faire cloake with sleeues, of a graue goose-turd greene; it would serue you as fine as may bee: no more words; if you bee wise, play the good husband and listen after it; you may buy it ten shillings better cheape than it cost

wretched man lay sick at the house of a poor shoemaker near Dowgate, reduced to a state of squalid poverty. The compassionate kindness of his host and hostess furnished him, as far as their means allowed, with all the necessaries which his condition required; and in the latter, who, according to Harvey, had no ordinary regard and admiration for her lodger, he found an anxious and attentive nurse. He appears to have been deserted by his former gay associates: even Nash, his companion at the

him. By S. Siluer, it is good to bee circumspect in casting for the worlde; theres a great many ropes go to ten shillings. If you want a greasy paire of silk stockings also to shew yourselfe in at the court, they are there to be had too amongst his moueables."—*Id.* Sig. E 4.

"Neither was I Greenes companion any more than for a carowse or two."—*Id.* Sig. H.

"A thousande there bee that haue more reason to speake in his behalfe than I, who, since I first knew him about town, haue beene two yeares together and not seene him."—*Id.* Sig. L. 4.

"*The manner of the death and last end of Robert Greene, Maister of Artes.*

"After that he had pend the former discourse (then lying sore sicke of a surfet which hee had taken with drinking), hee continued most patient and penitent; yea, he did with teares forsake the world, renounced swearing, and desired forgiuenes of God and the worlde for all his offences: so that during all the time of his sicknesse (which was about a moneths space) hee was neuer heard to sweare, raue, or blaspheme the name of God, as he was accustomed to do before that time; which greatly comforted his welwillers, to see how mightily the grace of God did worke in him.

"He confessed himselfe that he was neuer heart-sicke, but said that al his paine was in his belly. And although he continually seowred, yet still his belly sweld, and neuer left swelling vpward, vntill it sweld him at the hart and in his face.

"During the whole time of his sicknes, he continually called vpon God, and recited these sentences following;

'O Lord, forgiue me my manifold offences!
O Lord, haue mercie vpon me!
O Lord, forgiue me my secret sinnes,
and in thy mercie, Lord, pardon them all!
Thy mercie, O Lord, is aboue thy works!'

And with such like godly sentences hee passed the time, euen till he gaue vp the ghost.

"And this is to bee noted, that his sicknesse did not so greatly weaken him but that he walked to his chaire and backe againe the night before he departed; and then (being feeble) laying him downe on his bed, about nine of the clocke at night, a friend of his tolde him that his wife had sent him commendations and that shee was in good health: whereat hee greatly reioiced, confessed that he had mightily wronged her, and wished that hee might see her before he departed. Wherevpon (feeling his time was but short) hee tooke pen and inke, and wrote her a letter to this effect:

"Sweet wife, as euer there was any good will or friendship betweene thee and mee, see this bearer (my host) satisfied of his debt: I owe him tenne pound; and but for him I had perished in the streetes. Forget and forgiue my wronges done vnto thee; and Almighty God haue mercie on my soule! Farewell till we meet in heauen; for on earth thou shalt neuer see me more. This 2. of September. 1592.

Written by thy dying husband,
Robert Greene."

The Repentance of Robert Greene, &c. 1592, Sig. D 2.

In my text I have given Greene's letter to his wife as it is found in Harvey's pamphlet. The following passage concerning her occurs in the tract last quoted: "But, oh my deare wife, whose company and sight I haue refrained these sixe yeares, I aske God and thee forgiueness for so greatly wronging thee, of whome I seldome or neuer thought vntill now: pardon mee (I pray thee) wheresoeuer thou art, and God forgiue mee all my offences!"—Sig. C 4.

"As Archesilaus Prytanæus," says Meres, "perished by wine at a drunken feast, as Hermippus testifieth in Diogenes; so Robert Greene died of a surfet taken at pickeld herrings and Rhenish wine, as witnesseth Thomas Nash, who was at the fatall banquet."—*Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury*, 1598, fol. 286.

"fatal banquet," kept aloof. "Of his old acquaintance," however, two females "visited him in his extremity:" the one was the mother of his illegitimate son, Fortunatus Greene (see p. 22 of this memoir); the other was a Mistress Appleby. In this humble dwelling, oppressed by disease and poverty and self-reproach, he languished for about a month's space. Shortly before his death, having given a bond to his host for ten pounds which he owed him, he wrote beneath it the following letter to his forsaken wife, whom he had not seen during the last six years:

"Doll, I charge thee, by the loue of our youth and by my soules rest, that thou wilte see this man paide; for if hee and his wife had not succoured me, I had died in the streetes. Robert Greene."

He expired on the 3d of September, 1592. There have been too many of the Muses' sons whose vices have conducted them to shame and sorrow, but none, perhaps, who have sunk to deeper degradation and misery than the subject of this memoir.

From a passage in Harvey it appears that Greene's hostess crowned his dead body with a garland of bays,* and that he had requested that this honour might be

* "When I begin to conflict with ghostes, then looke for my confutation of his fine quippe or quaint dispute, whome his sweete hostisse, for a tender farewell, crowned with a garlande of bayes; to shew that a tenth Muse honoured him more being deade then all the nine honoured him aliue. I know not whether Skelton, Elderton, or some like flourishing poet were so enterred: it was his owne request and his nurses devotion; and happily some of his fauourites may imitate the example. One that wished him a better lodging then in a poore iourneymans house, and a better graue then in that churchyard in Bedlam, hath perfourmed a little peece of a greater duety to a laureat poet;

'Here lies the man whom Mistresse Isam crown'd with bayes;
Shee, shee, that ioyde to heare her nightingales sweete layes.'

Which another no sooner read, but he immediatly subscribed, as speaking to the ignorant passenger;

'Heere Bedlam is; and heere a poet garish,
Gaily bedeck'd, like forehorse of the parish.'"

G. Harvey's *Fovre Letters*, &c. p. 12.

"By this blessed cuppe of sacke which I now holde in my hand, and drinke to the health of all Christen soules in, thou art a puissant epitapher.

"Yea? thy Muses foot of the twelues, old Long Meg of Westminster? Then I trowe thou wilt stride ouer Greenes graue, and not stumble: if you doe, wee shall come to your taking vp.

Letter.

'Here lies the man whom Mistris Isam cround with bays;
She, she, that ioyd to heare her nightingales sweete lays.'

Comment.

'Here, Mistris Isam, Gabriel floutes thy bays:
Scratch out his eyes that printeth thy dispraise.'

"*She, she* will scratch, and, like a scritching night-owle, come and make a dismal noise vnder thy chamber windowe for deriding her so dunstically. A bigge fat lusty wench it is, that hath an arme like an Amazon, and will bang thee abhominationly, if euer shee catch thee in her quarters. It is not your *poet garish* and your *forehorse of the parish* that shall redeeme you from her fingers, but shee will *make actuall proofe of you*, according as you desire of God in the vnder following lines."—Nash's *Strange Newes*, &c. 1592, Sig. F.

paid to his remains; a ceremony contrasting ludicrously and mournfully with the circumstances of his death!

He was buried in the New Churchyard near Bedlam on the 4th of September *

Of his personal appearance we are enabled to form some idea. Chettle thus describes him: "With him was the fifth, a man of indifferent yeares, of face amible, of body well proportioned, his attire after the habite of a scholler-like gentleman, onely his haire was somewhat long, whome I supposed to be Robert Greene, Maister of Artes."—*Kind-Harts Dreame, &c.* n. d. [1592], Sig. B 3. Harvey notices "his fonde disguisinge of a Master of Arte with ruffianly haire."†—*Fovre Letters and Certaine Sonnets*, &c. 1592, Sig. B 2. And Nash informs us that "a iolly long red peake like the spire of a steeple hee cherisht continually without cutting, whereat a man might hang a iewell, it was so sharpe and pendant."—*Strange Newes*, &c. 1592, Sig. E 4.

He left two sons,—one by his wife (see his letter to her, p. 62), and one by the sister of "Cutting Ball." The name and fate of the former are alike unknown: the latter (as already mentioned, p. 22) was baptized Fortunatus, and died in August 1593.

Soon after Greene's decease, his *Groatsworth of Wit bought with a million of Repentance*, &c., was given to the public by Henry Chettle; and that it is a genuine production admits of no doubt.‡ Large portions of this interesting piece, as illus-

---

* See the quotation from Harvey (p. 55, note) where mention is made of "hys buriall *yesterday*:" Harvey's letter is dated Sept. 5th.

"Thomam Fullerum et Richardum Bakerum, historicos, et *Robertum Greene*, poetam, paupertate prope enectos fuisse accepimus," says Menckenius, enumerating various literary men of England who have come to unfortunate ends, in his Preface to *Analecta de Calamitate Litteratorum*, 1707; which Preface is addressed "Ad virum illustrissimum atque excellentissimum, Dominum Joannem Robinson, Magnæ Britanniæ Reginæ ad Regem Sueciæ Legatum hoc tempore Extraordinarium et Plenipotentiarium."

† Harvey taunts Nash with wearing the same unseemly superfluity;

"Methinkes the raunging eyes vnder that long haire (which some would call *ruffianly haire*) should scarsely yet be bathed in the heauenly teares of Christ, or washed in the diuine teares of penitence."—*A New Letter of Notable Contents*, &c., 1593. Sig. C 4.

There is an allusion in this sentence to a work by Nash entitled *Christ's Teares ouer Jerusalem*, 1593.

‡ Chettle (a fertile dramatic writer, though very few of his plays have been printed) in the Address to the Gentlemen Readers, prefixed to his *Kind-Harts Dreame. Conteining fiue Apparitions, with their Inuectiues against abuses raigning. Deliuered by seuerall Ghosts vnto him to be publisht, after Piers Penilesse Post had refused the carriage*, n. d. [1592], says;

"I had onely in the copy this share; it [the *Groatsworth of Wit*] was il written, as sometime Greenes hand was none of the best; licensd it must be, ere it could bee printed, which could neuer be if might not be read: to be briefe, I writ it ouer, and, as neare as I could, followed the copy, onely in that letter [—to his brother poets—] I put something out, but in the whole booke not a worde in; for I protest it was all Greenes, not mine, nor Maister Nashes, as some vniustly haue affirmed."

Nash was very angry at the report of its being written by him: "Other newes I am aduertised of, that a scald triuiall lying pamphlet, cald *Greens Groats-worth of Wit*, is giuen out to be of my doing. God neuer haue care of my soule, but vtterly renounce me, if the least word or sillable in it proceeded from my pen, or if I were any way priuie to the writing or printing of it."—Epistle from the Author to the Printer, before *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Diuell* (I quote from ed. 1595).

Mr. Collier (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. cxxxi.) has expressed "some doubts of the authenticity of the *Groatsworth of Wit* as a work by Greene." But (as I have observed in my *Account of Marlowe*

trative of our author's life, have been before cited (see p. 17, sqq.): and I now extract the very striking and impressive Address to his brother play-wrights, with which it concludes:

* "To those Gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making playes, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisedome to preuent his extremities.

"If wofull experience may moone you, gentlemen, to beware, or vnheard-of wretchednes intreat you to take heed, I doubt not but you will look backe with sorrow on your time past, and endeuour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not (for with thee will I first beginne), thou famous gracer of tragedians,† that Greene, who hath said with thee, like the foole in his heart, 'There is no God,' should now giue glorie vnto his greatnesse; for penetrating is his power, his hand lyes heauy vpon me, he hath spoken vnto me with a voyce of thunder, and I haue felt ‡ he is a God that can punish enemies. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded that thou shouldest giue no glory to the giuer? Is it pestilent Machiuilian policie that thou hast studied? O peevish§ follie! what are his rules but meere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time the generation of mankinde? for if *sic volo, sic iubeo*, holde in those that are able to commaund, and if it be lawfull *fas et nefas*, to doo any thing that is beneficiall, onely tyrants should possesse the earth, and they, striuing to exceed in tiranny, should ech to other be a slaughterman, till, the mightyest out-liuing all, one stroke were left for Death, that in one age mans life should end. The broacher|| of this dyabolicall atheisme is dead, and in his life had neuer the felicitie he aymed at, but, as he beganne in craft, liued in feare, and ended in dispaire. *Quam inscrutabilia sunt Dei iudicia!* This murderer of many brethren had his conscience scared like Cayne; this betrayer of him that gaue his life for him inherited the portion of Judas; this apostata perished as ill as Julian: and wilt thou, my friend, be his disciple? Looke vnto mee, by him perswaded to that libertie, and thou shalt finde it an infernall bondage. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death; but wilfull striuing against knowne truth exceedeth all the terrors of my soule. Deferre not, with mee, till this last point of extremitie; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

---

and his Writings, p. xxx, note, ed. 1858) I cannot think these doubts well-founded. The Address to the play-wrights has an earnestness which is scarcely consistent with forgery; and Chettle, though an indigent, appears to have been a respectable man. Besides, the *Groatsworth of Wit*, from beginning to end, closely resembles in style the other prose-works of Greene.

* I quote from the edition of 1617.

† i. e. Christopher Marlowe.

‡ *felt*] Old ed. "left."

§ *peevish*] Old ed. "punish."

|| *broacher*] Old ed. "Brother." "Probably Francis Kett, A.M. of Wimondham in Norfolk, who was bred at Bennet College in Cambridge, and was chosen fellow 1573. In February 1589 he was burnt at Norwich for holding detestable opinions against Christ."—*MS. Note by Malone.*

"With thee I ioyne young Juuenall,* that byting satyrist, that lastly† with mee together writ a comedie. Sweet boy, might I aduise thee, be aduised, and get not many enemies by bitter words: inueigh against vaine men, for thou canst doo it, no man better, no man so well; thou hast a libertie to reprooue all and name none; for one being spoken to, all are offended,—none beeing blamed, no man is iniuried. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage; tread on a worme, and it will turne; then blame not schollers who are vexed with sharpe and bitter lines, if they reprooue thy too much liberty of reproofe.

"And thou‡ no lesse deseruing then the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour, driuen, as myselfe, to extreame shifts, a little haue I to say to thee; and, were it not an idolatrous oath, I would sweare by sweet S. George, thou art vnworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery yee bee not warned; for vnto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleane; those puppits, I meane, that speake from our mouths, those anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whome they all haue bin beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all haue bin beholding, shall, were yee in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an vpstart crow §

---

* i. e. Thomas Lodge. His *Fig for Momus*, printed in 1595, shows his talent as a "byting satyrist." The "comedie" here alluded to is *A Looking-glass for London and England*.

"Dr. Farmer is of opinion that the second person addressed by Greene is not Lodge, but Nashe, who is often called Juvenal by the writers of that time; but that he was not meant, is decisively proved by the extract from Chettle's pamphlet [see p. 58, note, of this memoir]; for he [Chettle] never would have laboured to vindicate Nashe from being the writer of the *Groatsworth of Wit*, if any part of it had been professedly addressed to him. Besides, Lodge had written a play in conjunction with Greene, called *A Looking-glass for London and England*, and was author of some satirical pieces; but we do not know that Nashe and Greene had ever written in conjunction."—Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 307, ed. 1821.

† *lastly*] Qy. "lately"?

‡ i. e. George Peele.

§ By the "crow beautified with our feathers" and "the onely *Shake-scene* in a countrey," it is evident that Greene alludes to Shakespeare, who, beyond all doubt, began to cater for the stage by altering the works of other dramatists:—"our feathers" must mean certain plays which had been written, either separately or conjointly, by Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, or Peele.—It is well known that *The Second* and *Third Parts* of Shakespeare's *Henry VIth* are founded on two old "histories" entitled *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c., and *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c; and that in *The True Tragedie*, and also in *The Third Part of Henry VIth*, act i. sc. 4, occurs the line,

"O tiger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide,"—

which Greene here parodies,—"with his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde.*" Hence it has been concluded that Greene, or some of the friends whom he now addresses, had a share in the composition of *The First Part of the Contention*, &c., and of *The True Tragedie*, &c.: and my own conviction is, that both pieces were mainly (if, indeed, not wholly) by Marlowe, who, alone of the dramatists in question, could have thrown into those two plays the vigour which is so remarkable in several scenes. (See more on this subject in my *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*, pp. xlviii—ix, ed. 1858.)—A vast number of early English dramas, once acted with success, but never printed, has

beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke-verse as the best of you ; and, beeing an absolute Iohannes-fac-totum, is in his owne conceyt the onely Shake-scene in a countrey. Oh, that I might intreat your rare wittes to bee imployed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and neuer more acquaynte them with your admyred inuentions ! I knowe the best husband of you all will neuer proone an usurer, and the kindest of them all will neuer proone a kinde nurse : yet, whilst you may, seeke you better maisters ; for it is pitty men of such rare wits should bee subiect to the pleasures of such rude groomes.

"In this I might insert two more that both haue writte against these buckram gentlemen : but let their owne worke serue to witnesse against theyr owne wickednesse, if they perseuer to maintaine any more such peasants. For other new commers, I leaue them to the mercie of these painted monsters, who, I doubt not, will driue the best-minded to despise them : for the rest, it skills not though they make a ieast at them.

"But now returne I again to you three, knowing my miserie is to you no newes ; and let me heartilie intreate you to be warned by my harmes. Delight not, as I haue done, in irreligious oaths, for from the blasphemers house a curse shall not depart. Despise drunkennes, which wasteth the wit, and maketh * men all equall vnto beasts. Flie lust, as the deathsman of the soule, and defile not the temple of

entirely perished : nor is it improbable that there may have been among them some *rifacimenti* by Shakespeare of plays in which Greene and his friends were largely concerned.

In *Greene's Funeralls*, by R. B., 1594, (see before, p. 39) are the following lines, which seem to have been suggested by the passage in the Address which we are now considering ;

"Greene is the pleasing obiect of an eie :
Greene pleasde the eies of all that lookt vppon him.
Greene is the ground of euerie painters die :
Greene gaue the ground to all that wrote vpon him.
Nay, more, *the men that so eclipst his fame,*
Purloynde his plumes : can they deny the same ?"—Sig. C.

It has been already shown by a quotation from the preface to *Kind-harts Dreame* (see p. 58, note) that Chettle was the editor of the *Groats-Worth of Wit*, which, as Greene's hand-writing was bad, he had copied out for the press, his only deviation from the original MS. being the omission of something in this Address. From the same preface it appears that "one or two" of the persons pointed at in the Address were offended by the allusions to them, and suspected that they were the forgeries of Greene's editor. There can be no doubt that in the following passage Chettle is speaking of Marlowe and Shakespeare. "With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them [Marlowe] I care not if I neuer be : the other [Shakespeare], whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I haue moderated the heate of liuing writers, and might haue vsde my owne discretion (especially in such a case) the author beeing dead, that I did not, I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because my selfe have seene his demeanor no lesse ciuill than he exelent in the qualitie he professes ; besides, diuers of worship haue reported his vprightnes of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting that aprooues his art. For the first, whose learning I reuerence, and, at the perusing of Greenes booke, stroke out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ, or, had it beene true, yet to publish it was intollerable, him I would wish to vse me no worse than I deserue."

* *maketh*] Old ed. "making."

the Holy Ghost. Abhorre those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your eares; and when they sooth you with tearms of mastership, remember Robert Greene, whome they haue often so flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your liues are like so many light* tapers, that are with care deliuered to all of you to maintaine: these with wind-puft wrath may be extinguished, with† drunkennesse put‡ out, with§ negligence let fall; for mans time of itselfe is not so short but it is more shortened by sinne. The fire of my life‖ is now at the last snuffe, and the want of wherewith to sustaine it, there is no substance for life to feed on. Trust not, then, I beseech yee, left to such weake stayes; for they are as changeable in minde as in many attires. Well, my hand is tyred, and I am forst to leaue where I would beginne; for a whole booke cannot contain their wrongs,¶ which I am forst to knit vp in some few lines of wordes.

"Desirous that you should liue, though himselfe be dying,

ROBERT GREENE."

Such was Greene's impressive exhortation to his companions, of whom, Lodge excepted, a melancholy tale is to be told: Marlowe was stabbed in a fray, and Peele died in poverty, the victim (it is said) of his vices.

To the *Groats-Worth of Wit* is appended,—

"A Letter written to his wife, found with this booke after his death.

"The remembrance of many wrongs offered thee, and thy vnreprooued vertues, adde greater sorrow to my miserable state then I can vtter or thou conceiue. Neyther is it lessened by consideration of thy absence (though shame would let mee hardly behold thy face), but exceedingly aggrauated for that I cannot (as I ought) to thy owne selfe reconcile myselfe, that thou mightest witnesse my inward woe at this instant, that haue made thee a wofull wife for so long a time. But equal heauen hath denied that comfort, giuing, at my last neede, like succour as I haue sought all my life: being in this extremitie as voyde of helpe as thou hast beene of hope. Reason would that, after so long waste, I should not send thee a childe to bring thee greater charge: but consider hee is the fruite of thy wombe, in whose face regard not the fathers so much as thy owne perfections. Hee is yet Greene, and may grow strait, if he be carefully tended: otherwise apt enough (I feare me) to follow his fathers folly. That I haue offended thee highly, I know; that thou canst forgette

* *light*] i.e. lit,—lighted.

† *with*] Old ed. "which."

‡ *put*] Old ed. "puts."

§ *with*] Old ed. "which."

‖ *life*] Old ed. "light." Some words seem to have dropt out from this sentence.

¶ *their wrongs*] i.e. the wrongs done by them. So in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, act v. sc. 1;

"Though with *their* high *wrongs* I am struck to the quick," &c.

my iniuries, I hardly beleeue : yet perswade I my selfe, if thou saw my wretched estate, thou couldest not but lament it ; nay, certainely I know thou wouldest. All my wrongs muster themselues about me ; euery euill at once plagues me. For my contempt of God I am contemned of men ; for my swearing and forswearing no man will beleeue me ; for my gluttony I suffer hunger ; for my drunkennes, thirst ; for my adulterie, vlcerous sores. Thus God hath cast mee downe, that I might bee humbled, and punished me for example of others sinne ; and although he suffers me in this world to perish without succour, yet trust I in the world to come to find mercy, by the merits of my Sauiour, to whom I commend thee and commit my soule.

Thy repentant husband
for his disloyaltie,
Robert Greene."

Greene had been but a short time in his grave, when the pen of Gabriel Harvey endeavoured to blacken his memory in a work, the fierce malignity of which has thrown an indelible stain upon the character of its author. Let us particularly inquire what excited the overboiling rage of this personage against our poet.

Gabriel Harvey, Doctor of Laws, though now only remembered in literary history as the friend of Spenser and the antagonist of Nash, was a writer of considerable celebrity during his day. He was a profound scholar, and no inelegant composer of verses : some of his productions evince great learning and research ; and though it is impossible to admire his hobbling English hexameters (of which he pompously proclaimed himself the inventor *), we cannot read his lines prefixed to *The Faerie*

* "If I neuer deserue anye better remembraunce, let mee rather be epitaphed The Inuentour of the English Hexameter, whome learned M. Stanihurst imitated in his Virgill, and excellent Sir Phillip Sidney disdained not to follow in his Arcadia and elsewhere, then be chronicled The Greene Maister of the Blacke Arte, or The Founder of Vgly Oathes, or The Father of Misbegotten Infortunatus, or The Scriuener of Crosbiters, or, as one of his owne sectaries termed him, The Patriarch of Shifters."

G. Harvey's *Fovre Letters*, &c. 1592. p. 19.

"Imagin me to come into a goodly Kentishe garden of your old lords, or some other noble man, and spying a florishing bay tree there, to demaunde extempore, as followeth : think vppon Petrarches

'Arbor vittoriosa, triomfale,
Onor d'imperadori e di poete ;'

and perhappes it will aduaunce the wynges of your imagination a degree higher ; at the least, if any thing can be added to the loftinesse of his conceite whom gentle Mistresse Rosalinde once reported to haue all the intelligences at commaundement, and an other time christend her Segnior Pegaso :

'*Encomium Lauri.*

'What might I call this tree ? a laurell ? O bonny laurell !
Needes to thy bowes will I bow this knee, and vayle my bonetto.
Who, but thou, the renowne of prince and princely poeta ?
Th' one for crowne, for garland th' other thanketh Apollo.
Thrice happy Daphne, that turned was to the bay tree,
Whom such seruauntes serue as challenge seruice of all men.
Who chiefe lorde and king of kings but th' emperour only ?
And poet of right stampe ouerawith th' emperour himselfe.

Queene without acknowledging their beauty. He had a tolerable share of vanity : he plumed himself on his intimacy with the great ; and courting notoriety by the richness and peculiarity of his attire, he affected the Venetian costume after his return from Italy. Moving in the world's eye as the friend and associate of some of his most distinguished contemporaries, he was weak enough to be extremely anxious to conceal one vexatious fact ; namely, that his father, though a man of good family, had been a rope-maker at Saffron-Walden. He had two brothers, Richard a divine, and John a physician : with them he became a dabbler in astrology, and a prognosticator of earthquakes ; but the course of events not agreeing with their predictions, they had to undergo much bitter ridicule. In evil hour did Richard Harvey in one of his publications speak slightingly and insultingly of the fraternity of poets to which Greene belonged. Our author determined not to allow this impertinence to pass unpunished ; and having reason to believe that Gabriel's "hand was in it," he resolved to take vengeance on the Harveys at one fell swoop.* Accordingly in his

Who but knowes Aretyne ? was he not halfe prince to the princes ?
And many a one there liues as nobly minded at all poyntes.
Now farewell, bay tree, very queene and goddesse of all trees,
Ritchest perle to the crowne, and fayrest floure to the garland.
Faine wod I craue, might I so presume, some farther acquaintaunce :
O that I might ! but I may not : woe to my destinie therefore !
Trust me, not one more loyall seruaunt longes to thy personage.
But what sayes Daphne ? *Non omni dormio :* worse lucke :
Yet farewell, farewell, the reward of those that I honour :
Glory to garden ! glory to Muses ! glory to vertue !'
Partim Ioui et Palladi,
Partim Apollini et Musis."

G. Harvey's *Three proper and wittie familiar Letters*, &c. 1580. p. 34.

Nash thus alludes to, and parodies, the precious effusion last quoted ; "Tyll Greene awakte him out of his selfe-admiring contemplation, hee had nothing to doe, but walke vnder the ewe tree at Trinitie hall, and say ;

'What may I call this tree ? an ewe tree ? O bonny ewe tree !
Needes to thy boughs will [I] bow this knee, and vaile my bonneto.'

"Or make verses of weathercocks on the top of steeples, as he did once of the weathercocke of Alhallows in Cambridge ;

'O thou weathercocke that stands on the top of the Church of Alhallows,
Come thy waies down, if thou darst for thy crowne, and take the wall o' vs.' *

"O heathenish and pagan hexamiters ! Come thy waies down from thy doctourship, and learne thy Primer of Poetry ouer again ; for certainly thy pen is in state of a reprobate with all men of iudgement and reckoning." *Strange Newes*, &c. 1592, Sig. D 2.

Peele too ridicules the *Encomium Lauri* in his *Old Wives Tale* by putting a line of it into the mouth of Huanebango.

* "Somewhat I am priuie to the cause of Greenes inueighing against the three brothers. Thy hot-spirited brother Richard (a notable ruffian with his pen) hauing first tooke vpon him in his blundring Persiual to play the Iacke of both sides twixt Martin and vs, and snarled priuily at Pap-hatchet, Pasquill, and others, that opposde themselues against the open slaunder of that mightie platformer of atheisme, presently after dribbed forth another fooles bolt, a booke I shoulde say, which he christened *The Lambe of God* . . . . . Not mee alone did hee reuile and dare to the combat, but glickt at Pap-hatchet once more, and mistermed all our other poets and writers about London 'piperly

* *o' vs*] Old ed. "on *vs.*"

*Quip for an Upstart Courtier, or A quaint dispute between Veluet-Breeches and Cloth-Breeches, &c.,** published but a few weeks before his death, he inserted a stinging sarcasm of seven or eight lines against the whole generation of the rope-maker. This tract having been reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany* (vol. v.) does not now demand a particular description: the reader, however, who may turn to it, will look in vain for any thing which can be considered as at all pointed against the family of Harveys, except the following passage. † "The Rope-maker replied, that honestly iourneying by the way he acquainted himselfe with the Collier, and for no other cause pretended. 'Honest with the diuell!' quoth the Collier: 'howe can he be honest, whose mother I gesse was a witch? for I haue heard them say that witches say their praiers backward, and so doth the Rope-maker yearne his liuing by going backward, and the knaues cheefe liuing is by making fatall instruments, as halters and ropes, which

make-plaies and make-bates.' Hence Greene, beeing chiefe agent for the compauie (for hee writ more than foure other, how well I will not say, but *Sat cito, si sat bene*), tooke occasion to canuaze him a little in his Cloth-breeches and Veluet-breeches; and because by some probable collections hee gest the elder brothers hand was in it, he coupled them both in one yoake, and, to fulfill the prouerbe *Tria sunt omnia*, thrust in the third brother who made a perfect parriall of pamphleters. About some seauen or eight lines it was which hath pluckt on an inuectiue of so many leaues."—Nash's *Strange Newes*, &c. 1592, Sig. C 2, 3.

"Mast. Lilly neuer procured Greene or mee to write against him [Gabriel Harvey], but it was his own first seeking and beginning in *The Lamb of God*, where he and his brother (that loues dauncing so well) scummerd out betwixt them an Epistle to the Readers against all poets and writers, and M. Lilly and me by name he beruffianizd and berascald, compar'd to Martin, and termd vs piperly make-plaies and make-bates, yet bad vs holde our peace and not be so hardie as to answere him, for if we did, he would make a bloudie day in Poules Church-yard, and splinter our pens til they stradled again, as wide as a paire of compasses."—Nash's *Haue with you to Saffron-walden*, 1596, Sig. V 2.

* Greene has silently borrowed the whole substance of his *Quip* from a poem by Francis Thynn, entitled *The Debate betweene Pride and Lowlines*, &c.; which in 1841 was reprinted for the Shake. Soc. under the editorship of Mr. Collier, who observes; "But one copy of 'The Debate betweene Pride and Lowlines' is known, and that is preserved at Bridgewater House . . . . it is very possible that it was never published for sale: the copy in question was, doubtless, presented to the then head of the family; and it has been handed down, through the Earls and Dukes of Bridgewater, to its present possessor, Lord Francis Egerton. Greene had, perhaps, lighted accidentally upon a copy of 'The Debate,' and as many years had elapsed between the printing of it, and the period when he wished to avail himself of its contents, he might imagine that he could do so without much fear of detection. The initials F. T. only are upon the title-page of 'The Debate,' and it is doubtful if Greene, even in that day, knew who was the writer of it. That the offence Greene had committed, in this respect, was not discovered at the time, we have this evidence:—Greene and Gabriel Harvey were bitter enemies: the latter brought all sorts of charges against the former for calling him the son of a rope-maker, in the 'Quip for an Upstart Courtier'; and, if Harvey (a man extremely well versed in contemporary literature) had been aware of the fact that Greene's 'Quip' had been purloined from 'The Debate,' he would not have failed to make abundant use of the fact against his adversary. Harvey's silence renders it still more likely that 'The Debate' was never published," &c. *Introduction*, p. vi. Thynn's poem has no date: but Mr. Collier has distinctly shown that it must have been in print more than twenty years before Greene's *Quip* appeared.

† Well might the editor of the *Harleian Miscellany*, 1810, exclaim in a note on this passage; "It seems not a little extraordinary that in this general sarcasm on professions and trades, the character of the *rope-maker*, which is one of those most leniently drawn, should have been conceived to point so spitefully and villainously at Gabriel Harvey's father," &c.—Vol. v. p. 410.

"How is he [Gabriel's father] abused? Instead of his name, hee is called by the craft hee gets his liuing with." Nash's *Strange Newes*, &c. 1592, Sig. D.

diuers desperate men hang themselues with.'" Sig. D 3, ed. 1592. The truth is (and I cannot but wonder that the fact should have escaped the notice of those biographers and critics who have written concerning Greene and Harvey) that the lines which so mortally offended Gabriel were suppressed by our author: it should seem that the obnoxious page was cancelled; and perhaps not a single uncastrated copy of the *Quip* has descended to our times. I at first imagined that the attack on the three coxcombs had only been handed about in MS., but I have now no doubt that it formed part of the original edition of the tract: Christopher Bird expressly mentions "the *publication* of that vile pamphlet;" see his letter in the note below, where the different motives that Harvey and Nash have assigned to Greene for the suppression of the passage will also be found.* In the "three brothers' legend" their various foibles were no doubt most provokingly touched on. To it Nash alludes thus; "It was not for nothing, brother Richard, that *Greene told you* you kist your parishioners wiues with holy kisses," &c. *Strange Newes*, &c. 1592, Sig. C 4.; again, "Tubalcan, alias Tuball, first founder of Farriers Hall, heere is a great complaint made, that *vtriusque academiæ Robertus Greene* hath mockt thee, because *hee saide* that, as thou wert the first inuenter of musicke, so Gabriell Howliglasse was the first inuenter of English hexameter verses." *Id.* Sig. G 2.; and again; "One of the three (*whom the Quip*

* Christopher Bird writes thus from Walden, 29th August, 1592, to Emanuel Demetrius in London;

"In steed of other nouels [i. e. news] I sende you my opinion, in a plaine but true sonnet, vpon the famous new worke intituled *A Quippe for an vpstart Courtier, or*, forsooth, *A quaint Dispute betweene Veluet-breeches and Cloth-breeches;* as fantasticall and fond a dialogue as I haue seene, and, for some particulars, one of the most licentious and intollerable inuectiues that euer I read. Wherein the leawd fellow and impudent rayler, in an odious and desperate moode, without any other cause or reason, amongst sondry other persons notoriously deffamed, most spitefully and villanously abuseth an auncient neighbour of mine, one M. Haruey, a right honest man of good reckoninge, and one that aboue twenty yeres since bare the chiefest office in Walden with good credite; and hath mainetained foure sonnes in Cambridge and else where with great charges, all sufficiently able to aunsweare for themselues, and three (in spite of some few Greenes) vniuersally well reputed in both vniuersities and through the whole realme. Whereof one, returning sicke from Norwich to Linne, in Iuly last, was past sence of any such malicious iniury, before the publication of that vile pamphlet."—*Fovre Letters and certaine Sonnets*, 1592, p. 3.

In the same work Gabriel Harvey says;

"In his extreamest want he [Greene] offered ten or, rather then faile, twenty shillinges to the printer (a huge som with him at that instant) to leaue out the matter of the three brothers; with confessi n of his great feare to be called Coram for those forged imputations."—p. 5.

To which Nash replies;

"*Haud facile credo*, I am sure the printer, becing of that honestie that I take him for, will not affirme it.

"Marry, this I must say: there was a learned doctour of phisicke (to whom Greene in his sickenesse sent for counsaile) that, hauing read ouer the booke of Veluet-breeches and Cloth-breeches, and laughing merrilie at the three brothers legend, wild [i. e. wished, desired] Green in any case either to mittigate it or leaue it out; not for any extraordinarie account hee made of the fraternitie of fooles, but for one of them was proceeded in the same facultie of phisicke hee profest, and willinglie hee would haue none of that excellent calling ill spoken off. This was the cause of the altring of it, the feare of his phisitions displeasure, not any feare else."

Strange Newes, &c. ed. 1592, Sig. D 4.

entitles the Physition)," &c. *Id.* Sig. D. Greene having died soon after he had shot this shaft of ridicule at the Harveys, Gabriel, disappointed in his hopes of punishing by a legal process the calumniator of himself and family, meanly spit his venom on the poet's grave. That his *Foure Letters, and certaine Sonnets*,* &c. 1592, contain an authentic account of the last hours of Greene, I have already expressed my conviction: it was derived, Harvey tells us, from the woman who attended as nurse on the dying man; and I cannot believe that he whom Spenser thought worthy of his friendship, and honoured with a noble sonnet,† would ever have stooped to falsehood. Let it not be supposed, however, that the virulence of Harvey does not fill me with disgust: every one possessed of the slightest sensibility must be shocked at his attempt to deface the monument of the dead.‡ Several passages from the *Foure Letters*, &c., have been cited in the course of this essay, see p. 55 (note), p. 57 (note), p. 63 (note), p. 66 (note); and an ampler specimen of them is now subjoined:

"Whiles I was thus, or to like effecte, resoluing with myselfe, and discoursing with some speciall frendes, not onely writing vnto you, I was suddainely certified that the king of the paper stage (so the gentleman tearmed Greene) had played his last part, and was gone to Tarleton: whereof, I protest, I was nothing glad, as was expected, but vnfainedly sory; aswell because I could haue wished he had taken his leaue with a more charitable farewell, as also because I was depriued of that remedy

* *Foure Letters, and certaine Sonnets: Especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties, by him abused: But incidently of diuers excellent persons, and some matters of note. To all courteous mindes, that will voutchsafe the reading. London Imprinted by John Wolfe*, 1592. 4to.

† "To the right worshipfull, my singular good frend, M. Gabriell Haruey, Doctor of the Lawes.

Haruey, the[e] happy aboue happiest men
I read, that, sitting like a looker-on
Of this worldes stage, doest note with critique pen
The sharpe dislikes of each condition;
And as one carelesse of suspition,
Ne fawnest for the fauour of the great,
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat;
But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,
Like a great lord of peerelesse liberty,
Lifting the good vp to high honours seat,
And the euill damning euermore to dy:
For life and death is in thy doomefull writing;
So thy renowme liues euer by endighting.
Dublin, this xviii of July, 1586.
Your deuoted frend during life,
Edmund Spencer."

G. Harvey's *Foure Letters*, &c. 1592, p. 75.

‡ "As Achilles tortured the deade bodie of Hector, and as Antonius and his wife Fulvia tormented the liuelesse corps of Cicero, so Gabriell Harvey hath shewed the same inhumanitie to Greene that lies full low in his graue."

Meres's *Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury*, 1598, fol. 286.

in law that I entended against him, in the behalfe of my father, whose honest reputation I was in many dueties to tender. Yet to some conceited witt, that could take delight to discouer knaueries, or were a fitte person to augment the history of conny-catchers, O Lord, what a pregnant occasion were here presented to display leaud vanity in his liuely coullours, and to decipher the very misteries of that base arte! Petty cooseners are not woorth the naming: he, they say, was the monarch of crosbiters, and the very emperour of shifters. I was altogether vnacquainted with the man, and neuer once saluted him by name: but who in London hath not heard of his dissolute and licentious liuing; his fonde disguisinge of a Master of Arte with ruffianly haire, vnseemely apparell, and more vnseemelye company; his vaineglorious and Thrasonicall brauinge; his piperly extemporizing and Tarletonizing; his apishe counterfeiting of euery ridiculous and absurd toy; his fine coosening of iuglers, and finer iugling with coosenors; hys villainous cogging and foisting; his monstrous swearinge and horrible forswearing; his impious profaning of sacred textes; his other scandalous and blasphemous rauinge; his riotous and outragious surfeitinge; his continuall shifting of lodginges; his plausible musteringe and banquettinge of roysterly acquaintaunce at his first comminge; his beggarly departing in euery hostisses debt; his infamous resorting to the Banckeside, Shorditch, Southwarke, and other filthy hauntes; his obscure lurkinge in basest corners; his pawning of his sword, cloake, and what not, when money came short; his impudent pamphletting, phantasticall interluding, and desperate libelling, when other coosening shiftes failed; his imployinge of Ball (surnamed Cuttinge Ball), till he was intercepted at Tiborne, to leauy a crew of his trustiest companions to guarde him in daunger of arrestes; his keping of the foresaid Balls sister, a sorry ragged queane, of whome hee had his base sonne Infortunatus Greene; his forsaking of his owne wife, too honest for such a husband;—particulars are infinite;—his contemning of superiours, deriding of other [othes?], and defying of all good order? Compare base fellowes and noble men together, and what in a manner wanted he of the ruffianly and variable nature of Catiline or Antony, but the honourable fortunes of Catiline and Antony? They that haue seene much more then I haue heard (for so I am credibly infourmed) can relate straunge and almost incredible comedies of his monstrous disposition: wherewith I am not to infect the aire or defile this paper."—p. 9.

"How he departed, his ghostly mother Isam can truliest, and will fauourabliest, report: how he liued, London remembreth. Oh, what a liuelie picture of vanity! but, oh, what a deadlie image of miserie! and, oh, what a terrible caueat for such and such! I am not to extenuate or preiudice his wit, which could not any way be great, though som way not the least of our vulgar writers, and mani-waies very vngracious: but who euer esteemed him either wise, or learned, or honest, or any way credible? how many gentlemen and other say of him, 'Let the paltry fellow go. Lord, what a lewde companion was hee! what an egregious makeshift! Where should conny-catchers haue gotten such a secretarie? How shal cosenage do for a

new register, or phantasticallitye for a new autor?' They wronge him much with their epitaphes and other solemne deuises, that entitle him not at the least, The Second Toy of London, The Stale of Poules, The Ape of Euphues, The Vice of the Stage, The Mocker of the Simple World, The Flowter of his Friendes, The Foe of Himselfe, and so foorth. What durst not hee vtter with his tongue, or diuulge with his penne, or countenance with his face? Or whome cared hee for, but a carelesse crewe of his own associates? Peruse his famous bookes: and, in steede of *Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit vtile dulci* (that, forsooth, was his professed poesie), loe, a wilde head, ful of mad braine and a thousand crochets, a scholler, a discourser, a courtier, a ruffian, a gamester, a louer, a souldier, a trauailer, a merchaunt, a broker, an artificer, a botcher, a petti-fogger, a player, a coosener, a rayler, a beggar, an omnigatherum, a gay nothing; a stoarehouse of bald and baggage stuffe, vnwoorth the aunswering or reading; a triuiall and triobular autor for knaues and fooles; an image of idlenes; an epitome of fantasticalitie; a mirrour of vanitie; *Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas.* Alasse, that anie shoulde say, as I haue heard diuers affirme, 'His witte was nothing but a minte of knauerie; himselfe a deuiser of iugling feates; a forger of couetous practises; an inuentour of monstruous oathes; a derider of all religions; a contemner of God and man; a desperate Lucianist; an abhominable Aretinist; an arch-atheist; and he arch-deserued to be well hanged seauen yeares agoe.'"—*Id.* p. 24.

Gabriel supposes his dead brother John Harvey* to address Greene in the following powerful

"SONNET.

"*John Harueys Welcome to Robert Greene.*

Come, fellow Greene, come to thy gaping graue;
Bidd vanity and foolery farewell:
Thou ouer-long hast plaid the madbrain'd knaue,
And ouer-lowd hast rung the bawdy bell.
Vermine to vermine must repaire at last;
No fitter house for busy folke to dwell:
Thy conny-catching pageants are past;
Some other must those arrant stories tell.
These hungry wormes thinke long for their repast:
Come on: I pardon thy offence to me;
It was thy liuing: be not so aghast;
A foole and [a] phisition may agree:
And for my brothers, neuer vex thyselfe;
They are not to disease a buried elfe."—*Id.* p. 71.

To this torrent of abuse Nash repliod somewhat weakly in that comparatively small portion of his *Strange Newes*,† &c., 1592, which is devoted to the subject of

* See the latter part of the quotation from Christopher Bird's letter, note, p. 66.

† *Strange Newes, Of the intercepting certaine Letters, and a Conuoy of Verses, as they were going Priuilie to victuall the Low Countries. Unda impellitur unda. By Tho. Nashe Gentleman. Printed* 1592, 4to. I believe this piece was never reprinted, but was again put forth with a new title-

Greene. He seems to have felt that little could be said in defence of the character of his companion, and is evidently anxious to show that no particular intimacy had existed between them. Most of what relates to Greene in the *Strange Newes, &c.*, has been

page as *The Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse, or Strange Newes, Of the intercepting certaine Letters*, &c. 1593.

Chettle imagines the dead poet to write the following letter to Nash.

"*Robert Greene to Pierce Pennilesse.*

"Pierce, if thy carrier had beene as kinde to me as I expected, I could haue dispatched long since my letters to thee: but it is here as in the world, *donum a dando deriuatur;* where there is nothing to giue, there is nothing to be got. But hauing now found meanes to send to thee, I will certifie thee a little of my disquiet after death, of which I thinke thou either hast not heard or wilt not conceiue.

"Hauing with humble penitence besought pardon for my infinite sinnes, and paid the due to death, euen in my graue was I scarse layde, when Enuie (no fit companion for Art) spit out her poyson, to disturbe my rest. *Aduersus mortuos bellum suscipere, inhumanum est:* there is no glory gained by breaking a deade mans skull. *Pascitur in viuis liuor, post fata quiescit:* yet it appeares contrary in some, that inueighing against my workes, my pouertie, my life, my death, my burial, haue omitted nothing that may seeme malitious. For my bookes, of what kind soeuer, I refer their commendation or dispraise to those that haue read them: onely for my last labours, affirming, my intent was to reproue vice, and lay open such villanies as had beene very necessary to be made knowne, whereof my *Blacke Booke*, if euer it see light, can sufficiently witnesse.

"But for my pouertie, mee thinkes wisedome would haue brideled that inuectiue; for *cuiuis potest accidere, quod cuiquam potest.* The beginning of my dispraisers is knowne; of their end they are not sure. For my life, it was to none of them at any time hurtful; for my death, it was repentant; my buriall like a Christians.

Alas that men so hastily should run,
To write their own dispraise as they haue done!

"For my reuenge, it suffices, that euery halfe-eyd humanitian may account it, *instar belluarum immanissimarum sœuire in cadauer.* For the iniurie offred thee, I know I need not bring oyle to thy fire. And albeit I would disswade thee from more inuectiues against such thy aduersaries (for peace is nowe all my plea), yet I know thou wilt returne answere, that since thou receiuedst the first wrong, thou wilt not endure the last.

"My quiet ghost (vnquietly disturbed) had once intended thus to haue exclaimd;

'Pierce, more witlesse than pennilesse, more idle than thine aduersaries ill imployde, what foolish innocence hath made thee (infant like) resistlesse to beare whateuer iniurie enuie can impose?

'Once thou commendedst immediate conceit, and gauest no great praise to excellent works of twelue yeres labour: now, in the blooming of thy hopes, thou sufferest slaunder to nippe them ere they can bud: thereby approuiug thy selfe to be of all other most slacke, beeing in thine owne cause so remisse.

'Colour can there be none found to shadowe thy fainting; but the longer thou deferst, the more greefe thou bringst to thy frends, and giuest the greater head to thy enemies.

'What canst thou tell if (as my selfe) thou shalt bee with death preuented? and then how can it be but thou diest disgrac'd, seeing thou hast made no reply to their twofold edition of inuectiues?

'It may bee thou thinkst they will deale well with thee in death, and so thy shame in tollerating them will be short: forge not to thyself one such conceit, but make me thy president, and remember this olde adage, *Leonem mortuum mordent catuli.*

'Awake, secure boy, reuenge thy wrongs; remember mine: thy aduersaries began the abuse, they continue it: if thou suffer it, let thy life be short in silence and obscuritie, and thy death hastie, hated, and miserable.'

"All this had I intended to write; but now I wil not giue way to wrath, but returne it vnto the earth from whence I tooke it; for with happie soules it hath no harbour.

Robert Greene."

Kind-Harts Dreame, &c., n.d., &c. [1592] Sig. E.

The "*Blacke Booke*" mentioned in this letter was afterwards published under the title of *The*

already given,—see p. 29 (note), p. 33, p. 55 (note), p. 56 (note), p. 57 (note), p 58, p. 64 (two notes), p. 65 (note), p. 66 (text and note): a few passages still remain to be quoted:—

"Why should art answer for the infirmities of maners? Hee had his faultes, and thou thy follyes.

"Debt and deadly sinne who is not subiect to? With any notorious crime I neuer knew him tainted."—Sig. E 4.

"What Greene was, let some other answere for him as much as I haue done; I had no tuition ouer him; he might haue writ another Galatæo of manners, for his manners euerie time I came in his companie; I saw no such base shifting or abhominable villanie by him. Something there was which I haue heard, not seene, that hee had not that regarde to his credite in which [which it] had beene requisite he should."—Sig. L 4.

In one of his later works Nash observes;

"What truly might be spoken of Greene I publisht, neither discommending him, nor too much flattering him (for I was nothing bound to him); whereas it maye be alleadgd against Gabriel, as it was against Paulus Iouius, *Quæ verissime scribere potuit noluit, & quæ voluit non potuit;* Those things which hee might haue related truely hee would not, and those which he would hee could not for want of good intelligence. How he hath handled Greene and Marloe since their deaths, those that read his bookes may iudge."—*Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*, &c., 1596, Sig. V 3.

It is not the part of Greene's biographer to notice the other matters in dispute between Harvey and Nash, whose contest could be stopped only by an order from the Archbishop of Canterbury, that all their "bookes be taken wheresoever they may be found, and that none of the said bookes be ever printed hereafter." Nash must undoubtedly be regarded as the victor: he outdid his opponent in vehemency of invective; while he tortured him with a caustic irony and a coarse wit, which some writers may have equalled but which none have surpassed. I shall conclude this essay with a few extracts from the piece last quoted, *Haue with you to Saffron-*

Blacke Bookes Messenger. Laying open the Life and Death of Ned Browne, &c.: see the List of Greene's prose-pieces.

In the course of the present memoir the tract called *Greene's Funeralls* by R. B., 1594, has been twice cited (see p. 39, and p. 61, note,). "R. B.", observes Mr. Collier, "was a most devoted admirer of Greene, as the following lines will show:—

> 'For judgement Jove, for learning deepe he still Apollo seemde;
> For floent tongue, for eloquence, men Mercury him deemde;
> For curtesie suppose him Guy, or Guyons somewhat lesse.
> His life and manners, though I would, I cannot halfe expresse:
> Nor mouth, nor mind, nor Muse can halfe declare
> His life, his love, his laude, so excellent they were.'

It seems strange that R. B. should touch upon Greene's 'life and manners,' if he deserved the character for vice and profligacy which his enemy, Gabriel Harvey, gave of him, after Greene was dead and could not reply." *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 147, note.

Walden,* &c., 1596, his best work, and of great rarity; and, I imagine, they will be perused with satisfaction by the reader, who may have felt indignant at Harvey's spiteful attack on the memory of Greene:

"*Mascula virorum*, Saint Mildred and Saint Agapite! more Letters yet from the Doctor? nay, then we shall be sure to haue a whole Grauesend barge full of newes, and heare soundly of all matters on both eares. Out vppon it, heere's a packet of epistling as bigge as a packe of woollen cloth or a stack of salt-fish! 'Carrier, didst thou bring it by wayne or on horse-backe?' 'By wayne, sir; and it hath crackt me three axeltrees, wherefore I hope you will consider me the more.' 'Heauie newes, heauie newes! take them againe, I will neuer open them.' 'Ah,' quoth he, deepe sighing, 'to mee I wot they are the heauiest, whose cart hath cryde creake vnder them fortie times euerie furlong: wherefore, if you bee a good man, rather make mud-walls with them, mend high wayes, or damme vp quagmires with them, than thus they shuld endammage mee to my eternall vndooing.' I, hearing the fellow so forlorne and out of comfort with his luggage, gaue him his Charons naulum or ferry-three-half-pence, and so dismist him to go to the place from whence he came, and play at Lodum. But when I came to vnrip and vnbumbast this Gargantuan bag-pudding, and found nothing in it but dogs-tripes, swines liuers, oxe galls, and sheepes gutts, I was in a bitterer chafe than anie cooke at a long sermon when his meate burnes. Doo the philosophers, said I to myselfe, hold that letters are no burden and the lightest and easiest houshold stuffe a man can remooue? Ile be sworne vpon Anthonie Gueuaras Golden Epistles if they will, there's not so much toyle in remooning the siedge from a towne as in taking an inuentorie suruay of anie one of them. Letters doo you terme them? they may be Letters Patents well enough for their tediousnes; for no lecture at Surgeons Hall vppon an anatomie may compare with them in longitude. Why, they are longer than the Statutes of clothing or the Charter of London."—Sig. F. "O, tis an vnconscionable vast gorbellied volume, bigger bulkt than a Dutch hoy, and farre more boystrous and cumbersome than a payre of Swissers omnipotent galeaze breeches. . . . . But one epistle thereof to John Wolfe the printer I tooke and weighed in an ironmongers scales, and it counterpoyseth a cade of herring and three Holland cheeses. You may beleeue me if you will, I was faine to lift my chamber-doore off the hindges, onely to let it in, it was so fulsome a fat bonarobe† and terrible rounceuall.‡ Once I thought to haue cald in a cooper that went by and cald for

* *Haue with you to Saffron-walden. Or, Gabriell Harueys Hunt is vp. Containing a full Answere to the eldest sonne of the Halter-maker. Or, Nashe his Confutation of the sinfull Doctor. The Mott or Posie, instead of Omne tulit punctum: Pacis fiducia nunquam. As much to say, as I sayd I would speake with him. Printed at London by Iohn Danter*, 1596, 4to.

† *bonarobe*] i.e. courtezan.

‡ *rounceuall*] In Coles's *Dict.* I find,—

"A rounsie,
A rounsival, } *Virago.*"

worke, and bid him hoope it about like the tree at Grays-Inne gate, for feare it should burst, it was so beastly; but then I remembred mee the boyes had whoopt it sufficiently about the strectes, and so I let it alone for that instant. Credibly it was once rumord about the court, that the Guard meant to trie masteries with it before the Queene, and, in stead of throwing the sledge or the hammer, to hurle it foorth at the armes ende for a wager. I, I, euerie one maye hammer vpon it as they please, but if they will hit the nayle on the head pat as they should, to nothing so aptly can they compare it as Africke, which, being an vnbounded stretcht out continent, equiualent in greatnes with most quarters of the earth, yet neuertheles is (for the most part) ouer-spred with barraine sands; so this his Babilonian towre or tome of confutation, swelling in dimension and magnitude aboue all the prodigious commentaries and familiar epistles that euer he wrote, is notwithstanding more drie, barraine, and sandie in substance than them all. Peruse but the ballet *In Sandon soyle as late befell*, and you will be more soundly edified by sixe parts."—Sig. F 2. Gabriel's mother, when she was with child of him, had certain strange dreams, "which wel she hoped were but idle swimming fancies of no consequence; till being aduisde by a cunning man (her frend, that was verie farre in her books), one time shee slept in a sheepes skinne all night, to the intent to dreame true; another time vnder a lawrell tree; a third time on the bare ground starke naked; and last on a dead mans tomb or graue-stone in the church in a hot summers afternoone; when no barrel better herring, she sped euen as she did before. For first shee dreamed her wombe was turned to such another hollow vessell, full of disquiet fiends, as Salomons brazen bowle, wherein were shut so manie thousands of diuels; which, deepe hidden vnder ground, long after the Babilonians, digging for mettals, chaunced to light vpon, and mistaking it for treasure, brake it ope verie greedily; when, as out of Pandoras boxe of maladyes, which Epimetheus opened, all manner of euills flewe into the world, so all manner of deuills then broke loose amongst humane kinde. Therein her drowsie diuination not much deceiu'd her; for neuer wer Empedocles deuils so tost from the aire into the sea, and from the sea to the earth, and from the earth to the aire againe, exhaled by the sunne, or driu'n vp by windes and tempests, as his discontented pouertie (more disquiet than the Irish seas) hath driu'n him from one profession to another."—Sig. K. "The second dreame his mother had, was that shee was deliuerd of a caliuer or hand-gun, which in the discharging burst. I pray God (with all my heart) that this caliuer or caualier of poetrie, this hand-gun or elder-gun that shoots nothing but pellets of chewd paper, in the discharging burst not. A third time in her sleep she apprehended and imagined that out of her belly there grew a rare garden-bed, ouer-run with garish weedes innumerable, which had onely one slip in it of herb of grace, not budding at the toppe neither, but like the floure narcissus, hauing flowres onely at the roote; whereby she augur'd and coniectur'd, how euer hee made some shew of grace in his youth, when he came to the top or heighth of his

best proofe he would bee found a barrain stalk without frute. At the same time, ouer and aboue, shee thought that, in stead of a boye, which she desired, she was deliuerd and brought to bed of one of these kistrell birds called a wind-sucker."—Sig. K 2. "In the verie moment of his birth, there was a calfe borne in the same towne with a dubble tongue, and hauing eares farre longer than anie asse, and his feete turned backward like certaine people of the Tartars, that neuertheles are reasonable swift. In the houre of his birth there was a most darksome eclipse, as though hel and heauen about a consultation of an eternall league had met together."—*Ibid.* In a ludicrous "Letter of Harueys tutor to his father, as touching his manners and behauiour," we are told; "Secondly, he is beyond all reason or Gods forbod distractedly enamourd of his own beautie, spending a whole forenoone euerie day in spunging and licking himselfe by the glasse; and vseth euerie night after supper to walke on the market-hill to shew himselfe, holding his gown vp to his middle, that the wenches may see what a fine leg and a dainty foote he hath in pumpes and pantofles; and if they giue him neuer so little an amorous regard, he presently boords them with a set speach of the first gathering together of societies and the distinction of *amor* and *amicitia* out of Tullies Offices; which if it work no effect and they laugh at, he will rather take a raison of the sunne and weare it at his eare for a fauor, than it should bee said hee would goe away emptie. Thirdly, he is verie seditious and mutinous in conuersation, picking quarrells with euerie man that will not magnifie and applaud him, libelling most execrably and inhumanely on Iacke of the Falcon, for that he would not lend him a messe of mustard to his red herrings; yea, for a lesser matter than that, on the colledge dog he libeld, onely because he proudly bare vp his taile as hee past by him. And fourthly and lastly, he vseth often to be drunk with the sirrupe or broth of stewd prunes, and eateth more bread, vnder pretence of swearing by it, than would serue a whole band in the Low Countries."—Sig. L. Now for a picture of Gabriel at a later period of his life. "That word complexion is dropt foorth in good time; for to describe to you his complexion and composition, entred I into this tale by the way, or tale I found in my way riding vp to London. It is of an adust swarth chollericke dye, like restie bacon or a dride scate-fish; so leane and so meagre that you wold thinke (like the Turks) he obseru'd 4. Lents in a yere, or take him for the gentlemans man in The Courtier, who was so thin-cheekd and gaunt and staru'd, that, as he was blowing the fire with his mouth, the smoke tooke him vp like a light strawe, and carried him to the top or funnell of the chimney, wher he had flowne out God knowes whether if there had not bin crosse barres ouer-whart that stayde him; his skin riddled and crumpled like a peice of burnt parchment; and more channels and creases he hath in his face than there be fairie circles on Salsburie Plaine, and wrinckles and frets of old age than characters on Christs Sepulcher in Mount Caluarie, on which euerie one that comes scrapes his name and sets his marke, to shewe that hee hath been there: so that whosoeuer shall behold him

Esse putet Boreæ triste furentis opus,

will sweare on a booke I haue brought him lowe and shrowdly broken him : which more to confirme, look on his head, and you shall finde a gray haire for euerie line I haue writ against him ; and you shall haue all his beard white, too, by that time hee hath read ouer this booke. For his stature, he is such another pretie Iacke a Lent as boyes throw at in the streete, and lookes, in his blacke sute of veluet, like one of these ieatdroppes which diuers weare at their eares in stead of a iewell. A smudge peice of a handsome fellow it hath beene in his dayes ; but now he is olde and past his best, and fit for nothing but to be a noblemans porter, or a Knight of Windsor ; cares haue so crazed him, and disgraces to the verie bones consumed him, amongst which hys missing of the Vniuersitie Oratorship, wherein Doctor Perne besteaded him, wrought not the lightliest with him : and if none of them were, his course of life is such as would make anie man looke ill on it ; for he wil endure more hardnes than a camell, who in the burning sands will liue foure dayes without water, and feeds on nothing but thistles and wormewood and such lyke ; no more doth he feed on anie thing, when he is at Saffron-Walden, but trotters, sheepes porknells, and butterd rootes ; and other-while in an hexameter meditation, or when hee is inuenting a new part of Tully, or hatching such another paradoxe as that of Nicholaus Copernicus was, who held that the sun remains immoueable in the center of the world and that the earth is moou'd about the sunne, he would be so rapt that hee would remaine three dayes and neither eate nor drinke, and within doores he will keepe seauen yeare together, and come not abroad so much as to church. The like for seauen and thirtie weekes space together he did, while he lay at Wolfes, coppying against mee, neuer stirring out of dores or being churched all that while, but like those in the West Country, that, after the Paulin hath cald them or they haue seene a spirit, keep themselues darke 24. howres ; so after I had plaid the spirit in hanting him in my 4. Letters Confuted, he could by no means endure the light, nor durst venter himself abroad in the open aire for many months after, for feare he should be fresh blasted by all mens scorne and derision."—Sig. O 4.

Nash was dead in 1601.* Harvey is supposed to have lived till 1630.

* See one of the "Cenotaphia" in Fitzgeoffrey's *Affaniæ*, &c., 1601.

LIST OF GREENE'S PROSE-WORKS.

[In the following list I give the full title of the earliest edition of each piece which I have happened to meet with, adding the dates of all the other editions known to exist.]

Mamillia. A Mirrour or looking glasse for the Ladies of Englande. Wherein is deciphered, howe Gentlemen vnder the perfect substaunce of pure loue, are oft inueigled with the shadowe of lewde lust: and their firme faith, brought a sleepe by fading fancie: vntil wit ioyned with wisedome, doth awake it by the helpe of reason. By Robert Greene Graduate in Cambridge. Imprinted at London for Thomas Woodcocke. 1583. 4*to.*

Mr. Collier very hastily supposes that the date on the title-page of this tract is a "mistake" for "1593": see the preceding memoir, p. 25, note.

The Myrrovr of Modestie, wherein appeareth as in a perfect Glasse howe the Lorde deliuereth the innocent from all imminent perils, and plagueth the bloudthirstie hypocrites with deserued punishments. Shewing that the graie heades of dooting adulterers shall not go with peace into the graue, neither shall the righteous be forsaken in the daie of trouble. By R. G. Maister of Artes. Imprinted at London by Roger Warde, dwelling at the signe of the Talbot neere vnto Holburne Conduit. 1584. 12mo.

Morando The Tritameron of Loue. Wherein certaine pleasaunt conceites, vttered by diuers woorthy personages, are perfectly dyscoursed, and three doubtfull questyons of Loue, most pitheley and pleasauntly discussed: Shewing to the wyse howe to vse Loue, and to the fonde, howe to eschew Lust: and yeelding to all both pleasure and profitt. By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge. At London Printed for Edwarde White, and are to be solde at his Shoppe, at the little North doore of S. Paules Church, at the signe of the Gunne. 1584. 4to.

Reprinted 1587, a Second Part being then added to it, with the following title-page,—

The Second Part of the Tritameron of Loue. Wherein is set forth a delightfull discouerie of Fortune and Friendship, newly adioyned. By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge. London Printed by Iohn Wolfe for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, at the litle North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gunne. 1587. 4*to.*

Gwydonivs. The Carde of Fancie. Wherein the Folly of those Carpet Knights is deciphered, which guyding their course by the compasse of Cupid, either dash their ship against most daungerous Rocks, or els attaine the hauen with paine and perill. Wherein also is described in the person of Gwydonius a cruell Combat betweene Nature and necessitie. By Robert Greene, Master of Arte, in Cambridge. At London Imprinted for William Ponsonby. 1584. 4to.

Appended to it is *The Debate betweene Follie and Loue, translated out of French by Robert Greene Master of Artes.*

Reprinted 1587, 1593, 1608.

Planetomachia: or the first parte of the generall opposition of the seuen Planets: wherein is Astronomically described their essence, nature, and influence: diuersly discouering in their pleasaunt and Tragicall histories, the inward affections of the mindes, and painting them out in such perfect Colours, as youth may perceiue what fond fancies their florishing yeares doe foster: and age clerely see what doting desires their withered heares doe affoorde. Conteyning also a briefe Apologie of the sacred and misticall Science of Astronomie: By Robert Greene, Master of Arts and student in Phisicke. 1585. *Imprinted at London for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the great North doore of S. Paules, at the signe of the Byble.* 1585. 4to.

Translation of a funeral sermon by Pope Gregory XIII. 1585.

This piece I have never seen.

Menaphon. Camillas alarum to slumbering Euphues, in his melancholie Cell at Silexedra. Wherein are deciphered the variable effects of Fortune, the wonders of Loue, the triumphes of inconstant Time. Displaying in sundrie conceipted passions (figured in a continuate Historie) the Trophees that Vertue carrieth triumphant, maugre the wrath of Enuie, or the resolution of Fortune. A worke worthie the youngest eares for pleasure, or the grauest censures for principles. Robertus Greene in Artibus magister. Omne tulit punctum. London Printed by T. O. for Sampson Clarke, and are to be sold behinde the Royall Exchange. 1589. 4to.

First printed 1587: reprinted 1599, 1605, 1610, 1616, 1634, and in *Archaica*, vol. i.

Euphues his censure to Philautus, wherein is presented a philosophicall combat betweene Hector and Achylles, discouering in foure discourses, interlaced with diuerse delightfull Tragedies, the vertues necessary to be incident in euery gentleman: had in question at the siege of Troy betwixt sondry Grecian and Troian Lords: especially debated to discouer the perfection of a Souldier. Containing mirth to purge melancholy, holsome precepts to profit maners, neither vnsauerie to youth for delight, nor offensiue to age for scurilitie. Ea habentur optima quæ & Iucunda, honesta, & utilia. Robertus Greene, In artibus magister. London. Printed by Ihon Wolfe for Edward White, and are to bee sold at his shop, at the litle North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gunne. 1587. 4to.

Reprinted 1634.

Perimedes the Blacke-Smith, A golden methode, how to vse the minde in pleasant and profitable exercise: Wherein is contained speciall principles fit for the highest to imitate, and the meanest to put in praetise, how best to spend the wearie winters nights, or the longest summers Euenings, in honest and delightfull recreation: Wherein we may learne to auoide idlenesse and wanton scurrilitie, which diuers appoint as the end of their pastimes. Heerein are interlaced three merrie and necessarie discourses fit for our time: with certaine pleasant Histories and tragicall tales, which may breed delight to all, and offence to none. Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit vtile dulci. London Printed by John Wolfe, for Edward White. 1588. 4to.

Pandosto. The Triumph of Time. Wherein is discouered by a pleasant Historie, that although by the meanes of sinister fortune Truth may be concealed, yet by Time in spight of fortune it is most manifestly reuealed. Pleasant for age to auoyde drowsie thoughtes, profitable for youth to eschue other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. Temporis filia veritas. By Robert Greene Maister of Artes in Cambridge. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci. Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwin for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the Signe of the Bible, neere vnto the North doore of Paules. 1588. 4to.

The running title is *The Hystorie of Dorastus and Fawnia*, which was transferred to the title-page of most of the subsequent editions. Reprinted 1607, 1609, 1614, 1629, 1632, 1636, 1655, 1664, 1675, 1694, 1703, 1723, 1735.

Mr. Collier suspects that there was an earlier edition of *Pandosto* than any yet discovered: see his Introd. to that novel, p. ii.,—*Shakespeare's Library.*

The Spanish Masquerado. Wherein vnder a pleasant deuise, is discouered effectuallie, in certaine breefe sentences and Mottos, the pride and insolencie of the Spanish estate: with the disgrace conceiued by their losse, and the dismaied confusion of their troubled thoughtes. Whereunto by the Author, for the better vnderstanding of his deuice, is added a breefe glosse. By Robert Greene, in Artibus Magister.

Twelue Articles of the state of Spaine.

The Cardinals sollicite all.
The King graunteS all.
The Nobles confirme all.
The Pope determines all.
The Cleargie disposeth all.
The Duke of Medina hopes for all.
Alonso receiues all.
The Indians minister all.
The Souldiours eat all.
The people paie all.
The Monkes and Friers consum all.
And the deuill at length wil cary away all.

Printed at London by Roger Ward, for Thomas Cadman. 1589. 4to.

Ciceronis Amor. Tullies Loue. Wherein is discoursed the prime of Ciceroes youth, setting out in liuely portratures, how young Gentlemen that aime at honour, should leuell the end of their affections, holding the loue of countrie and friends in more esteeme then those faiding blossomes of beauty, that onely feede the curious suruey of the eye. A worke full of pleasure as following Ciceroes vaine, who was as conceipted in his youth, as graue in his age, profitable, as containing precepts worthy so famous an orator. Robert Greene in Artibus magister. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci. At London. Printed by Robert Robinson, for Iohn Busbie. 1597. 4to.

First printed 1589: reprinted 1592, 1601, 1609, 1611, 1615, 1616, 1628, 1639.

The Royall Exchange. Contayning sundry Aphorisms of Philosophie, and golden Principles of morrall and naturall Quadruplicities. Under pleasant and effectuall Sentences, discouering such strange definitions, divissions, and distinctions of Vertue and Vice, as may please the grauest Citizens or youngest Courtiers. First written in Italian, and dedicated to the Signorie of Venice, now translated into English, and offered to the Citie of London. Robert Greene in Artibus Magister. 1590. 4to.

Of this piece, which I have never seen, I give the title from Beloe's *Anecdotes of Lit.* vol. ii. p. 171. A writer in *The Shakespeare Society's Papers*, vol. ii. p. 128, states that "it is a mere prose translation from the Italian."

Greenes Neuer too late. Or, a Powder of Experience: sent to all youthfull Gentlemen; to roote out the infectious follies, that ouer-reaching conceits foster in the spring time of their youth. Decyphering in a true English historie, those particular vanities, that with their frostie vapours nip the blossoms of euery ripe braine, from attcining to his intended perfection. As pleasant, as profitable, being a right pumice stone, apt to race out idlenesse with delight, and follie with admonition. Rob. Greene in artibus Magister. Omne tulit punctum. London Printed by Thomas Orwin for N. L. and John Busbie. 1590.

Francescos Fortunes: Or the second part of Greenes Neuer too late. Wherein is discoursed the fall of Loue, the bitter fruites of Follies pleasure, and the repentant sorrowes of a reformed man. Sero, sed serio. Robertus Greene in Artibus Magister. Imprinted at London for N. L. and John Busbie. 1590. 4to.

Reprinted 1600, 1607, 1616, 1631, and n. d.

Greenes Mourning Garment: giuen him by Repentance at the Funerals of Loue; which he presents for a fauour to all young Gentlemen, that wish to weane themselues from wanton desires. Both Pleasant and Profitable. By R. Greene. Utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister. Sero sed serio. London, Printed by George Purslowe, dwelling at the East end of Christs Church. 1616. 4to.

First printed 1590.

Greenes farewell to Folly. Sent to Courtiers and Schollers, as a president to warne them from the vaine delights, that drawes youth on to repentance. Sero sed serio. Robert Greene, Vtriusque Academiæ in Artibus magister. Imprinted at London by Thomas Scarlet for T. Gubbin and T. Newman. 1591. 4to.

Reprinted 1617.

A Notable Discouery of Coosnage. Now daily practised by sundry lewd persons, called Connie-catchers, and Crosse-biters. Plainely laying open those pernitious sleights that hath brought many ignorant men to confusion. Written for the general benefit of all Gentlemen, Citizens, Aprentises, Countrey Farmers and yeomen, that may hap to fall into the company of such coosening companions. With a delightfull discourse of the coosnage of Colliers. Nascimur pro patria. By R. Greene, Maister of Arts. London Printed by John Wolfe for T. N. and are to be sold ouer against the great South doore of Paules. 1591. 4to.

Reprinted 1592.

The Second and last part of Conny-catching. With new additions containing many merry tales of all lawes worth the reading, because they are worthy to be remembred. Discoursing strange cunning in Coosnage, which if you reade without laughing, Ile giue you my cap for a Noble. Mallem non esse quam non prodesse patriæ. R. G. London. Printed by John Wolfe for William Wright. 1592. 4to.

First printed 1591, and (as a bookseller's catalogue informs me) with a title-page very different from that of ed. 1592.

The Third and last part of Connycatching. With the new deuised knauish arte of Foole-taking. The like coosonages and Villanies neuer before discouered. By R. G. Printed by T. Scarlet for C. Burby and are to be solde at his shop under S. Mildreds Church in the Poultrie. 1592. 4to.

A Disputation Betweene a Hee Conny-catcher, and a Shee Conny-catcher, whether a Theafe or a Whoore is most hurtfull in Cousonage, to the Common-wealth. Discouering the Secret Villanies of alluring Strumpets. With the Conuersion of an English Courtizen, reformed this present yeare, 1592. *Read, laugh, and learne. Nascimur pro patria. R. G. Imprinted at London, by A. I. for T. G. and are to be solde at the West ende of Paules.* 1592. 4to.

A Qvip for an Vpstart Courtier: Or, A quaint dispute between Veluet-breeches and Cloth-breeches. Wherein is plainely set downe the disorders in all Estates and Trades. London Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe, and are to bee sold at his shop at Poules chayne. 1592. 4to.

Reprinted 1606, 1615, 1620, 1625, 1635, and in the *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. v.

Philomela, The Lady Fitzwaters Nightingale. By Robert Greene, Vtriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister. Sero sed serio. London, Imprinted by George Purslowe. 1615. 4to.

First printed 1592: reprinted 1631, n. d., and in *Archaica*, vol. i.

The Blacke Bookes Messenger. Laying open the Life and Death of Ned Browne one of the most notable Cutpurses, Crosbiters, and Connycatchers, that euer liued in England. Heerein hee tell verie

pleasantly in his owne person such strange prancks and monstrous villanies by him and his Consortes performed, as the like was yet neuer heard of in any of the former bookes of Conny-catching. Read and be warnd, Laugh as you like, Iudge as you find. Nascimur pro Patria. By R. G. Printed at London by Iohn Danter, for Thomas Nelson dwelling in Siluer streete, neere to the signe of the Red Crosse. 1592. 4to.

Greenes Groatsworth of Witte: bought with a million of Repentance: Describing the Folly of Youth, the falshood of Make-shift Flatterers, the miserie of the negligent, and mischiefes of deceyuing Curtezans. Published at his dying request, and, newly corrected, and of many errors purged. Felicem, fuisse infaustum. London, Printed by Barnard Alsop, for Henry Bell, and are to be sold at his shop without Bishopsgate. 1617. 4to.

First printed 1592: reprinted 1596, 1600, 1616, 1620, 1621, 1629, 1637, n. d., and at the Lee Priory Press 1813.

The Repentance of Robert Greene Maister of Artes. Wherein by himselfe is laid open his loose life, with the manner of his death. At London, Printed for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be sold at the middle shop in the Poultry, vnder Saint Mildreds Church. 1592. 4to.

Concerning this tract see the preceding memoir, p. 2, note.

Greenes Vision: Written at the instant of his death. Conteyning a penitent passion for the folly of his Pen. sero sed serio. Imprinted at London for Thomas Newman, and are to be sould at his shop in Fleetestreete, in Saint Dunstons Churchyard. n. d. 4to.

My acquaintance with *Greenes Vision* is confined to the description of it and the extracts from it in Mr. Collier's Introd. to our author's *Pandosto,—Shakespeare's Library,* and in his *Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works*, p. 35. Though, as Mr. Collier remarks, Greene "could have had nothing to do with the title-page," this tract would seem to be a genuine production, and was most probably printed towards the close of the year 1592.

Mamillia. The second part of the triumph of Pallas: wherein with perpetual fame the constancie of Gentlewomen is canonised, and the vniust blasphemies of womens supposed ficklenesse (breathed out by diuerse iniurious persons) by manifest examples clearely infringed. By Robert Greene Maister of Arts, in Cambridge. London Printed by Th. C. for William Ponsonbie. 1593. 4to.

The First Part of *Mamillia*, 1583, heads the present list.

Greenes Newes both from Heauen and Hell, prohibited the first for writing of Bookes, and banished out of the last for displaying of Connycatchers. Commended to the Presse by B. R. [Barnaby Rich?]. *Printed Anno Domini* 1593. 4to.

This piece I have never seen.

Greenes Orpharion. Wherein is discouered a musicall concorde of pleasant Histories, many sweet moodes graced with such harmonius discords, as agreeing in a delightfull closse, they sound both pleasure and profit to the eare. Heerein also as in a Diatcheron, the branches of Vertue, ascending and descending by degrees: are cownited in the glorious praise of women-kind. With diuers Tragicall and Comicall Histories presented by Orpheus and Arion, beeing as full of profit as of pleasure. Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit vtile dulci. Robertus Greene, in Artibus Magister. At London, Printed for Edward White, dwelling at the little North doore of S. Paules Church: at the signe of the Gun. 1599. 4to.

There must have been an earlier edition of the *Orpharion;* see the quotation from *Greene's Funeralls*, 1594, in p. 39, note, of the preceding memoir.

Penelopes Web. Where, in [*Wherein*] *a Christall Mirror of feminine perfection represents to the view of euery one those vertues and graces, which more curiously beautifies the mind of women, then eyther sumptuous Apparell, or Iewels of inestimable value: the one buying fame with honour, the other breeding a kinde of delight, but with repentance. In three seuerall discourses also are three speciall vertues, necessary to be incident in euery vertuous woman, pithely discussed: namely Obedience, Chastity, and Sylence: Interlaced with three seuerall and Comicall Histories. By Robert Greene Master of Artes in Cambridge. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci. London, Printed for Iohn Hodgets, and are to be solde at his shop at the Flowerdeluce in Fleetestreete, neere to Fetter Lane end.* 1601. 4to.

Theeues Falling out, True-men come by their Goods: or, the Belman wanted a Clapper. A Peale of new Villanies rung out: The sound being Musicall to all Gentlemen, Lawyers, Farmers, and all sorts of people that come vp to the Tearme: Shewing that the Villanies of lewd Women, excell those of men. By Robert Greene. Goe not by mee, but Buy mee; and get by mee. Imprinted at London for Henry Bell, and are to be sold at his shop without Bishopsgate. 1617. 4to.

First printed 1615: reprinted 1637, and in the *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. viii.

The Historie of Arbasto King of Denmarke. Describing the Anatomy of Fortune, in his loue to faire Doralicia. Wherein Gentlemen may find pleasant conceits to purge melancholy, and perfect counsell to preuent mis-fortune. By Robert Greene Master of Art. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci. Whereunto is added a louely Poem of Pyramus and Thisbe. London, Printed for Fra: Williams, and are to bee sold at the signe of the Globe ouer against the Exchange in Cornehill. 1626. 4to.

Bibliographers mention an edition dated 1617: but there must have been a much earlier one; see the quotation from *Greene's Funeralls*, 1594, in p. 39, note, of the preceding memoir.

The "louely Poem of *Pyramus and Thisbe*" is not the production of Greene, but of Dunstan Gale: I have seen more than one copy of *Arbasto* to which it was not appended, though the title-page announced that it was.

Alcida Greenes Metamorphosis, Wherein is discouered a pleasant transformation of bodies into sundrie shapes, shewing that as vertues beautifie the mind, so vanities giue greater staines than the perfection of any quality can rase out: the Discourse confirmed with diuerse merry and delightfull Histories; full of graue Principles to content Age, and sawsed with pleasant parlees, and witty answeres, to satisfie youth: profitable for both, and not offensiue to any. By R. G. Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit vtile dulci. London, Printed by George Purslowe. 1617. 4to.

There must have been a much earlier edition of this tract; see the quotation from *Greene's Funeralls*, 1594, in p. 39, note, of the preceding memoir.

The following tracts have been ascribed to Greene, and, with the exception of the first, inconsiderately.

Exhortation and fruitful Admonition to vertuous Parentes, and modest Matrones, to the bringing up of their Children in godly education and household discipline. By R. G. Printed for Nich. Linge, 1584, 8vo.

The title of this piece is cited, from "Andrew Maunsell's Catalogue, 1595," by Mr. Collier, *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 149, note.

The Groundworke of Conny-catching; the manner of their Pedlers-French, and the meanes to vnderstand the same, with the cunning slights of the Counterfeit Cranke. Therein are handled the practises of the Visiter, the fetches of the Shifter and Ruffler, the deceits of their Doxes, the deuises of Priggers, the names of the base loytering Losels, and the meanes of euery Blacke-Art-man's shifts, with the reproofe of

all their diuellish practises. Done by a Justice of Peace of great authoritie, who hath had the examining of diuers of them. Printed at London by John Danter for William Barley, and are to be sold at his shop at the vpper end of Gratious streete, ouer against Leaden-hall. 1592. 4to.

Little more than a reprint of Harman's *Caveat for Common Cursitors.*

Greenes Funeralls. By R. B. Gent. Printed at London by John Danter, and are to be sold at his House in Hosier-lane nere Holbourne-Conduit. 1594. 4to.

See p. 39, note, of the preceding memoir. (Since I published my first edition of Greene's Works, Mr. Collier has expressed his opinion that this tract "is certainly unworthy of Barnefield's pen." *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 147, note.)

Greene in conceipt. New raised from his graue to write the Tragique Historie of faire Valeria of London. Wherein is Truly Discouered the rare and lamentable issue of a Husbands dotage, a wiues leudnesse and childrens disobedience. Receiuied and reported by I. D. [John Dickenson] Veritas non quærit angulos, umbra gaudet. Printed at London by Richard Bradocke for William Iones, dwelling at the signe of the Gunne neare Holborne conduit. 1598. 4to.

Greenes Ghost Haunting Conie-catchers. Wherein is set downe,

The Arte of Humouring.
The Arte of carrying Stones.
Will. St. Lift.
Ia. Fost. Law.
Ned. Bro. Catch. and
Blacke Robins Kindnesse.

With the conceits of Doctor Pinch-backe a notable Makeshift. Ten times more pleasant then any thing yet published of this matter. Non ad imitandum, sed ad euitandum. London, Printed for R. Iackson, and I. North, and are to be sold in Fleetstreete a little aboue the Conduit. 1602. 4to.

Reprinted 1606, 1626.

The Epistle to this piece is signed with the initials of the author, S. R. [Samuel Rowlands?]

Mihil Mumchance, His Discouerie of the Art of Cheating in false Dyce play, and other vnlawfull games: With a Discourse of the Figging Craft: And also of diuers new deuises of Cosenages practised commonly at Fayers and Markets: With many deceitfull practises vsed by bad and lewd Women. Neuer before Published.

The names of false Dyce.

1. *A bale of bard sincke Dewces.*
2. *A bale of flat sincke Dewces.*
3. *A bale of flat sice Aces.*
4. *A bale of bard sice Aces.*
5. *A bale of bard Cater Treas.*
6. *A bale of flat Cater Treas.*
7. *A bale of Fullams of the best making.*
8. *A bale of light Grauiers.*
9. *A bale of Langrets contrary to the vantage.*
10. *A bale of Gordes with as many high men as low men for Passage.*
11. *A bale of Demies.*
12. *A bale of long Dyce for euen and odde.*
13. *A bale of Bristels.*
14. *A bale of direct contraries.*

Printed at London by John Danter: and are to bee sold by William Iones dwelling at the signe of the Gunne, neere Holburne Conduit. n. d. 4to.

A Poets Vision and a Princes Glorie. 1603. 4to.

Written by Greene, the actor.

A Paire of Tvrtle Doves: or, the Tragicall History of Bellora and Fidelio. Seconded with the Tragicall end of Agamio, wherein (besides other matters pleasing to the Reader) by way of dispute betweene a Knight and a Lady, is described this neuer before debated question, To wit: Whether man to woman, or woman to man offer the greatest temptations and allurements vnto vnbridled lust, and consequently whether man or woman in that vnlawfull act, be the greater offender. A historie pleasant, delightfull and witty, fit of all to be perused for their better instruction, but especiall of youth to be regarded, to bridle their follies. Printed for Francis Burton, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules-church-yard, at the signe of the Flower-de-Luce and Crowne. 1606. 4to.

Attributed to Greene merely on account of the resemblance it bears to his writings.

The Art of Jugling or Legerdemain, by S. R. 1612. 4to.

Questions concerning Conie-hood and the nature of the Conie. n. d. 4to.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

The Historie of Orlando Furioso, one of the twelue Pieres of France. As it was plaid before the Queenes Maiestie. London, Printed by John Danter for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be sold at his shop nere the Royall Exchange. 1594. 4to.

The Historie of Orlando Fvrioso, one of the Twelve Peeres of France. As it was playd before the Queenes Maiestie. Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop neere the Royall Exchange. 1599. 4to.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARSILIUS, Emperor of Africa
SOLDAN OF EGYPT.
RODOMONT, King of Cuba.
MANDRICARD, King of Mexico.
BRANDIMART, King of the Isles.
SACRIPANT.
ORLANDO.
OGIER.
NAMUS.
OLIVER.
TURPIN.
DUKE OF AQUITAIN.
ROSSILION.
MEDOR.
ORGALIO, page to ORLANDO.
SACRIPANT'S man.
TOM.
RALPH.
Fiddler.
Several of the Twelve Peers of France, whose names are not given. Clowns, Attendants, &c.

ANGELICA, daughter to MARSILIUS.
MELISSA, an enchantress.

Satyrs.

THE HISTORY OF ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Enter MARSILIUS *and* ANGELICA; *the* SOLDAN, RODOMONT, MANDRICARD, BRANDIMART, ORLANDO, SACRIPANT *and his* Man, *with others.*

Mars. Victorious princes, summon'd to appear
Within the continent of Africa;
From seven-fold Nilus to Taprobany,
Where fair Apollo darting forth his light
Plays on the seas;
From Gades' islands, where stout Hercules
Emblaz'd his trophies on two posts of brass,
To Tanais, whose swift-declining floods*
Environ rich Europa to the north;
All fetch'd
From out your courts by beauty to this coast,
To seek and sue for fair Angelica;
Sith none but one must have this happy prize,
At which you all have levell'd long your thoughts,
Set each man forth his passions how he can,
And let her censure† make the happiest man.

Sold. The fairest flower that glories Africa,
Whose beauty Phœbus dares not dash with showers,
Over whose climate never hung a cloud,
But smiling Titan lights the horizon,—
Egypt is mine, and there I hold my state,
Seated in Cairo ‡ and in Babylon.
From thence the matchless§ beauty of Angelica,
Whose hue['s] as bright as are those silver doves
That wanton Venus mann'th ‖ upon her fist,
Forc'd me to cross and cut th' Atlantic seas,
To oversearch the fearful ocean,
Where I arriv'd t' eternize with my lance
The matchless beauty of fair * Angelica;
Nor tilt, nor tourney, but my spear and shield
Resounding on their crests and sturdy helms,
Topt high with plumes, like Mars his burgonet,
Enchasing on their curats† with my blade,
That none so fair as fair Angelica.
But leaving these such glories as they be,
I love, my lord; let that suffice for me.

Rod. Cuba my seat, a region so enrich'd
With favours sparkling from the smiling heavens,
As those that seek for traffic to my coast
Account it ‡ like that wealthy Paradise
From whence floweth Gihon and swift Euphrates§:
The earth within her bowels hath enwrapt,
As in the massy storehouse of the world,
Millions of gold, as bright as was the shower
That wanton Jove sent down to Danäe.
Marching from thence to manage arms abroad,
I pass'd the triple-parted regiment ‖
That froward Saturn gave unto his sons,
Erecting statues ¶ of my chivalry,
Such and so brave as never Hercules
Vow'd for the love of lovely Iole.
But leaving these such glories as they be,
I love, my lord; let that suffice for me.

Mand. And I, my lord, am Mandricard of Mexico,
Whose climate['s] fairer than Iberia's,**

---

* *floods*] Qy. "flood"? But afterwards (p. 90. first col.) we have the "streams" of the Danube.

† *censure*] i. e. judgment.

‡ *Cairo*] The 4tos. "Cairye."

§ *matchless*] Qy. *dele* this word? But the text is wretchedly corrupt throughout.

‖ *mann'th*] So the 4tos. ("*manth*"; to show that the word, for the sake of the metre, was to be pronounced as one syllable). To *man* is a term of falconry, and means to make tractable: so Shakespeare;

"Another way I have to *man* my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call."
The Taming of the Shrew, act iv. sc. 1.

* *fair*] The same line occurs presently in the first speech of Orlando, but without this epithet, which seems to be an interpolation.

† *curats*] i. e. cuirasses.

‡ *Account it*] The 4tos. "Accounted."

§ *Euphrates*] Our early poets generally chose to make the second syllable of this word short.

‖ *regiment*] i. e. dominion.

¶ *statues*] The 4to. of 1599 "Statutes."

** *Iberia's*] The 4tos. "Tyberius."

Seated beyond the sea of Tripoly,
And richer than the plot Hesperides,*
Or that same isle wherein Ulysses' love
Lull'd in her lap the young Telegonus; †
That did but Venus tread a dainty step,‡
So would she like the land of Mexico,
As, Paphos and brave Cyprus set aside,
With me sweet lovely Venus would abide.
From thence, mounted upon a Spanish bark,
Such as transported Jason to the fleece,
Come from the south, I furrow'd Neptune's seas,
Northeast as far § as is the frozen Rhene;
Leaving fair Voya, cross'd up Danuby,
As high as Saba, whose enhancing streams
Cut 'twixt the Tartars and the Russians:
There did I act as many brave attempts,
As did Pirithöus for his Proserpine.
But leaving these such glories as they be,
I love, my lord; let that suffice for me.

Brand. The bordering islands, seated here in ken,
Whose shores are sprinkled with rich orient pearl,
More bright of hue than were the margarites
That Cæsar found in wealthy Albion; ||
The sands of Tagus all of burnish'd gold
Made Thetis never prouder on the clifts ¶
That overpeer the bright and golden shore,
Than do the rubbish of my country seas:
And what I dare, let say the Portingale,
And Spaniard tell, who, mann'd with mighty fleets,
Came to subdue my islands to their king,
Filling our seas with stately argosies,
Calvars and magars, hulks of burden great;
Which Brandimart rebated * from his coast,
And sent them home ballass'd with little wealth.
But leaving these such glories as they be,
I love, my lord; let that suffice for me.

Orl. Lords of the south, and princes of esteem,
Viceroys unto the state of Africa,
I am no king, yet am I princely born,
Descended from the royal house of France,
And nephew to the mighty Charlemagne,
Surnam'd Orlando, the County Palatine.
Swift fame hath † sounded to our western seas
The matchless beauty of Angelica,
Fairer than was the nymph of Mercury,
Who, when bright Phœbus mounteth up his coach,
And tracts Aurora in her silver steps,
And sprinkles ‡ from the folding of her lap
White lilies, roses, and sweet violets.
Yet thus believe me, princes of the south,
Although my country's love, dearer than pearl
Or mines of gold, might well have kept me back;
The sweet conversing with my king and friends,
Left all for love, might well have kept me back
The seas by Neptune hoisèd to the heavens,
Whose dangerous flaws § might well have kept me back;
The savage Moors and Anthropophagi, ||
Whose lands I pass'd, might well have kept me back;

---

* *the plot Hesperides*] Most of our old writers, strangely enough, use *Hesperides* as the name of a place. So Shakespeare;

"Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*."
Love's Labour's Lost, act iv. sc. 3.

And Greene again in another play;

"Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat
That watch'd the garden call'd *Hesperides*."
Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay.

Nay, even the very learned and very pedantic Gabriel Harvey has; "the watchfull and dreadful dragon, which kept the goodly golden apples, in the Occidentall Islands of the Ocean, called *Hesperides*, one of the renowned prizes of douty Hercules, was a West Indian asse, &c.,"—*Pierce's Supererogation, &c.*, 1593, p. 167.

† *Telegonus*] The 4tos. "Telegone."

‡ *That did but Venus tread a dainty step*] This line—before which something has certainly dropt out—appears to be corrupted.

§ *Northeast as far, &c.*] These four lines, with slight variations, occur towards the end of Peele's *Old Wives Tale*:

"For thy sweet sake I have *cross'd the frozen Rhine*;
Leaving fair Po, I sail'd *up Danuby*,
As far *as Saba, whose enhancing streams*
Cut twixt the Tartars and the Russians."

Whether Peele borrowed from Greene, or *vice versâ*, it is impossible to ascertain.

|| *More bright of hue than were the margarites*
That Cæsar found in wealthy Albion] So our author in one of his prose-tracts; "Amongst many curious pearles I found out one orient margerite richer then those which Cæsar brought from the westerne shores of Europe."—*Cicero nis Amor, &c.*, Sig. E 2. ed. 1611.—This speech is mutilated.

¶ *clifts*] i. e. cliffs.

* *rebated*] Mr. Collier (*Hist. of the Engl. Stage*, &c. p. 32,—*Shakespeare*, vol i., ed. 1858) thinks that "it is as clear as day that here '*rebated*' ought to be 'rebutted,'" and that the same alteration is required in a subsequent part of the play (p. 101, first col.),—

"This is the city of great Babylon,
Where proud Darius was *rebated* from."

But Mr. Collier is greatly mistaken:—the old copies are right in both passages. Greene uses *rebate* in the sense of *beat back* (which is its proper sense,—Fr. *rebattre*). So again in the first speech of the next play we find,—

"Great Jewry's God, that foil'd stout Benhadab,
Could not *rebate* the strength that Rasni brought," &c.

† *hath*] The 4tos. "that"

‡ *And sprinkles*, &c.] In *England's Parnassus*, 1600, p. 415, this passage is quoted with the variation, "*And* sprinkling," &c. I have no doubt that a line which immediately preceded the present one has dropped out. A critic in *The Retrospective Review*, iii. 111., silently prints "Doth sprinkle."

§ *flaws*] i. e. blasts.

|| *Anthropophagi*] The 4tos. "Anthropagei."

The doubt of entertainment in the court
When I arriv'd, might well have kept me back;
But so the fame of fair Angelica
Stamp'd in my thoughts the figure of her love,
As neither country, king, or seas, or cannibals,*
Could by despairing keep Orlando back.
I list not boast in acts of chivalry,
(An humour never fitting with my mind,)
But come there forth the proudest champion
That hath suspicion in the Palatine,
And with my trusty sword Durandell,†
Single, I'll register upon his helm
What I dare do for fair Angelica.
But leaving these such glories as they be,
I love, my lord;
Angelica herself shall speak for me.

Mars. Daughter, thou hear'st what love hath here alleg'd,
How all these kings, by beauty summon'd here,
Put in their pleas, for hope of diadem,
Of noble deeds, of wealth, and chivalry,
All hoping to possess Angelica.
Sith father's will may hap to aim amiss,
(For parents' thoughts in love oft step awry,)
Choose thou the man who best contenteth thee,
And he shall wear the Afric crown next me.
For trust me, daughter, like of whom thou please,
Thou satisfied, my thoughts shall be at ease.

Ang. Kings of the south, viceroys of Africa,
Sith father's will hangs on his daughter's choice,
And I, as erst Princess Andromache
Seated amidst the crew of Priam's sons,
Have liberty to choose where best I love;
Must freely say, for fancy hath no fraud,
That far unworthy is Angelica
Of such as deign to grace her with their loves;
The Soldan with his seat in Babylon,
The Prince of Cuba, and of Mexico,
Whose wealthy crowns might win a woman's will,
Young Brandimart, master of all the isles
Where Neptune planted hath his treasury;
The worst of these men of so high import
As may command a greater dame than I.
But fortune, or some deep-inspiring fate,
Venus, or else the bastard brat of Mars,
Whose bow commands the motions of the mind,
Hath sent proud love to enter such a plea
As nonsuits all your princely evidence,
And flat commands that, maugre majesty,
I choose Orlando, County Palatine.

Rod. How likes Marsilius of his daughter's choice?

Mars. As fits Marsilius of his daughter's spouse.

Rod. Highly thou wrong'st us, King of Africa,
To brave thy neighbour princes with disgrace,
To tie thine honour to thy daughter's thoughts,
Whose choice is like that Greekish giglot's love,
That left her lord, Prince Menelaus,
And with a swain made scape away to Troy.
What is Orlando but a straggling mate,
Banish'd for some offence by Charlemagne,
Skipp'd from his country as Anchises' son,
And means, as he did to the Carthage Queen,
To pay her ruth and ruin for her love?

Orl. Injurious Cuba, ill it fits thy gree*
To wrong a stranger with discourtesy.
Were't not the sacred presence of Angelica
Prevails with me, as Venus' smiles with Mars,
To set a supersedeas of my wrath,
Soon should I teach thee what it were to brave.

Mand. And, Frenchman, were't not 'gainst the law of arms,
In place of parley for to draw a sword,
Untaught companion, I would learn you know
What duty 'longs to such a prince as he.

Orl. Then as did Hector 'fore Achilles' tent,
Trotting his courser softly on the plains,
Proudly dar'd forth the stoutest youth of Greece;
So who stands highest in his own conceit,
And thinks his courage can perform the most,
Let him but throw his gauntlet on the ground,
And I will pawn my honour to his gage,
He shall ere night be met and combated.

Mars. Shame you not, princes, at this bad agree,
To wrong a stranger with discourtesy?
Believe me, lords, my daughter hath made choice,
And, maugre him that thinks him most aggriev'd,
She shall enjoy the County Palatine.

Brand. But would these princes follow my advice,
And enter arms as did the Grecks 'gainst Troy,
Nor he, nor thou shouldst have Angelica.

Rod. Let him be thought a dastard to his death,
That will not sell the travails he hath past
Dearer than for a woman's fooleries:
What says the mighty Mandricard?

Mand. I vow to hie me home to Mexico,
To troop myself with such a crew of men
As shall so fill the downs of Africa,
Like to the plains of watery Thessaly,
Whenas an eastern gale, whistling aloft,

---

* *king, or seas, or cannibals*] Qy. "*king, seas, cannibals*"?

† *And with my trusty sword Durandell*] In this line "*sword*" is a dissyllable; see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 32.

* *gree*] i. e. degree.

Hath* overspread the ground with grasshoppers.
Then see, Marsilius, if the Palatine
Can keep his love from falling to our lots,
Or thou canst keep thy country free from spoil.
Mars. Why, think you, lords, with haughty menaces
To dare me out within my palace-gates?
Or hope you to make conquest by constraint
Of that which never could be got by love?
Pass from my court, make haste out of my land,
Stay not within the bounds Marsilius holds;
Lest, little brooking these unfitting braves,
My choler overslip the law of arms,
And I inflict revenge on such abuse.
Rod. I'll beard and brave thee in thy proper town,
And here ensconce myself despite of thee,
And hold thee play till Maudricard return.—
What says the mighty Soldan of Egýpt?
Sold. That when Prince Menelaus with all† his mates
Had ten years held their siege in Asia,
Folding their wraths in cinders of fair Troy,
Yet, for their arms grew by conceit of love,
Their trophies were but conquest of a girl:
Then trust me, lords, I'll never manage arms
For women's loves that are so quickly lost.
Brand. Tush, my lords, why stand you upon terms?
Let 's to our sconce,—and you, my lord, to Mexico.
Orl. Ay, sirs, ensconce ye how you can,
See what we dare, and thereon set your rest.
[*Exeunt all except* SACRIPANT *and his* Man.
Sac. [*aside.*] Boast not too much, Marsilius, in thyself,
Nor of contentment in Angelica;
For Sacripant must have Angelica,
And with her Sacripant must have the crown:
By hook or crook I must and will have both.
Ah sweet Revenge, incense their angry minds,
Till, all these princes weltering in their bloods,
The crown do fall to County Sacripant!
Sweet are the thoughts that smother from conceit:
For when I come and set me down to rest,
My chair presents a throne of majesty;
And when I set my bonnet on my head,
Methinks I fit my forehead for a crown;
And when I take my truncheon in my fist,
A sceptre then comes tumbling in my thoughts;
My dreams are princely, all of diadems.

* *Hath*] The 4tos. "Had."
† *all*] An addition by the transcriber, I presume.

Honour,—methinks the title is too base:
Mighty, glorious, and excellent,—ay, these,
My glorious * genius, sound within my mouth;
These please the ear, and with a sweet applause
Make me in terms coequal with the gods.
Then these,† Sacripant, and none but these;
And ‡ these, or else make hazard of thy life.
Let it suffice, I will conceal the rest.—
Sirrah.
Man. My lord?
Sac. [*Aside.*] My lord! How basely was this slave brought up,
That knows no titles fit for dignity,
To grace his master with hyperboles!
My lord! why, the basest baron of fair Africa
Deserves as much: yet County Sacripant
Must he a swain salute with name of lord.—
Sirrah, what thinks the Emperor of my colours,
Because in field I wear both blue and red at once? §
Man. They deem, my lord, your honour lives at peace,
As one that's neuter in these mutinies,
And covets to rest equal friend || to both;
Neither envious to Prince Mandricard,
Nor wishing ill unto Marsilius,
That you may safely pass where'er you please,
With friendly salutations from them both.
Sac. Ay, so they guess, but level far awry;
For if they knew the secrets of my thoughts,
Mine emblem sorteth to another sense.
I wear not these as one resolv'd to peace,
But blue and red as enemy to both;
Blue, as hating King Marsilius,
And red, as in revenge to Mandricard;
Foe unto both, friend only to myself,
And to the crown, for that's the golden mark
Which makes my thoughts dream on a diadem.
See'st not thou ¶ all men presage I shall be king?
Marsilius sends to me for peace; Mandricard
Puts off his cap, ten mile off: two things more,
And then I cannot miss the crown.
Man. O, what be those, my good lord?
Sac. First must
I get the love of fair Angelica.
Now am I full of amorous conceits,
Not that I doubt to have what I desire,

* *glorious*] A wrong epithet,—repeated by mistake from the preceding line.
† *Then these*] Qy. "*Then* win *these*"?
‡ *And*] Qy. "Ay"?
§ *at once*] An interpolation?
|| *friend*] The 4to. of 1594 "friends.'
¶ *not thou*] The 4to. of 1599 "thou not."—Qy. "*See'st not all men presage*," &c.?

But how I might best with mine honour woo:
Write, or entreat,—fie, that fitteth not;
Send by ambassadors,—no, that's too base;
Flatly command,—ay, that's for Sacripant:
Say thou art Sacripant, and art in love,
And who
In Africa * dare say the county nay?
O Angelica,
Fairer than Chloris when in all her pride
Bright Maia's son entrapp'd her in the net
Wherewith Vulcan entangled the god of war!

Man. Your honour is so far in contemplation of Angelica as you have forgot the second [thing] in attaining to the crown.

Sac. That's to be done by poison,
Prowess,† or any means of treachery,
To put to death the traitorous Orlando.—
But who is this comes here? Stand close.

[*They retire.*

Enter ORGALIO.

Org. I am sent on embassage to the right mighty and magnificent, alias, the right proud and pontifical, the County Sacripant; for Marsilius and Orlando, knowing him to be as full of prowess as policy, and fearing lest in leaning to the other faction he might greatly prejudice them, they seek first to hold the candle before the devil, and knowing him to be a Thrasonical mad-cap, they have sent me a Gnathonical companion, to give him lettuce fit for his lips. Now, sir, knowing his astronomical humours, as one that gazeth so high at the stars as he never looketh on the pavement in the streets—but, whist! *lupus est in fabula.*

Sac. [*coming forward.*] Sirrah, thou that ruminatest to thyself a catalogue of privy conspiracies, what art thou?

Org. God save your majesty!

Sac. [*aside.*] My majesty!—Come hither, my well-nutrimented knave: whom takest thou me to be?

Org. The mighty Mandricard of Mexico.

Sac. [*aside.*] I hold these salutations as ominous; for saluting me by that which I am not, he presageth what I shall be; for so did the Lacedæmonians by Agathocles, who of a base potter wore the kingly diadem.—But why deemest thou me to be the mighty Mandricard of Mexico?

Org. Marry, sir,——

Sac. Stay there: wert thou never in France?

Org. Yes, if it please your majesty.

* *Africa*] The 4to. of 1594 "Afric."

† *Prowess*] Cannot be right. Qy. "Poniard"

Sac. So it seems, for there they salute their king by the name of Sir, Monsieur:—but forward.

Org. Such sparks of peerless majesty
From those looks flame, like lightning from the east,
As either Mandricard, or else some greater prince,—

Sac. [*aside.*] Methinks these salutations make my thoughts
To be heroical.—
But say, to whom art thou sent?

Org. To the County Sacripant.

Sac. Why, I am he.

Org. It pleaseth your majesty to jest.

Sac. Whate'er I seem, I tell thee I am he.

Org. Then may it please your honour, the Emperor Marsilius, together with his daughter Angelica and Orlando, entreateth your excellency to dine with them.

Sac. Is Angelica there?

Org. There, my good lord.

Sac. Sirrah.

Man. My lord?

Sac. Villain, Angelica sends for me: see that
Thou entertain that happy messenger,
And bring him in with thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ORLANDO, *the* DUKE OF AQUITAIN, *and the* COUNTY ROSSILION, *with* Soldiers.

Orl. Princes of France, the sparkling light of fame,
Whose glory's brighter than the burnish'd gates
From whence Latona's lordly son doth march,
When, mounted on his coach tinsell'd with flames,
He triumphs in the beauty of the heavens;
This is the place where Rodomont lies hid:
Here lies he, like the thief of Thessaly,
Which scuds abroad and searcheth for his prey,
And, being gotten, straight he gallops home,
As one that dares not break a spear in field.
But trust me, princes, I have girt his fort,
And I will sack it, or on this castle-wall
I'll write my resolution with my blood:—
Therefore, drum, sound a parle.

[*A parle is sounded, and a* Soldier *comes upon the walls.*

Sol. Who is * that troubleth our sleeps?

Orl. Why, sluggard, seest thou not Lycaon's son,
The hardy plough-swain unto mighty Jove,
Hath trac'd his silver furrows in the heavens,
And, turning home his over-watchèd team,

* *is*] The 4to. of 1599 "is't.

Gives leave unto Apollo's chariot?
I tell thee, sluggard, sleep is far unfit
For such as still have hammering in their heads
But only hope of honour and revenge:
These call'd me forth to rouse thy master up.
Tell him from me, false coward as he is,
That Orlando, the County Palatine,
Is come this morning, with a band of French,
To play him hunt's-up with a point of war: *
I'll be his minstrel with my drum and fife;
Bid him come forth, and dance it if he dare,
Let fortune throw her favours where she list.
Sol. Frenchman, between half-sleeping and awake,
Although the misty veil strain'd over Cynthia
Hinders my sight from noting all thy crew,
Yet, for I know thee and thy straggling grooms
Can in conceit build castles in the sky,
But in your actions like the stammering Greek
Which breathes his courage bootless in the air,
I wish thee well, Orlando, get thee gone,
Say that a sentinel did suffer thee;
For if the round or court-of-guard should hear
Thou or thy men were braying at the walls,
Charles' wealth, the wealth of all his western mines,
Found in the mountains of Transalpine France,
Might not pay ransom to the king for thee.
Orl. Brave sentinel, if nature hath † enchas'd
A sympathy of courage to thy tale,
And, like the champion of Andromache,
Thou, or thy master, dare come out the gates,
Maugre the watch, the round, or court-of-guard,
I will attend to abide the coward here.
If not, but still the craven sleeps secure,
Pitching his guard within a trench of stones,
Tell him his walls shall serve him for no proof,
But as the son of Saturn in his wrath
Pash'd ‡ all the mountains at Typhœus' head,
And topsy-turvy turn'd the bottom up,
So shall the castle of proud Rodomont.—
And so, brave lords of France, let's to the fight.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums: RODOMONT *and* BRANDIMART *fly.* *Enter* ORLANDO *with* RODOMONT'S *coat.*

Orl. The fox is scap'd, but here's his case:
I miss'd him near; 'twas time for him to trudge.

Enter the DUKE OF AQUITAIN.

How now, my lord of Aquitain!
Aq. My lord,
The court-of-guard is put unto the sword,
And all the watch that thought themselves so sure,
So that not one within the castle breathes.
Orl. Come, then,
Let's post amain to find out Rodomont,
And then in triumph march unto Marsilius.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter MEDOR *and* ANGELICA.

Ang. I marvel, Medor, what my father means
To enter league with County Sacripant?
Me. Madam, the king your father's wise enough;
He knows the county, like to Cassius,
Sits sadly dumping, aiming Cæsar's death,
Yet crying "Ave" to his majesty.
But, madam, mark a while, and you shall see
Your father shake him off from secrecy.*
Ang. So much I guess; for when he will'd I should
Give entertainment to the doting earl,
His speech was ended with a frowning smile.
Me. Madam, see where he comes: I will be gone.
[*Exit.*

Enter SACRIPANT *and his* MAN.

Sac. How fares my fair Angelica?
Ang. Well, that my lord so friendly is in league,
As honour wills him, with Marsilius.
Sac. Angelica, shall I have a word or two with thee?
Ang. What pleaseth my lord for to command.
Sac. Then know, my love, I cannot paint my grief,
Nor tell a tale of Venus and her son,
Reporting such a catalogue of toys:
It fits not Sacripant to be effeminate.
Only give leave, my fair Angelica,
To say, the county is in love with thee.
Ang. Pardon, my lord; my loves are over-past:
So firmly is † Orlando printed in my thoughts,
As love hath left no place for any else.
Sac. Why, over-weening damsel, see'st thou not

---

* *a point of war*] This expression—which is by no means uncommon—occurs in the opening scene of another play in the present volume,—Peele's *Edward the First*:

"Matrevers, thou
Sound proudly here *a* perfect *point of war*
In honour of thy sovereign's safe return."

Yet Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector alters "*and a point of war*" to "*and* report *of war*" in Shakespeare's *Sec. Part of Henry the Fourth*, act iv. sc. 1.; and Mr. Collier, in his recent note *ad. l.*, gravely tells us that the Corrector has done "probably rightly"!

† *hath*] The 4to. of 1599 "had."

‡ *Pash'd*] i.e. hurled (to *pash* is, properly, to dash in pieces). Something has dropped out at the end of this sentence.

* *him off from secrecy*] Qy. "*him from* society"?

† *So firmly is*] Qy. "*So* firm's"?

Thy lawless love unto this straggling mate
Hath fill'd our Afric regions full of blood?
And wilt thou still persèver in thy love?
Tush, leave the Palatine, and go with me.

Ang. Brave county, know, where sacred love unites,
The knot of gordian at the shrine of Jove
Was never half so hard or intricate
As be the bands which lovely Venus ties.
Sweet is my love; and, for I love, my lord,
Seek not unless, as Alexander did,
To cut the plough-swain's traces with thy sword,
Or slice the slender fillets of my life:
Or * else, my lord, Orlando must be mine.

Sac. Stand I on love? stoop I to Venus' lure,
That never yet did fear the god of war?
Shall men report that County Sacripant
Held lovers' pains for pining passions?
Shall such a siren offer me more wrong
Than they did to the prince of Ithaca?
No;
As he † his ears, so, county, stop thine eye.
Go to your needle, lady, and your clouts;
Go to such milksops as are fit for love:
I will employ my busy brains for war.

Ang. Let not, my lord,‡ denial breed offence:
Love doth allow her favours but to one,
Nor can there sit within the sacred shrine
Of Venus more than one installèd heart.
Orlando is the gentleman I love,
And more than he may not § enjoy my love.

Sac. Damsel, be gone: fancy‖ hath taken leave;
Where I took hurt, there have I heal'd myself,
As those that with Achilles' lance were wounded,
Fetch'd help at self-same pointed spear. ¶
Beauty gan brave, and beauty hath repulse;
And, beauty, get ye gone ** to your Orlando.

[*Exit* Angelica.

Man. My lord, hath love amated †† him whose thoughts
Have ever been heroical and brave?
Stand you in dumps, like to the Myrmidon
Trapt in the tresses of Polyxena,
Who, mid the glory of his chivalry,
Sat daunted with a maid of Asia?

Sac. Think'st thou my thoughts are lunacies of love?
No, they are brands firèd in Pluto's forge,
Where sits Tisiphone tempering in flames
Those torches that do set on fire revenge.
I lov'd the dame; but brav'd by her repulse,
Hate calls me on to quittance all my ills;
Which first must come by offering prejudice
Unto Orlando her belovèd love.

Man. O, how may that be brought to pass, my lord?

Sac. Thus.
Thou see'st that Medor and Angelica
Are still so secret in their private walks,
As that they trace the shady lawnds,*
And thickest-shadow'd groves,
Which well may breed suspicion of some love.
Now, than the French no nation under heaven
Is sooner touch'd with stings of jealousy.

Man. And what of that, my lord?

Sac. Hard by, for solace, in a secret grove,
The county once a-day fails not to walk:
There solemnly he ruminates his love.
Upon those shrubs that compass-in the spring,
And on those trees that border-in those walks,
I'll slily have engraven on every bark
The names of Medor and Angelica.
Hard by, I'll have some roundelays hung up,
Wherein shall be some posies of their loves,
Fraughted so full of fiery passions
As that the county shall perceive by proof
Medor hath won his fair Angelica.

Man. Is this all, my lord?

Sac. No;
For thou like to a shepherd shalt be cloth'd,
With staff and bottle, like some country-swain
That tends his flocks feeding upon these downs.
There see thou buzz into the county's ears
That thou hast often seen within these woods
Base Medor sporting with Angelica;
And when he hears a shepherd's simple tale,
He will not think 'tis feign'd.
Then either a madding mood will end his love,
Or worse betide him through fond jealousy.

Man. Excellent, my lord: see how I will play the shepherd.

Sac. And mark thou how I will † play the carver:
Therefore be gone, and make thee ready straight.

[*Exit his* Man: Sacripant *carves the names and hangs up the roundelays on the trees, and then goes out; and his* Man *re-enters like a shepherd.*

---

* *Or*] Qy. "For"? but the whole speech is corrupted.
\+ *he*] Omitted in the 4to. of 1599.
‡ *lord*] The 4tos. "Lords."
§ *may not*] The 4to. of 1599 "can not."
‖ *fancy*] i. e. love.
¶ *pointed spear*] Qy. "deadly-*pointed spear*"?
** *gone*] The 4to. of 1599 "home."
†† *amated*] i. e. daunted, dismayed.

* *lawnds*] An old form of *lawns*: — "this youthful Lord of the *lawnds*."—Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, &c., Sig. F 4, ed. 1595.—A corrupted passage.
† *will*] Omitted in the 4to. of 1594.

Man. Thus all alone, and like a shepherd's swain,
As Paris, when Œnone lov'd him well,
Forgat * he was the son of Priamus,
All clad in grey, sat piping on a reed;
So I transformèd to this country shape,
Haunting† these groves to work my master's will,
To plague the Palatine with jealousy,
And to conceit him with some deep extreme.—
Here comes the man unto his wonted walk.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ORGALIO.

Orl. Orgalio, go see a sentinel be plac'd,
And bid the soldiers keep a court-of-guard,
So to hold watch till secret here alone
I meditate upon the thoughts of love.

Org. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Orl. Fair queen of love, thou mistress of delight,
Thou gladsome lamp that wait'st on Phœbe's train,
Spreading thy kindness through the jarring orbs,
That in their union praise thy lasting powers;
Thou that hast stay'd the fiery Phlegon's course,
And mad'st the coachman of the glorious wain
To droop, in view of Daphne's excellence;
Fair pride of morn, sweet‡ beauty of the even,
Look on Orlando languishing in love.
Sweet solitary groves, whereas§ the Nymphs
With pleasance laugh to see the Satyrs play,
Witness Orlando's faith unto his love.
Tread she these lawnds,‖ kind Flora, boast thy pride.¶
Seek she for shade,** spread, cedars, for her sake.
Fair Flora,†† make her couch amidst thy flowers.
Sweet crystal springs,
Wash ye with roses when she longs to drink.
Ah, thought, my heaven! ah, heaven, that knows my thought!
Smile, joy in her that my content hath wrought.

Man. [*aside*] The heaven of love is but a pleasant hell,
Where none but foolish-wise imprison'd dwell.

Orl. Orlando, what contrarious thoughts be these,*
That flock with doubtful motions† in thy mind?
Heaven smiles, and‡ trees do boast their summer§ pride.
What! Venus writes her‖ triumphs here beside.

Man. [*aside.*] Yet when thine eye hath seen, thy heart shall rue
The tragic chance that shortly shall ensue.

Orl. [*reads.*] "*Angelica:*"—ah, sweet and heavenly¶ name,
Life to my life, and essence to my joy!
But, soft!
This gordian knot together co unites
A Medor partner in her peerless love.
Unkind, and will she bend her thoughts to change?
Her name, her writing! Foolish** and unkind!
No name of hers, unless the brooks relent
To hear her name, and Rhodanus vouchsafe
To raise his moisten'd locks from out the reeds,
And flow with calm alongst his turning bounds:
No name of hers, unless the Zephyr†† blow
Her dignities alongst Ardenia woods,‡‡
Where all the world for wonders do await.
And yet her name! for why§§ Angelica;
But, mix'd with Medor, not‖‖ Angelica.
Only by me was lov'd Angelica,
Only for me must live Angelica.
I find her drift: perhaps the modest pledge
Of my content hath with a secret smile¶¶
And sweet disguise restrain'd her fancy thus,
Figuring*** Orlando under Medor's name;
Fine drift, fair nymph! Orlando hopes no less.

[*Spies the roundelays.*

Yet more! are Muses masking in these trees,

---

* *Forgat*] The 4to. of 1599 "Forgot."

† *Haunting*] Qy. "Haunt in"? or is the passage mutilated?

‡ *sweet*] MS. Alleyn (in which the three first words of this line are wanting) "faire."

Concerning that MS., which commences with the present speech, see the *Account of Greene and his Writings*, p. 31.

§ *whereas*] MS. Alleyn "wheare."

‖ *lawnds*] See note *, p. 95, sec. col.

¶ *kind Flora, boast thy pride*] MS. Alleyn "sweet *flora, bost thy* flowers."

** *shade*] So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. "shades."

†† *Fair Flora*, &c.] MS. Alleyn;
"Kinde *Flora, make her couch* fair *cristall springes: washe* you her *Roses*, yf *she* long *to drink.*"

* *be these*] MS. Alleyn "are those."

† *motions*] MS. Alleyn "motion."

‡ *Heaven smiles, and*] MS. Alleyn "heavens smile, thes."

§ *summer*] So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. "summers."

‖ *What! Venus writes her*] MS. Alleyn "*Venus* hath graven *hir.*"

¶ *heavenly*] MS. Alleyn "blessed."

** *Foolish*] So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. "Ah *foolish.*"

†† *the Zephyr*] So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. "Zephyrus."

‡‡ *alongst Ardenia woods*, &c.] MS. Alleyn;
"along the desert *woodes*
of Arden, *wher the world for wonders* waightes."

§§ *for why*] i. e. because.

‖‖ *not*] MS. Alleyn "then *not.*"

¶¶ *a secret smile*] MS. Alleyn "*a* privy thought.

*** *Figuring*] MS. Alleyn "shadowing."

Framing * their ditties in conceited lines,
Making a goddess, in despite of me,
That have no other † but Angelica?
Man. [*aside.*] Poor hapless man, these thoughts contain thy hell!
Orl. [*reads.*]

"*Angelica is lady of his heart,*
Angelica is substance of his joy,
Angelica is medicine of his smart,
Angelica hath healèd his annoy."

Ah, false Angelica!—What, have we more?
[*Reads.*

"*Let groves, let rocks, let woods, let watery springs,*
The cedar, cypress, laurel, and the pine,
Joy in the notes of love that Medor sings
Of those sweet looks, Angelica, of thine.
Then, Medor, in Angelica take delight,
Early, at morn, at noon, at even, and night."

What, dares Medor‡ court my Venus?
What may Orlando deem?
Ætna, forsake the bounds of Sicily,
For now § in me thy restless flames appear.
Refus'd, contemn'd, disdain'd! what worse than these?—
Orgalio!

Re-enter ORGALIO.

Org. My lord? ‖
Orl. Boy,¶ view these trees carvèd with true-love knots,
The inscription "*Medor and Angelica;*"
And read these verses hung up of their loves:
Now tell me, boy, what dost thou think?

Org. By my troth, my lord, I think Angelica is a woman.
Orl. And what of that *?
Org. Therefore unconstant, mutable, having their loves hanging in their eyelids; that as they are got with a look, so they are lost again with a wink. But here's a shepherd; it may be he can tell us news.
Orl. What messenger hath Ate sent abroad
With idle looks to listen my laments? †—
Sirrah, who wrongèd happy nature so,
To spoil these trees with this Angelica?—
Yet in her name, Orlando, they are blest.
Man. I am a shepherd-swain, thou wandering knight,
That watch my flocks, not one that follow love.
Orl. As follow love! dar'st‡ thou dispraise my heaven,
Or once disgrace or § prejudice her name?
Is not Angelica the queen of love,
Deck'd with the compound wreath of Adon's flowers?
She is. Then speak, thou peasant, what is he
That dares attempt to court ‖ my queen of love,
Or I shall ¶ send thy soul to Charon's charge.
Man. Brave knight, since fear of death enforceth still
In greater minds submission and relent,
Know that this Medor, whose unhappy name
Is mixèd with the fair Angelica's,
Is even that Medor that enjoys her love.
Yon cave bears witness of their kind content;
Yon meadows talk the actions of their joy;
Our shepherds in their songs of solace sing,
"Angelica doth none ** but Medor love."
Orl. Angelica doth none but Medor love!
Shall Medor, then, possess Orlando's love?
Dainty and gladsome beams †† of my delight,

---

* *Framing*] MS. Alleyn "forming."
† *other*] MS. Alleyn "goddess."
‡ *and night.*"
What, dares Medor, &c.] A mutilated passage; which in MS. Alleyn stands thus,—incomplete:
"———— sorowes dwell.
dare *Medor court my Venus?* can hir eyes
bayte any lookes but suche as must admyre?
* * * *what may Orlando deeme?*"
§ *For now*] MS. Alleyn "*for* why."
‖ *what worse than these?*——
Orgalio!

Re-enter ORGALIO.

ORG. *My lord?*] MS. Alleyn;
"*what* not, then thus.
* * * * angry brest.
Argalio. ———— *my Lord.*"
¶ *Boy,* &c.] MS. Alleyn gives this speech thus;
"come hether, Argalio: vilayne, behold these lynes; see all *these trees carved with true love knottes,* wherin are figurd *Medor and Angelica.* *what* thinkst *thou* of it "

* *of that*] MS. Alleyn "then."
† *laments*] MS. Alleyn "lament."
‡ *dar'st*] So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. "why *darst.*"
§ *Or once disgrace or*] MS. Alleyn "offer *disgrace,* and."
‖ *That dares attempt to court*] MS. Alleyn "*that* dare *attempt,* or *court.*"
¶ *shall*] MS. Alleyn "will."
** "*Angelica doth none,* &c.] MS. Alleyn;
"Nought but Angelica and Medors *love.*
Orl. Nought but Angelica and Medors *love*!"
†† *Dainty and gladsome beams,* &c.] The 4tos. have;
"*Daintie and gladsome beames of my delight,*
Delicious bowers, *why* smiles *your* heauen *for those*
That wandring make *you proue Orlandos foes?*"
MS. Alleyn has:
"*danty and gladsome beames of my delight,*
why feast your gleames on others lustfull thoughtes?
delicious browes, why smile your heaven *for those,*
that woundring *you prove poor Orlandos foes?*"

Delicious brows, why smile your heavens for those
That, wounding you, prove poor Orlando's foes?
Lend me your plaints, you sweet Arcadian nymphs,
That wont to sing* your new-departed† loves;
Thou weeping flood, leave Orpheus' wail for me;
And,‡ Titan's nieces, gather all in one
Those fluent springs of your lamenting tears,
And let them stream along § my faintfull looks.
Man. [*aside.*] Now is the fire, late smother'd in suspect,
Kindled, and burns within his angry breast:
Now have I done the will of Sacripant.‖
Orl. Fœmineum servile genus, crudele, superbum:
Discourteous women, nature's fairest ill,
The woe of man, that first-created curse,
Base female sex, sprung from black Ate's loins,
Proud, disdainful, cruel, and unjust,
Whose words are shaded ¶ with enchanting wiles,
Worse than Medusa mateth ** all our minds;
And in their hearts sits shameless treachery,
Turning a truthless vile circumference.
O, could my fury paint their furies forth!
For hell's no hell, comparèd to their hearts,
Too simple devils to conceal their arts;
Born to be plagues unto the thoughts of men,
Brought for eternal pestilence to the world.
O femminile ingegno, de tutti mali sede,
Come ti volgi e muti facilmente,
Contrario oggetto proprio de la fede!
O infelice, o miser chi ti crede!
Importune, superbe, dispettose,
Prive d'amor, di fede, e di consiglio,
Temerarie, crudeli, inique, ingrate,
*Per pestilenzia eterna al mondo nate.**—
Villain, what art thou that followest me? †
Org. Alas, my lord, I am your servant, Orgalio.
Orl. No, villain, thou art Medor;
That rann'st away with [my] Angelica.
Org. No, by my troth, my lord, I am Orgalio;
Ask all these people else.
Orl. Art thou Orgalio? tell me where Medor is.
Org. My lord, look where he sits.
Orl. What, sits he here, and braves me too?
Man. No, truly, sir, I am not he.
Orl. Yes, villain. [*Draws him in by the leg.*
Org. Help, help, my Lord of Aquitain!

Enter the DUKE OF AQUITAIN *and* Soldiers.

O, my Lord of Aquitain, the Count Orlando is run mad, and taking of a shepherd by the heels, rends him as one would tear a lark! See where he comes, with a leg on his neck.

Re-enter ORLANDO *with a leg.*

Orl. Villain, provide me straight a lion's skin,
Thou see'st I now am mighty Hercules;
Look where's my massy club upon my neck.
I must to hell,
To seek for Medor and Angelica,
Or else I die.
You that are the rest, get you quickly away;
Provide ye horses all of burnish'd gold,
Saddles of cork, because I'll have them light;
For Charlemagne the great is up in arms,

---

* *sing*] So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. "waile" (which word occurs in the next line).

† *new-departed*] MS. Alleyn "late *departed*."

‡ *And*] MS. Alleyn "proude."

§ *stream along*] So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. "flow alongst" (but we have just had the words "flood" and "fluent").

‖ *Sacripant*, &c.] After the word "*Sacripant*," something is wanting in MS. Alleyn: it then gives,

"Argalio, seek me out Medor, seek out that same,
that dare inchase him with Angelica":

it then marks a speech in reply to Orlando as having ended with the word "bo"; after which, it is again imperfect down to "*O femminile ingegno*," &c.

¶ *are shaded*] Qy. "o'er-*shaded*"? But the passage is mutilated.

** *mateth*] i. e. confoundeth.

---

* The first four of these lines are from the 117th stanza of the XXVII. Canto of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, the other four from the 121st stanza of the same canto. Greene has substituted "de tutti mali sede," for the "egli dicea" of the original. "Importune, superbe," &c., is scarcely intelligible, if the word "donne" be omitted, which occurs at the beginning of the stanza from which it is taken. For this note I am indebted to the kindness of Signor Panizzi.

† *Villain, what art thou that followest me?*] Thus in MS. Alleyn;

"*vilayne*, Argalio, whers medor? medor is, medor a knave; *what*, lyes *he here*,
and braves me to my face? by heaven, Ile tear [*dragges him in*]
him peecmeale in dispight of these.
[*enters with a mans legg*]
villayns, *provide me straight a lions skynne.*
——————————— on his neck.
for I, thou seest, *am mighty Hercules.*
see *where my massy clubb upon my neck.*
I must to hell to fight with Cerberus,
And find out *Medor* ther, you vilaynes, *or* Ile *dye.*
———————————shall I doe?
ah, ah, ah, Sirha, Argalio!
Ile weare the speare framd out of * * *
* * * * * * * * *."

And Arthur with a crew of Britons comes
To seek for Medor and Angelica.

[*So he beateth them all in before him, except* OROALIO.

Enter MARSILIUS.

Org. Ah, my lord, Orlando——

Mars. Orlando ! what of Orlando?

Org. He, my lord, runs madding through the woods,
Like mad Orestes in his greatest rage.
Step but aside into the bordering grove,
There shall you see engraven on every tree
The lawless love of Medor and Angelica.
O, see, my lord, not any shrub but bears
The cursèd stamp that wrought the county's rage.
If thou be'st mighty King Marsilius,
For whom the county would adventure life,
Revenge it on the false Angelica.

Mars. Trust me, Orgalio, Theseus in his rage
Did never more revenge his wrong'd Hippolytus
Than I will on the false Angelica.
Go to my court, and drag me Medor forth;
Tear from his breast the daring villain's heart.
Next take that base and damn'd adulteress,—
I scorn to title her with daughter's name,—
Put her in rags, and, like some shepherdess,
Exile her from my kingdom presently.
Delay not, good Orgalio, see it done.

[*Exit* OROALIO.

Enter a Soldier, *with* MANDRICARD *disguised.*

How now, my friend ! what fellow hast thou there?

Sol. He says, my lord,
That he is servant unto Mandricard.

Mars. To Mandricard !
It fits me not to sway * the diadem,
Or rule the wealthy realms of Barbary,
To stain my thoughts with any cowardice.——
Thy master brav'd † me to my teeth,
He back'd the Prince of Cuba for my foe;
For which nor he nor his shall scape my hands.
No, soldier, think me resolute as he.

Mand. It grieves me much that princes disagree,
Sith black repentance followeth afterward:
But leaving that, pardon me, gracious lord.

Mars. For thou entreat'st, and newly art arriv'd,
And yet thy sword is not imbru'd in blood,
Upon conditions, I will pardon thee,——
That thou shalt never tell thy master, Mandricard,
Nor any fellow-soldier of the camp,
That King Marsilius licens'd thee depart:
He shall not think I am so much his friend,
That he or one of his shall scape my hand.

Mand. I swear, my lord, and vow to keep my word.

Mars. Then take my banderol of red;
Mine, and none but mine, shall honour thee,
And safe conduct thee to Port Carthagene.

Mand. But say, my lord, if Mandricard were here,
What favour should he find, or life or death?

Mars. I tell thee, friend, it fits not for a king
To prize his wrath before his courtesy.
Were Mandricard, the King of Mexico,
In prison here, and crav'd but liberty,
So little hate hangs in Marsilius' breast,
As one entreaty should quite raze it out.
But this concerns not thee, therefore, farewell.

Mand. Thanks, and good fortune fall to such a king
As covets to be counted courteous.

[*Exit* MARSILIUS.

Blush, Mandricard;
The honour of thy foe disgraceth thee;
Thou wrongest him that wisheth thee but well;
Thou bringest store of men from Mexico
To battle him that scorns to injure thee,
Pawning his colours for thy warrantize.
Back to thy ships, and hie thee to thy home;
Budge not a foot to aid Prince Rodomont;
But friendly gratulate these favours found,
And meditate on naught but to be friends.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ORLANDO *attired like a madman.*

Orl. Woods, trees,* leaves; leaves, trees, woods;

---

* *to sway*, &c.] Qy. "who *sway*," &c., and "And *rule*," &c.?

† *brav'd*] Qy. "proudly" or "boldly *brav'd*"?

* ORL. *Woods, trees,* &c.] This nonsense is much fuller in MS. Alleyn;

"ORLANDO.

Solus. ——————

Woodes, trees, leaves, leaves, trees, woodes; tria sequuntur tria, ergo optimus vir non est optimus magistratus. a peny for a pott of beer and sixe pence for a peec of beife? wounds! what am I the worse? o *minerva! salve; god morrow; how doe you to day? sweet goddesse*, now I see thou lovest thy ulisses. lovely Minerva, tell thy ulisses, *will Jove send Mercury to Calipso to lett me goe?*

Here he harkens.] *will he? why then he is* a good fellow; nay more, he is *a gentleman, every haire of the head of him.* tell him I have bread and beife for him: lett him put his arme into my bag thus deep, yf he will eate. goddesse, he shall have it. thre blew beans [def. in MS.] a blewe bladder, rattle bladder [def. in MS.] Lantorne and candle light; child [def. in MS.] children, a god when——————

He walketh up and downe] but soft you, minerva, whats a clock? [def. in MS] hye tree.

He singes.] I am Orlando [def. in MS.] so bragg. [def. in MS.] who * * Jupiters brayne when you were

tria sequuntur tria.—Ho, Minerva! *salve*, good morrow; how do you to-day? Tell me, sweet goddess, will Jove send Mercury to Calypso, to let me go? will he? why, then, he's a gentleman, every hair o' the head on him.—But, ho, Orgalio! where art thou, boy?

Enter ORGALIO.

Org. Here, my lord: did you call me?

Orl. No, nor name thee.

Org. Then God be with you.

[*Proffers to go in.*

Orl. Nay, prithee, good Orgalio, stay: canst thou not tell me what to say?

Org. No, by my troth.

Orl. O, this it is; Angelica is dead.

Org. Why, then, she shall be buried.

Orl. But my Angelica is dead.

Org. Why, it may be so.

Orl. But she's dead and buried.

Org. Ay, I think so.

Orl. Nothing but "I think so," and "It may be so"! [*Beats him.*

Org. What do you mean, my lord?

Orl. Why, shall I tell you* that my love is dead,
And can ye not weep for her?

Org. Yes, yes, my lord, I will.

Orl. Well, do so, then. Orgalio.

Org. My lord?

Orl. Angelica is dead. [*Orgalio cries.*] Ah, poor slave! so, cry no more now.

Org. Nay, I have quickly done.

Orl. Orgalio.

Org. My lord?

Orl. Medor's Angelica is dead.

[ORGALIO *cries, and* ORLANDO *beats him again.*

Org. Why do you beat me, my lord?

Orl. Why, slave, wilt thou weep for Medor's Angelica? thou must laugh for her.

Org. Laugh! yes, I'll laugh all day, an you will.

Orl. Orgalio.

Org. My lord?

Orl. Medor's Angelica is dead.

Org. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Orl. So, 'tis well now.

Org. Nay, this is easier than the other was.

Orl. Now away!
Seek the herb moly; for I must to hell,
To seek for Medor and Angelica.

Org. I know not the herb moly, i' faith.

Orl. Come, I'll lead ye to it by the ears.

Org. 'Tis here, my lord, 'tis here.

Orl. 'Tis indeed.
Now to Charon, bid him dress his boat,
For he had never such a passenger.

Org. Shall I tell him* your name?

Orl. No, then he will be afraid, and not be at home. [*Exit* ORGALIO.

Enter TOM *and* RALPH.

Tom. Sirrah Ralph, an thou'lt go with me, I'll let thee see the bravest madman that ever thou sawest.

Ralph. Sirrah Tom, I believe it was he that was at our town o' Sunday: I'll tell thee what he did, sirrah. He came to our house, when all our folks were gone to church, and there was nobody at home but I, and I was turning of the spit, and he comes in, and bade me fetch him some drink. Now, I went and fetched him some; and ere I came again, by my troth, he ran away with the roast meat, spit and all, and so we had nothing but porridge to dinner.

Tom. By my troth, that was brave: but, sirrah, he did so course the boys, last Sunday; and if ye call him madman, he'll run after you, and tickle your ribs so with his flap of leather that he hath, as it passeth.†

[*They spy* ORLANDO.

Ralph. O, Tom, look where he is! call him madman.

Tom. Madman, madman.

Ralph. Madman, madman.

Orl. What say'st thou, villain?‡

[*Beats them.*

So, now you shall be both my soldiers.

He whistles for him.] begotten. Argalio, Argalio! farewell, good Minerva; have me recommended to vulcan, and tell him I would fayne see him dance a galyard.
——————————my lord.
I pray the, tell me one thing: dost thou not know wherfore I cald the * * *
——————————neither.
Why knowest thou not? nay nothing, thou mayst be gone. *stay*, stay, villayne, I tell thee, *Angelica is dead*, nay she is in deed.
——————————lord.
but my Angelica is dead.
——————————my lord.
He beats] *and* canst thou *not weepe*
——————————Lord.
Why *then* begin, but first lett me geve
[def. in MS.]
A begins to weepe] your watchword, Argalio.
Argalio, stay.
* * * * * * * * *"

* *you*] The 4to. of 1599 "thee."

* *him*] Omitted in the 4to. of 1599.

† *passeth*] i.e. surpasseth, is extraordinary.

‡ *What say'st thou, villain?*] Surely we may suspect that Greene wrote, "*What* say ye, villains?"

Tom. Your soldiers! we shall have a mad captain, then.

Orl. You must fight against Medor.

Ralph. Yes, let me alone with him for a bloody nose.

Orl. Come, then, and I will give you weapons straight. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANGELICA, *like a poor woman.*

Ang. Thus causeless banish'd from thy * native home,
Here sit, Angelica, and rest a while,
For to bewail the fortunes † of thy love.

Enter RODOMONT *and* BRANDIMART, *with* Soldiers.

Rod. This way she went, and far she cannot be.

Brand. See where she is, my lord: speak as if You ‡ knew her not.

Rod. Fair shepherdess, for so thy sitting seems,
Or nymph, for less thy beauty cannot be,
What, feed you sheep upon these downs?

Ang. Daughter I am unto a bordering swain,
That tend my flocks within these shady groves.

Rod. Fond girl, thou liest; thou art Angelica.

Brand. Ay, thou art she that wrong'd the Palatine.

Ang. For I am known, albeit I am disguis'd,
Yet dare I turn the lie into thy throat,
Sith thou report'st I wrong'd the Palatine.

Brand. Nay, then, thou shalt be us'd according §
To thy deserts.—Come, bring her to our tents.

Rod. But stay, what drum is this? ‖

Enter ORLANDO *with a drum;* OROALIO; *and* TOM, RALPH, *and other* Clowns, *as* Soldiers, *with spits and dripping-pans.*

Brand. Now see,
Angelica, the fruits of all your love.

Orl. Soldiers,
This is the city of great Babylon,
Where proud Darius was rebated ¶ from:
Play but the men, and I will lay my head,
We'll sack and raze it ere the sun be set.

*Tom.*** Yea, and scratch it too.—March fair, fellow frying-pan.

Orl. Orgalio, knowest thou the cause of my laughter?

Org. No, by my troth, nor no wise man else.

Orl. Why, sirrah, to think that if the enemy were fled ere we come, we'll * not leave one of our own soldiers alive, for we two will kill them with our fists.

Ralph. Foh, come, let's go home again: he'll set *probatum est* upon my head-piece anon.

Orl. No, no, thou shalt not be hurt,—nor thee. Back, soldiers; look where the enemy is.

Tom. Captain, they have a woman amongst them.

Orl. And what of that?

Tom. Why, strike you down the men, and then let me alone to thrust in the woman.

Orl. No, I am challengèd the single fight.—Sirrah, is't you challenge me the combat?

Brand. Frantic companion, lunatic and wood,†
Get thee hence, or else I vow by heaven,
Thy madness shall not privilege thy life.

Orl. I tell thee, villain, Medor wrong'd me so,
Sith thou art come his champion to the field,
I'll learn thee know I am the Palatine.

Alarum: they fight; ORLANDO *kills* BRANDIMART; *and all the rest fly, except* ANGELICA *and* ORGALIO.

Org. Look, my lord, here's one killed.

Orl. Who killed him?

Org. You, my lord, I think.

Orl. I! no, no, I see who killed him.
[*Goes to* ANGELICA, *and knows her not.*
Come hither, gentle sir,‡ whose prowess hath performed such an act: think not the courteous Palatine will hinder that thine honour hath achieved. — Orgalio, fetch me a sword, that presently this squire may be dubbed a knight.

Ang. [*aside.*] Thanks, gentle fortune, that sends me such good hap,
Rather to die by him I love so dear,
Than live and see my lord thus lunatic.

Org. [*giving a sword.*] Here, my lord.

Orl. If thou be'st come of Lancelot's worthy line,
Welcome thou art.
Kneel down, sir knight; rise up, sir knight;
Here, take this sword, and hie thee to the fight.
[*Exit* ANGELICA *with the sword.*
Now tell me, Orgalio, what dost thou think? will not this knight prove a valiant squire?

Org. He cannot choose, being of your making.

Orl. But where's Angelica now?

Org. Faith, I cannot tell.

---

* *thy*] The 4to. of 1599 "my."

† *fortunes*] The 4to. of 1599 "fortune."

‡ *You*] The 4to. of 1599 "ye." In the preceding line "lord" seems to be used as a disyllable: see note *, p. 104, first col.

§ *according*] Qy. "accordingly"?

‖ ROD. *But stay, what drum is this?*] Omitted in the 4to of 1599.

¶ *rebated*] See note *, p. 90, sec. col.

** TOM] The 4tos. "Clowne."

* *we'll*] The 4to. of 1599 "we will."

† *wood*] i.e. mad.

‡ *Come hither, gentle sir,* &c] Blank-verse corrupted.

Orl. Villain, find her out,
Or else the torments that Ixion feels,
The rolling stone, the tubs of the Belides *—
Villain, wilt thou not † find her out?

Org. Alas, my lord, I know not where she is.

Orl. Run to Charlemagne, spare for no cost;
Tell him, Orlando sent ‡ for Angelica.

* *the tubs of the Belides*, &c.] Here we have a wrong quantity,—Belĭdes.—MS. Alleyn (which wants a good deal immediately before this line) has;
" That the belydes. youle fetch me hir, sir.
spare no cost, run me *to Charlemagne,*
and say Orlando *sent for Angelica.* away, villayne!
——————— your humor.
Oh, oh! *as though that* Sagitar *in* all *his pride*
could take faire *Leda from stout Jupiter;*
and yet, forsooth, Medor durst enterprise
to reave Orlando of Angelica.
syrha, you that are the messenger to *Joue,*
you that can sweep it through the milke white pathe
that leades unto the synode *howse of Mars,*
fetch me my helme, *tempred of* azure *steele,*
my sheild, *forged by the cicloppes for Anchises sonne,*
and see yf I dare combat for Angelica.
heaven and hell, godes and devylls! whers Argalio?
——————————— Angelica.
Ah my dear Angelica!
syrha, fetch me the harping starr from heaven,
Lyra, the pleasant mynstrell of the spheares,
that I may dance a galyard with Angelica.
ride me to Pan; bidd all his waternimphes
come with ther bagpypes and ther tamberins.
——————————— for a woeman.
howe fares my sweet *Angelica*?
——————— for his honesty.
art thou not fayre *Angelica,*
with browes as faire *as faire* Ibythea,
That darks Canopus with her silver hewe?
——————— art Angelica.
Why *are not these* those ruddy coulered *cheekes,*
Wher both *the* lillye *and the* blushing rose
syttes equall suted with a natyve redd.
——————————— a ballad.
Are not, my sweet, thes *eyes,* these sparkling lampes,
Wherout proud Phebus flasheth fourth *his* lights?
——————————— with an othe.
but tell me, false Angelica,
strumpett, worse then the whorish love of *Mars,*
traytresse, surpassing trothlese *Cresida,*
that so inchast his name within that grove,
wheres medor? say me for truth wher medor is.
yf Jupiter hath shutt him with young Ganymede,
by heaven, Ile fetch him from the heles of Jove.
inconstant, base, injurious and untrue!
such strumpetts shall not scape away with life.
——————————— god be with you.
[def. in MS.] wher are my souldiours? whers all
the campe, the captayns, leutenantes, sargeantes,
[def. in MS.] of the band, corporalles and [l]ancpresades,
gentlemen and mercenaries? seest thou not, medor
standes braving me at the gates of Rome?
——————————— to much wages.
follow me! I may [must] goe seek my captaynes out,
that Medor may not have Angelica.
Exit.]"

† *not*] Omitted in the 4to. of 1594.

‡ *sent*] The 4to. of 1599 "sends."

Org. Faith, I'll fetch you such an Angelica as you never saw before. [*Exit.*

Orl. As though that Sagittarius in his pride
Could take brave Leda from stout Jupiter!
And yet, forsooth, Medor, base Medor durst
Attempt to reave Orlando of his love.
Sirrah, you that are the messenger of Jove,
You that can sweep it through the milk-white path
That leads unto the senate-house of Mars,
Fetch me my shield temper'd of purest steel,
My helm
Forg'd by the Cyclops for Anchises' son,
And see if I dare combat* for Angelica.

Re-enter ORGALIO, *with* TOM † *dressed like* ANGELICA.

Org. Come away, and take heed you laugh not.

Tom. No, I warrant you; but I think I had best go back and shave my beard.

Org. Tush, that will not be seen.

Tom. Well, you will give me the half-crown ye promised me?

Org. Doubt not of that, man.

Tom. Sirrah, didst not see me serve the fellow a fine trick, when we came over the market-place?

Org. Why, how ‡ was that?

Tom. Why, he comes to me and said, "Gentlewoman, wilt please you take § a pint or a quart?" "No gentlewoman," said I, "but your friend and Dority."‖

Org. Excellent!—Come, see where my lord is.—My lord, here is Angelica.

Orl. Mass, thou say'st true, 'tis she indeed.—
How fares
The fair Angelica?

Tom. Well, I thank you heartily.

Orl. Why, art thou not that same¶ Angelica,
With brows** as bright as fair Erythea
That darks Canopus †† with her silver hue?

Tom. Yes, forsooth.

Orl. Are not these the beauteous cheeks
Wherein the lilies and the native roso
Sit equal-suited with a blushing red?

Tom. He makes a garden-plot in my face.

* *dare combat*] So MS. Alleyn (as already shown).—The 4tos. "*dare* not *combat.*"

† TOM] The 4tos. "the Clowne."

‡ *how*] The 4to. of 1599 "what."

§ *take*] The 4to. of 1599 "to *take.*"

‖ *Dority*] i.e. Dorothy.

¶ *same*] The 4to. of 1599 "faire."

** *With brows*] So MS. Alleyn (as already shown).—The 4tos. "Whose hiew."

†† *darks Canopus*] i.e. makes Canopus look dark.

Orl. Are not, my dear, those the * radiant eyes
Whereout proud Phœbus flasheth out his beams?

Tom. Yes, yes, with squibs and crackers bravely.

Orl. You are Angelica?

Tom. Yes, marry, am I.

Orl. Where's your sweetheart Medor?

Tom. Orgalio, give me eighteen-pence, and let me go.

Orl. Speak, strumpet, speak.

Tom. Marry, sir, he is drinking a pint or a quart.

Orl. Why, strumpet, worse than Mars his trothless love,
Falser than faithless Cressida! strumpet, 'thou shalt not scape.

Tom. Come, come, you † do not use me like a gentlewoman: an if I be not for you, I am for another.

Orl. Are you? that will I try.

[*Beats him out, and exit, followed by* ORGALIO.

Enter the Twelve Peers *of France, with drum and trumpets.*

Ogier. Brave peers of France, sith we have pass'd the bounds,
Whereby the wrangling billows seek for straits
To war with Tellus and her fruitful mines;
Sith we have furrow'd through those‡ wandering tides
Of Tyrrhene seas, and made our galleys dance
Upon the Hyperborean billows' crests,
That brave with streams the watery occident;
And found the rich and wealthy Indian clime
Sought-to by greedy minds for hurtful gold;
Now let us seek to venge the lamp of France
That lately was eclipsèd in Angelica;
Now let us seek Orlando forth, our peer,
Though from his former wits lately estrang'd,
Yet famous in our favours as before;
And, sith by chance we all encounter'd be,
Let's seek revenge on her that wrought his wrong.

Namus. But being thus arriv'd in place unknown,
Who shall direct our course unto the court
Where brave Marsilius keeps his royal state?

Ogier. Lo, here, two Indian palmers hard at hand,
Who can perhaps resolve our hidden doubts.

Enter MARSILIUS *and* MANDRICARD *like Palmers.*

Palmers, God speed.

Mars. Lordings, we greet you well.

Ogier. Where lies Marsilius' court, friend, canst thou tell?

Mars. His court's his camp, the prince is now in arms.

Turpin. In arms!
What's he that dares annoy so great a king?

Mand. Such as both love and fury do confound:
Fierce Sacripant, incens'd with strange desires,
Wars on Marsilius, and, Rodomont being dead,
Hath levied all his men, and traitor-like
Assails his lord and loving sovereign:
And Mandricard, who late hath been in arms
To prosecute revenge against Marsilius,
Is now through favours past become his friend.
Thus stands the state of matchless India.

Ogier. Palmer, I like thy brave and brief discourse;
And, couldst thou bring us to the prince's camp,
We would acknowledge friendship at thy hands.

Mars. Ye stranger lords, why seek ye out Marsilius?

Oliver. In hope that he, whose empire is so large,
Will make both mind and monarchy agree.

Mars. Whence are you, lords, and what request you here?

Namus. A question over-haughty for thy weed,
Fit for the king himself for to propound.

Mand. O, sir, know that under simple weeds
The gods have mask'd: then deem not with disdain
To answer to this palmer's question,
Whose coat includes perhaps as great as yours.

Ogier. Haughty their words, their persons full of state;
Though habit be but mean, their minds excell.—
Well, palmers, know
That princes are in India arriv'd,
Yea, even those western princely peers of France
That through the world adventures undertake,
To find Orlando late incens'd with rage.
Then, palmers, sith you know our styles and state,
Advise us where your king Marsilius is.

Mars. Lordings of France, here is Marsilius,
That bids you welcome into India,
And will in person bring you to his camp.

Ogier. Marsilius! and thus disguis'd!

Mars. Even Marsilius and thus disguis'd.
But what request these princes at my hand?

Turpin. We sue for law and justice at thy hand:
We seek Angelica thy daughter out,
That wanton maid, that hath eclips'd the joy
Of royal France, and made Orlando mad.

* *the*] Added by Walker, *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 151.

† *you*] The 4to. of 1599 "yee."

‡ *those*] The 4to. of 1599 "these."

Mars. My daughter, lords ! why, she is exil'd;*
And her griev'd father is content to lose
The pleasance of his age, to countenance law.
Oliver. Not only exile shall await Angelica,
But death and bitter death shall follow her.
Then yield us right, Marsilius, or our swords
Shall make thee fear to wrong the peers of France.
Mars. Words cannot daunt me, princes, be assur'd ;
But law and justice shall o'er-rule in this,
And I will bury father's name and love.
The hapless maid, banish'd from out my land,
Wanders about in woods and ways unknown :
Her, if ye find, with fury persecute ;
I now disdain the name to be her father.
Lords of France, what would you more of me ?
Ogier. Marsilius, we commend thy princely mind,
And will report thy justice through the world.—
Come, peers of France, let's seek Angelica,
Left for a spoil to our revenging thoughts.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ORLANDO *like a poet, and* ORGALIO.

Orl. Orgalio,†
Is not my love like those purple-colour'd swans
That gallop by the coach of Cynthia ?
Org. Yes, marry, is she, my lord.
Orl. Is not her face silver'd like that milk-white ‡ shape
That Jove came dancing in to Semele ?*
Org. It is, my lord.
Orl. Then go thy ways, and climb up to the clouds,
And tell Apollo that Orlando sits
Making of verses for Angelica.
If he deny † to send me down the shirt
Which Deianira sent to Hercules,
To make me brave ‡ upon my wedding-day,
Tell him
I'll pass the Alps, and up to Meroe,§
(I know he knows that watery lakish hill,)
And pull the harp out of the minstrel's hands,‖
And pawn it unto lovely Proserpine,
That she may fetch the fair Angelica.
Org. But, my lord, Apollo is asleep, and will not hear me.
Orl. Then tell him, he is a sleepy knave : but, sirrah, let nobody¶ trouble me, for I must lie down a while, and talk with the stars.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

---

* *My daughter, lords ! why, she is exil'd*] Here "lords" is a disyllable : see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 32. So again in the next speech of Marsilius ;
"*Lords* of France, what would you more of me ?"

† *Orgalio*] Omitted in the 4to. of 1599.—MS. Alleyn ;
" Sirha, *is* she *not like those purple coulered swannes, that gallopp by the coache of Cinthya ? her face silvered like* to the *milkwhite shape that Jove came dauncing in to Semele ?*
tell me, Argalio, what sayes Charlemagne ?
his nephew Orlando, palantyne of frauuce,
is poet laureat for geometry.

ORLANDO.
——— ——— in the w [def. in MS.]
base mynded traytors ! yf you dare but say
Thetis is fayrer then Angelica,
Ile place a peal of rysing rivers in your throates
[def. in MS.] Virgill, Lucian [Lucan], Ovide, Ennius,
Sirha, were not these poettes ?———yes, my lord.
Then Jove, trotting upon proud Eolus,
shall not gaynesay, but maugre all his boultes,
Ile try with vulcane cracking of a launce,
Yf any of the godes mislikes my rondelayes,
Argalio, these be the lockes Apollo turnd to bowes,
when crimson daphne ran away for love.
love ! whats love, vilayne, but the bastard of Mars,
the poyson of penns, and yet thou seest I wear
badges of a poet laurcat ——the world.
Clyme up the cloudes to Galaxsy straight,
And tell Apollo," &c.

‡ *milk-white*] The 4to. of 1599 "white milke."

* *That Jove came dancing in to Semele*] So MS. Alleyn (as already shown).—The 4tos. "When *Jove came dauncing* downe *to Semele.*"

† *If he deny*] So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. "And *if he* doe *deny.*"

‡ *brave*] i.e. fine.

§ *I'll pass the Alps, and up to Meroe*] MS. Alleyn "*Ile* up *the Alpes and* post *to Meroe.*"

‖ *the minstrel's hands*] Is this an allusion to the statue of Memnon ?

¶ *nobody*] The 4to. of 1599 "*no* man."—In MS. Alleyn, after the line which ends the preceding speech of Orlando ("*That she may fetch* me *fayre Angelica*") we find ;
" vilayne, will he not send me it ?
——— no answerr.
So, Orlando must become a poet.
No, the palatyne is sent champion unto the warrs.
take the Laurell, Latonas bastard sonne :
I will to flora, sirha, *downe* upon the ground,
for I must talke in secrett to *the starres.*
——— doth lye.
when Jove rent all the welkin with a crake.
fye, fye ! tis a false verse.———peuylesse.
how, fellow, wher is the Artick bear, late baighted
from his poel ? scurvy poetry ! a litell to long.
——— by force.
Oh, my sweet Angelica, braver then Juno was.
but, vilayne, she converst with Medor.
——— I give.
drownd be Canopus child in those arcadyan twins.
is not that sweet, Argalio ?
——— confesse it.
stabb the old whore, and send her soule to the divell.
Lende me the nett that vulcan trapt for Mars.
[def. in MS.] felows, vilaynes, whats there adoe
the court is cald, an nere a Senatur.
Argalio, geve me the chayre ; I will be judg
my selfe ——— souldioures.
So, sirs, what sayes Cassius ? why stabbd he Cæsar
in the senate howse ?
——— his furye.

Enter a Fiddler.

Org. What, old acquaintance! well met.

Fid. Ho, you would have me play Angelica again, would ye not?

Org. No, but I can tell thee where thou mayst earn two or three shillings this morning, even with the turning of a hand.

Fid. Two or three shillings! tush, thou wot* cozen me, thou: but an thou canst tell where I may earn a groat, I'll give thee sixpence for thy pains.

Org. Then play a fit of mirth to my lord.

Fid. Why, he is mad still, is he not?

Org. No, no: come, play.

Fid. At which side doth he use to give his reward?

Org. Why, of any side.

Fid. Doth he not use to throw the chamber-pot sometimes? 'Twould grieve me he should wet my fiddle-strings.

Org. Tush, I warrant thee.

[Fiddler *plays and sings any odd toy, and* Orlando *wakes.*

Orl. Who is this? Shan Cuttelero! Heartily welcome, Shan Cuttelero.

Fid. No, sir, you should have said "Shan the Fidideldero."

Orl. What, hast thou brought me my† sword?

[*Takes away his fiddle.*

Fid. A sword! no, no, sir,‡ that's my fiddle.

Orl. But dost thou think the temper to be good?
And will it hold
When thus and thus we Medor do assail?

[*Strikes and beats him with the fiddle.*

Fid. Lord, sir, you'll break my living!—You told me your master was not mad.

Orl. Tell me, why§ hast thou marr'd my sword?
The pummel's well, the blade is curtal short:
Villain, why hast thou made it so?

[*Breaks the fiddle about his head.*

Fid. O Lord, sir, will you answer this? [*Exit.*

Enter Melissa *with a glass of wine.*

Orl. Orgalio, who is this?

Org. Faith, my lord, some old witch, I think.

Mel. O, that my lord would but conceit my tale!
Then would I speak and hope to find redress.

Orl. Fair Polyxena,* the pride of Ilion,
Fear not Achilles' over-madding boy;
Pyrrhus shall not, &c.†——
Souns, Orgalio, why sufferest thou this old trot to come so nigh me?

Org. Come, come, stand by, your breath stinks.

Orl. What! be all the Trojans fled?
Then give me some drink.

Mel. Here, Palatine, drink;
And ever be thou better for this draught.

Orl. What's here?
The paltry bottle that Darius quaff'd?

[*He drinks, and she charms him with her wand, and he lies down to sleep.*

Else would I‡ set my mouth to Tigris' streams,
And drink up overflowing Euphrates.§
My‖ eyes are heavy, and I needs must sleep.

Melissa *strikes with her wand, and the* Satyrs *enter with music, and play round about him; which done, they stay: he awakes and speaks.*

What shows¶ are these,
That fill mine eyes with view of such regard
As heaven admires to see my slumbering dreams!

Why speakes not, vilayne, thou peasaunt!
Yf thou beest a wandring knight, say who
hath crackt a Launce with the? ——— to him.
what sayest? Is it for the armour of
Achilles thou doest strive? yf be Ajax
shall trott away to troy, geve me thy
hand ulisses, it is thine. ——— Armorer.
And you, fair virgin, what say you?
Argalio, make her confesse all ————

Orlando.

——————————— have relet.'

* *wot*] The 4to. of 1599 "wolt."

† *my*] The 4to. of 1599 "a": but compare Orlando's second speech after this.

‡ *no, no, sir*] The 4to. of 1599 "*No, sir.*"

§ *why*] The 4to. of 1599 "what."

* Orl. *Fair Polyxena,* &c] MS. Alleyn;
"[def. in MS.] *the* flowes [flower] *of* Ilium.
Fear not Achilles overmadding boy:
Pyrrhus shall not. Argalio, *why sufferest*
this olde trott to come so nere *me.*
away with thes rages!
fetch me the Robe that proud Apollo wears,
that I may Jett it in the capytoll.
Argalio, is Medor here? say whiche of
these is he. courage! for why, the palatyne
of fraunce straight will make slaughter
of these daring foes. *currunt.*

———————————

are *all the troyans fledd? then geve me*
some drynke, some drink. ——— my lord.
els will *I sett my mouth to Tigris streames,*
and drink up overflowing Euphrates.
——————————— my lord.
This is *the* gesey shepherdes *bottle, that Darius*
quaft. so, so, so, oh so. ————
Inchaunt]."

† &c.] Sometimes means, in old dramas, any nonsense the player chose to utter extempore.

‡ *Else would I,* &c.] Not only is the present scene mutilated and corrupted, but this and the next line are shuffled out of their place: *vide* the preceding quotation from MS. Alleyn.

§ *Euphrates*] See note §, p. 89, sec. col.

‖ *My*] The 4to. of 1599 "Mine."

¶ *What shows,* &c.] MS. Alleyn;
" *What* heavenly sightes of pleasaunce filles my *eyes,*
that feed the pride *with view of such regard?*
[def. in MS.] *admyres to se* the *slombring dreams.*"

Skies are fulfill'd with lamps of lasting joy,
That boast the pride of haught Latona's son,
Who* lighteneth all the candles of the night.
Mnemosyne hath† kiss'd the kingly Jove,
And entertain'd a feast within my brains,
Making her daughters‡ solace on my brow.
Methinks, I feel how Cynthia tunes§ conceits
Of sad repent, and melloweth those desires
That frenzy scarce‖ had ripen'd in my head.
Ate, I'll kiss thy restless cheek a while,
And suffer fruitless passion¶ bide control.
[*Lies down again.*

Mel. O vos Silvani, Satyri, Faunique, deœque,
Nymphæ Hamadryades, Dryades, Parcœque potentes!
O vos qui colitis lacusque locosque profundos,
Infernasque domus et nigra palatia Ditis!
Tuque Demogorgon, qui noctis fata gubernas,
*Qui regis infernum solium, cœlumque, solumque!***
Exaudite preces, filiasque auferte micantes;
In caput Orlandi celestes spargite lymphas,
Spargite, quis misere revocetur rapta per†† *umbras*
Orlandi infelix anima.

[*Then let music play before him, and so go forth.*

Orl. What sights, what shapes, what strange-conceited dreams,‡‡
More dreadful than appear'd to Hecuba
When fall of Troy was figur'd in her sleep! §§
Juno, methought, sent down from heaven‖‖ by Jove,
Came swiftly sweeping¶¶ through the gloomy air;
And calling Iris,*** sent her straight abroad
To summon Fauns, the Satyrs, and the Nymphs,
The Dryades, and all the demigods,
To secret council; [and, their] parle past,
She gave them vials full of heavenly dew.
With that,
Mounted upon* her parti-colour'd coach,
Being drawn with peacocks proudly through the air,
She flew† with Iris to the sphere of Jove.
What fearful thoughts‡ arise upon this show!
What desert grove is this? How thus disguis'd?
Where is Orgalio?

Org. Here, my lord.

Orl. Sirrah, how came I thus disguis'd,
Like mad Orestes, quaintly thus attir'd?§

Org. Like mad Orestes! nay, my lord, you may boldly justify the comparison, for Orestes was never so mad in his life as you were.

Orl. What, was I mad? what Fury hath enchanted me?

Mel. A Fury, sure,‖ worse than Megæra was,
That reft her son from trusty Pylades.

Orl. Why, what art thou,
Some sibyl, or some goddess? freely speak.

Mel. Time not affords to tell each circumstance:
But thrice hath Cynthia¶ chang'd her hue,
Since thou, infected with a lunacy,
Hast gadded up and down these lawnds** and groves,
Performing strange and ruthful stratagems,
All for the love of fair Angelica,
Whom thou with Medor didst suppose play'd false.

---

* *Who*] So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. "He."

† *hath*] MS. Alleyn "had."

‡ *daughters*] i.e. the Muses.—So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. "daughter."

§ *tunes*] MS. Alleyn "tyms."

‖ *That frenzy scarce*, &c.] So MS. Alleyn, except that it ends the line with "braynes."—The 4tos. "Which phrensies scares," &c. I may notice that the odd expression in the next line, "*restless cheek*," is the reading of MS. Alleyn as well as of the 4tos.

¶ *fruitless passion*] So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. "vile repent to."

** *solium, cœlumque, solumque*] The 4tos. "solemque, solumque, cœlumque."—Corrected by the Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 216), who cites from Prudentius, *Peristeph. Hymn.* x. 326, '*Cœlum, solumque*, vim marini gurgitis," &c.

†† *rapta per*] The 4tos. "raptator," and in the next line "Orlando."

‡‡ *What sights, what shapes, what strange-conceited dreams*] So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. "*What sights, what* shewes, *what* fearefull shapes are these."

§§ *sleep*] MS. Alleyn "sleeps."

‖‖ *sent down from heaven*] MS. Alleyn "*sent* from the *heaven*."

¶¶ *swiftly sweeping*] MS. Alleyn "sweping swiftly."

*** *And calling Iris*, &c.] So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. have merely,—

"*And calling* Fame, *the Satyres, and the Nymphes,*
She gaue them viols full of heauenly dew."

* *upon*] So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. "on."

† *flew*] MS. Alleyn "slipt."

‡ *What fearful thoughts*, &c.] MS. Alleyn;
"*what thoughts arise upon this* fearfull *showe!*
wher? in what woodes? what uncouth *grove is this?*
how thus disguysed? where is Argalio? Argalio!
——————— mad humores.
say me, sir boy, *how cam I thus disguysed,*
like mad Orestes quaintly thus attyred?
——————— you are.
As I am! villayne, termest me lunaticke?
tell me *what furye hath inchaunted me?*

what art thou, some sibill, or some godes,
or what? *frely* say on."

§ *attir'd*] So MS. Alleyn (as just shown).—The 4tos. "disguised."

‖ *sure*] Omitted in the 4to. of 1599.—This speech is imperfect. Greene must have written something equivalent to,—

"*A Fury, sure, worse than Megæra was,*
That sought to venge the blood of Clytemnestra,
And *reft her son from trusty Pylades.*"

¶ *Cynthia*] An epithet to "Cynthia" has dropt out.

** *lawnds*] i. e. lawns.—The 4tos. "lands." (Compare, in p. 95, sec. col., the mention of "*lawnds* and groves.")

But Sacripant had graven these roundelays,
To sting thee with infecting jealousy:
The swain that told thee of their oft converse,
Was servant unto County Sacripant:
And trust me, Orlando, Angelica,
Though true to thee, is banish'd from the court,
And Sacripant
This day bids battle to Marsilius.
The armies ready are to give assail;
And on a hill that overpeers them both
Stand all the worthy matchless peers of France,
Who are in quest to seek Orlando out.
Muse not at this, for I have told thee true:
I am* she that curèd thy disease.
Here take these weapons, given thee by the fates,
And hie thee, county, to the battle straight.

Orl. Thanks, sacred goddess,† for thy helping hand.
Thither will I hie to be reveng'd. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums: enter SACRIPANT *crowned, and pursuing* MARSILIUS *and* MANDRICARD.

Sac. Viceroys, you are dead;
For Sacripant, already crown'd a king,
Heaves up his sword to have your diadems.

Mars. Traitor, not dead, nor‡ any whit dismay'd;
For dear we prize the smallest drop of blood.

* *I am*] Qy. "And *I am*"?

† ORL. *Thanks, sacred goddess,* &c.] MS. Alleyn has the followiug speech, which seems to belong to the close of the present scene;

"ORLANDO.
——————— batt [def. in MS.]
Hath then the [def. in MS.] of Alcumenas child
lodd fourth my thoughts, with far more egar rage
then wrastled in the brayne of Phillips sonne,
when mad with wyne he practised Clytus fall.
break from the cloudes, you burning brandes of Ire,
that styrr within the thunderers wrathfull fistes,
and fixe your hideous fyers on Sacrapant.
from out your fatall tresoryes of wrath,
you wastfull furyes, draw those eben bowles,
that bosted lukewarme bloud at Centaures feast,
to choak with bloud the thirsty Sacrapant,
thorough whom my Clymene and hebe fell,
thorow whom my spirittes with fury wer supprest.
my fancyes, post you unto Pindus topp:
ther midst the sacred troupes of nimphes inquire,
seek for my Venus nere Erycinne,
or in the vale of [def. in MS.] yf she sleep.
tell her Orlando [def. in MS.] second Mars,
hath robd the burning hill of Cicelye
of all the Ciclops treasurs ther bestowed,
to venge hir wronges, and stoupe those haught conciptes,
that sought my Jelowsye and hir disgrace.
Ride, Nemesis, upon this angry steel
that thretneth those that hate Angelica,
who is the sonne of glory that cousumes
Orlando, even the phenix of affect. [*Exit.*"

‡ *nor*] The 4to. of 1594 "or."

Enter ORLANDO, *with a scarf before his face.*

Orl. Stay, princes,*
'Base not yourselves, to combat such a dog.
Mount on your coursers,† follow those that fly,‡
And let
Your conquering swords be tainted in their bloods:
Pass ye for him; he shall be combated.
[*Exeunt* MARSILIUS *and* MANDRICARD.

Sac. Why, what art thou that brav'st me thus?

Orl. I am, thou see'st, a mercenary soldier,§
Homely attir'd, but of so‖ haughty thoughts,
As naught can serve to quench th' aspiring flames,¶
That burn** as do the fires of Sicily,
Unless I win that princely diadem,
That seems so ill upon thy coward's head.

Sac. Coward!
To arms, sir boy! I will not brook these braves,
If Mars himself even from his fiery throne
Came arm'd with all his furnitures of war.
[*They fight.*
O villain! thou hast slain a prince.††

Orl. Then mayst thou think that Mars himself came down,‡‡
To vail §§ thy plumes and heave thee from thy pomp.‖‖
Prove what¶¶ thou art, I reck not of thy gree,***
But I will have the conquest of my sword,
Which is the glory of thy diadem.

* ORL. *Stay, princes*] MS. Alleyn;
"——————— slave as he.
Prynces, for shame! unto your royall campes."

† *Mount on your coursers,* &c.] MS. Alleyn;
"*follow* the chase, *mount on your coursers* strong;
manage your spears, *and lett your* slaughtering *swordes be taynted* with the bloud of them that flee.
from him passe ye; *he shalbe combated.*"

‡ *fly*] The 4to. of 1599 "flee."

§ *Orl. I am, thou seest, a mercenary soldier*] MS. Alleyn;
"——————— withine.
I am, thou seest, a cuntry servile swayne.

‖ *Homely attir'd, but of so*] So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. "*Homely*, yet *of* such."

¶ *flames*] So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. "thoughts."

** *burn*] MS. Alleyn "scorch."

†† *prince*] MS. Alleyn "king."

‡‡ *Then mayst thou think that Mars himself came down*] MS. Alleyn;
"*Then mayst thou* deme some second *mars* from heaven is sent, as was Amphitrios foster sonne."

§§ *vail*] i.e. lower.

‖‖ *thy pomp*] MS. Alleyn "a crowne."

¶¶ *Prove what*] So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos. "Proude that."

*** *gree*] i.e. degree.—After this line, MS. Alleyn has;
"as Lampethusas brother from his coach,
prauncing and visor open, went his course
and tombled from Apollo's chariott,
so shall thy fortunes and thy honor fall.
to prove it, Ile *have the* guerdon *of my sword which is the glory of thy diademe.*"

Sac. These words bewray thou art no base-born Moor,
But by descent sprung from some royal line:
Then freely tell me, what's thy name?
Orl. Nay, first let me know thine.*
Sac. Then know that thou hast slain Prince Sacripant.
Orl. Sacripant!
Then let me at thy dying day entreat,
By that same sphere wherein thy soul shall rest,
If Jove deny not passage to thy ghost,
Thou tell me
Whether† thou wrong'dst Angelica or no?
Sac. O, that's the sting that pricks my conscience!
O, that's the hell my thoughts abhor to think!
I tell thee, knight, for thou dost seem no less,
That I engrav'd the roundelays on the trees,
And hung the schedules‡ of poor Medor's love,
Intending so to breed debate§
Between Orlando and Angelica:
O, thus I wrong'd Orlando and Angelica!
Now tell me, what shall I call thy name?
Orl. Then dead is the fatal author of my ill.‖
Base villain, vassal, unworthy¶ of a crown,
Know that the man that struck the fatal** stroke,
Is Orlando, the County Palatine,††
Whom fortune sent to quittance all my wrongs.‡‡
Thou foil'd and slain, it now behoves me straight§§
To hie me fast to massacre thy men:
And so, farewell, thou devil in shape of man.
[*Exit.*
Sac. Hath Demogorgon, ruler of the fates,
Set such a baleful period on my life
As none might end the days of Sacripant
But mighty Orlando, rival of my love?
Now hold |||| the fatal murderers of men
The sharpen'd knife ready to cut my thread,
Ending the scene of all my tragedy:

This day, this hour, this minute ends the days
Of him that liv'd worthy old Nestor's age.
Phœbus, put on* thy sable-suited wreath,
Clad† all thy spheres in dark and mourning weeds:
Parch'd be the earth, to drink up every spring:
Let corn and trees be blasted from above;
Heaven turn to brass, and earth to wedge of steel;
The world to cinders. Mars, come thundering down,
And never sheath thy swift-revenging sword,
Till, like the deluge in Deucalion's days,
The highest mountains swim in streams of blood.
Heaven, earth, men, beasts, and every living thing,
Consume and end with County Sacripant! [*Dies.*

Enter MARSILIUS, MANDRICARD, *and the* Twelve Peers, *with* ANGELICA.

Mars. Fought is the field, and Sacripant is slain,
With such a massacre of all his men,
As Mars, descending in his purple robe,
Vows with Bellona in whole heaps of blood
To banquet all the demigods of war.
Mand. See, where he lies slaughter'd without the camp,
And by a simple swain, a mercenary,
Who bravely took the combat to himself:
Might I but know the man that did the deed,
I would, my lord, etérnize him with fame.
Ogier. Leaving the factious county to his death,
Command, my lord, his body be convey'd
Unto some place, as likes your highness best.
See, Marsilius, posting through Africa,
We have found this straggling girl, Angelica,
Who, for she wrong'd‡ her love Orlando,
Chiefest of the western peers, conversing
With so mean a man as Medor was,
We will have her punish'd by the laws of France,
To end her burning lust § in flames of fire.
Mars. Beshrew you, lordings, but you do your worst;
Fire,‖ famine, and as cruel death
As fell to Nero's mother in his rage.
Ang. Father, if I may dare to call thee so,
And lords of France, come from the western seas,
In quest to find mighty Orlando out,
Yet, ere I die, let me have leave to say,

---

* *Nay, first let me know thine*] MS. Alleyn "*first thine.*"

† *Thou tell me Whether*] MS. Alleyn "then *tell me*, yf."

‡ *schedules*] The 4tos. "sedulet."

§ *debate*] An epithet to "*debate*" is wanting.

‖ *Then dead is the fatal author of my ill*] MS. Alleyn; "Extinguish, proud tesyphone, those brandes: fetch dark Aleeto from black phlegeton, or Lethe water to appease those flames, that wrathfull Nemesis hath sett on fire. *dead is the fatall author of my yll.*"

¶ *Base villain, vassal, unworthy*] MS. Alleyn "vassall! base vilayne! worthlesse."

** *struck the fatal*] MS. Alleyn "stabd *the* dismall."

†† *County Palatine*] MS. Alleyn "palatyne of fraunce."

‡‡ *my wrongs*] MS. Alleyn "thy wrong."

§§ *straight*] MS. Alleyn "dogg."

|||| *hold*] The 4to. of 1594 "holdeth."

* *on*] The 4tos. "out."

† *Clad*] Was not unfrequently used for *clothe* by our old writers: see my note on Marlowe's *Works*, p. 270, ed. 1858.

‡ *Who, for she wrong'd*, &c.] Another halting passage.

§ *lust*] The 4to. of 1593 "loue"

‖ *Fire*, &c.] Qy. "Hers be *fire*," &c.?

Angelica held ever in her thoughts
Most dear the love of County Palatine.
What wretch hath wrong'd us with suspect of lust,*
I know not, I, nor can accuse† the man;
But, by the heavens, whereto my soul shall fly,‡
Angelica did never wrong Orlando.
I speak not this as one that cares to live,
For why § my thoughts are fully malcontent;
And I conjure you by your chivalry,
You quit Orlando's wrong upon Angelica.

Enter ORLANDO, *with a scarf before his face.*

Oliver. Strumpet, fear not, for, by fair Maia's son,
This day thy soul shall vanish up in fire,
As Semele, when Juno wil'd the trull
To entertain the glory of her love.

Orl. Frenchman, for so thy quaint array imports,
Be thou a peer, or be ‖ thou Charlemagne,
Or hadst thou Hector's ¶ or Achilles' heart,
Or never-daunted thoughts of Hercules,
That did in courage far surpass them all,**
I tell thee, sir, thou liest in †† thy throat,—
The greatest brave Transalpine ‡‡ France can brook,—
In saying that sacred Angelica §§
Did offer wrong unto the Palatine.
I am a common mercenary soldier; ‖‖
Yet, for I see my ¶¶ princess is abus'd
By new-come stragglers from a foreign *** coast,
I dare the proudest of these ††† western lords
To crack a blade in trial of her right.

Mand. Why, foolish-hardy, daring, simple groom,
Follower of fond-conceited ‡‡‡ Phaëton,
Know'st thou to whom thou speak'st?

* *lust*] The 4tos. "loue."
† *accuse*] The 4to. of 1599 "excuse."
‡ *fly*] The 4to. of 1599 "flee."
§ *For why*] i. e. Because.
‖ *Be . . . . be*] MS. Alleyn "*beest . . . . beest.*"
¶ *Hector's*] So MS. Alleyn (which has also "hartes"). —The 4tos. "Hector."
** *That did in courage far surpass them all*] MS. Alleyn "the infusd metemsichosis of *them all.*"
†† *in*] MS. Alleyn "within."
‡‡ *Transalpine*] MS. Alleyn "Cis alpine."
§§ *In saying that sacred Angelica*] Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 15) notices that here "*sacred*" is a trisyllable; and his editor adds that "*saying*" is a monosyllable.
‖‖ *common mercenary soldier*] MS. Alleyn "slavishe Indian *mercenary.*"
¶¶ *my*] MS. Alleyn "the."
*** *a foreign*] MS. Alleyn "an uncooth."
††† *these*] MS. Alleyn "the."
‡‡‡ *fond-conceited*] i. e. silly-minded.

Mars. Brave soldier, for so much thy courage says,
These men are princes dipt within the blood
Of kings most royal, seated in the west,
Unfit to accept a challenge at your hand:
Yet thanks that thou wouldst in thy lord's defence
Fight for my daughter; but her guilt is known.

Ang. Ay, rest thee, soldier, Angelica is false,—
False, for she hath no trial of her right:
Soldier, let me die for the 'miss * of all.
Wert thou as stout as was † proud Theseus,
In vain thy blade should offer my defence;
For why ‡ these be the champions of the world,
Twelve Peers of France that never yet were foil'd.

Orl. How, madam, § the Twelve Peers of France!
Why, let them be twelve devils of hell,
What I have said, [thereto] I'll pawn my sword,
To seal it on the shield of him that dares,
Malgrado of his honour, combat me.

Oliver. Marry, sir, that dare I.

Orl. You're a welcome man, sir.

Turpin. Chastise the groom, Oliver, and learn him know
We are not like the boys of Africa. ‖

Orl. Hear you, sir?
You that so peremptorily bade him fight,
Prepare your weapons, for your turn is next:

* *'miss*] For *amiss*, i. e. fault.
† *was*] The 4to. of 1594 "is."
‡ *For why*] i. e. Because.
§ *How, Madam*, &c.] MS. Alleyn;
" *Twelve peres of fraunce, twelve divylles,* whats that *what I have* spoke, ther I *pawne my sword to seale it on the* helme *of him that* dare, *Malgrado,*" &c.
‖ *boys of Africa*, &c.] MS. Alleyn;
"———————— Lords *of* India.
You that so proudly bid *him fight,*
out with your blade, for why, *your turne is next.*
tis not this *champion can discorage me.*

Pugnant. M. victus]
You, sir, that braved your heraldry,
wher is the honor of the howse of fraunce?
————————————to doe.
faire princesse, what I may belonges to the:
wittnes, I well have hanseled yet my sword.
now, sir, you that will chastyce when you meet,
bestirr you, french man, for Ile taske you hard.
Oliver victus]————————————
Provide you, lordes; determyne who is next:
pick out the stoutest champion of your all.
they wer but striplinges: call you those the peers?
Hold, *madam*, and *yf* my life but *last it out,*
Ile gard your person with the *peires of fraunce.*
by my side. ————————
So, sir, *you have made a godly oracion,*
but *use your sword* better, *lest I* well
beswinge you.
Pugnant]————————————
by my faith, you have done pretily well; but,

'Tis not one champion can * discourage me.
Come, are ye ready?

[*He fights first with one, and then with the other, and overcomes them both.*

So, stand aside:—
And, madam, if my fortune last it out,
I'll guard your person with Twelve Peers of France.

Ogier. [*aside.*] O Ogier, how canst thou stand, and see a slave
Disgrace the house of France?—Sirrah, prepare you;
For angry Nemesis sits on my sword
To be reveng'd.

Orl. Well said, Frenchman! you have made a goodly oration: but you had best to use your sword better, lest I beswinge you.

[*They fight a good while, and then breathe.*

Ogier. Howe'er † disguis'd in base or Indian shape,
Ogier can well discern thee by thy blows;
For either thou art Orlando or the devil.

Orl. [*taking off his scarf.*] Then, to assure you that I am no devil,
Here's your friend and companion, Orlando.

Ogier. And none can be more glad than Ogier is,
That he hath found his cousin in his sense.

Oliver. Whenas I felt his blows upon my shield,
My teeth did chatter, and my thoughts conceiv'd,
Who might this be, if not the Palatine.

Turpin. So had I said, but that report did tell
My lord was troubled with a lunacy.

Orl. So was I, lordings; ‡ but give me leave awhile,
Humbly as Mars did to his paramour,
So to submit to fair Angelica.—
Pardon thy lord, fair saint Angelica,
Whose love, stealing by steps into extremes,
Grew by suspect to causeless * lunacy.

Ang. O no, my lord, but pardon my amiss; †
For had not Orlando lov'd Angelica,
Ne'er had my lord fall'n into these extremes,
Which we will parley private to ourselves.
Ne'er was the queen of Cyprus half so glad ‡
As is Angelica to see her lord,
Her dear Orlando, settled in his sense.

Orl. Thanks, my sweet love. §—
But why stand || the Prince of Africa,
And Mandricard the King of Mexico,
So deep in dumps, when all rejoice beside? ¶
First know, my lord, I slaughter'd Sacripant,
I am the man that did the slave to death;
Who frankly there did make confession,
That he engrav'd the roundelays on the trees,
And hung the schedules ** of poor Medor's love,
Intending by suspect to breed debate
Deeply 'twixt me and fair Angelica:
His hope had hap, but we had all the harm;
And now revenge leaping from out the seat
Of him that may †† command stern Nemesis,
Hath pour'd those ‡‡ treasons justly on his head.
What saith my gracious lord to this?

---

sirha french man, thinck you to breath? come,
fall to this geer close: dispatch, for we must
have no parle.——————————
O. victus]——————————Orlando.
Ogier, sweet cuss, geve me thy hand, my lord,
and say thast found the county Palatyne."

* *can*] So MS. Alleyn (as shown above).—The 4tos. "that *can*."

† *Howe'er*] The 4tos. "Howsoe'rc."

‡ *So was I, lordings*," &c.] MS. Alleyn;
"*So was I*, Lordes; *but geve me leave a while,*
humbly as mars did to his paramour
when as his godhead wrongd hir with suspect,
so to submitt to faire Angelica,
upon whose lovly Roseat cheekes, me semes,
the cristall of hir morne more clerly spredes,
then doth the dew upon Adonis flower.
faire nimphe, about whose browes sittes floras pride,
Elisian bewty trappes about thy lookes,
pardon thy Lord, who, perst with Jelowsie,
darkned thy vertues with a great ecclipse.
pardon thy Lord, faire saynt," &c.

* *by suspect to causeless*] The 4tos. "*by* suspition *to* a *causelesse*": MS. Alleyn "*by* suspition *to causlesse.*"

† *amiss*] i. e. fault.

‡ *Ne'er was the queen of Cyprus half so glad*] Here a line, which informed us why the queen of Cyprus (Venus) "was glad," has been omitted by mistake.

§ *my sweet love*] MS. Alleyn "*sweet* Angelica."

|| *stand*] Qy. "*stand* now," or "*stand* thus"?

¶ *when all rejoice beside?* &c.] A speech addressed to Orlando, which immediately followed these words, is wanting.—MS. Alleyn;

"*when all rejoyse* besides?
——————————Palatyne.
And that, my leig, durandall hath averd
agaynst my kinsmen and the peires of fraunce.
next *know, my lord, I slaughtered Sacrapant.*
I am the man that did the slave to death,
who falsely wrongd Angelica and me;
for when I stabd the traytor to the hart,
and he lay breathing in his latest gaspe,
he *frankly* made *confession* at his death
That he," &c.

** *schedules*] MS. Alleyn "scedule."

†† *may*] MS. Alleyn "can."

‡‡ *pour'd those*] MS. Alleyn "heapd his."—After this line the MS. goes on and ends as follows;

"——————————honor the.
Thankes, Angelica, for her.
but *nowe*, my Lordes *of fraunce, frolick, my frendes*,
and welcome to the courts of Africa.
courage, companyons, that have past the seas
furrowing the playnes of neptune with your keles
to seeke your frend the county Palatyne.
you thre, my Lordes, I welcome with my sword,
the rest, brave gentlemen, my hart and hand.
what welth within the clime of Africa,

Mars. I stand amaz'd, deep over-drench'd with joy,
To hear and see this unexpected end:
So well I rest content.—Ye * peers of France,
Sith it is prov'd Angelica is clear,
Her and my crown I freely will bestow
Upon Orlando, the County Palatine.
Orl. Thanks, my good lord.—And now, my friends of France,
Frolic, be merry: we will hasten home,
So soon as King Marsilius will consent
To let his daughter wend with us to France.
Meanwhile we'll richly rig up all our fleet
More brave † than was that gallant Grecian keel
That brought away the Colchian fleece of gold:
Our sails of sendal * spread into † the wind;
Our ropes and tacklings all of finest silk,
Fetch'd from the native looms of labouring worms,
The pride of Barbary, and the glorious wealth
That is transported by the western bounds;
Our stems cut out of gleaming ivory;
Our planks and sides fram'd out of cypress-wood,
That bears the name of Cyparissus' change,
To burst the billows of the ocean-sea,
Where Phœbus dips his amber tresses oft,
And kisses Thetis in the day's decline;
That Neptune proud shall call his Tritons forth
To cover all the ocean with a calm:
So rich shall be the rubbish of our barks,
Ta'en here for ballass to the ports of France,
That Charles himself shall wonder at the sight.
Thus, lordings, when our banquettings be done,
And Orlando espousèd to Angelica,
We'll furrow through the moving ocean,
And cheerly frolic with great Charlemagne.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

what pleasure longst the costes of mexico,
Lordinges, commaund, I dare be bold so far
with Maudrycard and prince Marsilius.
the pretious shrubbles, the * * of mirh,
the founts as riche as Eden did aford,
whatso ever is faire and pleasing, Lordinges, use,
and welcome to the county Palatyne.
——————————— or none.
Thankes, Affrike vicroye, for the Lordes of fraunce.
and, fellow mates, *be merry, we will home*
as sone as pleaseth King Marsilius
to lett his doughter passe *with us to fraunce.*
meane while wele richly rigg up all our fleet
more brave then wer the [def. in MS.] keles."

* *Ye*] The 4to. of 1599 "You."

† *brave*] i. e. spleudid.

* *sendal*] "A kinde of Cipres stuffe or silke." Minsheu's *Guide Into Tongues*, 1617. "CENDALUM, Cendatum, &c. Tela subserica, vel pannus sericus, Gallis et Hispanis, *Cendal*: quibusdam quasi *Setal*, interposito, n. *ex seta*, seu serico; aliis ex Græco *σινδὼν*, *amictus ex lino Ægyptiaco*: aliis denique ex Arabico *Cendali*, folium delicatum, subtile: vel *lamina* subtilior." Du Cange, *Gloss.*

† *into*] Here, as in numerous passages of our early writers, "*into*" is equivalent to "*unto.*"

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND.

A Looking Glasse for London and England. Made by Thomas Lodge Gentleman, and Robert Greene. In Artibus Magister. London Printed by Thamas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Gratious streete. 1594. 4to. b. l.

A Looking Glasse, for London and Englande. Made by Thomas Lodge Gentleman, and Robert Greene. In Artibus Magister. London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be solde by William Barley, at his shop in Gratious streete. 1598. 4to. b. l.

This play was also printed in 1602 and 1617.

The edition of 1594 is by far the most correct.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

Rasni, King of Nineveh.
King of Cilicia.
King of Crete.
King of Paphlagonia.
Thrasybulus, a young gentleman, reduced to poverty.
Alcon, a poor man.
Radagon,† Clesiphon, } his sons.
Usurer.
Judge.
Lawyer.
Smith.
Adam, his man.
Clown.
First Ruffian.
Second Ruffian.
Governor of Joppa.
Master of a ship.
First Searcher.
Second Searcher.
A Man in devil's attire.
Magi, Merchants, Sailors, Lords, Attendants, &c.

Remilia, sister to Rasni.
Alvida, wife to the King of Paphlagonia.
Samia, wife to Alcon.
Smith's Wife.
Ladies.

An Angel.
An Evil Angel.
Oseas.
Jonas.

---

* Occasionally throughout the 4tos. *Rasni*, *Cilicia*, *Remilia*, and *Alvida*, are printed *Rasin*, *Cicilia*, *Remilias*, and *Alcia*.

† "In like manner," says Malone (in his note about anagrams,—*Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 221), "in the Looking Glasse for London and England, written by Thomas Lodge and Robert Greene, the cruel and brutal son who treats his parents, Alcon and Samia, with neglect and contempt, and refuses them any succour in their utmost need, is called *Radayon*, by metathesis, from *a dragon*." It had, perhaps, escaped Malone's notice that a very unexceptionable personage, called *Radagon*, figures in the Host's Tale, in Greene's *Never Too Late, Part Second*.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND.

Enter RASNI, *with the* KINGS OF CILICIA, CRETE, *and* PAPHLAGONIA, *from the overthrow of Jeroboam, King of Jerusalem.*

Rasni. So pace ye on, triumphant warriors;
Make Venus' leman,* arm'd in all his pomp,
Bash at the brightness of your hardy looks,
For you the viceroys are,† the cavaliers,
That wait on Rasni's royal mightiness:
Boast, petty kings, and glory in your fates,
That stars have made your fortunes climb so high,
To give attend on Rasni's excellence.‡
Am I not he that rules great Nineveh,
Rounded with Lycus' silver-flowing streams?
Whose city large diametri contains,
Even three days' journey's length from wall to wall;
Two hundred gates carv'd out of burnish'd brass,
As glorious as the portal of the sun;
And for to deck heaven's battlements with pride,
Six hundred towers that topless touch the clouds.
This city is the footstool of your king;
A hundred lords do honour at my feet;
My sceptre straineth both the parallels:
And now t' enlarge the highness of my power,
I have made Judæa's monarch flee the field,
And beat proud Jeroboam from his holds,
Winning from Cades to Samaria.
Great Jewry's God, that foil'd stout Benhadad,
Could not rebate § the strength that Rasni brought;
For be he God in heaven, yet, viceroys, know,
Rasni is god on earth, and none but he

K. of Cil. If lovely shape, feature by nature's skill
Passing in beauty fair Endymion's,
That Luna wrapt within her snowy breasts,
Or that sweet boy that wrought bright Venus' bane,
Transform'd unto a purple hyacinth;
If beauty nonpareil in excellence,
May make a king match with the gods in gree,*
Rasni is god on earth, and none but he.

K. of Crete. If martial looks, wrapt in a cloud of wars,
More fierce than Mavors † lighteneth from his eyes,
Sparkling revenge and dire disparagement;
If doughty deeds more haught‡ than any done,
Seal'd with the smile of fortune and of fate,
Matchless to manage lance and curtle-axe;
If such high actions, grac'd with victories,
May make a king match with the gods in gree,
Rasni is god on earth, and none but he.

K. of Paph. If Pallas' wealth———

Rasni. Viceroys, enough; peace,§ Paphlagon, no more.
See where's my sister, fair Remilia,
Fairer than was the virgin Danäe,
That waits on Venus with a golden show;‖
She that hath stoln the wealth of Rasni's looks,
And tied his thoughts within her lovely locks,
She that is lov'd, and love unto your king,
See where she comes to gratulate my fame.

Enter RADAGON, *with* REMILIA, ALVIDA, *and* Ladies, *bringing a globe scated in a ship.*

Remil. Victorious monarch, second unto Jove,
Mars upon earth, and Neptune on the seas,

* *leman*] i.e. lover.
† *are*] The 4tos. "and."
‡ *excellence*] The 4to. of 1598 "excellencie."
§ *rebate*] See note *, p. 90, sec. col.

* *gree*] i.e. degree.
† *Mavors*] The 4tos. "Mars": but compare, in a subsequent scene, p. 123, sec. col.,
"Nymphs, eunuchs, sing, for *Mavors* draweth nigh," &c.
‡ *haught*] The 4tos. "haughtie": but compare, in the preceding play, p. 106, first col., "*haught* Latona's son."
§ *peace*] Not in the 4to. of 1598.
‖ *That waits on Venus with a golden show*] "We should read, I think,—
'*That* Venus wait [i. e. waited] on *with a golden* shower.'"
Walker's *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c., ii. 60.

Whose frown strows* all the ocean with a calm,
Whose smile draws Flora to display her pride,
Whose eye holds wanton Venus at a gaze,
Rasni, the regent of great Nineveh;
For thou hast foil'd proud Jeroboam's force,
And, like the mustering† breath of Æolus
That overturns the pines of Lebanon,
Hast scatter'd Jewry and her upstart grooms,
Winning from Cades to Samaria;—
Remilia greets thee with a kind salute,
And, for a present to thy mightiness,
Gives thee a globe folded within a ship,
As king on earth and lord of all the seas,
With such a welcome unto Nineveh
As may thy sister's humble love afford.

Rasni. Sister! the title fits not thy degree;
A higher state of honour shall be thine.
The lovely trull that Mercury entrapp'd
Within the curious pleasure of his tongue,
And she that bash'd the sun-god with her eyes,
Fair Semele, the choice of Venus' maids,
Were not so beauteous as Remilia.
Then, sweeting, sister shall not serve the turn,
But Rasni's wife, his leman, and his love:
Thou shalt, like Juno, wed thyself to Jove,
And fold me in the richess of thy fair;‡
Remilia shall be Rasni's paramour.
For why,§ if I be Mars for warlike deeds,
And thou bright Venus for thy clear aspéct,
Why should not from our loins issue a son
That might be lord of royal sovereignty,
Of twenty worlds, if twenty worlds might be?
What say'st, Remilia, art thou Rasni's wife?

Remil. My heart doth swell with favour of thy thoughts;
The love of Rasni maketh me as proud
As Juno when she wore heaven's diadem.
Thy sister born was for thy wife, my‖ love:
Had I the riches nature locketh up
To deck her darling beauty when she smiles,
Rasni should prank him in the pride of all.

Rasni. Remilia's love is far more either¶ priz'd
Than Jeroboam's or the world's subdue.
Lordings, I'll have my wedding** sumptuous,
Made glorious with the treasures of the world:
I'll fetch from Albia shelves of margarites,*
And strip the Indies of their diamonds,
And Tyre shall yield me tribute of her gold,
To make Remilia's wedding glorious.
I'll send for all the damosel queens that live
Within the reach of Rasni's government,
To wait as handmaids on† Remilia,
That her attendant train may pass the troop
That gloried Venus at her wedding-day.

K. of Crete. O my lord,‡ not sister to thy love!
'Tis incest, and too foul a fact for kings;
Nature allows no limits to such lust.

Radag. Presumptuous viceroy, dar'st thou check thy lord,
Or twit him with the laws that nature loves?
Is not great Rasni above nature's reach,
God upon earth, and all his will is law?

K. of Crete. O, flatter not, for hateful is his choice,
And sister's love will blemish all his worth.

Radag. Doth not the brightness of his majesty
Shadow his deeds from being counted faults?

Rasni. Well hast thou answer'd with him, Radagon;§
I like thee for thy learnèd sophistry.—
But thou of Crete, that countercheck'st thy king,
Pack hence‖ in exile, give Radagon thy crown.—
Be thou¶ vicegerent of his royalty;
And fail me not in what my thoughts may please,
For from a beggar have I brought thee up,
And grac'd thee with the honour of a crown.—
Ye quondam king, what, feed ye on delays?

K. of Crete. Better no king than viceroy under him,
That hath no virtue to maintain his crown. [*Exit.*

Rasni. Remilia, what fair dames be those that wait
Attendant on thy** matchless royalty?

Remil. 'Tis Alvida,†† the fair wife to the King
Of Paphlagonia. [lagon, a jewel,

Rasni. Trust me, she is fair.‡‡—Thou'st, Paph-
To fold thee in so bright a sweeting's arms.

Radag. Like you her, my lord?

Rasni. What if I do, Radagon?

---

* *strows*] The 4tos. "stroyes."
† *mustering*] Qy. "blustering"?
‡ *fair*] i. e. beauty.
§ *For why*] i. e. Because.
‖ *my*] So the 4to. of 1602. The other 4tos. "by."
¶ *more either*] May be right: but qy. (according to the phraseology of the time) "*more* richer"?
** *wedding*] The 4tos. "weddings."

* *I'll fetch from Albia shelves of margarites*] See note ‖, p. 90, first col.
† *on*] The 4to. of 1598 "to."
‡ *O my lord*, &c.] Qy.
"*O my lord, not* thy *sister to thy love*"?
§ *with him, Radagon*] The 4tos. "within Radon."
‖ *Pack hence*, &c.] The 4to. of 1594;
"*Pack hence in exile, Radagon* the *crown.*"
¶ *thou*] The 4tos. "thee."
** *thy*] The 4to. of 1598 "my."
†† *'Tis Alvida*] Qy "This' [i.e. This is] Alvida"
‡‡ *fair*] The 4to. of 1598 "a *fair.*"

Radag. Why, then she is yours, my lord; for marriage
Makes no exception, where Rasni doth command.
K. of Paph. Ill dost thou counsel him to fancy wives.
Radag. Wife or not wife, whatso he likes is his.
Rasni. Well answer'd, Radagon; thou art for me:
Feed thou mine humour, and be still a king.—
Lords, go in triumph of my happy loves,
And, for to feast us after all our broils,
Frolic and revel it in Nineveh.
Whate'er* befitteth your conceited thoughts,
Or good or ill, love or not love, my boys,
In love, or what may satisfy your lust,
Act it, my lords, for no man dare say no.
Divisum imperium cum Jove nunc tenco.†

[*Exeunt.*

Enter, brought in by an Angel, OSEAS *the Prophet, and let*‡ *down over the stage in a throne.*

Angel. Amaze not, man of God, if in the spirit
Thou'rt brought from Jewry unto Nineveh;
So was Elias wrapt within a storm,
And set upon Mount Carmel by the Lord:
For thou hast preach'd long to the stubborn Jews,
Whose flinty hearts have felt no sweet remorse,
But lightly valuing all the threats of God,
Have still perséver'd in their wickedness.
Lo, I have brought thee unto Nineveh,
The rich and royal city of the world,
Pamper'd in wealth, and overgrown with pride,
As Sodom and Gomorrah full of sin.
The Lord looks down and cannot see one good,
Not one that covets to obey his will;
But wicked all from cradle to the crutch.§
Note, then, Oseas, all their grievous sins,
And see the wrath of God that pays revenge;
And when the ripeness of their sin is full,
And thou hast written all their wicked through,
I'll carry thee to Jewry back again,
And seat thee in the great Jerusalem.
There shalt thou publish in her open streets,
That God sends down his hateful wrath for sin
On such as never heard his prophets speak:
Much more will he inflict a world of plagues
On such as hear the sweetness of his voice,
And yet obey not what his prophets speak.
Sit thee, Oseas, pondering in the spirit
The mightiness of these fond* people's sins.
Oseas. The will of the Lord be done!

[*Exit* Angel.

Enter Clown *and a crew of* Ruffians, *to go to drink.*

First Ruf. Come on, smith, thou shalt be one of the crew, because thou knowest where the best ale in the town is.

Adam.† Come on, in faith, my colts: I have left my master striking of a heat, and stole away, because I would keep you company.

Clown. Why, what, shall we have this paltry smith with us?

Adam. Paltry smith! why, you incarnative knave, what are you that you speak petty treason against the smith's trade?

Clown. Why, slave, I am a gentleman of Nineveh.

Adam. A gentleman! good sir, I remember you well, and all your progenitors: your father bare office in our town; an honest man he was, and in great discredit in the parish, for they bestowed two squires' livings on him, the one was on working-days, and then he kept the town stage, and on holidays they made him the sexton's man, for he whipped dogs out of the church. Alas, sir, your father,—why, sir, methinks I see the gentleman still: a proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten;‡ his beard rat's colour, half black, half white; his nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was nose *autem glorificam*,§ so set with rubies that after his death it should have been nailed up in Copper-smiths-hall for a monument. Well, sir, I was beholding‖ to your good father, for he was the first man that ever instructed me in the mystery of a pot of ale.

Second Ruf. Well said, smith; that crossed him over the thumbs.

Clown. Villain, were it not that we go to be merry, my rapier should presently quit¶ thy opprobrious terms.

---

* *Whate'er*] The 4tos. "Whatsoeuer." (Compare note †, p. 110, first col.)

† *Divisum*, &c.] To this line, in the 4tos, is prefixed "*Smith*" (that name having been written here on the margin of the prompter's copy as a memorandum that the performer of "*the Smith's man*, Adam" (see note †, next col.) and those who played his companions must be in readiness to appear on the stage immediately after the exit of the Angel.)

‡ *let*] The 4tos. of 1594, 1598, and 1617 "set."

§ *crutch*] The 4to. of 1598 "church."

* *fond*] i. e. foolish.

† *Adam*] The 4to. of 1602, throughout the scene, "*Smith*;" so the other 4tos. in part of the scene, but in part of it they do not appropriate his speeches to any one. It is plain that the speaker is *the Smith's man*, ADAM, by which name he is several times distinguished in the later portion of the play.

‡ *forty and ten*] The 4tos "foure *and ten*."

§ *nose autem glorificam*] So again in our author's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* we have the same play on words; "You talk of *nos autem glorificare*; but here's a nose," &c. (Here "*glorificam*" may stand in the speech of one who afterwards, p. 138, says "*Nominus patrus.*")

‖ *beholding*] i. e. beholden.

¶ *quit*] i. e. requite.

Adam. O Peter, Peter, put up thy sword, I prithee heartily, into thy scabbard; hold in your rapier; for though I have not a long reacher, I have a short hitter.—Nay, then, gentlemen, stay me, for my choler begins to rise against him; for mark the words, "a* paltry smith"! O horrible sentence! thou hast in these words, I will stand to it, libelled against all the sound horses, whole horses, sore horses, coursers, curtals, jades, cuts, hackneys, and mares: whereupon, my friend, in their defence, I give thee this curse,—thou† shalt not‡ be worth a horse of thine own this seven year.

Clown. I prithee, smith, is your occupation so excellent?

Adam. "A paltry smith"! why, I'll stand to it, a smith is lord of the four elements; for our iron is made of the earth, our bellows blow out air, our floor holds fire, and our forge water. Nay, sir, we read in the Chronicles that there was a god of our occupation.

Clown. Ay, but he was a cuckold.

Adam. That was the reason, sir,§ he called your father cousin. "Paltry smith"! why, in this one word thou hast defaced their worshipful occupation.

Clown. As how?

Adam. Marry, sir, I will stand to it, that a smith in his kind is a physician, a surgeon, and a barber. For let a horse take a cold, or be troubled with the bots, and we straight give him a potion or a purgation, in such physical manner that he mends straight: if he have outward diseases, as the spavin,‖ splent, ringbone, windgall, or fashion,¶ or, sir, a galled back, we let him blood and clap a plaster to him, with a pestilence, that mends him with a very vengeance: now, if his mane grow out of order, and he have any rebellious hairs, we straight to our shears and trim him with what cut it please us, pick his ears, and make him neat. Marry, indeed, sir, we are slovens for one thing; we never use any musk-balls to wash him with, and the reason is, sir, because he can woo without kissing.

Clown. Well, sirrah, leave off these praises of a smith, and bring us to the best ale in the town.

Adam. Now, sir, I have a feat above all the smiths in Nineveh; for, sir, I am a philosopher that can dispute of the nature of ale; for mark you, sir, a pot of ale consists of four parts,—imprimis the ale, the toast, the ginger, and the nutmeg.

Clown. Excellent!

Adam. The ale is a restorative, bread is a binder, mark you, sir, two excellent points in physic: the ginger, O, ware of that! the philosophers have written of the nature of ginger, 'tis expulsitive in two degrees; you shall hear the sentence of Galen;

> "It will make a man belch, cough, and fart,
> And is a great comfort to the heart,"

a proper posy, I promise you: but now to the noble virtue of the nutmeg; it is, saith one ballad, (I think an English Roman was the author,) an underlayer to the brains, for when the ale gives a buffet to the head, O the nutmeg! that keeps him for a* while in temper. Thus you see the description of the virtue of a pot of ale. Now, sir, to put my physical precepts in practice, follow me: but afore I step any further—

Clown. What's the matter now?

Adam. Why, seeing I have provided the ale, who is the purveyor for the wenches? for, masters, take this of me, a cup of ale without a wench, why, alas, 'tis like an egg without salt, or a red-herring without mustard!

Clown. Lead us to the ale: we'll have wenches enough, I warrant thee. [*Exeunt.*

Oseas. Iniquity seeks out companions still,
And mortal men are armèd to do ill.
London, look on, this matter nips thee near:
Leave off thy riot, pride, and sumptuous cheer;
Spend less at board, and spare not at the door,
But aid the infant, and relieve the poor;
Else seeking mercy, being merciless,
Thou be adjudg'd to endless heaviness.

Enter the Usurer, THRASYBULUS, *and* ALCON.†

Usurer. Come on, I am every day troubled with those needy companions: what news with you? what wind brings you hither?

Thras. Sir, I hope, how far soever you make it off, you remember, too well for me, that this is the day wherein I should pay you money that I took up of you alate in a commodity.‡

---

* *a*] The 4to. of 1598 "of *a*."

† *thou*] Not in the 4to. of 1594.

‡ *not*] Not in the 4to. of 1598.

§ *sir*] Not in the 4to. of 1594.

‖ *spavin*] The three first 4tos. "spuing."

¶ *fashion*] A corruption of the French *farcin*,—farcy.

* *a*] Not in the 4to. of 1594.

† *Thrasybulus, and Alcon*] Throughout the two first scenes where these personages appear, the 4tos. designate them "*a Young Gentleman and a Poor Man.*"

‡ *a commodity*] i. e. goods, which the prodigal took as a part of the sum he wished to borrow from the usurer, and which he was to turn into cash in the best way he was able.

Alc. And, sir, sir-reverence of your manhood and gentry, I have brought home such money as you lent me.

Usurer. You, young gentleman, is my money ready?

Thras. Truly, sir, this time was so short, the commodity so bad, and the promise of friends so broken, that I could not provide it against the day, wherefore I am come to entreat you to stand my friend, and to favour me with a longer time, and I will make you sufficient consideration.

Usurer. Is the wind in that door? If thou hast my money, so it is: I will not defer a day, an hour, a minute, but take the forfeit of the bond.

Thras. I pray you, sir, consider that my loss was great by the commodity I took up: you know, sir, I borrowed of you forty pounds, whereof I had ten pounds in money, and thirty pounds in lute-strings,* which when I came to sell again, I could get but five pounds for them, so had I, sir, but fifteen pounds for my forty. In consideration of this ill bargain, I pray you, sir, give me a month longer.

Usurer. I answered thee afore, not a minute: what have I to do how thy bargain proved? I have thy hand set to my book that thou receivedst forty pounds of me in money.

Thras. Ay, sir, it was your device that, to colour the statute, but your conscience knows what I had.

Alc. Friend, thou speakest Hebrew to him when thou talkest to him of conscience; for he hath as much conscience about the forfeit of an obligation as my blind mare, God bless her, hath over a manger of oats.

Thras. Then there is no favour, sir?

Usurer. Come to-morrow to me, and see how I will use thee.

Thras. No, covetous caterpillar, know that I have made extreme shift rather than I would fall into the hands of such a ravening panther: and therefore here is thy money, and deliver me the recognisance of my lands.

Usurer [*aside*]. What a spite is this,—hath sped of his crowns! if he had missed but one half-hour, what a goodly farm had I gotten for forty pounds! well, 'tis my cursed fortune. O, have I no shift to make him forfeit his recognisance?

Thras. Come, sir, will you despatch, and tell your money? [*It strikes four o'clock.*

Usurer [*aside*]. Stay, what is this o'clock? four:—let me see,—"to be paid between the hours of three and four in the afternoon:" this goes right for me.—You, sir, hear you not the clock, and have you not a counterpane* of your obligation? The hour is past, it was to be paid between three and four; and now the clock hath strucken four: I will receive none, I'll stand to the forfeit of the recognisance.

Thras. Why, sir, I hope you do but jest; why, 'tis but four, and will you for a minute take forfeit of my bond? If it were so, sir, I was here before four.

Usurer. Why didst thou not tender thy money, then? if I offer thee injury, take the law of me, complain to the judge: I will receive no money.

Alc. Well, sir, I hope you will stand my good master for my cow. I borrowed thirty shillings on her, and for that I have paid you eighteen-pence a week, and for her meat you have had her milk, and I tell you, sir, she gives a pretty sup: now, sir, here is your money.

Usurer. Hang, beggarly knave! comest to me for a cow? did I not bind her bought and sold for a penny, and was not thy day to have paid yesterday? Thou gettest no cow at my hand.

Alc. No cow, sir! alas, that word "no cow" goes as cold to my heart as a draught of small drink in a frosty morning! "no cow," sir! why, alas, alas, Master Usurer, what shall become of me, my wife, and my poor child?

Usurer. Thou gettest no cow of me, knave: I cannot stand prating with you, I must be gone.

Alc. Nay, but hear you, Master Usurer: "no cow"! why, sir, here's your thirty shillings: I have paid you eighteen-pence a week, and therefore there is reason I should have my cow.

Usurer. What pratest thou? have I not answered thee, thy day is broken?

Alc. Why, sir, alas, my cow is a commonwealth to me! for first, sir, she allows me, my wife, and son, for to banquet ourselves withal, butter, cheese, whey, curds, cream, sod-milk, raw-milk, sour-milk, sweet-milk, and butter-milk: besides, sir, she saved me every year a penny in almanacs, for she was as good to me as a prognostication; if she had but set up her tail, and have galloped

* *lute-strings*] Compare Nash's *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600; "I knowe one spent, in lesse then a yere, eyght and fifty pounds in mustard, and an other that ranne in det, in the space of foure or fiue yeere, aboue foureteene thousand pound in *lute-strings* and gray paper." Sig. B 4.

* *counterpane*] i. e. one part of a pair of deeds: we now say *counterpart*.

about the mead, my little boy was able to say, "O, father, there will be a storm"; her very tail was a calendar to me: and now to lose my cow! alas, Master Usurer, take pity upon me!

Usurer. I have other matters to talk on: farewell, fellows.

Thras. Why, but, thou covetous churl, wilt thou not receive thy money, and deliver me my recognisance?

Usurer. I'll deliver thee none; if I have wronged thee, seek thy mends at the law. [*Exit.*

Thras. And so I will, insatiable peasant.

Alc. And, sir, rather than I will put up this word "no cow," I will lay my wife's best gown to pawn. I tell you, sir, when the slave uttered this word "no cow," it struck to my heart, for my wife shall never have one so fit for her turn again; for, indeed, sir, she is a woman that hath her twiddling-strings broke.

Thras. What meanest thou by that, fellow?

Alc. Marry, sir, sir-reverence of your manhood, she breaks wind behind: and indeed, sir, when she sat milking of her cow[s] and let a fart, my other cows would start at the noise, and kick down the milk, and away; but this cow, sir, the gentlest cow! my wife might blow whilst* she burst: and having such good conditions, shall the Usurer come upon me with "no cow"? Nay, sir, before I pocket up this word "no cow," my wife's gown goes to the lawyer: why, alas, sir, 'tis as ill a word to me as "no crown" to a king!

Thras. Well, fellow, go with me, and I'll help thee to a lawyer.

Alc. Marry, and I will, sir. No cow! well, the world goes hard. [*Exeunt.*

Oseas. Where hateful usury
Is counted husbandry;
Where merciless men rob the poor,
And the needy are thrust out of door;
Where gain is held for conscience,
And men's pleasures are all on pence;
Where young gentlemen forfeit their lands,
Through riot, into the usurer's hands;
Where poverty is despis'd, and pity banish'd,
And mercy indeed utterly vanish'd;
Where men esteem more of money than of God;
Let that land look to feel his wrathful rod:
For there is no sin more odious in his sight
Than where usury defrauds the poor of his right.
London, take heed, these sins abound in thee;
The poor complain, the widows wrongèd be;
The gentlemen by subtlety are spoil'd;
The ploughmen lose the crop for which they toil'd:
Sin reigns in thee, O London, every hour;
Repent, and tempt not thus the heavenly power.

Enter REMILIA, *with* ALVIDA *and a train of* Ladies, *in all royalty.*

Remil. Fair queen, yet handmaid* unto Rasni's love,
Tell me, is not my state as† glorious
As Juno's pomp, when tir'd with heaven's despoil,
Clad in her vestments spotted all with stars,
She cross'd the silver path unto her Jove?
Is not Remilia far more beauteous,
Rich'd‡ with the pride of nature's excellence,§
Than Venus in the brightest of her shine?
My hairs surpass they not Apollo's locks?
Are not my tresses curlèd with such art
As Love delights to hide him in their fair?‖
Doth not mine eye¶ shine like the morning lamp
That tells Aurora when her love will come?
Have I not stoln the beauty of the heavens,
And plac'd it on the feature of my face?
Can any goddess make compare with me,
Or match her with the fair Remilia?

Alvi. The beauties that proud Paris saw from** Troy,
Mustering in Ida for the golden ball,
Were not so gorgeous as Remilia.

Remil. I have trick'd my trammels up with richest balm,
And made my perfumes of the purest myrrh:
The precious drugs that Ægypt's wealth affords,
The costly paintings†† fetch'd from curious Tyre,
Have mended in my face what nature miss'd.
Am I not the earth's wonder in my looks?

Alvi. The wonder of the earth, and pride of heaven.

Remil. Look, Alvida, a hair stands not amiss;
For women's locks are trammels of conceit,
Which do entangle Love for all his wiles.

Alvi. Madam, unless you coy it trick and trim,
And play the civil‡‡ wanton ere you yield,

* *whilst*] i. e. until.

* *handmaid*] The 4tos. "handmaids."
† *as*] The 4to. of 1598 "so."
‡ *Rich'd*] The 4to. of 1598 "Rich."
§ *excellence*] The 4to. of 1598 "excellencie."
‖ *fair*] i.e. beauty.
¶ *eye*] The 4to. of 1594 "eyne."
** *from*] Qy. "fore"?
†† *paintings*] The 4to. of 1598 "painting."
‡‡ *civil*] i. e. grave, sober,—in which sense the word was formerly often used. Compare a passage of our author's *Never too late* (already cited in the *Account of Greene and his Writings*, p. 8), where he is speaking of the courtezans of Troynovant (i. e. London); "their looks

Smiting disdain of pleasures with your tongue,
Patting your princely Rasni on the check
When he presumes to kiss without consent,
You mar the market: beauty naught avails:
You must be proud; for pleasures hardly got
Are sweet if once attain'd.

Remil. Fair Alvida,
Thy counsel makes Remilia passing wise.
Suppose that thou wert Rasni's mightiness,
And I Remilia, prince of excellence.

Alvi. I would be master then of love and thee.

Remil. "Of love and me! proud and disdainful king,
Dar'st thou presume to touch a deity,
Before she grace thee with a yielding smile?"

Alvi. "Tut, my Remilia, be not thou so coy;
Say nay, and take it."*

Remil. "Careless and unkind!
Talks Rasni to Remilia in such sort,
As if I† did enjoy a human form?
Look on thy love, behold mine eyes divine,
And dar'st thou twit me with a woman's fault?
Ah Rasni, thou art rash to judge of me:
I tell thee, Flora oft hath woo'd my lips
To lend a rose to beautify her spring;
The sea-nymphs fetch their lilies from my cheeks:
Then thou unkind"!—and hereon would I weep.

Alvi. And here would Alvida resign her charge:
For were I but in thought th' Assyrian king,
I needs must quite thy tears with kisses sweet,
And crave a pardon with a friendly touch:
You know it, madam, though I teach it not,
The touch I mean, you smile whenas you think it.

Remil. How am I pleas'd to hear thy pretty prate,
According to the humour of my mind!
Ah, nymphs, who fairer than Remilia?
The gentle winds have woo'd me with their sighs,
The frowning air hath clear'd when I did smile;
And when I trac'd upon the tender‡ grass,
Love, that makes warm the centre of the earth,
Lift up his crest to kiss Remilia's foot;
Juno still entertains her amorous Jove
With new delights, for fear he look on me;
The phœnix' feathers are become my fan,
For I am beauty's phœnix in this world.
Shut close these curtains straight, and shadow me,
For fear Apollo spy me in his walks,
And scorn all eyes, to see Remilia's eyes.
Nymphs, eunuchs,* sing, for Mavors draweth nigh;
Hide me in closure, let him long to look:
For were a goddess fairer than am I,
I'll scale† the heavens to pull her from the place.

[*They draw the curtains, and music plays.*

Alvi. Believe me, though she say that she is fairest,
I think my penny silver by her leave.

Enter RASNI, *with* RADAGON *and* Lords *in pomp, who make a ward about* RASNI; *also the* Magi *in great pomp.*

Rasni. Magi, for love of Rasni, by your‡ art,
By magic frame an arbour out of hand,
For fair Remilia to disport her in.
Meanwhile I will bethink me on further§ pomp.

[*Exit.*

The Magi *with their rods beat the ground, and from under the same rises a brave arbour:* RASNI *returns in another suit, while the trumpets sound.*

Rasni. Blest be ye, men‖ of art, that grace me thus,
And blessèd be this day where Hymen hies
To join in union pride of heaven and earth!

[*Lightning and thunder, wherewith* REMILIA *is strucken.*

What woundrous threatening noise is this I hear?
What flashing lightnings trouble our delights?
When I draw near Remilia's royal tent,
I waking dream of sorrow and¶ mishap.

Radag. Dread not, O king, at ordinary chance;
These are but common exhalations,
Drawn from the earth, in substance hot and dry,
Or moist and thick, or meteors combust,
Matters and causes incident to time,

....containe modesty, mirth, chastity, wantonness, and what not; and she that holdeth in her eie most *ciuility*, hath oft in hir heart most dishonestie," &c. Yet Mr. Collier (note on *Shakespeare*, vol. v. p. 101, ed. 1858) boldly asserts that "*civil*" in our text is a misprint for "cruel."

* "*Say nay, and take it.*"] A proverbial expression: so in Shakespeare's *Richard III.* act iii. sc. 7;

"*Play the maid's part,—still answer nay, and take it.*"

† *I*] The 4tos. of 1598 and 1617 "he."

‡ *tender*] Not in the 4to. of 1598.

* *eunuchs*] The 4tos. "Knanckes."—Compare the following lines;

"And let the *eunuchs* play you all asleep."
p. 135, sec. col.

"*Eunuchs*, play hymns to praise his deity."
p. 136, first col.

"Play, *eunuchs, sing* in honour of her name."
p. 137, first col.

† *I'll scale*, &c.] Our early writers frequently use *I will, thou wilt*, &c., in passages where we might expect *I would, thou wouldst*, &c. So Shakespeare:

"If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds," &c.
Coriolanus, act i. sc. 9.

‡ *your*] The 4to. of 1598 "our."

§ *further*] The 4to. of 1598 "surth, a." This line may be restored to metre by a transposition,—

"Meanwhile *on further pomp* I will bethink me."

‖ *men*] The three first 4tos. "man."

¶ *and*] The 4to. of 1598 "or.

Enkindled* in the fiery region first.
Tut, be not now a Roman augurer :
Approach the tent, look on Remilia.
Rasni. Thou hast confirm'd my doubts, kind Radagon.—
Now ope, ye folds, where queen of favour † sits,
Carrying a net within her curlèd locks,
Wherein the Graces are entangled oft ;
Ope like th' imperial gates where Phœbus sits,
Whenas he means to woo his Clytia.
Nocturnal cares, ye blemishers of bliss,
Cloud not mine eyes, whilst I behold her face.—
Remilia, my delight !—she answereth not.

[*He draws the curtains, and finds her strucken black with thunder.*

How pale ! as if bereav'd in fatal meads,
The balmy breath hath left her bosom quite :
My Hesperus by cloudy death is blent ‡.—
Villains, away, fetch syrups of the Inde,
Fetch balsamo, the kind preserve of life,
Fetch wine of Greece, fetch oils, fetch herbs, fetch all,
To fetch her life, or I will faint and die.

[*They bring in all these, and offer ; naught prevails.* §

Herbs, oils of Inde, alas, there naught prevails § !
Shut are the day-bright eyes that made me see,
Lock'd are the gems of joy in dens of death ;
Yet triumph I on fate, and he on her :
Malicious mistress of inconstancy,
Damn'd be thy name, that hast ‖ obscur'd my joy.—
Kings, viceroys, ¶ princes, rear a royal tomb
For my Remilia ; bear her from my sight,
Whilst I in tears weep for Remilia.

[*They bear* Remilia's *body out.*

Radag. What maketh Rasni moody ? loss of one ?
As if no more were left so fair as she.
Behold a dainty minion for the nonce,**—
Fair Alvida, the Paphlagonian queen :
Woo her, and leave this weeping for the dead.
Rasni. What, woo my subject's wife that hououreth me !
Radag. Tut, kings this *meum, tuum* should not know :
Is she not fair ? is not her husband hence ?
Hold, take her at the hands of Radagon ;
A pretty peat to drive your mourn away.
Rasni. She smiles on me, I see she is mine own.—
Wilt thou be Rasni's royal paramour ?
Radag. She blushing yields consent.—Make no dispute :
The king is sad, and must be gladded straight ;
Let Paphlagonian king go mourn meanwhile.

[*Thrusts* Rasni *and* Alvida *out ; and so they all exeunt.*

Oseas. Pride hath his judgment : London, look about ;
'Tis not enough in show to be devout.
A fury now from heaven to lands unknown
Hath made the prophet speak, not to his own.
Fly, wantons,* fly this pride and vain attire,
The seals to set your tender hearts on fire :
Be faithful in the promise you have past,
Else God will plague and punish at the last.
When lust is hid in shroud of wretched life,
When craft doth dwell in bed of married wife,
Mark but † the prophets, we that shortly shows,
After death expect for many woes.

Enter Alcon *and* Thrasyllus, *with the* Lawyer.

Thras. I need not, sir, discourse unto you the duty of lawyers in tendering the right cause of their clients, nor the conscience you are tied unto by higher command : therefore suffice, the Usurer hath done me wrong ; you know the case ; and, good sir, I have strained myself to give you your fees.

Lawyer. Sir, if I should any way neglect so manifest a truth, I were to be accused of open perjury, for the case is evident.

Alc. And truly, sir, for my case, if you help me not for my matter, why, sir, I and my wife are quite undone ; I want my mease ‡ of milk when I go to my work, and my boy his bread and butter when he goes to school. Master Lawyer, pity me, for surely, sir, I was fain to lay my wife's best gown to pawn for your fees : when I looked upon it, sir, and saw how handsomely it was daubed with statute-lace, and what a fair mockado § cape it had, and then thought how handsomely it became my wife,—truly, sir, my heart is made of butter, it melts at the least persecution,—I fell on weeping ; but when I thought on the words the Usurer gave me, "no cow," then, sir, I would have stript her into ‖ her smock,

* *Enkindled*] The 4to. of 1598 "In kindling."
† *favour*] i. e. beauty.
‡ *blent*] i. e. destroyed, polluted,—from the verb *blend*, which in its original sense means to mingle, confound. —The 4to. of 1598 "bent."
§ *prevails*] i. e. avails.
‖ *hast*] The 4to. of 1598 "hath."
¶ *viceroys*] The 4to. of 1598 "viceroy."
** *nonce*] i. e. occasion.

* *wantons*] The 4to. of 1598 "wanton."
† *Mark but*, &c.] Some corruption in this couplet.
‡ *mease*] An old form of "mess."
§ *mockado*] Or, as it was sometimes called, *mock-velvet*.
‖ *into*] i.e. unto. See note †, p. 111, sec. col.

but I would make him deliver my cow, ere I had done: therefore, good Master Lawyer, stand my friend.

Lawyer. Trust me, father, I will do for thee as much as for myself.

Alc. Are you married, sir?

Lawyer. Ay, marry, am I, father.

Alc. Then good's benison light on you and your good wife, and send her that she be never troubled with my wife's disease.

Lawyer. Why, what's thy wife's disease?

Alc. Truly, sir, she hath two open faults, and one privy fault. Sir, the first is, she is too eloquent for a poor man, and hath the words of art, for she will call me rascal, rogue, runagate, varlet, vagabond, slave, and knave: why, alas, sir, and these be but holiday-terms, but if you heard her working-day words, in faith, sir, they be rattlers like thunder, sir; for after the dew follows a storm, for then am I sure either to be well buffeted, my face scratched, or my head broken: and therefore, good Master Lawyer, on my knees I ask it, let me not go home again to my wife with this word "no cow"; for then she will exercise her two faults upon me with all extremity.

Lawyer. Fear not, man. But what is thy wife's privy fault?

Alc. Truly, sir, that's a thing of nothing; alas, she, indeed, sir-reverence of your mastership, doth use to break wind in her sleep.—O, sir, here comes the Judge, and the old caitif the Usurer.

Enter the Judge, *attended, and the* Usurer.

Usurer. Sir, here is forty angels for you, and if at any time you want a hundred pound or two, 'tis ready at your command, or the feeding of three or four fat bullocks: whereas these needy slaves can reward with nothing but a cap and a knee; and therefore I pray you, sir, favour my case.

Judge. Fear not, sir, I'll do what I can for you.

Usurer. What, Master Lawyer, what make you here? mine adversary for these clients?

Lawyer. So it chanceth now, sir.

Usurer. I know you know the old proverb, "He is not wise that is not wise for himself": I would not be disgraced in this action; therefore here is twenty angels; say nothing in the matter, or* what you say, say to no purpose, for the Judge is my friend.

Lawyer. Let me alone, I'll fit your purpose.

Judge. Come, where are these fellows that are the plantiffs? what can they say against this honest citizen our neighbour, a man of good report amongst all men?

Alc. Truly, Master Judge, he is a man much spoken of; marry, every man's cries are against him, and especially we; and therefore I think we have brought our Lawyer to touch him with as much law as will fetch his lands and my cow with a pestilence.

Thras. Sir, I am the other plaintiff, and this is my counsellor: I beseech your honour be favourable to me in equity.

Judge. O, Signor Mizaldo, what can you say in this gentleman's behalf?

Lawyer. Faith, sir, as yet little good.—Sir, tell you your own case to the Judge, for I have so many matters in my head, that I have almost forgotten it.

Thras. Is the wind in that door? Why, then, my lord, thus. I took up of this cursed Usurer, for so I may well term him, a commodity of forty pounds, whereof I received ten pound in money, and thirty pound in lute-strings, whereof I could by great friendship make but five pounds: for the assurance of this bad commodity I bound him my land in recognisance; I came at my day, and tendered him his money, and he would not take it: for the redress of my open wrong I crave but justice.

Judge. What say you to this, sir?

Usurer. That first he had no lute-strings of me; for, look you, sir, I have his own hand to my book for the receipt of forty pound.

Thras. That was, sir, but a device of him to colour the statute.

Judge. Well, he hath thine own hand, and we can crave no more in law.—But now, sir, he says his money was tendered at the day and hour.

Usurer. This is manifest contrary, sir, and on that I will depose; for here is the obligation, "to be paid between three and four in the afternoon," and the clock struck four before he offered it, and the words be "between three and four," therefore to be tendered before four.

Thras. Sir, I was there before four, and he held me with brabbling* till the clock struck, and then for the breach of a minute he refused my money, and kept† the recognisance of my land for so small a trifle.—Good Signor Mizaldo, speak what is law; you have your fee, you have heard what the case is, and therefore do me

* *or*] The 4tos. "and."

* *brabbling*] i. e. quarrelling, squabbling.

† *kept*] The three first 4tos. "keepe."

justice and right: I am a young gentleman, and speak for my patrimony.

Lawyer. Faith, sir, the case is altered; you told me it before in another manner: the law goes quite against you, and therefore you must plead to the Judge for favour.

Thras. O execrable bribery!

Alc. Faith, Sir Judge, I pray you let me be the gentleman's counsellor, for I can say thus much in his defence, that the Usurer's clock is the swiftest clock in all the town: 'tis, sir, like a woman's tongue, it goes ever half-an-hour before the time; for when we were gone from him, other clocks in the town struck four.

Judge. Hold thy prating, fellow:—and you, young gentleman, this is my ward: look better another time both to your bargains and to the payments; for I must give flat sentence against you, that, for default of tendering the money between the hours, you have forfeited your recognisance, and he to have the land.

Thras. O inspeakable injustice!

Alc. O monstrous, miserable, moth-eaten Judge!

Judge. Now you, fellow, what have you to say for your matter?

Alc. Master Lawyer, I laid my wife's gown to pawn for your fees: I pray you, to this gear.*

Lawyer. Alas, poor man, thy matter is out of my head, and therefore, I pray thee, tell it thyself.

Alc. I hold my cap to a noble† that the Usurer hath given him some gold, and he, chewing it in his mouth, hath got the toothache that he cannot speak.

Judge. Well, sirrah, I must be short, and therefore say on.

Alc. Master Judge, I borrowed of this man thirty shillings, for which I left him in pawn my good cow; the bargain was, he should have eighteen-pence a week, and the cow's milk for usury: now, sir, as soon as I had gotten the money, I brought it him, and broke but a day, and for that he refused his money, and keeps my cow, sir.

Judge. Why, thou hast given sentence against thyself, for in breaking thy day thou hast lost thy cow.

Alc. Master Lawyer, now for my ten shillings.

Lawyer. Faith, poor man, thy case is so bad, I shall but speak against thee.

Alc. 'Twere good, then, I should have my ten shillings again.

Lawyer. 'Tis my fee, fellow, for coming: wouldst thou have me come for nothing?

Alc. Why, then, am I like to go home, not only with no cow, but no gown: this gear goes hard.

Judge. Well, you have heard what favour I can show you: I must do justice.—Come, Master Mizaldo,—and you, sir, go home with me to dinner.

Alc. Why, but, Master Judge, no cow!—and, Master Lawyer, no gown!
Then must I clean run out of the town.

[*Exeunt* Judge, *attended*, Lawyer, *and* Usurer.

How cheer you, gentleman? you cry "no lands" too; the Judge hath made you a knight for a gentleman, hath dubbed you Sir John Lack-land.

Thras. O miserable time, wherein gold is above God!

Alc. Fear not, man; I have yet a fetch to get thy lands and my cow again, for I have a son in the court, that is either a king or a king's fellow, and to him will I go and complain on the Judge and the Usurer both.

Thras. And I will go with thee, and entreat him for my case.

Alc. But how shall I go home to my wife, when I shall have nothing to say unto her but "no cow"? alas, sir, my wife's faults will fall upon me!

Thras. Fear not; let's go; I'll quiet her, shalt see. [*Exeunt*

Oscas. Fly, judges, fly corruption in your court;
The judge of truth hath made your judgment short.
Look so to judge, that at the latter day
Ye be not judg'd with those that wend astray.
Who passeth judgment for his private gain,
He well may judge he is adjudg'd to pain.

Enter Adam *and the crew of* Ruffians *drunk.*

*Adam.** Farewell, gentle tapster.—Masters, as good ale as ever was tapt; look to your feet, for the ale is strong.—Well, farewell, gentle tapster.

First Ruf. [*to Second Ruf.*] Why, sirrah slave, by heaven's maker, thinkest thou the wench loves† thee best because she laughed on thee? give me but such another word and I will throw the pot at thy head.

---

* *gear*] i. e. business.

† *I hold my cap to a noble*] i. e. I bet my cap to a noble (the gold coin so called).—Part of the title-page of our author's *Second and last part of Conny-catching, &c.*, runs thus—"which if you reade without laughing, *He giue you my cap for a noble*": see p. 79 of the present vol.

* Adam] The 4tos. throughout the scene "Clown": but see note †, p. 119, sec. col.

† *loves*] The 4to. of 1598 "loue."

Adam. Spill no drink, spill no drink, the ale is good: I'll tell you what, ale is ale, and so I'll commend me to you with hearty commendations. —Farewell, gentle tapster.

Second Ruf. Why, wherefore, peasant, scornest thou that the wench should love me? look but on her and I'll thrust my dagger in thy bosom.

First Ruf. Well, sirrah, well, thou'rt as thou'rt, and so I'll take thee.

Second Ruf. Why, what am I?

First Ruf. Why, what thou wilt; a slave.

Second Ruf. Then take that, villain, and learn how thou* use me another time.

[*Stabs* First Ruf.

First Ruf. O, I am slain! [*Dies.*

Second Ruf. That's all one to me, I care not: now will I in to my wench, and call for a fresh pot.

[*Exit: and then exeunt all except* ADAM.

Adam Nay, but hear ye, take me with ye, for the ale is ale.—Cut a fresh toast, tapster, fill me a pot; here is money, I am no beggar, I'll follow thee as long as the ale lasts.—A pestilence on the blocks for me, for I might have had a fall: well, if we shall have no ale, I'll sit me down: and so farewell, gentle tapster.

[*Here he falls over the dead man.*

Enter RASNI, ALVIDA, *the* KING OF CILICIA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Rasni. What slaughter'd wretch lies bleeding here his last,
So near the royal palace of the king?
Search out if any one be biding nigh,
That can discourse the manner of his death.—
Seat thee, fair Alvida, the fair of fairs;
Let not the object† once offend thine eyes.

First Lord. Here's one sits here asleep, my lord.

Rasni. Wake him, and make inquiry of this thing.

First Lord. Sirrah you! hearest thou, fellow?

Adam. If you will fill a fresh pot, here's a penny, or else farewell, gentle tapster.

First Lord. He is drunk, my lord.

Rasni. We'll sport with him, that Alvida may laugh.

First Lord. Sirrah, thou fellow, thou must come to the king.

Adam. I will not do a stroke of work to-day, for the ale is good ale, and you can ask but a penny for a pot, no more by the statute.

First Lord. Villain, here's the king; thou must come to him.

Adam. The king come to an ale-house!—Tapster, fill me three pots.—Where's the king? is this he?—Give me your hand, sir: as good ale as ever was tapt; you shall drink while* your skin crack.

Rasni. But hearest thou, fellow, who killed this man?

Adam. I'll tell you, sir,—if you did taste of the ale,—all Nineveh hath not such a cup of ale, it flowers in the cup, sir; by my troth, I spent eleven pence, beside three races of ginger—

Rasni. Answer me, knave, to my question, how came this man slain?

Adam. Slain! why, [the] ale is strong ale, 'tis huffcap;† I warrant you, 'twill make a man well.—Tapster, ho! for the king a cup of ale and a fresh toast; here's two races more.

Alvi. Why, good fellow, the king talks not of drink; he would have thee tell him how this man came dead.

Adam. Dead! nay, I think I am alive yet, and will drink a full pot ere night: but hear ye, if ye be the wench that filled us drink, why, so, do your office, and give us a fresh pot; or if you be the tapster's wife, why, so, wash the glass clean.

Alvi. He is so drunk, my lord, there is no talking with him.

Adam. Drunk! nay, then, wench, I am not drunk: thou'rt a shitten quean to call me drunk; I tell thee I am not drunk, I am a smith, I.‡

First Lord. Sir, here comes one perhaps that can tell.

Enter the Smith.

Smith. God save you, master.

Rasni. Smith, canst thou tell me how this man came dead?

Smith. May it please your highness, my man here and a crew of them went to the ale-house, and came out so drunk that one of them killed another: and now, sir, I am fain to leave my shop, and come to fetch him home.

Rasni. Some of you carry away the dead body: drunken men must have their fits; and, sirrah smith, hence with thy man.

Smith. Sirrah you, rise, come go with me.

Adam. If we shall have a pot of ale, let's have it, here's money; hold, tapster, take my purse.

Smith. Come, then, with me, the pot stands full in the house.

---

* *thou*] The 4to. of 1598 "to."

† *the object*] The three first 4tos. "*the* otrict."—Qy. "this *object*"?

* *while*] i. e. until.

† *huffcap*] i. e. strong ale, so named because it inspirited those who drank it to set their caps in a huffing manner.

‡ *I*] Not in the 4to. of 1598.

Adam. I am for you, let's go, thou'rt an honest tapster: we'll drink six pots ere we part.

[*Exeunt* Smith, Adam; *and* Attendants *with the dead body.*

Rasni. Beauteous, more bright than beauty in mine eyes,
Tell me, fair sweeting, want'st thou anything
Contain'd within the threefold circle of the world,*
That may make Alvida live full content?

Alvi. Nothing, my lord; for all my thoughts are pleas'd
Whenas mine eye surfeits with Rasni's sight.

Enter the King of Paphlagonia *malcontent.*

Rasni. Look how thy husband haunts our royal court,
How still his sight breeds melancholy storms.
O Alvida, I am passing† passionate,
And vex'd with wrath and anger to the death!
Mars, when he held fair Venus on his knee,
And saw the limping smith come from his forge,
Had not more deeper furrows on‡ his brow
Than Rasni hath to see this Paphlagon.

Alvi. Content thee, sweet, I'll salve thy sorrow straight;
Rest but the ease of all thy thoughts on me,
And if I make not Rasni blithe again,
Then say that women's fancies have no shifts.

K. of Paph. Sham'st thou not, Rasni, though thou be'st a king,
To shroud adultery in thy royal seat?
Art thou arch-ruler of great Nineveh,
Who shouldst excel in virtue as in state,
And wrong'st thy friend by keeping back his wife?
Have I not battled in thy troops full oft,
'Gainst Egypt, Jewry, and proud Babylon,
Spending my blood to purchase thy renown,
And is the guerdon of my chivalry
Ended in this abusing of my wife?
Restore her me, or I will from thy court,
And make discourse of thy adulterous deeds.

Rasni. Why, take her, Paphlagon, exclaim not, man;
For I do prize mine honour more than love.—
Fair Alvida, go with thy husband home.

Alvi. How dare I go, sham'd with so deep misdeed?
Revenge will broil within my husband's breast,
And when he hath me in the court at home,
Then Alvida shall feel revenge for all.

Rasni. What say'st thou, King of Paphlagon, to this?
Thou hear'st the doubt thy wife doth stand upon.
If she hath* done amiss, it is my fault;
I prithee pardon and forget [it] all.

K. of Paph. If that I meant not, Rasni, to forgive,
And quite forget the follies that are past,
I would not vouch† her presence in my court;
But she shall be my queen, my love, my life,
And Alvida unto her Paphlagon,
And lov'd, and more belovèd than before.

Rasni. What say'st thou, Alvida, to this?

Alvi. That, will he swear it to my lord the king,
And in a full carouse of Greekish wine
Drink down the malice of his deep revenge,
I will go home, and love him new again.

Rasni. What answers Paphlagon? [will do.

K. of Paph. That what she hath requested I

Alvi. Go, damosel, [and] fetch me that sweet wine
That stands within my‡ closet on the shelf;
Pour it into a standing-bowl of gold,
But, on thy life, taste not before the king:
Make haste. [*Exit* Female Attendant.
Why is great Rasni melancholy thus?
If promise be not kept, hate all for me.

[*Wine brought in by* Female Attendant.

Here is the wine, my lord: first make him swear.

K. of Paph. By Nineveh's great gods, and Nineveh's great king,
My thoughts shall never be to wrong my wife!
And thereon here's a full carouse to her. [*Drinks.*

Alvi. And thereon, Rasni, here's a kiss for thee;
Now mayst thou freely fold thine Alvida.

K. of Paph. O, I am dead! obstruction's of my breath!
The poison is of wondrous sharp effect.
Cursèd be all adulterous queans, say I!
And cursing so, poor Paphlagon doth die. [*Dies.*

Alvi. Now, have I not salv'd the sorrows of my lord?
Have I not rid a rival of thy loves?
What say'st thou, Rasni, to thy paramour?

Rasni. That for this deed I'll deck my Alvida
In sendal,§ and in costly sussapine,
Border'd with pearl and India diamond;
I'll cause great Æol perfume all his winds
With richest myrrh and curious ambergreece.

---

* *Tell me, fair sweeting, want'st thou anything Contain'd within the threefold circle of the world,* &c.] Qy. "*Tell me, fair sweeting, want'st thou* aught *contain'd Within the threefold circle of the world,*" &c.?

† *passing*] The 4to. of 1594 "passion."

‡ *furrows on*] The 4to. of 1598 "sorrowes in."

* *hath*] The 4to. of 1598 "haue."

† *vouch*] The 4to. of 1598 "vouchsafe."

‡ *my*] The 4to. of 1598 "thy."

§ *sendal*] See note *, p. 111, sec. col.

Come, lovely minion, paragon for fair,*
Come follow me, sweet goddess of mine eye,
And taste the pleasures Rasni will provide.
[*Exeunt.*

Oscas. Where whoredom reigns, there murder follows fast,
As falling leaves before the winter blast.
A wicked life, train'd up in endless crime,
Hath no regard† unto the latter time,
When lechers shall be punish'd for their lust,
When princes plagu'd because they are unjust.
Foresee in time, the warning-bell doth toll;
Subdue the flesh by prayer to save the soul:
London, behold the cause of others' wrack,
And see‡ the sword of justice at thy back:
Defer not off, to-morrow is too late;
By night he comes perhaps to judge thy state.

Enter JONAS.

Jonas. From forth the depth of my imprison'd soul
Steal you, my sighs, [to] testify my pain;
Convey on wings of mine immortal tone
My zealous prayers unto the starry throne.
Ah merciful and just, thou dreadful God!
Where is thine arm to lay revengeful strokes
Upon the heads of our rebellious race?
Lo, Israel, once that flourish'd like the vine,
Is barren laid; the beautiful increase
Is wholly blent,§ and irreligious zeal
Encampeth there where virtue was enthron'd:
Alas, the while the widow wants relief,
The fatherless is wrong'd by naked need,
Devotion sleeps in cinders of contempt,
Hypocrisy infects the holy priest!
Ay me, for this! woe me, for these misdeeds!
Alone I walk to think upon the world,
And sigh to see thy prophets so contemn'd,
Alas, contemn'd by cursèd Israel!
Yet, Jonas, rest content, 'tis Israel's sin
That causeth this; then muse no more thereon,
But pray amends, and mend thy own amiss.

An Angel *appears to* JONAS.

Angel. Amittai's son, I charge thee muse no more:
I AM hath power to pardon and correct;
To thee pertains to do the Lord's command.
Go girt thy loins, and haste thee quickly hence;
To Nineveh, that mighty city, wend,
And say this message from the Lord of hosts,
Preach unto them these tidings from thy God;—
"Behold, thy wickedness hath tempted me,
And piercèd through the nine-fold orbs of heaven:
Repent, or else thy judgment is at hand."
[*This said, the* Angel *vanishes.*

Jonas. Prostrate I lie before the Lord of hosts,
With humble ears intending* his behest:
Ah, honour'd be Jehovah's great command!
Then Jonas must to Nineveh repair,
Commanded as the prophet of the Lord.
Great dangers on this journey do† await,
But dangers none where heavens direct the course.
What should I deem? I see, yea, sighing see,
How Israel sin[s], yet knows‡ the way of truth,
And thereby grows the bye-word of the world.
How, then, should God in judgment be so strict
'Gainst those who never heard or knew his power,
To threaten utter ruin of them all?
Should I report this judgment of my God,
I should incite them more to follow sin,
And publish to the world my country's blame:
It may not be, my conscience tells me—no.
Ah Jonas, wilt thou prove rebellious, then?
Consider, ere thou fall,§ what error is.
My mind misgives: to Joppa will I fly,‖
And for a while to Tharsus ¶ shape my course,
Until the Lord unfret his angry brows.

Enter certain Merchants *of* Tharsus, *a* Master, *and som* Sailors.

Mas. Come on, brave merchants; now the wind doth serve,
And sweetly blows a gale at west-south-west,
Our yards across, our anchors on the pike,
What, shall we hence, and take this merry gale?

First Mer. Sailors, convey our budgets straight aboard,
And we will recompense your pains at last:
If once in safety we may Tharsus see,
Master, we'll feast these merry mates and thee.

Mas. Meanwhile content yourselves with silly cates;
Our beds are boards, our feasts are full of mirth:
We use no pomp, we are the lords of sea;
When princes sweat in care, we swink** of glee.

* *fair*] i.e. beauty.
† *regard*] The 4to. of 1598 "reward."
‡ *see*] The 4to. of 1598 "set."
§ *blent*] See note ‡, p. 124, first col.

* *intending*] i.e. attending to.
† *do*] The 4to. of 1598 "to."
‡ *How Israel sin* [*s*]. *yet knows*, &c.] Had it not been for the words "*knows*" and "*grows*," the old reading "sin might have stood:—"they made peace with Israel, and served *them*." II *Samuel*, x. 19.
§ *fall*] The 4to. of 1594 "sall."
‖ *fly*] The 4to. of 1598 "flee."
¶ *Tharsus*] Should, of course, be "Tarshish": but throughout the play the 4tos. have "Tharsus"; and so, in all probability, the author chose to write the name.
** *swink*] i. e. toil, labour.

Orion's shoulders and the Pointers serve
To be our loadstars in the lingering night;
The beauties of Arcturus we behold;
And though the sailor is no bookman held,
He knows more art than ever bookmen read.

First Sai. By heavens, well said in honour of our trade!

Let's see the proudest scholar steer * his course,
Or shift his tides, as silly sailors do;
Then will we yield them praise, else never none.

First Mer. Well spoken, fellow, in thine own behalf.

But let us hence; wind tarries none, you wot,
And tide and time let slip is hardly got.

Mas. March to the haven, merchants; I follow you. [*Exeunt* Merchants.

Jonas. [*aside.*] Now doth occasion further my desires;
I find companions fit to aid my flight.—
Stay, sir, I pray, and hear a word or two.

Mas. Say on, good friend, but briefly, if you please;

My passengers by this time are aboard. [selves?

Jonas. Whither pretend † you to embark your-

Mas. To Tharsus, sir, and here in Joppa-haven
Our ship is prest,‡ and ready to depart.

Jonas. May I have passage for my money, then?

Mas. What not for money? pay ten silverlings,§
You are a welcome guest, if so you please.

Jonas [*giving money*]. Hold, take thine hire; I follow thee, my friend.

Mas. Where is your budget? let me bear it, sir.

Jonas. To one in peace, who sail[s] as I do now,‖
Put trust in him who succoureth every want.
[*Exeunt.*

Oseas. When prophets, new-inspir'd, presume to force
And tie the power of heaven to their conceits;
When fear, promotion, pride, or simony,
Ambition, subtle craft, their thoughts disguise,
Woe to the flock whereas ¶ the shepherd's foul! **
For, lo, the Lord at unawares shall plague
The careless guide, because his flocks do stray.
The axe already to the tree is set:
Beware to tempt the Lord, ye men of art.

Enter Alcon, Thrasybulus, Samia, *and* Clesiphon.

Cles. Mother, some meat, or else I die for want!

Sam. Ah little boy, how glad thy mother would
Supply thy wants, but naked need denies!
Thy father's slender portion in this world
By usury and false deceit is lost:
No charity within this city bides;
All for themselves, and none to help the poor.

Cles. Father, shall Clesiphon have no relief?

Alc. Faith, my boy, I must be flat with thee, we must feed upon proverbs now; as "Necessity hath no law," "A churl's feast is better than none at all:" for other remedies have we none, except thy brother Radagon help us.

Sam. Is this thy slender care to help our child?
Hath nature arm'd thee to no more remorse?*
Ah cruel man, unkind and pitiless!—
Come, Clesiphon, my boy, I'll beg for thee.

Cles. O, how my mother's mourning moveth me!

Alc. Nay, you shall pay me interest for getting the boy, wife, before you carry him hence: alas, woman, what can Alcon do more? I'll pluck the belly out of my heart for thee, sweet Samia; be not so waspish.

Sam. Ah silly man, I know thy want is great,
And foolish I to† crave where nothing is.
Haste, Alcon, haste, make haste unto our son;
Who, since he is in favour of the king,
May help this hapless gentleman and us
For to regain our goods from tyrant's hands.

Thras. Have patience, Samia, wait your weal from heaven:
The‡ gods have rais'd your son, I hope, for this,
To succour innocents in their distress.
Lo, where he comes from the imperial court;
Go, let us prostrate us before his feet.

Alc. Nay, by my troth, I'll never ask my son blessing; che trow, cha § taught him his lesson to know his father.

Enter Radagon *attended.*‖

What, son Radagon! i'faith, boy, how dost thee?

Rad. Villain, disturb me not; I cannot stay.

---

* *steer*] The 4tos. "stir."

† *pretend*] i. e. intend.

‡ *prest*] i. e. prepared.

§ *silverlings*] i. e. pieces of silver. The word occurs in Scripture, *Isaiah* vii. 53, and in *The Jew of Malta*, Marlowe's *Works*, p. 145, ed. Dyce, 1858.

‖ *To one in peace, &c.*] After this line something is wanting,—a line at least, if not more.

¶ *whereas*] i. e. where.

** *foul*] The 4to. of 1598 "fold."

* *remorse*] i. e. compassion.

† *foolish I to*] The 4to. of 1598 "foolishly *I* do."

‡ *The*] The 4to. of 1594 "Tho."

§ *che trow, cha*] i. e. I trow, I have.—Why the author gives us here a sudden touch of rustic dialect, it would be difficult to say.

‖ *attended*] The 4tos. "*solus.*" But that Radagon does not enter here *solus* is shown by his presently saying "Marshal, why whip you not," &c., and "Slaves, feten out tortures," &c.

Alc. Tut, son, I'll help you of that disease quickly, for I can hold thee: ask thy mother, knave, what cunning I have to ease a woman when a qualm of kindness comes too near her stomach; let me but clasp mine arms about her body, and say my prayers in her bosom, and she shall be healed presently.

Radag. Traitor unto my princely majesty,
How dar'st thou lay thy hands upon a king?

Sam. No traitor, Radagon, but true is he:
What, hath promotion blearèd thus thine eye,
To scorn thy father when he visits thee?
Alas, my son, behold with ruthful eyes
Thy parents robb'd of all their worldly weal
By subtle means of usury and guile:
The judge's ears are deaf and shut up close;
All mercy sleeps: then be thou in these plunges* A patron to thy mother in† her pains:
Behold thy brother almost dead for food:
O, succour us, that first did succour thee!

Radag. What, succour me! false callet,‡ hence, avaunt!
Old dotard, pack! move not my patience:
I know you not; kings never look so low.

Sam. You know us not! O Radagon, you know
That, knowing us, you know your parents then;
Thou know'st this womb first brought thee forth to light:
I know these paps did foster thee, my son.

Alc. And I know he hath had many a piece of bread and cheese at my hands, as proud as he is; that know I.

Thras. I wait no hope of succour in this place,
Where children hold their fathers in disgrace.

Radag. Dare you enforce the furrows of revenge
Within the brows of royal Radagon?
Villain, avaunt! hence, beggars, with your brats!—
Marshal, why whip you§ not these rogues away,
That thus disturb our royal majesty?

Cles. Mother, I see it is a wondrous thing,
From base estate for to become a king;
For why,‖ methink, my brother in these fits
Hath got a kingdom, but hath lost his wits.

Radag. Yet more contempt before my royalty?
Slaves, fetch out tortures worse than Tityus' plagues,
And tear their tongues from their blasphémous heads.

* *plunges*] i. e. straits, distresses.
† *in*] The 4to. of 1598 "to."
‡ *callet*] i. e. drab.
§ *you*] The 4to. of 1598 "ye *you*."
‖ *For why*] i. e. Because.

Thras. I'll get me gone, though wo-begone with grief:
No hope remains:—come, Alcon, let us wend.

Radag. 'Twere best you did, for fear you catch your bane. [*Exit* THRASYBULUS.

Sam. Nay, traitor, I will haunt thee to the death:
Ungracious son, untoward, and perverse,
I'll fill the heavens with echoes of thy pride,
And ring in every ear thy small regard,
That dost despise thy parents in their wants;
And breathing forth my soul before thy feet,
My curses still shall haunt thy hateful head,
And being dead, my ghost shall thee pursue.

Enter RASNI, *attended on by his* Magi* *and* Kings.

Rasni. How now! what mean these outcries in our court,
Where naught should sound but harmonies of heaven?
What maketh Radagon so passionate?

Sam. Justice, O king, justice against my son!

Rasni. Thy son! what son?

Sam. This cursèd Radagon.

Radag. Dread monarch, this is but a lunacy,
Which grief and want hath brought the woman to.—
What, doth this passion hold you every moon?

Sam. O politic in sin and wickedness,
Too impudent for to delude thy prince!—
O Rasni, this same womb first† brought him forth:
This is his father, worn with care and age,
This is his brother, poor unhappy lad,
And I his mother, though contemn'd by him.
With tedious toil we got our little good,
And brought him up to school with mickle charge:
Lord, how we joy'd to see his towardness!
And to ourselves we oft in silence said,
This youth when we are old may succour us.
But now preferr'd and lifted up by thee,
We quite destroy'd by cursèd usury,
He scorneth me, his father, and this child.

Cles. He plays the serpent right, describ'd in Esop's tale,
That sought the foster's death, that lately gave him life.

Alc. Nay, an please your majesty-ship, for proof he was my child, search the parish-book: the clerk will swear it, his godfathers and god-

* *Magi*] The 4tos. "Soothsayers" (which undoubtedly means the personages who in an earlier part of the play have been designated "*Magi*": see p. 123, sec. col.).
† *first*] Not in the 4to. of 1598.

mothers can witness it: it cost me forty pence in ale and cakes on the wives at his christening. —Hence, proud king! thou shalt never more have my blessing.

Rasni. [*taking* RADAGON *apart.*] Say sooth in secret, Radagon,
Is this thy father?

Radag. Mighty king, he is;
I blushing tell it to your majesty.

Rasni. Why* dost thou, then, contemn him and his friends?

Radag. Because he is a base and abject swain,
My mother and her brat both beggarly,
Unmeet to be allied unto a king:
Should I, that look on Rasni's countenance,
And march amidst his royal equipage,
Embase myself to speak to such as they?
'Twere impious so to impair the love
That mighty Rasni bears to Radagon.
I would your grace would quit them from your sight,
That dare presume to look on Jove's compare.

Rasni. I like thy pride, I praise thy policy;
Such should they be that wait upon my court:
Let me alone to answer, Radagon.—
Villains,† seditious traitors, as you be,
That scandalize the honour of a king,
Depart my court, you stales of impudence,
Unless you would be parted from your limbs!
So base for to entitle fatherhood
To Rasni's friend, to Rasni's favourite.

Radag. Hence, begging scold! hence, caitif clogg'd with years!
On pain of death, revisit not the court.
Was I conceiv'd by such a scurvy trull,
Or brought to light by such a lump of dirt?
Go, losel, trot it to the cart and spade!
Thou art unmeet to look upon a king,
Much less to be the father of a king.

Alc. You may see, wife, what a goodly piece of work you have made: have I taught you arsmetry, as *additiori multiplicarum*, the rule of three, and all for the begetting of a boy, and to be banished for my labour? O pitiful hearing!—Come, Clesiphon, follow me.

Cles. Brother, beware: I oft have heard it told,
That sons who do their fathers scorn shall beg when they be old.

Radag. Hence, bastard boy, for fear you taste the whip!

[*Exeunt* ALCON *and* CLESIPHON.

Sam. O all you heavens, and you eternal powers
That sway the sword of justice in your hands,
(If mother's curses for* her son's contempt
May fill the balance of your fury full,)
Pour down the tempest of your direful plagues
Upon the head of cursèd Radagon!

[*A flame of fire appears from beneath, and* RADAGON *is swallowed.*†

So you are just: now triumph, Samia! [*Exit.*

Rasni. What exorcising charm, or hateful hag,
Hath ravishèd the pride of my delight?
What tortuous planets, or malevolent
Conspiring power, repining destiny,
Hath made the concave of the earth unclose,
And shut in ruptures lovely Radagon?
If I be lord commander of the clouds,
King of the earth, and sovereign of the seas,
What daring Saturn, from his fiery den,
Doth dart these furious flames amidst my court?
I am not chief, there is more great than I:
What, greater than th' Assyrian Satrapos?
It may not be, and yet I fear there is,
That hath bereft me of my Radagon.

First Magus. Monarch, and potentate of all our provinces,
Muse not so much upon this accident,
Which is indeed nothing miraculous.
The hill of Sicily, dread sovereign,
Sometime on sudden doth evacuate
Whole flakes of fire, and spews out from below
The smoky brands that Vulcan's bellows drive:
Whether by winds enclosèd in the earth,
Or fracture of the earth by rivers' force,
Such chances as was this are often seen;
Whole cities sunk, whole countries drownèd quite.
Then muse not at the loss of Radagon,
But frolic with the dalliance of your love.
Let cloths of purple, set with studs of gold,
Embellishèd with all the pride of earth,
Be spread for Alvida to sit upon:
Then thou, like Mars courting the queen of love,
Mayst drive away this melancholy fit.

Rasni. The proof is good and philosophical;
And more, thy counsel plausible and sweet.—
Come, lords, though Rasni wants his Radagon,
Earth will repay him many Radagons,
And Alvida with pleasant looks revive
The heart that droops for want of Radagon.

[*Exeunt.*

Oseas. When disobedience reigneth in the child,
And princes' ears by flattery be beguil'd;
When laws do pass by favour, not by truth;

---

* *Why*] The 4to. of 1594 "Thy."

† *Villains*] The 4to. of 1598 "Villaine."

* *for*] The 4to. of 1598 "of."

† *A flame*, &c.] The 4tos. "*Upon this praier she departeth, and a flame*," &c.

When falsehood swarmeth both in old and youth;
When gold is made a god to wrong the poor,
And charity exil'd from rich men's door;
When men by wit do labour to disprove
The plagues for sin sent down by God above;
When * great men's ears are stopt to good advice,
And apt to hear those tales that feed their vice;
Woe to the land! for from the east shall rise
A Lamb of peace, the scourge of vanities,
The judge of truth, the patron of the just,
Who soon will lay presumption in the dust,
And give the humble poor their hearts' desire,
And doom the worldlings to eternal fire:
Repent all you that hear, for fear of plagues.
O London, this and more doth swarm in thee!
Repent, repent, for why† the Lord doth see:
With trembling pray, and mend what is amiss;
The sword of justice drawn already is.

Enter ADAM *and the* Smith's Wife.

Adam.‡ Why, but hear you, mistress: you know a woman's eyes are like a pair of pattens, fit to save shoe-leather in summer, and to keep away the cold in winter; so you may like your husband with the one eye because you are married, and me with the other because I am your man. Alas, alas! think, mistress, what a thing love is: why, it is like to an ostry-faggot,§ that, once set on-fire, is as hardly quenched as the bird crocodile driven out of her nest.

S. Wife. Why,‖ Adam, cannot a woman wink but she must sleep, and can she not love but she must cry it out at the cross? Know, Adam, I love thee as myself, now that we are together in secret.

Adam. Mistress, these words of yours are like a fox-tail placed in a gentlewoman's fan, which, as it is light, so it giveth life: O, these words are as sweet as a lily! whereupon, offering a borachio of kisses to your unseemly personage, I entertain you upon further acquaintance.

S. Wife. Alas, my husband comes!

Adam. Strike up the drum,
And say no words but mum.

Enter the Smith.

Smith. Sirrah you, and you, huswife, well taken together! I have long suspected you, and now I am glad I have found you together.

Adam. Truly, sir, and I am glad that I may do you any way pleasure, either in helping you or my mistress.

Smith. Boy, hear, and, knave, you shall know it straight, I will have you both before the magistrate, and there have you surely punished.

Adam. Why, then, master, you are jealous?

Smith. Jealous, knave! how can I be but jealous, to see you ever so familiar together? thou art not only content to drink away my goods, but to abuse my wife.

Adam. Two good qualities, drunkenness and lechery: but, master, are you jealous?

Smith. Ay, knave, and thou shalt know it ere I pass, for I will beswinge thee while this rope will hold.

S. Wife. My good husband, abuse him not, for he never proffered you any wrong.

Smith. Nay, whore, thy part shall not be behind.

Adam. Why, suppose, master, I have offended you, is it* lawful for the master to beat the servant for all offences?

Smith. Ay, marry, is it, knave.

Adam. Then, master, will I prove by logic that seeing all sins are to receive correction, the master is to be corrected of the man. And, sir, I pray you, what greater sin is than jealousy? 'tis like a mad dog that for anger bites himself: therefore that I may do my duty to you, good master, and to make a white son† of you, I will so‡ beswinge jealousy out of you as you shall love me the better while you live.

Smith. What, beat thy master, knave?

Adam. What, beat thy man, knave? and, ay, master, and double beat you, because you are a man of credit; and therefore have at you the fairest for§ forty pence! [*Beats the* Smith.

Smith. Alas, wife, help, help! my man kills me.

---

* *When*] The 4tos. "Where."

† *for why*] i. e. because.

‡ ADAM] The 4tos. throughout the scene "Clown": but see note †, p. 119, sec. col.

§ *ostry-faggot*] i. e. faggot in a hostry: "You cannot be content to pinch with your small pots and your *ostry-faggots*." Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1592, Sig. E 3.

‖ *Why*] The 4to. of 1594 "Thy."

* *is it*] The 4to. of 1598 "it is."

† *white son*] *White* is an epithet of endearment, common in our old writers: so Heywood and Broome in their *Late Lancashire Witches*, 1634; "A merry song now, mother, and thou shalt be my *white* girle." Sig. C 3.;—and Whiting in his *Albino and Bellama*, 1638 (some copies of the poem have the date 1637);

"A votary, Albino cal'd by name;
Not Fortune's *white* boy, yet of Abby-bloud." p. 31.

In 1644 was printed a small 4to. tract entitled *The Devill's* WHITE *Boyes, a mixture of malicious malignants, with their Evill Practises against the Kingdome and Parliament, with a bottomlesse sack-full of Knavery, Popery, Prelacy, Policy, Trechery*, &c.

‡ *so*] Not in the 4to. of 1598.

§ *for*] The 4to. of 1598 "of."

S. Wife. Nay, even as you have baked, so brew: jealousy must be driven out by extremities.

Adam. And that will I do, mistress.

Smith. Hold thy hand, Adam; and not only I forgive and forget all, but I will give thee a good farm to live on.

Adam. Be gone, peasant, out of the compass of my further wrath, for I am a corrector of vice; and at night I will bring home my mistress.

Smith. Even when you please, good Adam.

Adam. When I please,—mark the* words,—'tis a lease-parol† to have and to hold. Thou shalt be mine for ever: and so let's go to the ale-house. [*Exeunt.*

Oseas. Where servants against masters do rebel,
The commonweal may be accounted hell;
For if the feet the head shall hold in scorn,
The city's state will fall and be forlorn.
This error, London, waiteth on thy state:
Servants, amend, and, masters, leave to hate;
Let love abound, and virtue reign in all;
So God will hold his hand, that threateneth thrall.

Enter the Merchants *of Tharsus,*‡ *the* Master *of the Ship, and some* Sailors, *wet from the sea; with them the* Governor of Joppa.

Gov. What strange encounters met you on the sea,
That thus your bark is batter'd by the floods,
And you return thus sea-wreck'd as I see?

First Mer. Most mighty Governor, the chance is strange,
The tidings full of wonder and amaze,
Which, better than we, our Master can report.

Gov. Master, discourse us all the accident.

Mas. The fair Triones with their glimmering light
Smil'd at the foot of clear Bootes' wain,§
And in the north,‖ distinguishing the hours,
The loadstar of our course dispers'd his clear;
When to the seas with blitheful western blasts
We sail'd amain, and let the bowling fly.
Scarce had we gone ten leagues from sight of land,
But, lo, an host of black and sable clouds
Gan to eclipse Lucina's silver face;
And, with a hurling noise from forth the south,
A gust of wind did rear* the billows up.
Then scantled we our sails with speedy hands,
And took our drablers from our bonnets straight,
And severèd our bonnets from our† courses:
Our topsails up, we truss our spritsails in;
But vainly strive they that resist the heavens.
For, lo, the waves incense them more and more,
Mounting with hideous roarings from the depth;
Our bark is batter'd by encountering storms,
And well-nigh stemm'd by breaking of the floods.
The steersman, pale and careful, holds his helm,
Wherein the trust of life and safety lay:
Till all at once (a mortal tale to tell)
Our sails were split by Bisa's‡ bitter blast,
Our rudder broke, and we bereft of hope.
There might you see, with pale and ghastly looks,
The dead in thought, and doleful merchants lift
Their eyes and hands unto their country's gods.
The goods we cast in bowels of the sea,
A sacrifice to 'suage proud Neptune's ire.
Only alone a man of Israel,
A passenger, did under hatches lie,
And slept secure, when we for succour pray'd:
Him I awoke, and said, "Why slumberest thou?
Arise, and pray, and call upon thy god;
He will perhaps in pity look on us."
Then cast we lots to know by whose amiss
Our mischief came,§ according to the guise;
And, lo, the lot did unto Jonas fall,
The Israelite of whom I told you last.
Then question we his country and his name;
Who answer'd us, "I am an Hebrew born,
Who fear the Lord of heaven who made the sea,
And fled from him, for which we all are plagu'd:
So, to assuage the fury of my God,
Take me and cast my carcass in the sea;
Then shall this stormy wind and billow cease."
The heavens they know, the Hebrew's god can tell,
How loath we were to execute his will:
But when no oars nor labour might suffice,
We heav'd the hapless Jonas overboard.
So ceas'd the storm, and calmèd all the sea,
And we by strength of oars recover'd shore.

Gov. A wondrous chance of mighty consequence!

---

* *the*] The 4to. of 1598 "thy."

† *lease-parol*] "*Lease-Parol*, that is, *Lease* per *Parol*; a Lease by Word of Mouth, to distinguish it from a Lease in Writing." Cowel's *Law Dict.* (sub. "*Parol*"), ed. 1727.

‡ *Tharsus*] See note ‖, p. 129, sec. col.

§ *Bootes' wain*] The 4tos. "Rootes a raine."

‖ *north*] The 4tos. "wrath."

* *rear*] The 4to. of 1598 "raise."

† *our*] The 4to. of 1594 "the."

‡ *Bisa's*] The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 217) remarks that this word "had been used long before in poetry. See *Havelok the Dane*, ed. Madden, v. 724;

'That it no began a winde to rise
Out of the north, men calleth *bise*,' &c."——

"*Bise.* A north wind." Cotgrave's *Dict.*

§ *came*] The 4tos. of 1594, 1598, and 1617 "come."

First Mer. Ah, honour'd be the god that wrought the same!
For we have vow'd, that saw his wondrous works,
To cast away profanèd paganism,
And count the Hebrew's god the only god:
To him this offering of the purest gold,
This myrrh and cassia, freely I do yield.
Second Mer. And on his altar's fume* these Turkey cloths,
This gassampine† and gold, I'll sacrifice. [addict.
First Sai. To him my heart and thoughts I will
Then suffer us, most mighty Governor,
Within your temples to do sacrifice.
Gov. You men of Tharsus, follow me,
Who sacrifice unto the‡ God of heaven;
And welcome, friends, to Joppa's Governor.
[*Exeunt. A sacrifice.*
Oseas. If warnèd once, the ethnics thus repent,
And at the first their error do lament,
What senseless beasts, devourèd in their sin,
Are they whom long persuasions cannot win!
Beware, ye western cities,—where the word
Is daily preachèd, both at church and board,
Where majesty the gospel doth maintain,
Where preachers, for your good, themselves do pain,—
To dally long and still protract the time;
The Lord is just, and you but dust and slime:
Presume not far, delay not to amend;
Who suffereth long, will punish in the end.
Cast thy account, O London, in this case,
Then judge what cause thou hast to call for grace!

JONAS *is cast out of the whale's belly upon the stage.*

Jonas. Lord of the light, thou maker of the world,
Behold, thy hands of mercy rear me up!
Lo, from the hideous bowels of this fish
Thou hast return'd me to the wishèd air!
Lo, here, apparent witness of thy power,
The proud leviathan that scours the seas,
And from his nostrils showers out stormy floods,
Whose back resists the tempest of the wind,
Whose presence makes the scaly troops to shake,
With humble stress§ of his broad-open'd chaps,
Hath lent me harbour in the raging floods!
Thus, though my sin hath drawn me down to death,
Thy mercy hath restorèd me to life.
Bow ye, my knees; and you, my bashful eyes,
Weep so for grief as you to water would.
In trouble, Lord, I callèd unto thee,
Out of the belly of the deepest hell;
I cried, and thou didst hear my voice, O God!
'Tis thou hadst cast me down into the deep:
The seas and floods did compass me about;
I thought I had been cast from out thy sight;
The weeds were wrapt about my* wretched head;
I went unto the bottom of the hills:
But thou, O Lord my God, hast brought me up!
On thee I thought whenas my soul did faint:
My prayers did prease† before thy mercy-seat.
Then will I pay my vows unto the Lord,
For why‡ salvation cometh from his throne.

The Angel *appears.*

Angel. Jonas, arise, get thee to Nineveh,
And preach to them the preachings that I bade;
Haste thee to see the will of heaven perform'd.
Jonas. Jehovah, I am prest§ to do thy will.—
[*The* Angel *departs.*
What coast is this, and where am I arriv'd?
Behold sweet Lycus streaming in his bounds,
Bearing the walls of haughty Nineveh,
Whereas three hundred towers‖ do tempt the heaven.
Fair are thy¶ walls, pride of** Assyria;
But, lo, thy sins have piercèd through the clouds!
Here will I enter boldly, since I know
My God commands, whose power no power resists.
[*Exit.*
Oseas. You prophets, learn by Jonas how to live;
Repent your sins, whilst he doth warning give.
Who knows his master's will, and doth it not,
Shall suffer many stripes, full well I wot.

Enter ALVIDA *in rich attire, with the* KING OF CILICIA, *and her* Ladies.

Alv. Ladies, go sit you down amidst this bower,
And let the eunuchs play you all asleep:
Put garlands made of roses on your heads,
And play the wantons, whilst I talk a while.
First Lady. Thou beautiful of all the world, we will. [Ladies *enter the bower.*
Alv. King of Cilicia, kind and courteous,

* *fume*] The 4tos. "perfume."
† *gassampine*] Does it mean cotton-cloth? In Cotgrave's *Dict.* I find "*Gossampine.* The bumbast or cotton-bush, the plant that beares cotton or bumbast." See, too, Florio's *Dict.* in "*Gossampino*" and "*Gossipina.*"
‡ *the*] The 4to. of 1598 "your."—This speech seems to be somewhat imperfect.
§ *stress*] Qy. "stretch"?
* *my*] The 4to. of 1598 "thy."
† *prease*] i. e. press.
‡ *For why*] i. e. Because.
§ *prest*] i. e. ready.
‖ *towers*] The three first 4tos. "towns."
¶ *thy*] The 4tos. "the."
** *pride of*] The 4to. of 1602 "of proud."

Like to thyself because a lovely king,
Come, lay thee down upon thy mistress' knee,
And I will sing and talk of love to thee.

K. of Cil. Most gracious paragon of excellence,
It fits not such an abject prince as I,
To talk with Rasni's paramour and love.

Alv. To talk, sweet friend! who would not talk with thee?
O, be not coy! art thou not only fair?
Come, twine thine arms about this snow-white neck,
A love-nest for the great Assyrian king:
Blushing I tell thee, fair Cilician prince,
None but thyself can merit such a grace.

K. of Cil. Madam, I hope you mean not for to mock me.

Alv. No, king, fair king, my meaning is to yoke thee.
Hear me but sing of love, then by my sighs,
My tears, my glancing looks, my changèd cheer,
Thou shalt perceive how I do hold thee dear.

K. of Cil. Sing, madam, if you please, but love in jest.

Alv. Nay, I will love, and sigh at every rest.

[*Sings.*

Beauty, alas, where wast thou born,
Thus to hold thyself in scorn?
Whenas Beauty kiss'd to woo thee,
Thou by Beauty dost undo me:
Heigh ho, despise me not!

I and thou, in sooth, are one,
Fairer thou,* I fairer none:
Wanton thou, and wilt thou, wanton,
Yield a cruel heart to plant on?
Do me right, and do me reason;
Cruelty is cursèd treason:
Heigh-ho, I love! heigh-ho, I love!
Heigh-ho! and yet he eyes me not.

K. of Cil. Madam, your song is passing passionate.

Alv. And wilt thou not, then, pity my estate?

K. of Cil. Ask love of them who pity may impart.

Alv. I ask of thee, sweet; thou hast stole my heart.

K. of Cil. Your love is fixèd on a greater king.

Alv. Tut, women's love it is a fickle thing.
I love my Rasni for his † dignity,
I love Cilician king for his sweet eye;
I love my Rasni since he rules the world,
But more I love this kingly little world.

[*Embraces him.*

How sweet he looks! O, were I Cynthia's fere, ‡
And thou Endymion, I should hold thee dear:
Thus should mine arms be spread about thy neck,

[*Embraces his neck.*

Thus would I kiss my love at every beck;

[*Kisses him.*

Thus would I sigh to see thee sweetly sleep,
And if thou wak'dst not soon, thus would I weep;
And thus, and thus, and thus, thus much I love thee.

[*Kisses him.*

K. of Cil. For all these vows, beshrew me, if I prove ye:*
My faith unto my king shall not be fals'd.

Alv. Good Lord, how men are coy when they are crav'd!

K. of Cil. Madam, behold our king approacheth nigh.

Alv. Thou art Endymion, then, no more: heigh-ho, for him I die!

[*Faints, while pointing at the* King of Cilicia.

Enter Rasni, *with his* Kings, Lords, *and* Magi.

Rasni. What ails the centre of my happiness,
Whereon depends the heaven of my delight?
Thine eyes the motors to command my world,
Thy hands the axier† to maintain my world,
Thy smiles the prime and spring-tide of my world,
Thy frowns the winter to afflict my‡ world,
Thou queen of me, I king of all the world!

Alv. Ah feeble eyes, lift up, and look on him!

[*Rises as out of a trance.*

Is Rasni here? then droop no more, poor heart.—
O, how I fainted when I wanted thee!

[*Embraces him.*

How fain am I, now I may look on thee!
How glorious is my Rasni, how divine!—
Eunuchs, play hymns to praise his deity:
He is my Jove, and I his Juno am.

Rasni. Sun-bright as is the eye of summer's day
Whenas he suits his pennons§ all in gold
To woo his Leda in a swan-like shape;
Seemly as Galatea‖ for thy white;
Rose-colour'd, lily, lovely, wanton, kind,
Be thou the labyrinth to tangle love,
Whilst I command the crown from Venus' crest,
And pull Orion's¶ girdle from his loins,
Enchas'd with carbuncles and diamonds,
To beautify fair Alvida, my love.—

---

* *Fairer thou*] "Should it be 'Fairest *thou*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c., i. 59.

† *his*] The 4tos. "my."

‡ *fere*] i. e. companion,—equal.

* *ye*] The 4tos. "you": but here a rhyme was intended.

† *axier*] i. e. axis.

‡ *my*] The 4tos. "the."

§ *his pennons*] The correction of the Rev. J. Mitford, *Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 216.—The 4tos. "Spenori."

‖ *Galatea*] The 4tos. "Galbocia."

¶ *Orion's*] The 4tos. "Onoris."

Play, eunuchs, sing in honour of her name;
Yet look not, slaves, upon her wooing eyne,
For she is fair Lucina to your king,
But fierce Medusa to your baser eye.

Alv. What if I slept, where should my pillow be?

Rasni. Within my bosom, nymph, not on my knee:
Sleep, like the smiling purity of heaven,
When mildest wind is loth to blend* the peace;
Meanwhile my† balm‡ shall from thy breath arise;
And while these closures of thy lamps be shut,
My soul may have his peace from fancy's war.—
This is my Morn,§ and I her Cephalus:—
Wake not too soon, sweet nymph, my love is won.—
Caitiffs,‖ why stay your strains? why tempt you me?

Enter the Priests of the Sun, *with mitres on their heads, carrying fire in their hands.*

First Priest. All hail unto th' Assyrian deity!

Rasni. Priests, why presume you to disturb my peace? [peace.

First Priest. Rasni, the Destinies disturb thy
Behold, amidst the adyts¶ of our gods,
Our mighty gods, the patrons of our war,
The ghosts** of dead men howling walk about,
Crying "*Væ, væ,* woe to this city, woe!"
The statues†† of our gods are thrown down,
And streams of blood our altars do distain.

Alv. [*starting up.*] Alas, my lord, what tidings do I hear?
Shall I be slain?

Rasni. Who tempteth Alvida?
Go, break me up the brazen doors‡‡ of dreams,
And bind me cursèd Morpheus in a chain,
And fetter all the fancies of the night,
Because they do disturb my Alvida.

[*A hand from out a cloud threatens with a burning sword.*

K. of Cil. Behold, dread prince, a burning sword from heaven,
Which by a threatening arm is brandishèd!

* *blend*] See note †, p. 124, first col.
† *my*] The 4tos. "thy."
‡ *balm*] The 4to. of 1598 "blame."
§ *Morn*] The 4tos. "Morane."
‖ *Caitiffs*] The 4tos. "Catnies."
¶ *adyts*] The 4tos. "additles" and "addites": from the Latin, *adytum*, the innermost part of a temple.
** *ghosts*] The 4to. of 1598 "ghost."
†† *statues*] The three first 4tos. "statutes."—In this line "thrown" would seem to be a dissyllable.
‡‡ *doors*] The 4to. of 1598 "walles."

Rasni. What, am I threaten'd, then, amidst my throne?
Sages, you Magi, speak; what meaneth this?

First Magus. These are but clammy exhalations,
Or retrograde conjunctions of the stars,
Or oppositions of the greater lights,
Or radiations* finding matter fit,
That in the starry sphere kindled be;†
Matters betokening dangers to thy foes,
But peace and honour to my lord the king.

Rasni. Then frolic, viceroys, kings, and potentates;
Drive all vain fancies from your feeble minds.
Priests, go and pray, whilst I prepare my feast,
Where Alvida and I, in pearl and gold,
Will quaff unto our nobles richest wine,
In spite of fortune, fate, or destiny. [*Exeunt.*

Oseas. Woe to the trains of women's foolish lust,
In wedlock-rites that yield but little trust,
That vow to one, yet common be to all!
Take warning, wantons; pride will have a fall.
Woe to the land where warnings profit nought!
Who say that nature God's decrees hath wrought;
Who build on fate, and leave the corner-stone,
The God of gods, sweet Christ, the only one.
If such escapes, O London, reign in thee,
Repent; for why‡ each sin shall punish'd be:
Repent, amend, repent, the hour is nigh;
Defer not time; who knows when he shall die?

Enter one clad in Devil's *attire.*

Dev. Longer lives a merry man than a sad; and because I mean to make myself pleasant this night, I have put myself into this attire, to make a clown afraid that passeth this way: for of late there have appeared many strange apparitions, to the great fear and terror of the citizens.—O, here my young master comes.

Enter Adam *and the* Smith's Wife.

Adam. Fear not, mistress, I'll bring you safe home: if my master frown, then will I stamp and stare; and if all be not well then, why then to-morrow morn put out mine eyes clean with forty pound.

S. Wife. O, but, Adam, I am afraid to walk so late, because of the spirits that appear in the city.

Adam. What, are you afraid of spirits? Armed

* *radiations*] The 4tos. "radiatrous."
† *That in the starry sphere kindled be*] Here "sphere" is a dissyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 146.
‡ *for why*] i. e. because.

as I am, with ale and nutmegs, turn me loose to all the devils in hell.

S. Wife. Alas, Adam, Adam! the devil, the devil!

Adam. The devil, mistress! fly you for your safeguard; [*Exit* S. Wife.] let me alone; the devil and I will deal well enough, if he have any honesty at all in him: I'll either win him with a smooth tale, or else with a toast and a cup of ale.

Dev. [*singing.*]

O, O, O, O, fain would I be,
If that my kingdom fulfill'd I might see!
O, O, O, O!

*Adam.** Surely, this is a merry devil, and I believe he is one of Lucifer's minstrels; hath a sweet voice; now surely, surely, he may sing to a pair of tongs and a bag-pipe.

Dev. O, thou art he that I seek for.

Adam. Spritus santus !—Away from me, Satan! I have nothing to do with thee.

Dev. O villain, thou art mine!

Adam. Nominus patrus!—I bless me from thee, and I conjure thee to tell me who thou art.

Dev. I am the spirit of the dead man that was slain in thy company when we were drunk together at the ale.†

Adam. By my troth, sir, I cry you mercy; your face is so changed that I had quite forgotten you: well, master devil, we have tossed over many a pot of ale together. [hell.

Dev. And therefore must thou go with me to

Adam. [*aside.*] I have a policy to shift him, for I know he comes out of a hot place, and I know myself,‡ the smith and the devil hath a dry tooth in his head: therefore will I leave him asleep, and run my way.

Dev. Come, art thou ready?

Adam. Faith, sir, my old friend, and now goodman devil, you know you and I have been tossing many a good cup of ale: your nose is grown very rich: what say you, will you take a pot of ale now at my hands? Hell is like a smith's forge, full of water, and yet ever athirst.

Dev. No ale, villain; spirits cannot drink: come, get upon my back, that I may carry thee.

Adam. You know I am a smith, sir: let me look whether you be well shod or no; for if you want a shoe, a remove, or the clinching of a nail, I am at your command.

Dev. Thou hast never a shoe fit for me.

Adam. Why, sir, we shoe horned beasts, as well as you.—[*Aside.*] O good Lord! let me sit down and laugh; hath never a cloven foot: a devil, quoth he! I'll use *Spritus santus* nor *Nominus patrus* no more to him, I warrant you; I'll do more good upon him with my cudgel: now will I sit me down, and become justice of peace to the devil.

Dev. Come, art thou ready?

Adam. I am ready; and with this cudgel I will conjure thee. [*Beats him.*

Dev. O, hold thy hand! thou killest me, thou killest me! [*Exit.*

Adam. Then may I count myself, I think, a tall* man, that am able to kill a devil: now who dare deal with me in the parish? or what wench in Nineveh will not love me, when they say, "There goes he that beat the devil"? [*Exit.*

Enter THRASYBULUS.

Thras. Loath'd is the life that now enforc'd I lead;
But since necessity will have it so,
(Necessity it† doth command the gods,)
Through every coast and corner now I pry,
To pilfer what I can to buy me meat.
Here have I got a cloak, not over old,
Which will afford some little sustenance:
Now will I to the broking Usurer,
To make exchange of ware for ready coin.

Enter ALCON, SAMIA, *and* CLESIPHON.

Alc. Wife, bid the trumpets sound, a prize, a prize! mark the posy: I cut this from a new-married wife by the help of a horn-thumb‡ and a knife,—six shillings, four pence.

Sam. The better luck ours: but what have we here, cast apparel? Come away, man, the Usurer is near: this is dead ware, let it not bide on our hands.

---

* *Adam*] The 4tos. here, and throughout the rest of the scene "Clown": see note †, p. 119, sec. col.

† *the ale*] "*Launce.* If thou wilt go with me to the *ale-house*, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to *the ale* with a Christian."

It is plain that in the passage of our text, as well as in that just quoted from Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (act ii. sc. 5.), "*the ale*" is put for the ale-house. Generally, however, in our early writers "the ale" means a festival where much ale was drunk: hence bride-ales, church-ales, clerk-ales, &c.

‡ *and I know myself*, &c.] i.e. (if there be no corruption), "And I know by myself that both the smith and the devil hath,' &c.

* *tall*] i. e. bold, brave.

† *it*] Qy. "that" (the MS. having had "y^{t}")?

‡ *horn thumb*] An implement used by cut-purses; a case of horn, put on the thumb, to receive the edge of the knife, during their operations.

Thras. [*aside.*] Here are my partners in my poverty,
Enforc'd to seek their fortunes as I do:
Alas, that few men should possess the wealth,
And many souls be forc'd to beg or steal!—
Alcon, well met.

Alc. Fellow beggar, whither now?

Thras. To the Usurer, to get gold on commodity.

Alc. And I to the same place, to get a vent for my villany. See where the old crust comes: let us salute him.

Enter Usurer.

God speed, sir: may a man abuse your patience upon a pawn?

Usurer. Friend, let me see it.

Alc. Ecce signum! a fair doublet and hose, new-bought out of the pilferer's shop, [and] a handsome cloak.

Usurer. How were they gotten?

Thras. How catch the fishermen fish? Master, take them as you think them worth: we leave all to your conscience.

Usurer. Honest men, toward men, good men, my friends, like to prove good members, use me, command me; I will maintain your credits. There's money: now spend not your time in idleness; bring me commodity; I have crowns for you: there is two shillings for thee, and six shillings for thee. [*Gives money.*

Alc. A bargain.—Now, Samia, have at it for a new smock!—Come, let us to the spring of the best liquor: whilst this lasts, trillill!

Usurer. Good fellows, proper fellows, my companions, farewell: I have a pot for you.

Sam. [*aside*]. If he could spare it.

Enter Jonas.

Jonas. Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
The day of horror and of torment* comes;
When greedy hearts shall glutted be with fire,
Whenas corruptions veil'd shall be unmask'd,
When briberies shall be repaid with bane,
When whoredoms shall be recompens'd in hell,
When riot shall with rigour be rewarded,
Whenas neglect of truth, contempt of God,
Disdain of poor men, fatherless, and sick,
Shall be rewarded with a bitter plague.
Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
The Lord hath spoke, and I do cry it out;
There are as yet but forty days remaining,
And then shall Nineveh be overthrown:
Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
There are as yet but forty days remaiuing,
And then shall Nineveh be overthrown. [*Exit.*

Usurer. Confus'd in thought, O, whither shall I wend? [*Exit.*

Thras. My conscience cries, that I have done amiss. [*Exit.*

Alc. O God of heaven, 'gainst thee have I offended!

Sam. Asham'd of my misdeeds, where shall I hide me?

Cles. Father, methinks this word "repent" is good:
He that [doth] punish disobedience
Doth hold a scourge for every privy fault.

[*Exit with* Alcon *and* Samia.

Oseas. Look, London, look; with inward eyes behold
What lessons the events do here unfold.
Sin grown to pride, to misery is thrall:
The warning-bell is rung, beware to fall.
Ye worldly men, whom wealth doth lift on high,
Beware and fear, for worldly men must die.
The time shall come, where least suspect* remains,
The sword shall light upon the wisest brains;
The head that deems to overtop the sky,
Shall perish in his human policy.
Lo, I have said, when I have said the truth,
When will is law, when folly guideth youth,
When show of zeal is prank'd in robes of zeal,
When ministers powl† the pride of common-weal,
When law is made a labyrinth of strife,
When honour yields him friend to wicked life,
When princes hear by others' ears their folly,
When usury is most accounted holy,
If these shall‡ hap, as would to God they might not,
The plague is near: I speak, although I write not.

Enter the Angel.

Angel. Oseas.

Oseas. Lord?

Angel. Now hath thine eye§ perus'd these heinous sins,
Hateful unto the mighty Lord of hosts.
The time is come, their sins are waxen ripe,
And though the Lord forewarns, yet they repent not;
Custom of sin hath harden'd all their hearts.
Now comes revenge, armèd with mighty plagues,
To punish all that live in Nineveh;

* *horror and of torment*] The 4to. of 1598 "judgment."

* *suspect*] The 4to. of 1598 "respect."
† *powl*] i. e. poll.
‡ *shall*] The 4to. of 1598 "should."
§ *eye*] The 4tos. "eyes."

For God is just as he is merciful,
And doubtless plagues all such as scorn repent.
Thou shalt not see the desolation
That falls unto these cursèd Ninevites,
But shalt return to great Jerusalem,
And preach unto the people of thy God
What mighty plagues are incident to sin,
Unless repentance mitigate his ire:
Rapt in the spirit, as thou wert hither brought,
I'll seat thee in Judæa's provinces.
Fear not, Oseas, then to preach the word.

Oseas. The will of the Lord be done!

[OSEAS *is taken away by the* Angel.

Enter RASNI *with his* Kings, Magi, Lords, *and* Attendants; ALVIDA *and her* Ladies; *to a banquet.*

Rasni. So, viceroys, you have pleas'd me passing well;
These curious cates are gracious in mine eye,
But these borachios of the richest wine
Make me to think how blithesome we will be.—
Seat thee, fair Juno, in the royal throne,
And I will serve thee to see* thy face,
That, feeding on the beauty of thy looks,
My stomach and mine eyes may both be fill'd.—
Come, lordings, seat you, fellow-mates at feast,
And frolic, wags; this is a day of glee:
This banquet is for brightsome Alvida. [wine,
I'll have them skink† my standing-bowls with‡
And no man drink but quaff§ a whole‖ carouse
Unto the health of beauteous Alvida:
For whoso riseth from this feast not drunk,
As I am Rasni, Nineveh's great king,
Shall die the death as traitor to myself,
For that he scorns the health of Alvida.

K. of Cil. That will I never do, my lord,
Therefore with favour, fortune to your grace,
Carouse unto the health of Alvida. [pledge:—

Rasni. Gramercy, lording, here I take thy
And, Crete, to thee a bowl of Greekish wine,
Here to the health of Alvida. ¶

K. of Crete. Let come, my lord.—Jack skinker, fill it full;
A ** pledge unto the health of heavenly Alvida.

Rasni. Vassals, attendant on our royal feast,
Drink you, I say, unto my lover's health:
Let none that is in Rasni's royal court
Go this night safe and sober to his bed.*

Enter ADAM.

Adam.† This way he is, and here will I speak with him.

First Lord. Fellow, whither pressest thou?

Adam. I press nobody, sir; I am going to speak with a friend of mine.

First Lord. Why, slave, here is none but the king, and his viceroys.

Adam. The king! marry, sir, he is the man I would speak withal.

First Lord. Why, callest him a friend of thine?

Adam. Ay, marry do I, sir; for if he be not my friend, I'll make him my friend, ere he and I pass.

First Lord. Away, vassal, be gone! thou speak unto the king!

Adam. Ay, marry, will I, sir; an if he were a king of velvet, I will talk to him.

Rasni. What is the matter there? what noise is that?

Adam. A boon, my liege, a boon, my liege!

Rasni. What is it that great Rasni will not grant,
This day, unto the meanest of his land,
In honour of his beauteous Alvida?
Come hither, swain; what is it that thou cravest?

Adam. Faith, sir, nothing, but to speak a few sentences to your worship.

Rasni. Say, what is it?

Adam. I am sure, sir, you have heard of the spirits that walk in the city here.

Rasni. Ay, what of that?

Adam. Truly, sir, I have an oration to tell you of one of them; and this it is.

Alv. Why goest not forward with thy tale?

Adam. Faith, mistress, I feel an imperfection in my voice, a disease that often troubles me; but, alas, easily mended; a cup of ale or a cup of wine will serve the turn.

Alv. Fill him a bowl, and let him want no drink.

Adam. O, what a precious word was that, "And let him want no drink"! [*Drink given to*

---

* *thee to see*] Qy. "*thee* but *to see*"?

† *skink*] i. e. fill: it generally means, to draw, pour out, or serve liquor. Saxon ȳcencan.

‡ *with*] The 4to. of 1598 "of."

§ *but quaff*] i. e. without quaffing.

‖ *whole*] The 4to. of 1598 "full."

¶ *Alvida*] Qy. "heavenly *Alvida*"? and omit that epithet in the next speech?—Did the author forget here that the King of Crete had been banished by Rasni? see p. 118, sec. col.

** *A*] The 4to. of 1598 "I."

* *Let none that is in Rasni's royal court*
Go this night safe and sober to his bed.] A recollection of Fielding's *Tom Thumb* is here forced upon us;

"*King.* To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk,
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we."
Act i. sc. 2.

† ADAM] The 4tos. throughout the scene "Clown": see note †, p. 119, sec. col.

Adam.] Well, sir, now I'll tell you forth my tale. Sir, as I was coming alongst the port-royal* of Nineveh, there appeared to me a great devil, and as hard-favoured a devil as ever I saw; nay, sir, he was a cuckoldly devil, for he had horns on his head. This devil, mark you now, presseth upon me, and, sir, indeed I charged him with my pike-staff; but when that would not serve, I came upon him with *Spritus santus*,—why, it had been able to have put Lucifer out of his wits: when I saw my charm would not serve, I was in such a perplexity, that sixpenny-worth of juniper would not have made the place sweet again.

Alv. Why, fellow, wert thou so afraid?

Adam. O mistress, had you been there and seen, his very sight had made you shift a clean smock! I promise you, though I were a man, and counted a tall† fellow, yet my laundress called me slovenly knave the next day.

Rasni. A pleasant slave.—Forward, sirrah, on with thy tale.

Adam. Faith, sir, but I remember a word that my mistress your bed-fellow spoke.

Rasni. What was that, fellow?

Adam. O, sir, a word of comfort, a precious word—"And let him want no drink."

Rasni. Her word is law; and thou shalt want no drink. [*Drink given to* Adam.

Adam. Then, sir, this devil came upon me, and would not be persuaded, but he would needs carry me to hell. I proffered him a cup of ale, thinking, because he came out of ‡ so hot a place, that he was thirsty; but the devil was not dry, and therefore the more sorry was I. Well, there was no remedy, but I must with him to hell: and at last I cast mine eye aside; if you knew what I spied, you would laugh, sir; I looked from top to toe, and he had no cloven feet. Then I ruffled up my hair, and set my cap on the one side, and, sir, grew to be a justice of peace to the devil: at last in a great fume, as I am very choleric, and sometimes so hot in my fustian§ fumes that no man can abide within twenty yards of me, I start up, and so bombasted the devil, that, sir, he cried out and ran away.

Alv. This pleasant knave hath made me laugh my fill.

Rasni, now Alvida begins her quaff,
And drinks a full carouse unto her king.

Rasni. A* pledge, my love, as hearty† as great Jove
Drunk when his Juno heav'd a bowl to him.—
Frolic, my lords;‡ let all the standards walk;§
Ply it, till every man hath ta'en his load.—
How now, sirrah, what‖ cheer? we have no words of you.

Adam. Truly, sir, I was in a brown study about my mistress.

Alv. About me! for what?

Adam. Truly, mistress, to think what a golden sentence you did speak; all the philosophers in the world could not have said more;—"What, come, let him want no drink." O, wise speech!

Alv. Villains, why skink¶ you not unto this fellow?
He makes me blithe and merry in my thoughts:
Heard you not that the king hath given command,
That all be drunk this day within his court
In quaffing to the health of Alvida?

[*Drink given to* Adam.

Enter Jonas.

Jonas. Repent,** ye men of Nineveh, repent!
The Lord hath spoke,†† and I do cry it out,
There are as yet but forty days remaining,
And then shall Nineveh be overthrown:
Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!

Rasni. What fellow's this, that thus disturbs our feast
With outcries and alarums to repent?

Adam. O, sir, 'tis one Goodman Jonas, that is come from Jericho; and surely I think he hath seen some spirit by the way, and is fallen out of his wits, for he never leaves crying night nor day. My master heard him, and he shut up his shop, gave me my indenture, and he and his wife do nothing but fast and pray.

Jonas. Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!

Rasni Come hither, fellow: what art, and from whence comest thou?

Jonas. Rasni, I am a prophet of the Lord,
Sent hither by the mighty God of hosts
To cry destruction to the Ninevites.

---

* *port-royal*] The 4tos. "*port* ryuale," and "*port* ryualt."

† *tall*] i. e. bold, brave.

‡ *out of*] The 4to. of 1598 "from."

§ *fustian*] The 4to. of 1594 "fastin"; the other 4tos. "fustin."

* *A*] The 4to. of 1598 "I."

† *hearty*] The 4to. of 1594 "hardie."

‡ *lords*] The 4tos. "lord."

§ *the standards walk*] i. e. the standing-bowls go round.

‖ *what*] The 4to. of 1594 "how."

¶ *skink*] See note †, p. 140, first col.

** *Repent*] The 4tos. "*Repent*, repent."

†† *spoke*] The 4tos. "spoken": but see the repetition of the line in Jonas's second speech after this.

O Nineveh, thou harlot of the world,
I raise thy neighbours round about thy bounds,
To come and see thy filthiness and sin!
Thus saith the Lord, the mighty God of hosts:*
Your king loves chambering and wantonness,
Whoredom and murder do distain his court,
He favoureth covetous and drunken men;
Behold, therefóre, all like a strumpet foul,
Thou shalt be judg'd, and punish'd for thy crime;
The foe shall pierce the gates with iron ramps,
The fire shall quite consume thee from above,
The houses shall be burnt, the infants slain,
And women shall behold their husbands die.
Thine eldest sister is Lamana,†
And Sodom on thy right hand seated is.
Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
The Lord hath spoke, and I do cry it out,
There are as yet but forty days remaining,
And then shall Nineveh be overthrown.
[*Offers to depart.*

Rasni. Stay, prophet, stay.

Jonas. Disturb not him that sent me;
Let me perform the message of the Lord. [*Exit.*

Rasni. My soul is buried in the hell of thoughts.—
Ah, Alvida, I look on thee with shame!—
My lords on sudden fix their eyes on ground,
As if dismay'd to look upon the heavens.—
Hence, Magi, who have flatter'd me in sin!
[*Exeunt* Magi.

Horror of mind, disturbance of my soul,
Make me aghast for Nineveh's mishap.
Lords, see proclaim'd, yea, see it straight proclaim'd,
That man and beast, the woman and her child,
For forty days in sack and ashes fast:
Perhaps the Lord will yield, and pity us.—
Bear hence these wretched blandishments of sin,
[*Taking off his crown and robe.*
And bring me sackcloth to attire your king:
Away with pomp! my soul is full of woe.—
In pity look on Nineveh, O God!
[*Exeunt all except* ALVIDA *and* Ladies.

Alv. Assail'd with shame, with horror overborne,
To sorrow sold, all guilty of our sin,
Come, ladies, come, let us prepare to pray.
Alas, how dare we look on heavenly light,
That have despis'd the maker of the same?
How may we hope for mercy from above,
That still despis['d] the warnings from above?
Woes me, my conscience is a heavy foe.

O patron of the poor oppress'd with sin,
Look, look on me that now for pity crave!
Assail'd with shame, with horror overborne,
To sorrow sold, all guilty of our sin,
Come, ladies, come, let us prepare to pray.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Usurer, *with a halter in one hand, a dagger in the other.*

Usurer. Groaning in conscience, burden'd with my crimes,
The hell of sorrow haunts me up and down.
Tread where I list, methinks the bleeding ghosts
Of those whom my corruption brought to naughts,
Do serve for stumbling-blocks before my steps;
The fatherless and widow wrong'd by me,
The poor oppressèd by my usury;
Methinks I see their hands rear'd up to heaven,
To cry for vengeance of my covetousness.
Whereso I walk, all* sigh and shun my way;
Thus am I made a monster of the world:
Hell gapes for me, heaven will not hold my soul.
You mountains, shroud me from the God of truth:
Methinks I see him sit to judge the earth;
See how he blots me out o' the book of life!
O burden, more than Ætna, that I bear!
Cover me, hills, and shroud me from the Lord;
Swallow me, Lycus, shield me from the Lord.
In life no peace: each murmuring that I hear,
Methinks, the sentence of damnation sounds,
"Die, reprobate, and hie thee hence to hell."
[*The* Evil Angel *tempts him, offering the knife and rope.*
What fiend is this that tempts me to the death?
What, is my death the harbour of my rest?
Then let me die:—what second charge is this?
Methinks† I hear a voice amidst mine ears,
That bids me stay, and tells me that the Lord
Is merciful to those that do repent.
May I repent? O thou, my doubtful soul,
Thou mayst repent, the judge is merciful!
Hence, tools of wrath, stales‡ of temptation!
For I will pray and sigh unto the Lord;
In sackcloth will I sigh, and fasting pray:
O Lord, in rigour look not on my sins!
[*Sits down in sackcloth, his hands and eyes reared to heaven.*

Enter ALVIDA *and her* Ladies, *with dispersed locks,*§ *and in sackcloth.*

Alv. Come, mournful dames, lay off your broider'd locks,
And on your shoulders spread dispersèd hairs:

* *hosts* The 4tos. "hosto."
† *Lamana*] Some corruption here.

* *all*] The 4tos. "Ile."
† *Methinks*] The 4to. of 1593 "Methinke."
‡ *stales*] i. e. decoys.
locks] The 4tos. "lookes."

Let voice of music cease where sorrow dwells:
Clothèd in sackcloth,* sigh your sins with me;
Bemoan your pride, bewail your lawless lusts;
With fasting mortify your pamper'd loins;
O, think upon the horror of your sins,
Think, think with me, the burden of your blames!
Woe to thy pomp, false† beauty, fading flower,
Blasted by ago, by sickness, and by death!
Woe to our painted cheeks, our curious oils,
Our rich array, that foster'd us in sin!
Woe to our idle thoughts, that wound our souls!
O, would to God all nations might receive
A good example by our grievous fall!

First Lady. You that are planted there where pleasure dwells,
And think your pomp as great as Nineveh's,
May fall for sin as Nineveh doth now.

Alv. Mourn, mourn, let moan be all your melody,
And pray with me, and I will pray for all:—
O Lord of heaven, forgive us our misdeeds! ‡

Ladies. O Lord of heaven, forgive us our misdeeds!

Usurer. O Lord of light, forgive me my misdeeds!

Enter RASNI, *with his* Kings, *and* Lords, *in sackcloth.*

K. of Cil. Be not so overcome with grief, O king,
Lest you endanger life by sorrowing so.

Rasni. King of Cilicia, should I cease my grief,
Whereas my swarming sins afflict my soul?
Vain man, know this, my burden greater is
Than every private subject's§ in my land.
My life hath been a load-star unto them,
To guide them in the labyrinth of blame:
Thus I have taught them for to do amiss;
Then must I weep, my friend, for their amiss.
The fall of Nineveh is wrought by me:
I have maintain'd this city in her shame;
I have contemn'd the warnings from above;
I have upholden incest, rape, and spoil;
'Tis I that wrought the‖ sin must weep the¶ sin.
O, had I tears, like to the silver streams
That from the Alpine mountains sweetly stream,*
Or had I sighs, the treasures of remorse,
As plentiful as Æolus hath blasts,
I then would tempt the heavens with my laments,
And pierce the throne of mercy by my sighs!

K. of Cil. Heavens are propitious unto faithful prayers.

Rasni. But after our repent, we must lament,
Lest that a worser mischief doth befall.
O, pray: perhaps the Lord will pity us.—
O God of truth, both merciful and just,
Behold repentant men, with piteous eyes!
We wail the life that we have led before:
O, pardon, Lord! O, pity Nineveh!

All. O, pardon, Lord! O, pity Nineveh!

Rasni. Let not the infants, dallying on the teat,†
For fathers' sins in judgment be oppress'd!

K. of Cil. Let not the painful mothers big with child,
The innocents, be punish'd for our sin!

Rasni. O, pardon, Lord! O, pity Nineveh!

All. O, pardon, Lord! O, pity Nineveh!

Rasni. O Lord of heaven, the virgins weep to thee!
The covetous man sorry ‡ for his sin,
The prince and poor, all pray before thy throne;
And wilt thou, then, be wroth with Nineveh?

K. of Cil. Give truce to prayer, O king, and rest a space.

Rasni. Give truce to prayers, when times require no truce!
No, princes, no. Let all our subjects hie
Unto our temples,§ where, on humbled knees,
I will expect some mercy from above.

[*They all enter the temple.*

Enters JONAS.

Jonas. This is the day wherein the Lord hath said
That Nineveh shall quite be overthrown;
This is the day of horror and mishap,
Fatal unto the cursèd Ninevites.
These stately towers shall in thy watery bounds,
Swift-flowing Lycus, find their burials:
These palaces, the pride of Assur's kings,
Shall be the bowers of desolation,
Whereas ‖ the solitary bird shall sing,
And tigers train their young ones to their nest.
O all ye nations bounded by the west,
Ye happy isles, where prophets do abound,

* *sackcloth*] Here the 4tos. have "sackeloths": but compare in the preceding page the speeches of Rasni and of the Usurer.

† *false*] The 4to. of 1598 "fal, o"; the other 4tos. "fall," and "falls."

‡ *O Lord of heaven*, &c.] The 4tos. give this line to a "*Lord*": the word *Lord* occurring in it perhaps caused the mistake.

§ *subject's*] The 4tos. "subiect."

‖ *the*] The 4to. of 1598 "thy."

¶ *the*] The 4to. of 1598 "thy."

* *strcam*] Qy. "flow" ("*stream*" having been repeated by mistake from the preceding line)?

† *teat*] The 4tos. of 1594, 1598, and 1617 "tent."

‡ *sorry*] The 4to. of 1594 "forie *sorie*."

§ *temples*] Qy. "temple" (as in the stage-direction which follows)? But compare the 8th line of the sec. col. in the next page.

‖ *Whereas*] i. e. Where.

Ye cities famous in the western world,
Make Nineveh a precedent for you!
Leave lewd desires, leave covetous delights,
Fly usury, let whoredom be exil'd,
Lest you with Nineveh be overthrown.
Lo, how the sun's inflamèd torch prevails,
Scorching the parchèd furrows of the earth!
Here will I sit me down, and fix mine eye
Upon the ruins of yon wretched town:
And, lo, a pleasant shade, a spreading vine,
To shelter Jonas in this sunny heat!
What means my God? the day is done and spent:
Lord, shall my prophecy be brought to naught?
When falls the fire? when will the judge be wroth?
I pray thee, Lord, remember what I said,
When I was yet within my country-land:
Jehovah is too merciful, I fear.
O, let me fly, before a prophet fault!
For thou art merciful, the Lord my God,
Full of compassion, and of * sufferance,
And dost repent in taking punishment.
Why stays thy hand? O Lord, first take my life,
Before my prophecy be brought to naught! †
Ah, he is wroth! behold, the gladsome vine,
[*A serpent devoureth the vine.*
That did defend me from the sunny heat,
Is wither'd quite, and swallow'd by a serpent!
Now furious Phlegon triumphs on my brows,
And heat prevails, and I am faint in heart.

Enter the Angel.

Angel. Art thou so angry, Jonas? tell me why.

Jonas. Jehovah, I with burning heat am plung'd,‡
And shadow'd only by a silly vine;
Behold, a serpent hath devourèd it:
And, lo, the sun, incens'd by eastern wind,
Afflicts me with canicular§ aspéct.
Would God that I might die! for, well I wot,
'Twere better I were dead than rest alive.

Angel. Jonas, art thou so angry for the vine?

Jonas. Yea, I am angry to the death, my God.

Angel. Thou hast compassion, Jonas, on a vine,
On which thou never labour didst bestow;
Thou never gav'st it life or power to grow,
But suddenly it sprung, and suddenly died:
And should not I have great compassion
On Nineveh, the city of the world,*
Wherein there are a hundred thousand souls,
And twenty thousand infants that ne wot †
The right hand from the left, beside‡ much cattle?
O Jonas, look into their temples now,
And see the true contrition of their king,
The subjects' tears, the sinners' true remorse!
Then from the Lord proclaim a mercy-day,
For he is pitiful as he is just.

Jonas. I go, my God, to finish thy command.
[*Exit* Angel.
O, who can tell the wonders of my God,
Or talk his praises with a fervent tongue?
He bringeth down to hell, and lifts to heaven;
He draws the yoke of bondage from the just,
And looks upon the heathen with piteous eyes:
To him all praise and honour be ascrib'd.
O, who can tell the wonders of my God?
He makes the infant to proclaim his truth,
The ass to speak to save the prophet's life,
The earth and sea to yield increase for man.
Who can describe the compass of his power,
Or testify in terms his endless might?
My ravish'd sprite, O, whither dost thou wend?
Go and proclaim the mercy of my God;
Relieve the careful-hearted Ninevites;
And, as thou wert the messenger of death,
Go bring glad tidings of recover'd grace. [*Exit.*

Enter Adam.

Adam. Well, Goodman Jonas, I would you had never come from Jewry to this country; you have made me look like a lean rib of roast beef, or like the picture of Lent painted upon a red-herring-cob.§ Alas, masters, we are commanded by the proclamation to fast and pray! by my troth, I could prettily so-so away with¶ praying; but for fasting, why, 'tis so contrary to my nature that I had rather suffer a short hanging than a long fasting. Mark me, the words be these, "Thou shalt take no manner of food for

---

* *of*] Not in the 4to. of 1598.

† *to naught*] The 4tos. here (as before, p. 142, sec. col.) "*to* noughts": but in the present speech we have just had "*to naught*."

‡ *plung'd*] i. e. distressed, driven to straits. "So did he by that Philistine poem of *Parthenophell and Parthenope*, which to compare worse than itselfe, it would *plunge* all the wits of France, Spaine, or Italy." Nash's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, &c. 1596, Sig. O 2. See note *, p. 131, first col.

§ *canicular*] The 4tos. "caricular."

* *world*] The 4to. of 1598 "Lord." (Compare, in Angel's speech, p. 119, first col.,—

"Nineveh,
The rich and royal city of the world.")

† *ne wot*] i. e. know not.

‡ *beside*] The 4to. of 1598 "besides."

§ *a red-herring-cob*] The 4tos. "*a red*-herings *cob*."—Our dictionaries seem to be right in explaining *a herring-cob* to mean a small or young herring ("*A Herring-cob*, Halec parva." Coles's *Dict.*): but, I believe, it was occasionally used as a cant term for a herring in general.

¶ *I could away with*] i. e. I could endure.

so many days." I had as lief he should have said, "Thou shalt hang thyself for so many days." And yet, in faith, I need not find fault with the proclamation, for I have a buttery and a pantry and a kitchen about me; for proof, *ecce signum!* This right slop * is my pantry, behold a manchet [*Draws it out*]; this place is my kitchen, for, lo, a piece of beef [*Draws it out*],—O, let me repeat that sweet word again! for, lo, a piece of beef. This is my buttery, for, see, see, my friends, to my great joy, a bottle of beer [*Draws it out*]. Thus, alas, I make shift to wear out this fasting; I drive away the time. But there go searchers about to seek if any man breaks the king's command. O, here they be; in with your victuals, Adam. [*Puts them back into his slops.*

Enter two Searchers.

First Search. How duly the men of Nineveh keep the proclamation! how are they armed to repentance! We have searched through the whole city, and have not as yet found one that breaks the fast.

Sec. Search. The sign of the more grace:—but stay, here sits one, methinks, at his prayers; let us see who it is.

First Search. 'Tis Adam, the smith's man.—How now, Adam!

Adam. Trouble me not; "Thou shalt take no manner of food, but fast and pray."

First Search. How devoutly he sits at his orisons! but stay, methinks I feel a smell of some meat or bread about him.

Sec. Search. So thinks me too.—You, sirrah, what victuals have you about you?

Adam. Victuals! O horrible blasphemy! Hinder me not of my prayer, nor drive me not into a choler. Victuals! why heardest thou not the sentence, "Thou shalt take no food, but fast and pray"?

Sec. Search. Truth, so it should be; but, methinks, I smell meat about thee.

Adam. About me, my friends! these words are actions in the case. About me! no, no, hang those gluttons that cannot fast and pray.

First Search. Well, for all your words, we must search you.

Adam. Search me! take heed what you do; my hose † are my castles, 'tis burglary if you break ope a slop: no officer must lift up an iron hatch; take heed, my slops are iron.

[*They search* Adam.

Sec. Search. O villain!—See how he hath gotten victuals, bread, beef, and beer, where * the king commanded upon pain of death none should eat for so many days, no, not the sucking infant!

Adam. Alas, sir, this is nothing but a *modicum non nocet ut medicus dixit*; why, sir, a bit to comfort my stomach.

First Search. Villain, thou shalt be hanged for it.

Adam. These are your words, "I shall be hanged for it;" but first answer me to this question, how many days have we to fast still?

Sec. Search. Five days.

Adam. Five days! a long time: then I must be hanged?

First Search. Ay, marry, must thou.

Adam. I am your man, I am for you, sir, for I had rather be hanged than abide so long a fast. What, five days! Come, I'll untruss. Is your halter, and the gallows, the ladder, and all such furniture in readiness?

First Search. I warrant thee, shalt want none of these.

Adam. But hear you, must I be hanged?

First Search. Ay, marry.

Adam. And for eating of meat. Then, friends, know ye by these presents, I will eat up all my meat, and drink up all my drink, for it shall never be said, I was hanged with an empty stomach.

First Search. Come away, knave: wilt thou stand feeding now?

Adam. If you be so † hasty, hang yourself an hour, while ‡ I come to you, for surely I will eat up my meat.

Sec. Search. Come, let's draw him away perforce.

Adam. You say there is five days yet to fast these are your words?

Sec. Search. Ay, sir.

Adam. I am for you: come, let's away, and yet let me be put in the Chronicles. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jonas, Rasni *with his* Kings *and* Lords, Alvida *with her* Ladies, *and* Attendants.

Jonas. Come, careful king, cast off thy mournful weeds,
Exchange thy cloudy looks to smoothèd smiles;
Thy tears have pierc'd the piteous throne of grace,

* *slop*] *Slops* were wide breeches, trousers.
† *hose*] i. e. breeches.

* *where*] i. e. whereas.
† *so*] Not in the 4to. of 1598.
‡ *while*] i. e. until.

Thy sighs, like incense * pleasing to the Lord,
Have been peace-offerings for thy former pride:
Rejoice, and praise his name that gave thee peace.
And you, fair nymphs, ye lovely Ninevites,
Since you have wept and fasted 'for[e] the Lord,
He graciously hath † temper'd his revenge:
Beware henceforth to tempt him any more:
Let not the niceness of your beauteous looks
Engraft in you a high-presuming mind;
For those that climb he casteth to the ground,
And they that humble be he lifts aloft.

Rasni. Lowly I bend, with awful bent of eye,‡
Before the dread Jehovah, God of hosts,§
Despising all profane device of man.
Those lustful lures, that whilom led awry
My wanton eyes, shall wound my heart no more;
And she, whose youth in dalliance I abus'd,
Shall now at last become my wedlock-mate.—
Fair Alvida, look not so wo-begone;
If for thy sin thy sorrow do exceed,
Blessèd be thou: come, with a || holy band
Let's knit a knot to salve our former shame.

Alv. With blushing looks, betokening my remorse,
I lowly yield, my king, to thy behest,
So as this man of God shall think it good.

Jonas. Woman, amends may never come too late;
A will to practise good is virtuous: ¶
The God of heaven, when sinners do repent,
Doth more rejoice than in ten thousand just.

Rasni. Then witness, holy prophet, our accord.

Alv. Plight in the presence of the Lord thy God.

Jonas. Blest may you be, like to the flowering sheaves
That play with gentle winds in summer-tide;
Like olive-branches let your children spread,
And as the pines in lofty Lebanon,
Or as the kids that feed on Lepher ** plains,
So be the seed and offspring †† of your loins!

* *incense*] The 4tos. "imence."
† *hath*] The three first 4tos. "haue."
‡ *with awful bent of eye*] So Milton;
"And kings sat still *with awful eye*," &c.
Hymn, St. iv., in *Ode of the Nativity*.
§ *hosts*] The 4tos. "hoste."
|| *a*] The 4to. of 1598 "thy."
¶ *A will to practise*, &c.] The 4to. of 1594;
"*A will to practise* goodnesse *vertuous*."
The other 4tos.;
"I *will* thou *practise* goodnesse and vertuousnesse."
** *Lepher*] Qy. "Sepher"? (which the Vulgate gives in *Numbers*, xxxiii. 23-4, while our version has "Shapher": but "Sepher," or "Shapher," is described as a mountain.)
†† *offspring*] The 4to. of 1598 "offsprings."

Enter the Usurer, THRASYBULUS, *and* ALCON.

Usurer. Come forth, my friends, whom wittingly I wrong'd:
Before this man of God receive your due;
Before our king I mean to make my peace.—
Jonas, behold, in sign of my remorse,
I here restore into these poor men's hands
Their goods which I unjustly have detain'd;*
And may the heavens so pardon my misdeeds
As I am penitent for my offence!

Thras. And what through want from others I purloin'd,
Behold, O king, I proffer 'fore † thy throne,
To be restor'd to such as owe ‡ the same.

Jonas. A virtuous deed, pleasing to God and man.
Would God, all cities drownèd in like shame
Would take example of these Ninevites!

Rasni. Such be the fruits of Nineveh's repent;
And such for ever may our dealings be,
That he that call'd us home in height of sin
May smile to see our hearty penitence.—
Viceroys, proclaim a fast unto the Lord;
Let Israel's God be honour'd in our land;
Let all occasion of corruption die,
For who shall fault therein shall suffer death:—
Bear witness, God, of my unfeignèd zeal.—
Come, holy man, as thou shalt counsel me,
My court and city shall reformèd be.

Jonas. Wend on in peace, and prosecute this course. [*Exeunt all except* JONAS.
You islanders, on whom the milder air
Doth sweetly breathe the balm of kind increase,
Whose lands are fatten'd with the dew of heaven,
And made more fruitful than Actæan plains;
You whom delicious pleasures dandle soft,
Whose eyes are blinded with security,
Unmask yourselves, cast error clean aside.
O London, maiden of the mistress-isle,
Wrapt in the folds and swathing-clouts of shame,
In thee more sins than Nineveh contains!
Contempt of God, despite of reverend age,
Neglect of law, desire to wrong the poor,
Corruption, whoredom, drunkenness, and pride.
Swoln are thy brows with impudence and shame,
O proud adulterous glory of the west!

* *detain'd*] The 4to. of 1598 "retain'd."
† *'fore*] The 4to. of 1598 "forth."
‡ *owe*] i. e. own.

Thy neighbours burn, yet dost thou fear no fire;
Thy preachers cry, yet dost thou stop thine ears;
The 'larum rings, yet sleepest thou secure.
London, awake, for fear the Lord do frown:
I set a looking-glass before thine eyes.
O, turn, O, turn, with weeping to the Lord,
And think the prayers and virtues of thy Queen
Defer the plague which otherwise would fall!
Repent, O London! lest, for thine offence,
Thy shepherd fail, whom mighty God preserve,
That she may bide the pillar of his church
Against the storms of Romish Anti-Christ!
The hand of mercy overshade her head,
And let all faithful subjects say, Amen!

[*Exit.*

FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY.

The Honorable Historie of frier Bacon, and frier Bongay. As it was plaid by her Maiesties seruants. Made by Robert Greene, Maister of Arts. London, Printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, at the little North dore of Poules, at the signe of the Gun. 1594, 4to.

This play was reprinted in 1599, 1630, and 1655; and forms a part of the viiith vol. of the new edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE THIRD.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his son.
EMPEROR OF GERMANY.
KING OF CASTILE.
LACY, Earl of Lincoln.
WARREN, Earl of Sussex.
ERMSBY, a gentleman.
RALPH SIMNELL, the King's Fool.*
FRIAR BACON.
MILES, Friar Bacon's poor scholar.
FRIAR BUNGAY.
JAQUES VANDERMAST.
BURDEN, MASON, CLEMENT, } Doctors of Oxford.
LAMBERT, SERLSBY, } gentlemen.
Two Scholars, their sons.
Keeper.
THOMAS, RICHARD, } clowns.
Constable.
A Post.
Lords, Clowns, &c.

ELINOR, daughter to the King of Castile.
MARGARET, the Keeper's daughter.
JOAN, a country wench.
Hostess of the Bell at Henley.

A DEVIL.
Spirit in the shape of HERCULES.

---

* *the King's Fool*] Not the Prince's. In p. 164, sec. col., Warren mentions him as "King *Henry's* only loved fool."

THE HONORABLE

HISTORY OF FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD *malcontented, with* LACY, WARREN, ERMSBY, *and* RALPH SIMNELL.

Lacy. Why looks my lord like to a troubled sky
When heaven's bright shine is shadow'd with a fog?
Alate we ran the deer, and through the lawnds *
Stripp'd † with our nags the lofty frolic bucks
That scudded 'fore the teasers ‡ like the wind:
Ne'er was the deer of merry Fressingfield
So lustily pull'd down by jolly mates,
Nor shar'd the farmers such fat venison,
So frankly dealt, this hundred years before;
Nor have
I seen my lord more frolic in the chase,
And now chang'd to a melancholy dump.

War. After the prince got to the Keeper's lodge,
And had been jocund in the house awhile,
Tossing off ale and milk in country cans,
Whether it was the country's sweet content,
Or else the bonny damsel fill'd us drink
That seem'd so stately in her stammel red,§
Or that a qualm did cross his stomach then,
But straight he fell into his passions.

Erms. Sirrah Ralph, what say you to your master,
Shall he thus all amort || live malcontent?

Ralph. Hearest thou, Ned?—Nay, look if he will speak to me!

P. Edw. What say'st thou to me, fool?

Ralph. I prithee, tell me, Ned, art thou in love with the Keeper's daughter?

P. Edw. How if I be, what then?

Ralph. Why, then, sirrah, I'll teach thee how to deceive Love.

P. Edw. How, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, Sirrah Ned, thou shalt put on my cap and my coat and my dagger, and I will put on thy clothes and thy sword; and so thou shalt be my fool.

P. Edw. And what of this?

Ralph. Why, so thou shalt beguile Love; for Love is such a proud scab, that he will never meddle with fools nor children. Is not Ralph's counsel good, Ned?

P. Edw. Tell me, Ned Lacy, didst thou mark the maid,
How lovely * in her country-weeds she look'd?
A bonnier wench all Suffolk cannot yield:—
All Suffolk! nay, all England holds none such.

Ralph. Sirrah Will Ermsby, Ned is deceived.

Erms. Why, Ralph?

Ralph. He says all England hath no such, and I say, and I'll stand to it, there is one better in Warwickshire.

War. How provest thou that, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, is not the abbot a learned man, and hath read many books, and thinkest thou he hath not more learning than thou to choose a bonny wench? yes, warrant I thee, by his whole grammar.

Erms. A good reason, Ralph.

P. Edw. I tell thee, Lacy, that her sparkling eyes
Do lighten forth sweet love's alluring fire;
And in her tresses she doth fold the looks
Of such as gaze upon her golden hair:
Her bashful white, mix'd with the morning's red,
Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheeks;

---

* *lawnds*] i. e. lawns: see note *, p. 95, sec. col.

† *Stripp'd*] i. e. Outstripped.

‡ *teasers*] "But these *Teazers*, rather to rouze then pinch the game, onely made Whitaker find his spirits. The fiercest *dog* is behind, even Bellarmine himself," &c. Fuller's *Holy State*, p. 66, ed. 1642.

§ *stammel red*] *Stammel* was a kind of woollen cloth. The words "red" and "stammel" were, I believe, seldom used together, the former being the understood colour of the latter. ("*Stammel-colour*, Spadex, Spadiceus." Coles's *Dict.*)

|| *all amort*] More properly *alamort*, i. e. dejected.

* *lovely*] The 4tos. "lively."

Her front is beauty's table, where she paints
The glories of her gorgeous excellence;
Her teeth are shelves of precious margarites,*
Richly enclos'd with ruddy coral cleeves.†
Tush, Lacy, she is beauty's over-match,
If thou survey'st her curious imagery.

Lacy. I grant, my lord, the damsel is as fair
As simple Suffolk's homely towns can yield;
But in the court be quainter dames than she,
Whose faces are enrich'd with honour's taint,‡
Whose beauties stand upon the stage of fame,
And vaunt their trophies in the courts of love.

P. Edw. Ah, Ned, but hadst thou watch'd her as myself,
And seen the secret beauties of the maid,
Their courtly coyness were but foolery.

Erms. Why, how watch'd you her, my lord?

P. Edw. Whenas she swept like Venus through the house,
And in her shape fast folded up my thoughts,
Into the milk-house went I with the maid,
And there amongst the cream-bowls she did shine
As Pallas 'mongst her princely huswifery:
She turn'd her smock over her lily arms,
And div'd them into milk to run her cheese;
But whiter than the milk her crystal skin,
Checkèd with lines of azure, made her blush §
That art or nature durst bring for compare.
Ermsby,
If thou hadst seen, as I did note it well,
How beauty play'd the huswife, how this girl,
Like Lucrece, laid her fingers to the work,
Thou wouldst, with Tarquin, hazard Rome and all
To win the lovely maid of Fressingfield.

Ralph. Sirrah Ned, wouldst fain have her?

P. Edw. Ay, Ralph.

Ralph. Why, Ned, I have laid the plot in my head; thou shalt have her already.

P. Edw. I'll give thee a new coat, an learn me that.

Ralph. Why, Sirrah Ned, we'll ride to Oxford to Friar Bacon: O, he is a brave scholar, sirrah; they say he is a brave necromancer, that he can make women of devils, and he can juggle cats into costermongers.

P. Edw. And how then, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, sirrah, thou shalt go to him: and because thy father Harry shall not miss thee, he shall turn me into thee; and I'll to the court, and I'll prince it out; and he shall make thee either a silken purse full of gold, or else a fine wrought smock.

P. Edw. But how shall I have the maid?

Ralph. Marry, sirrah, if thou be'st a silken purse full of gold, then on Sundays she'll hang thee by her side, and you must not say a word. Now, sir, when she comes into a great prease * of people, for fear of the cutpurse, on a sudden she'll swap thee into her plackerd;† then, sirrah, being there, you may plead for yourself.

Erms. Excellent policy!

P. Edw. But how if I be a wrought smock?

Ralph. Then she'll put thee into her chest and lay thee into lavender, and upon some good day she'll put thee on; and at night when you go to bed, then being turned from a smock to a man, you may make up the match.

Lacy. Wonderfully wisely counselled, Ralph.

P. Edw. Ralph shall have a new coat.

Ralph. God thank you when I have it on my back, Ned.

P. Edw. Lacy, the fool hath laid a perfect plot;
For why‡ our country Margaret is so coy,
And stands so much upon her honest points,
That marriage or no market with the maid.
Ermsby, it must be necromantic spells
And charms of art that must enchain her love,
Or else shall Edward never win the girl.
Therefore, my wags, we'll horse us in the morn,
And post to Oxford to this jolly friar:
Bacon shall by his magic do this deed. [way

War. Content, my lord; and that's a speedy
To wean these headstrong puppies from the teat.

P. Edw. I am unknown, not taken for the prince;
They only deem us frolic courtiers,
That revel thus among our liege's game:
Therefore I have devis'd a policy.
Lacy, thou know'st next Friday is Saint James',
And then the country flocks to Harleston fair:
Then will the Keeper's daughter frolic there,
And over-shine the troop of all the maids
That come to see and to be seen that day.
Haunt thee disguis'd among the country-swains,
Feign thou'rt a farmer's son, not far from thence,
Espy her loves, and who she liketh best;
Cote § him, and court her to control the clown;

* *margarites*] i. e. pearls. See note ‖, p. 90, first col.

† *cleeves*] i. e. cliffs: Drayton uses the singular, *cleeve*.

‡ *taint*] Equivalent to *tint*.

§ *made her blush, &c.*] Means, I suppose,—made (would have made) that woman blush whom art, &c.

* *prease*] i. e. press.

† *plackerd*] Commonly written *placket*, is equivalent here to *pocket*. (Concerning the various significations of this word see Amner's [i.e. Steevens's] note on *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 4, Halliwell's *Dict. of Arch. and Prov. Words*, and my *Few Notes on Shakespeare*, p. 53.)

‡ *For why*] i. e. Because.

§ *Cote*] i. e. Keep along side of. Fr. *cotoyer*.

Say that the courtier 'tirèd all in green,
That help'd her handsomely to run her cheese,
And fill'd her father's lodge with venison,
Commends him, and sends fairings to herself.
Buy something worthy of her parentage,
Not worth her beauty; for, Lacy, then the fair
Affords no jewel fitting for the maid:
And when thou talk'st of me, note if she blush:
O, then she loves; but if her cheeks wax pale,
Disdain it is. Lacy, send how she fares,
And spare no time nor cost to win her loves.

Lacy. I will, my lord, so execute this charge
As if that Lacy were in love with her. [news.

P. Edw. Send letters speedily to Oxford of the

Ralph. And, Sirrah Lacy, buy me a thousand thousand million of fine bells.

Lacy. What wilt thou do with them, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, every time that Ned sighs for the Keeper's daughter, I'll tie a bell about him: and so within three or four days I will send word to his father Harry, that his son, and my master Ned, is become Love's morris-dance[r].

P. Edw. Well, Lacy, look with care unto thy
And I will haste to Oxford to the friar, [charge,
That he by art and thou by secret gifts
Mayst make me lord of merry Fressingfield.

Lacy. God send your honour your heart's desire.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRIAR BACON, *and* MILES *with books under his arm;* BURDEN, MASON, *and* CLEMENT.

Bacon. Miles, where are you?

Miles. Hic sum, doctissime et reverendissime doctor.

Bacon. Attulisti nos libros meos de necromantia?

Miles. Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare libros in unum!

Bacon. Now, masters of our academic state,
That rule in Oxford, viceroys in your place,
Whose heads contain maps of the liberal arts,
Spending your time in depth of learnèd skill,
Why flock you thus to Bacon's secret cell,
A friar newly stall'd in Brazen-nose?
Say what's your mind, that I may make reply.

Burd. Bacon, we hear that long we have suspect,
That thou art read in magic's mystery;
In pyromancy, to divine by flames;
To tell, by hydromatic, ebbs and tides;
By aeromancy to discover doubts,
To plain out questions, as Apollo did.

Bacon. Well, Master Burden, what of all this?

Miles. Marry, sir, he doth but fulfil, by rehearsing of these names, the fable of the Fox and the Grapes; that which is above us pertains nothing to us.

Burd. I tell thee, Bacon, Oxford makes report,
Nay, England, and the court of Henry says,
Thou'rt making of a brazen head by art,
Which shall unfold strange doubts and aphorisms,
And read a lecture in philosophy;
And, by the help of devils and ghastly fiends,
Thou mean'st, ere many years or days be past,
To compass England with a wall of brass.

Bacon. And what of this?

Miles. What of this, master! why, he doth speak mystically; for he knows, if your skill fail to make a brazen head, yet Mother Waters' strong ale will fit his turn to make him have a copper nose.

Clem. Bacon, we come not grieving at thy skill,
But joying that our academy yields
A man suppos'd the wonder of the world;
For if thy cunning work these miracles,
England and Europe shall admire thy fame,
And Oxford shall in characters of brass,
And statues, such as were built up in Rome,
Etérnize Friar Bacon for his art.

Mason. Then, gentle friar, tell us thy intent.

Bacon. Seeing you come as friends unto the friar,
Resolve you,* doctors, Bacon can by books
Make storming Boreas thunder from his cave,
And dim fair Luna to a dark eclipse.
The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,
Trembles when Bacon bids him, or his fiends,
Bow to the force of his pentageron.
What art can work, the frolic friar knows;
And therefore will I turn my magic books,
And strain out necromancy to the deep.
I have contriv'd and fram'd a head of brass
(I made Belcephon hammer out the stuff),
And that by art shall read philosophy:
And I will strengthen England by my skill,
That if ten Cæsars liv'd and reign'd in Rome,
With all the legions Europe doth contain,
They should not touch a grass of English ground:
The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,
The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,
Carv'd out like to the portal of the sun,
Shall not be such as rings the English strand
From Dover to the market-place of Rye.

Burd. Is this possible?

Miles. I'll bring ye two or three witnesses.

Burd. What be those?

Miles. Marry, sir, three or four as honest devils and good companions as any be in hell.

---

* *your heart's desire*] Qy. "all *your heart's desire*"?

* *Resolve you*] i. e. Be you assured.

Mason. No doubt but magic may do much in this;
For he that reads but mathematic rules
Shall find conclusions that avail to work
Wonders that pass the common sense of men.

Burd. But Bacon roves a bow beyond his reach,*
And tells of more than magic can perform;
Thinking to get a fame by fooleries.
Have I not pass'd as far in state of schools,
And read of many secrets? yet to think
That heads of brass can utter any voice,
Or more, to tell of deep philosophy,
This is a fable Æsop had forgot.

Bacon. Burden, thou wrong'st me in detracting thus;
Bacon loves not to stuff himself with lies.
But tell me 'fore these doctors, if thou dare,
Of certain questions I shall move to thee.

Burd. I will: ask what thou can.

Miles. Marry, sir, he'll straight be on your pick-pack, to know whether the feminine or the masculine gender be most worthy.

Bacon. Were you not yesterday, Master Burden, at Henley upon the Thames?

Burd. I was: what then?

Bacon. What book studied you thereon all night?

Burd. I! none at all; I read not there a line.

Bacon. Then, doctors, Friar Bacon's art knows naught.

Clem. What say you to this, Master Burden? doth he not touch you?

Burd. I pass not of† his frivolous speeches.

Miles. Nay, Master Burden, my master, ere he hath done with you, will turn you from a doctor to a dunce, and shake you so small, that he will leave no more learning in you than is in Balaam's ass.

Bacon. Masters, for that learn'd Burden's skill is deep,
And sore he doubts of Bacon's cabalism,
I'll show you why he haunts to Henley oft:
Not, doctors, for to taste the fragrant air,
But there to spend the night in alchemy,
To multiply with secret spells of art;
Thus private steals he learning from us all.
To prove my sayings true, I'll show you straight
The book he keeps at Henley for himself.

Miles. Nay, now my master goes to conjuration, take heed.

Bacon. Masters,
Stand still, fear not, I'll show you but his book.
[*Conjures.*
Per omnes deos infernales, Belcephon!

Enter Hostess *with a shoulder of mutton on a spit, and a* Devil.

Miles. O, master, cease your conjuration, or you spoil all; for here's a she-devil come with a shoulder of muttou on a spit: you have marred the devil's supper; but no doubt he thinks our college fare is slender, and so hath sent you his cook with a shoulder of mutton, to make it exceed.

Hostess. O, where am I, or what's become of me?

Bacon. What art thou?

Hostess. Hostess at Henley, mistress of the Bell.

Bacon. How cam'st thou here?

Hostess. As I was in the kitchen 'mongst the maids,
Spitting the meat 'gainst supper for my guess,*
A motion mov'd me to look forth of door:
No sooner had I pried into the yard,
But straight a whirlwind hoisted me from thence,
And mounted me aloft unto the clouds.
As in a trance I thought nor fearèd naught,
Nor know I where or whither I was ta'en,
Nor where I am nor what these persons be.

Bacon. No? know you not Master Burden?

Hostess. O, yes, good sir, he is my daily guest.—
What, Master Burden! 'twas but yesternight
That you and I at Henley play'd at cards.

Burd. I know not what we did.—A pox of all conjuring friars!

Clem. Now, jolly friar, tell us, is this the book
That Burden is so careful to look on?

Bacon. It is.—But, Burden, tell me now,
Think'st thou that Bacon's necromatic skill
Cannot perform his head and wall of brass,
When he can fetch thine hostess in such post?

Miles. I'll warrant you, master, if Master Burden could conjure as well as you, he would have his book every night from Henley to study on at Oxford.

---

* *roves a bow*, &c.] "To *rove a bow beyond his reach* is equivalent to the proverbial phrase of shooting with a long bow: the bow is too long for the stretch of his arms."—*Editor of Dodsley's Old Plays.*

† *pass not of*] i. e. care not for. "Since he hath let them passe, I greatly *passe* not."—Chettle's *Kind-harts Dream*, n. d. [1592], Sig. D 3.

* *guess*] Frequently used for *guests* by our early writers: so Chamberlayne;

"The empty tables stood, for never *guess*
Came there, except the bankrupts whom distress
Spurr'd on," &c.—*Pharonnida*, 1659, B. iv. C. iii. p. 53.

Mason. Burden,
What, are you mated * by this frolic friar?—
Look how he droops; his guilty conscience
Drives him to 'bash, and makes his hostess blush.

Bacon. Well, mistress, for I will not have you miss'd,
You shall to Henley to cheer up your guests
'Fore supper gin.—Burden, bid her adieu;
Say farewell to your hostess 'fore she goes.—
Sirrah, away, and set her safe at home.

Hostess. Master Burden, when shall we see you at Henley?

Burd. The devil take thee and Henley too.

[*Exeunt* Hostess *and* Devil.

Miles. Master, shall I make a good motion?

Bacon. What's that?

Miles. Marry, sir, now that my hostess is gone to provide supper, conjure up another spirit, and send Doctor Burden flying after.

Bacon. Thus, rulers of our academic state,
You have seen the friar frame his art by proof;
And as the college callèd Brazen-nose
Is under him, and he the master there,
So surely shall this head of brass be fram'd,
And yield forth strange and uncouth aphorisms;
And hell and Hecate shall fail the friar,
But I will circle England round with brass.

Miles. So be it *et nunc et semper;* amen.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Margaret *and* Joan; Thomas, Richard, *and other* Clowns; *and* Lacy *disguised in country apparel.*

Thom. By my troth, Margaret, here's a weather is able to make a man call his father "whoreson": if this weather hold, we shall have hay good cheap, and butter and cheese at Harleston will bear no price.

Mar. Thomas, maids when they come to see the fair
Count not to make a cope for dearth of hay:
When we have turn'd our butter to the salt,
And set our cheese safely upon the racks,
Then let our fathers prize it as they please.
We country sluts of merry Fressingfield
Come to buy needless naughts to make us fine,
And look that young men should be frank this day,
And court us with such fairings as they can.
Phœbus is blithe, and frolic looks from heaven,
As when he courted lovely Semele,
Swearing the pedlers shall have empty packs,
If that fair weather may make chapmen buy.

* *mated*] i. e. confounded.

Lacy. But, lovely Peggy, Semele is dead,
And therefore Phœbus from his palace pries,
And, seeing such a sweet and seemly saint,
Shows all his glories for to court yourself.

Mar. This is a fairing, gentle sir, indeed,
To soothe me up with such smooth flattery;
But learn of me, your scoff's too broad before.—
Well, Joan, our beauties must abide their jests;
We serve the turn in jolly Fressingfield.

Joan. Margaret,
A farmer's daughter for a farmer's son:
I warrant you, the meanest of us both
Shall have a mate to lead us from the church.

[Lacy *whispers* Margaret *in the ear.*

But, Thomas, what's the news? what, in a dump?
Give me your hand, we are near a pedler's shop;
Out with your purse, we must have fairings now.

Thom. Faith, Joan, and shall: I'll bestow a fairing on you, and then we will to the tavern, and snap off a pint of wine or two.

Mar. Whence are you, sir? of Suffolk? for your terms
Are finer than the common sort of men.

Lacy. Faith, lovely girl, I am of Beccles by,
Your neighbour, not above six miles from hence,
A farmer's son, that never was so quaint
But that he could do courtesy to such dames.
But trust me, Margaret, I am sent in charge
From him that revell'd in your father's house,
And fill'd his lodge with cheer and venison,
'Tirèd in green: he sent you this rich purse,
His token that he help'd you run your cheese,
And in the milkhouse chatted with yourself.

Mar. To me?

Lacy. You forget yourself: *
Women are often weak in memory.

Mar. O, pardon, sir, I call to mind the man:
'Twere little manners to refuse his gift,
And yet I hope he sends it not for love;
For we have little leisure to debate of that.

Joan. What, Margaret! blush not: maids must have their loves.

Thom. Nay, by the mass, she looks pale as if she were angry.

Rich. Sirrah, are you of Beccles? I pray, how doth Goodman Cob? my father bought a horse of him.—I'll tell you, Margaret, 'a were good to be a gentleman's jade, for of all things the foul hilding † could not abide a dung-cart.

* *You forget yourself*] The 4tos. give these words to Margaret.

† *hilding*] i. e. low creature,—a common term of contempt in our old authors.

Mar. [*aside.*] How different is this farmer from the rest
That erst as yet have pleas'd my wandering sight!
His words are witty, quicken'd with a smile,
His courtesy gentle, smelling of the court;
Facile and debonair in all his deeds;
Proportion'd as was Paris, when, in grey,*
He courted Œnon in the vale by Troy.
Great lords have come and pleaded for my love:
Who but the Keeper's lass of Fressingfield?
And yet methinks this farmer's jolly son
Passeth the proudest that hath pleas'd mine eye.
But, Peg, disclose not that thou art in love,
And show as yet no sign of love to him,
Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy love:
Keep that to thee till time doth serve thy turn,
To show the grief wherein thy heart doth burn.—
Come, Joan and Thomas, shall we to the fair?—
You, Beccles man, will not forsake us now?

Lacy. Not whilst I may have such quaint girls as you.

Mar. Well, if you chance to come by Fressingfield,
Make but a step into the Keeper's lodge,
And such poor fare as woodmen can afford,
Butter and cheese, cream and fat venison,
You shall have store, and welcome therewithal.

Lacy. Gramercies, Peggy; look for me ere long. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING HENRY THE THIRD, *the* EMPEROR, *the* KING OF CASTILE, ELINOR, *and* VANDERMAST.

K. Hen. Great men of Europe, monarchs of the west,
Ring'd with the walls of old Oceanus,
Whose lofty surge is† like the battlements
That compass'd high-built Babel in with towers,
Welcome, my lords, welcome, brave western kings,
To England's shore, whose promontory-cleeves*
Show Albion is another little world;
Welcome says English Henry to you all;
Chiefly unto the lovely Elinor,
Who dar'd for Edward's sake cut through the seas,
And venture as Agenor's damsel through the deep,†
To get the love of Henry's wanton son.

K. of Cast. England's rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
The Pyren Mounts swelling above the clouds,
That ward the wealthy Castile in with walls,
Could not detain the beauteous Elinor;
But hearing of the fame of Edward's youth,
She dar'd to brook Neptunus' haughty pride,
And bide the brunt of froward Æolus:
Then may fair England welcome her the more.

Elin. After that English Henry by his lords
Had sent Prince Edward's lovely counterfeit,‡
A present to the Castile Elinor,
The comely portrait of so brave a man,
The virtuous fame discoursèd of his deeds,
Edward's courageous resolution,
Done § at the Holy Land 'fore Damas' walls,
Led both mine eye and thoughts in equal links,
To like so of the English monarch's son,
That I attempted perils for his sake.

Emp. Where is the prince, my lord?

K. Hen. He posted down, not long since, from the court,
To Suffolk side, to merry Framlingham,
To sport himself amongst my fallow deer:
From thence, by packets sent to Hampton-house,
We hear the prince is ridden, with his lords,
To Oxford, in the académy there
To hear dispute amongst the learnèd men.
But we will send forth letters for my son,
To will him come from Oxford to the court.

Emp. Nay, rather, Henry, let us, as we be,
Ride for to visit Oxford with our train.
Fain would I see your universities,
And what learn'd men your académy yields.
From Hapsburg have I brought a learnèd clerk

---

* *in grey*] That this "was the phrase for a homely shepherd's garb" is observed by the Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 216), who cites from Greene's *Shepherd's Ode* in his *Ciceronis Amor*,—

"A *cloak of grey* fenc'd the rain;
Thus 'tired was this lovely swain;
* * * * *
Such was *Paris*, shepherds say,
When with Œnone he did play."

and from Peele's *War of Troy*,—

"So couth he [*Paris*] sing . . .
* * * * * *
And wear his coat *of grey* and lusty green," &c.

Mr. Mitford might also have quoted, from our author's *Orlando Furioso*, p. 96, first col.,—

"As *Paris*, when Œnone lov'd him well,
* * * * * *
All *clad in grey*, sat piping on a reed," &c.

† *surge is*] The 4tos. "surges."

* *promontory-cleeves*] See note †, p. 154, first col.

† *And venture as Agenor's damsel through the deep*] A corrupted line. Qy. "*And venture as Agenor's damsel* did"? (Greene would hardly have written here "through the deep" when the preceding line ended with "through the seas.")

‡ *counterfeit*] i. e. portrait: "so that if a painter were to draw any of their *counterfeits* on table, he needs no more but wet his pencill, and dab it on their cheeks, and he shall haue vermillion and white enough to furnish out his worke."—Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, &c., ed. 1595, Sig. C 4.

§ *Done*] Qy. "Shown"?

To hold dispute with English orators :
This doctor, surnam'd Jaques Vandermast,
A German born, pass'd into Padua,
To Florence and to fair Bologna,
To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans,
And, talking there with men of art, put down
The chiefest of them all in aphorisms,
In magic, and the mathematic rules :
Now let us, Henry, try him in your schools.

K. Hen. He shall, my lord ; this motion likes me well.

We'll progress straight to Oxford with our trains,
And see what men our académy brings.—
And, wonder* Vandermast, welcome to me :
In Oxford shalt thou find a jolly friar,
Call'd Friar Bacon, England's only flower :
Set him but nonplus in his magic spells,
And make him yield in mathematic rules,
And for thy glory I will bind thy brows,
Not with a poet's garland made of bays,
But with a coronet of choicest gold.
Whilst† then we set‡ to Oxford with our troops,
Let's in and banquet in our English court.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter RALPH SIMNELL *in* PRINCE EDWARD'S *apparel ; and* PRINCE EDWARD, WARREN, *and* ERMSBY, *disguised.*

Ralph. Where be these vagabond knaves, that they attend no better on their master?

P. Edw. If it please your honour, we are all ready at an inch.

Ralph. Sirrah Ned, I'll have no more post-horse' to ride on : I'll have another fetch.

Erms. I pray you, how is that, my lord?

Ralph. Marry, sir, I'll send to the Isle of Ely for four or five dozen of geese, and I'll have them tied six and six together with whip-cord : now upon their backs will I have a fair field-bed with a canopy ; and so, when it is my pleasure, I'll flee into what place I please. This will be easy.

War. Your honour hath said well : but shall we to Brazen-nose College before we pull off our boots?

Erms. Warren, well motion'd ; we will to the friar
Before we revel it within the town.—
Ralph, see you keep your countenance like a prince.

Ralph. Wherefore have I such a company of cutting§ knaves to wait upon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mine enemies? have you not good swords and bucklers?

Erms. Stay, who comes here?

War. Some scholar ; and we'll ask him where Friar Bacon is.

Enter FRIAR BACON *and* MILES.

Bacon. Why, thou arrant dunce, shall I never make thee a good scholar? doth not all the town cry out and say, Friar Bacon's subsizer is the greatest blockhead in all Oxford? why, thou canst not speak one word of true Latin.

Miles. No, sir? yet,* what is this else? *Ego sum tuus homo,* "I am your man" : I warrant you, sir, as good Tully's phrase as any is in Oxford.

Bacon. Come on, sirrah ; what part of speech is *Ego?*

Miles. Ego, that is "I" ; marry, *nomen substantivo.*

Bacon. How prove you that?

Miles. Why, sir, let him prove himself an 'a will ; I can be heard, felt, and understood.

Bacon. O gross dunce! [*Beats him.*

P. Edw. Come, let us break off this dispute between these two.—Sirrah, where is Brazen-nose College?

Miles. Not far from Coppersmith's Hall.

P. Edw. What, dost thou mock me?

Miles. Not I, sir : but what would you at Brazen-nose?

Erms. Marry, we would speak with Friar Bacon.

Miles. Whose men be you?

Erms. Marry, scholar, here's our master.

Ralph. Sirrah, I am the master of these good fellows ; mayst thou not know me to be a lord by my reparrel?

Miles. Then here's good game for the hawk ; for here's the master-fool and a covey of cox-combs : one wise man, I think, would spring you all.

P. Edw. Gog's wounds! Warren, kill him.

War. Why, Ned, I think the devil be in my sheath ; I cannot get out my dagger.

Erms. Nor I mine : swones, Ned, I think I am bewitched.

Miles. A company of scabs! the proudest of you all draw your weapon, if he can.—[*Aside.*] See how boldly I speak, now my master is by.

P. Edw. I strive in vain ; but if my sword be shut
And conjur'd fast by magic in my sheath,
Villain, here is my fist.

[*Strikes* MILES *a box on the ear.*

* *wonder*] Qy. "wondrous"?
† *Whilst*] i. e. Until.
‡ *set*] The 4to. of 1594 "fit."
§ *cutting*] i. e. swaggering.

* *yet*] The earlier 4tos. "yes" ; which the latest 4to. omits.

Miles. O, I beseech you conjure his hands too, that he may not lift his arms to his head, for he is light-fingered!

Ralph. Ned, strike him; I'll warrant thee by mine honour.

Bacon. What means the English prince to wrong my man?

P. Edw. To whom speak'st thou?

Bacon. To thee.

P. Edw. Who art thou?

Bacon. Could you not judge when all your swords grew fast,
That Friar Bacon was not far from hence?
Edward, King Henry's son and Prince of Wales,
Thy fool disguis'd cannot conceal thyself:
I know both Ermsby and the Sussex Earl,
Else Friar Bacon had but little skill.
Thou com'st in post from merry Fressingfield,
Fast-fancied * to the Keeper's bonny lass,
To crave some succour of the jolly friar:
And Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, hast thou left
To treat† fair Margaret to allow thy loves;
But friends are men, and love can baffle lords;
The earl both woos and courts her for himself.

War. Ned, this is strange; the friar knoweth all.

Erms. Apollo could not utter more than this.

P. Edw. I stand amaz'd to hear this jolly friar
Tell even the very secrets of my thoughts.—
But, learnèd Bacon, since thou know'st the cause
Why I did post so fast from Fressingfield,
Help, friar, at a pinch, that I may have
The love of lovely Margaret to myself,
And, as I am true Prince of Wales, I'll give
Living and lands to strength thy college-state.‡

War. Good friar, help the prince in this.

Ralph. Why, servant Ned, will not the friar do it? Were not my sword glued to my scabbard by conjuration, I would cut off his head, and make him do it by force.

Miles. In faith, my lord, your manhood and your sword is all alike; they are so fast conjured that we shall never see them.

Erms. What, doctor, in a dump! tush, help the prince,
And thou shalt see how liberal he will prove.

Bacon. Crave not such actions greater dumps than these?
I will, my lord, strain out my magic spells;
For this day comes the earl to Fressingfield,
And 'fore that night shuts in the day with dark,
They'll be betrothèd each to other fast.
But come with me; we'll to my study straight,
And in a glass prospective I will show
What's done this day in merry Fressingfield.

P. Edw. Gramercies, Bacon; I will quite thy pain.

Bacon. But send your train, my lord, into the town:
My scholar shall go bring them to their inn;
Meanwhile we'll see the knavery of the earl.

P. Edw. Warren, leave me:—and, Ermsby, take the fool;
Let him be master, and go revel it,
Till I and Friar Bacon talk awhile.

War. We will, my lord.

Ralph. Faith, Ned, and I'll lord it out till thou comest: I'll be Prince of Wales over all the black-pots in Oxford.

[*Exeunt* Warren, Ermsby, Ralph Simnell, *and* Miles.

Friar Bacon *and* Prince Edward *go into the study.**

Bacon. Now, frolic Edward, welcome to my cell;
Here tempers Friar Bacon many toys,
And holds this place his consistory-court,
Wherein the devils plead homage to his words.
Within this glass prospective thou shalt see
This day what's done in merry Fressingfield
'Twixt lovely Peggy and the Lincoln Earl.

P. Edw. Friar, thou glad'st me: now shall Edward try
How Lacy meaneth to his sovereign lord.

Bacon. Stand there and look directly in the glass.

Enter Margaret *and* Friar Bungay.†

What sees my lord?

P. Edw. I see the Keeper's lovely lass appear,
As brightsome‡ as the paramour of Mars,
Only attended by a jolly friar.

---

* *Fast-fancied*] Tied by fancy (love).

† *treat*] i. e. entreat.

‡ *thy college-state*] Here Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 257), considering "college" as a genitive, would print "thy *college*' state" (*the state* or *estate of thy college*).

* Friar Bacon *and* Prince Edward, &c.] Here, after the exit of Warren, Ermsby, &c., and after Bacon and Edward had walked a few paces about (or perhaps towards the back of) the stage, the audience were to suppose that the scene was changed to the interior of Bacon's cell.

† *Enter* Margaret *and* Friar Bungay] Perhaps the curtain which concealed the upper-stage (i. e. the balcony at the back of the stage) was withdrawn, discovering Margaret and Bungay standing there, and when the representation in the glass was supposed to be over, the curtain was drawn back again.

‡ *brightsome*] The 4tos. "*bright*-sunne."

Bacon. Sit still, and keep the crystal in your eye.
Mar. But tell me, Friar Bungay, is it true
That this fair courteous* country swain,
Who says his father is a farmer nigh,
Can be Lord Lacy, Earl of Lincolnshire?
Bun. Peggy, 'tis true, 'tis Lacy for my life,
Or else mine art and cunning both do fail,
Left by Prince Edward to procure his loves;
For he in green, that holp you run your cheese,
Is son to Henry and the Prince of Wales.
Mar. Be what he will, his lure is but for lust:
But did Lord Lacy like poor Margaret,
Or would he deign to wed a country lass,
Friar, I would his humble handmaid be,
And for great wealth quite him with courtesy.
Bun. Why, Margaret, dost thou love him?
Mar. His personage, like the pride of vaunting Troy,
Might well avouch to shadow Helen's rape:†
His wit is quick and ready in conceit,
As Greece afforded in her chiefest prime:
Courteous, ah friar, full of pleasing smiles!
Trust me, I love too much to tell thee more;
Suffice to me he 's England's paramour.
Bun. Hath not each eye that view'd thy pleasing face
Surnamèd thee Fair Maid of Fressingfield?
Mar. Yes, Bungay; and would God the lovely earl
Had that in *esse* that so many sought.
Bun. Fear not, the friar will not be behind
To show his cunning to entangle love.
P. Edw. I think the friar courts the bonny wench:
Bacon, methinks he is a lusty churl.
Bacon. Now look, my lord.

Enter LACY *disguised as before.*

P. Edw. Gog's wounds, Bacon, here comes Lacy!
Bacon. Sit still, my lord, and mark the comedy.
Bun. Here's Lacy, Margaret; step aside awhile.
[*Retires with* MARGARET.
Lacy. Daphne, the damsel that caught Phœbus fast,
And lock'd him in the brightness of her looks,
Was not so beauteous in Apollo's eyes
As is fair Margaret to the Lincoln Earl.
Recant thee, Lacy, thou art put in trust:
Edward, thy sovereign's son, hath chosen thee,
A secret friend, to court her for himself,
And dar'st thou wrong thy prince with treachery?
Lacy, love makes no exception* of a friend,
Nor deems it of a prince but as a man.
Honour bids thee control him in his lust;
His wooing is not for to wed the girl,
But to entrap her and beguile the lass.
Lacy, thou lov'st, then brook not such abuse,
But wed her, and abide thy prince's frown;
For better die than see her live disgrac'd.
Mar. Come, friar, I will shake him from his dumps.— [*Comes forward.*
How cheer you, sir? a penny for your thought:
You're early up, pray God it be the near.†
What, come from Beccles in a morn so soon?
Lacy. Thus watchful are such men as live in love,
Whose eyes brook broken slumbers for their sleep.
I tell thee, Peggy, since last Harleston fair
My mind hath felt a heap of passions. [friend:
Mar. A trusty man, that court it for your
Woo you still for the courtier all in green?
I marvel that he sues not for himself.
Lacy. Peggy,
I pleaded first to get your grace for him;
But when mine eyes survey'd your beauteous looks,
Love, like a wag, straight div'd into my heart,
And there did shrine the idea of yourself.
Pity me, though I be a farmer's son,
And measure not my riches, but my love.
Mar. You are very hasty; for to garden well,
Seeds must have time to sprout before they spring:
Love ought to creep as doth the dial's shade,
For timely‡ ripe is rotten too-too soon.
Bun. [*coming forward.*] *Deus hic;* room for a merry friar!
What, youth of Beccles, with the Keeper's lass?
'Tis well; but tell me, hear you any news?
Lacy.§ No, friar: what news?

* *That this fair courteous*, &c.] Qy. "*That this fair*, witty, *courteous*," &c.? See before, Margaret's first speech in p. 158, first col., and her next speech but one in this col.

† *rape*] The 4tos. "cape."

* *exception*] The 4to. of 1594 "acception."

† *You're early up, pray God it be the near*]—*near*, i. e. nearer. An allusion to the proverb, "Early up and never the nearer."

"In you, yfaith, the proverb's verified,—
Y'are earely up, and yet are nere the neare."
Munday and Chettle's *Death of the Earle of Huntington*, 1601, Sig. F 4.

"In this perplexity," says that mendacious woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, speaking of herself, "she languished for some time, when hearing Bishop Burnet's Exposition of the XXXIX. Articles was in the press, she waited the publication with the utmost impatience. But alas! *never the near*," &c. *Pylades and Corinna*, &c., 1731, vol. i. p. 15.

‡ *timely*] i. e. early.

§ *Lacy*] The 4tos. "Mar."

Bun. Hear you not how the pursuivants do post
With proclamations through each country-town?
Lacy. For what, gentle friar? tell the news.
Bun. Dwell'st thou in Beccles, and hear'st not of these news?
Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, is late fled
From Windsor court, disguisèd like a swain,
And lurks about the country here unknown.
Henry suspects him of some treachery,
And therefore doth proclaim in every way,
That who can take the Lincoln Earl shall have,
Paid in the Exchequer, twenty thousand crowns.
Lacy. The Earl of Lincoln! Friar, thou art mad:
It was some other; thou mistak'st the man.
The Earl of Lincoln! why, it cannot be.
Mar. Yes, very well, my lord, for you are he:
The Keeper's daughter took you prisoner.
Lord Lacy, yield, I'll be your gaoler once.
P. Edw. How familiar they be, Bacon!
Bacon. Sit still, and mark the sequel of their loves.
Lacy. Then am I double prisoner to thyself:
Peggy, I yield. But are these news in jest?
Mar. In jest with you, but earnest unto me;
For why* these wrongs do wring me at the heart.
Ah, how these earls and noblemen of birth
Flatter and feign to forge poor women's ill!
Lacy. Believe me, lass, I am the Lincoln Earl:
I not deny but, 'tirèd thus in rags,
I liv'd disguis'd to win fair Peggy's love.
Mar. What love is there where wedding ends not love?
Lacy. I mean,† fair girl, to make thee Lacy's wife.
Mar. I little think that earls will stoop so low.
Lacy. Say shall I make thee countess ere I sleep?
Mar. Handmaid unto the earl, so please himself:
A wife in name, but servant in obedience.
Lacy. The Lincoln Countess, for it shall be so:
I'll plight the bands, and seal it with a kiss.
P. Edw. Gog's wounds, Bacon, they kiss! I'll stab them.
Bacon. O, hold your hands, my lord, it is the glass!
P. Edw. Choler to see the traitors gree so well
Made me [to] think the shadows substances.

* *For why*] i. e. Because.
† *mean*] The earlier 4tos. "meant."

Bacon. 'Twere a long poniard,* my lord, to reach between
Oxford and Fressingfield; but sit still and see more.
Bun. Well, Lord of Lincoln, if your loves be knit,
And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree,
To avoid ensuing jars, I'll hamper up the match.
I'll take my portace† forth and wed you here:
Then go to bed and seal up your desires.
Lacy. Friar, content.—Peggy, how like you this?
Mar. What likes my lord is pleasing unto me.
Bun. Then hand-fast hand, and I will to my book.
Bacon. What sees my lord now?
P. Edw. Bacon, I see the lovers hand in hand,
The friar ready with his portace there
To wed them both: then am I quite undone.
Bacon, help now, if e'er thy magic serv'd;
Help, Bacon;‡ stop the marriage now,
If devils or necromancy may suffice,
And I will give thee forty thousand crowns.
Bacon. Fear not, my lord, I'll stop the jolly friar
For mumbling up his orisons this day.
Lacy. Why speak'st not, Bungay? Friar, to thy book. [*Bungay is mute, crying,* "Hud, hud."
Mar. How look'st thou, friar, as a man distraught?
Reft of thy senses, Bungay? show by signs,
If thou be dumb, what passion§ holdeth thee.
Lacy. He's dumb indeed. Bacon hath with his devils
Enchanted him, or else some strange disease
Or apoplexy hath possess'd his lungs:
But, Peggy, what he cannot with his book,
We'll 'twixt us both unite it up in heart.
Mar. Else let me die, my lord, a miscreant.
P. Edw. Why stands Friar Bungay‖ so amaz'd?
Bacon. I have struck¶ him dumb, my lord; and, if your honour please,
I'll fetch this Bungay straightway from Fressingfield,
And he shall dine with us in Oxford here.
P. Edw. Bacon, do that, and thou contentest me.

* *'Twere a long poniard,* &c.] Is this a prose-speech, or corrupted verse?
† *portace*] i. e. breviary, *portable* prayer-book.
‡ *Help, Bacon,* &c.] Some word, or words, wanting here.
§ *passion*] The 4to. of 1594 "passions."
‖ *Bungay*] The 4tos. "Bacon."
¶ *I have struck,* &c.] Qy.,
"*I have struck him dumb, my lord: and, if* you *please, I'll fetch this Bungay* straight *from Fressingfield, And he,*" &c.?

Lacy. Of courtesy, Margaret, let us lead the friar
Unto thy father's lodge, to comfort him
With broths, to bring him from this hapless trance.
Mar. Or else, my lord, we were passing unkind *
To leave the friar so in his distress.

Enter a Devil, *who carries off* BUNGAY *on his back.*

O, help, my lord! a devil, a devil, my lord!
Look how he carries Bungay on his back!
Let's hence, for Bacon's spirits be abroad.
[*Exit with* LACY.
P. Edw. Bacon, I laugh to see the jolly friar
Mounted upon the devil, and how the earl
Flees with his bonny lass for fear.†
As soon as Bungay is at Brazen-nose,
And I have chatted with the merry friar,
I will in post hie me to Fressingfield,
And quite these wrongs on Lacy ere 't be long.
Bacon. So be it, my lord: but let us to our dinner;
For ere we have taken our repast awhile,
We shall have Bungay brought to Brazen-nose.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BURDEN, MASON, *and* CLEMENT.

Mason. Now that we are gather'd in the Regent-house,
It fits us talk about the king's repair,
For he, troopèd with all the western kings,
That lie alongst the Dantzic seas by east,
North by the clime of frosty Germany,
The Almain monarch, and the Saxon‡ duke,
Castile and lovely Elinor with him,
Have in their jests resolv'd for Oxford town.
Burd. We must lay plots of stately tragedies,
Strange comic shows, such as proud Roscius
Vaunted before the Roman emperors,
To welcome all the western potentates.§
Clem. But more; the king by letters hath foretold
That Frederick, the Almain emperor,
Hath brought with him a German of esteem,
Whose surname is Don Jaques Vandermast,
Skilful in magic and those secret arts.
Mason. Then must we all make suit unto the friar,
To Friar Bacon, that he vouch this task,
And undertake to countervail in skill
The German; else there's none in Oxford can
Match and dispute with learnèd Vandermast.
Burd. Bacon, if he will hold the German play,
Will teach him what an English friar can do:
The devil, I think, dare not dispute with him.
Clem. Indeed, Mas doctor, he [dis]pleasur'd you,
In that he brought your hostess with her spit,
From Henley, posting unto Brazen-nose.
Burd. A vengeance on the friar for his pains!
But leaving that, let's hie to Bacon straight,
To see if he will take this task in hand.
Clem. Stay, what rumour is this? The town is up in a mutiny: what hurly-burly is this?

Enter a Constable, *with* RALPH SIMNELL, WARREN, ERMSBY, *all three disguised as before, and* MILES.

Cons. Nay, masters, if you were ne'er so good, you shall before the doctors to answer your misdemeanour.
Burd. What's the matter, fellow?
Cons. Marry, sir, here's a company of rufflers, that, drinking in the tavern, have made a great brawl, and almost killed the vintner.
Miles. Salve, Doctor Burden!
This lubberly lurden,
Ill-shap'd and ill-fac'd,
Disdain'd and disgrac'd,
What he tells unto *vobis*
Mentitur de nobis.
Burd. Who is the master and chief of this crew?
Miles. Ecce asinum mundi
Figura rotundi,
Neat, sheat, and fine,
As brisk as a cup of wine.
Burd. What are you?
Ralph. I am, father doctor, as a man would say, the bell-wether of this company: these are my lords, and I the Prince of Wales.
Clem. Are you Edward, the king's son?
Ralph. Sirrah Miles, bring hither the tapster that drew the wine, and, I warrant, when they see how soundly I have broke his head, they'll say 'twas done by no less man than a prince.
Mason. I cannot believe that this is the Prince of Wales.
War. And why so, sir?
Mason. For they say the prince is a brave and a wise gentleman.
War. Why, and think'st thou, doctor, that he is not so?
Dar'st thou detract and derogate from him,
Being so lovely and so brave a youth?

* *we were passing unkind*] Qy. "passing unkind we were"?
† *Flees with his bonny lass for fear*] Some word or words wanting.
‡ *Saxon*] The 4tos. "Scocon."
§ *To welcome, &c*] The 4tos. give this line to Clement.

Erms. Whose face, shining with many a sugar'd smile,
Bewrays that he is bred of princely race.
Miles. And yet, master doctor,
To speak like a proctor,
And tell unto you
What is veriment and true;
To cease of this quarrel,
Look but on his apparel;
Then mark but my talis,
He is great Prince of Walis,
The chief of our *gregis*,
And *filius regis:*
Then 'ware what is done,
For he is Henry's white son.*

Ralph. Doctors, whose doting night-caps are not capable of my ingenious dignity, know that I am Edward Plantagenet, whom if you displease, [I] will make a ship that shall hold all your colleges, and so carry away the niniversity with a fair wind to the Bankside in Southwark.—How sayest thou, Ned Warren, shall I not do it?

War. Yes, my good lord; and, if it please your lordship, I will gather up all your old pantofles,† and with the cork make you a pinnace of five-hundred ton, that shall serve the turn marvellous well, my lord.

Erms. And I, my lord, will have pioners‡ to undermine the town, that the very gardens and orchards be carried away for your summer-walks.

Miles. And I, with *scientia*
And great *diligentia*,
Will conjure and charm,
To keep you from harm;
That *utrum horum mavis*,
Your very great *navis*,
Like Barclay's ship,§
From Oxford do skip
With colleges and schools,
Full-loaden with fools.
Quid dicis ad hoc,
Worshipful *Domine* Dawcock?‖

Clem. Why, hare-brain'd courtiers, are you drunk or mad,
To taunt us up with such scurrility?
Deem you us men of base and light esteem,
To bring us such a fop for Henry's son?—
Call out the beadles and convey them hence
Straight to Bocardo:* let the roisters† lie
Close clapt in bolts, until their wits be tame.

Erms. Why, shall we to prison, my lord?

Ralph. What sayest, Miles, shall I honour the prison with my presence?

Miles. No, no: out with your blades,
And hamper these jades;
Have a flurt and a crash,
Now play revel-dash,
And teach these sacerdos
That the Bocardos,
Like peasants and elves,
Are meet for themselves.

Mason. To the prison with them, constable.

War. Well, doctors, seeing I have sported me
With laughing at these mad and merry wags,
Know that Prince Edward is at Brazen-nose,
And this, attirèd like the Prince of Wales,
Is Ralph, King Henry's only lovèd fool;
I, Earl of Sussex,‡ and this Ermsby,§
One of the privy-chamber to the king;
Who, while the prince with Friar Bacon stays,
Have revell'd it in Oxford as you see.

Mason. My lord, pardon us, we knew not what you were:
But courtiers may make greater scapes than these.
Wilt please your honour dine with me to-day?

War. I will, Master doctor, and satisfy the vintner for his hurt; only I must desire you to imagine him all this forenoon the Prince of Wales.

Mason. I will, sir.

Ralph. And upon that I will lead the way; only I will have Miles go before me, because I have heard Henry say that wisdom must go before majesty. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PRINCE EDWARD *with his poniard in his hand*, LACY, *and* MARGARET.

P. Edw. Lacy, thou canst not shroud thy traitorous thoughts,
Nor cover, as did Cassius, all thy‖ wiles;

---

* *white son*] See note †, p. 133, sec. col.

† *pantofles*] i. e. slippers.

‡ *pioners*] So (not "pioneers") the word is usually, if not always, spelt by our early writers.

§ *Barclay's ship*] The 4tos. "Bartlets *ship*" (a mistake perhaps of the original compositor, the MS. having had "*Barcleis ship*").—Miles alludes to *The shyp of Folys of the Worlde, translated out of Laten Frenche and Doche into Englysshe Tonge, by Alexander Barclay Preste. London by Richarde Pynson.* 1509, folio.

‖ *Domine Dawcock*] An expression borrowed from the author whose style is here imitated;

"*Construuas hoc,*
Domine Dawcocke!"

Ware the Hauke,—Skelton's *Works*, i. 163, ed. Dyce.

* *Bocardo*] i. e. the old north gate of Oxford, which was used as a prison; so called, we may certainly presume, from some allusion to the Aristotelian syllogism in *Bocardo*. It was taken down in 1771.

† *roisters*] i. e. wild fellows, rioters.

‡ *Sussex*] The 4tos. "Essex."

§ *Ermsby*] A trisyllable here, I believe.

‖ *thy*] The 4tos. "his."

For Edward hath an eye that looks as far
As Lynceus from the shores of Græcia.
Did not I sit in Oxford by the friar,
And see thee court the maid of Fressingfield,
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kiss?
Did not proud Bungay draw his portace * forth,
And joining hand in hand had married you,
If Friar Bacon had not struck him dumb,
And mounted him upon a spirit's back,
That we might chat at Oxford with the friar?
Traitor, what answer'st? is not all this true?

Lacy. Truth all, my lord; and thus I make reply.
At Harleston fair, there courting for your grace,
Whenas mine eye survey'd her curious shape,
And drew the beauteous glory of her looks
To dive into the centre of my heart,
Love taught me that your honour did but jest,
That princes were in fancy but as men;
How that the lovely maid of Fressingfield
Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife
Than concubine unto the Prince of Wales.

P. Edw. Injurious Lacy, did I love thee more
Than Alexander his Hephæstion?
Did I unfold the passions † of my love,
And lock them in the closet of thy thoughts?
Wert thou to Edward second to himself,
Sole friend, and partner of his secret loves?
And could a glance of fading beauty break
Th' enchainèd fetters of such private friends?
Base coward, false, and too effeminate
To be corrival with a prince in thoughts!
From Oxford have I posted since I din'd,
To quite a traitor 'fore that Edward sleep.

Mar. 'Twas I, my lord, not Lacy stept awry:
For oft he su'd and courted for yourself,
And still woo'd for the courtier all in green;
But I, whom fancy made but over-fond,
Pleaded myself with looks as if I lov'd;
I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,
And still bewitch'd lov'd Lacy with my looks;
My heart with sighs, mine eyes pleaded with tears,
My face held pity and content at once,
And more I could not cipher-out by signs,
But that I lov'd Lord Lacy with my heart.
Then, worthy Edward, measure with thy mind
If women's favours will not force men fall,
If beauty, and if darts of piercing love,
Are not of force to bury thoughts of friends.

P. Edw. I tell thee, Peggy, I will have thy loves:
Edward or none shall conquer Margaret.
In frigates bottom'd with rich Sethin planks,
Topt with the lofty firs of Lebanon,
Stemm'd and incas'd with burnish'd ivory,
And over-laid with plates of Persian wealth,
Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves,
And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes,
To dance lavoltas in the purple streams:
Sirens, with harps and silver psalteries,
Shall wait with music at thy frigate's stem,
And entertain fair Margaret with their * lays.
England and England's wealth shall wait on thee;
Britain shall bend unto her prince's love,
And do due homage to thine excellence,
If thou wilt be but Edward's Margaret.

Mar. Pardon, my lord: if Jove's great royalty
Sent me such presents as to Danaë;
If Phœbus, 'tirèd † in Latona's webs,
Came ‡ courting from the beauty of his lodge;§
The dulcet tunes of frolic Mercury,
Nor all the wealth heaven's treasury affords,
Should make me leave Lord Lacy or his love.

P. Edw. I have learn'd at Oxford, then, this point of schools,——
Ablata causa, tollitur effectus:
Lacy, the cause that Margaret cannot love
Nor fix her liking on the English prince,
Take him away, and then th' effects will fail.
Villain, prepare thyself; for I will bathe
My poniard in the bosom of an earl.

Lacy. Rather than live, and miss fair Margaret's love,
Prince Edward, stop not at the fatal doom,
But stab it home: end both my loves and life.

Mar. Brave Prince of Wales, honour'd for royal deeds,
'Twere sin to stain fair Venus' courts with blood;
Love's conquest ‖ ends, my lord, in courtesy:
Spare Lacy, gentle Edward; let me die,
For so both you and he do cease your loves.

P. Edw. Lacy shall die as traitor to his lord.

Lacy. I have deserv'd it, Edward; act it well.

Mar. What hopes the prince to gain by Lacy's death?

P. Edw. To end the loves 'twixt him and Margaret.

---

* *portace*] See note †, p. 162, sec. col.

† *passions*] The 4to. of 1594 "passion."

* *their*] The 4tos. "her."

† *'tirèd*] The 4tos. "tied" and "try."—We have already had in this play,

"Say that the courtier *'tired* all in green,"

and

"I not deny, but *'tired* thus in rags."

‡ *Came*] The 4tos. "Come."

§ *Phœbus . . . . his lodge*] So Shakespeare (according to the first folio);

"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards *Phœbus' lodging*," &c.
Romeo and Juliet, act iii. sc. 2.

‖ *conquest*] The 4to. of 1594 "conquests."

Mar. Why, thinks King Henry's son that Margaret's love
Hangs in th' uncertain balance of proud time?
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?
No, stab the earl, and, 'fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice over the lofty east,
Margaret will meet her Lacy in the heavens.

Lacy. If aught betides to lovely Margaret
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,
Europe's rich wealth nor England's monarchy
Should not allure Lacy to over-live.
Then, Edward, short my life, and end her* loves.

Mar. Rid† me, and keep a friend worth many loves.

Lacy. Nay, Edward, keep a love worth many friends.

Mar. An if thy mind be such as fame hath
Then, princely Edward, let us both abide [blaz'd,
The fatal resolution of thy rage:
Banish thou fancy,‡ and embrace revenge,
And in one tomb knit both our carcases,
Whose hearts were linkèd in one perfect love.

P. Edw. [*aside.*] Edward, art thou that famous Prince of Wales,
Who at Damasco beat the Saracens,
And brought'st home triumph on thy lance's point?
And shall thy plumes be pull'd by Venus down?
Is't princely to dissever lovers' leagues,
To part such friends as glory in their loves?§
Leave, Ned, and make a virtue of this fault,
And further Peg and Lacy in their loves:
So in subduing fancy's passion,
Conquering thyself, thou gett'st the richest spoil.——
Lacy, rise up. Fair Peggy, here's my hand:
The Prince of Wales hath conquer'd all his thoughts,
And all his loves he yields unto the earl.
Lacy, enjoy the maid of Fressingfield;
Make her thy Lincoln Countess at the church,
And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,
Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife.

Lacy. Humbly I take her of my sovereign,
As if that Edward gave me England's right,
And rich'd me with the Albion diadem.

Mar. And doth ‖ the English prince mean true?
Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,
And yield the title of a country maid
Unto Lord Lacy?

P. Edw. I will, fair Peggy, as I am true lord.

Mar. Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as
In conquering love, as Cæsar's victories, [great,
Margaret, as mild and humble in her thoughts
As was Aspasia unto Cyrus self,
Yields thanks, and, next Lord Lacy, doth enshrine
Edward the second secret in her heart.

P. Edw. Gramercy, Peggy:—now that vows are past,
And that your loves are not to be revolt,
Once, Lacy, friends again. Come, we will post
To Oxford; for this day the king is there,
And brings for Edward Castile Elinor.
Peggy, I must go see and view my wife:
I pray God* I like her as I lovèd thee.
Beside, Lord Lincoln, we shall hear dispute
'Twixt Friar Bacon and learn'd Vandermast.
Peggy, we'll leave you for a week or two.

Mar. As it please Lord Lacy: but love's foolish looks †
Think footsteps miles and minutes to be hours.

Lacy. I'll hasten, Peggy, to make short return.——
But please your honour go unto the lodge,
We shall have butter, cheese, and venison;
And yesterday I brought for Margaret
A lusty bottle of neat claret-wine:
Thus can we feast and entertain your grace.

P. Edw. 'Tis cheer, Lord Lacy, for an emperor,
If he respect the person and the place.
Come, let us in; for I will all this night
Ride post until I come to Bacon's cell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING HENRY, *the* EMPEROR, *the* KING OF CASTILE, ELINOR, VANDERMAST, *and* BUNGAY.

Emp. Trust me, Plantagenet, these Oxford schools
Are richly seated near the river-side:
The mountains full of fat and fallow deer,
The battling‡ pastures lade with kine and flocks,
The town gorgeous with high-built colleges,
And scholars seemly in their grave attire,
Learnèd in searching principles of art.——
What is thy judgment, Jaques Vandermast?

Van. That lordly are the buildings of the town,

---

* *her*] Qy. "our"?

† *Rid*] i. e. Get rid of, destroy.

‡ *fancy*] i. e. love.

§ *To part such friends as glory in their loves*] Not in the later 4tos.

‖ *And doth*, &c.] Qy. "*And doth the English prince* indeed *mean true?*"

* *I pray God*, &c.] "Read for harmony's sake, '*Pray God*, and pronouce *lovèd*." Walker's *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c., i. 77.

† *looks*] Can this be the right word?

‡ *battling*] i. e. causing to increase, or to grow fat.

Spacious the rooms, and full of pleasant walks;
But for the doctors, how that they be learnèd,
It may be meanly, for aught I can hear.

Bun. I tell thee, German, Hapsburg holds none such,
None read so deep as Oxenford contains:
There are within our academic state
Men that may lecture it in Germany
To all the doctors of your Belgic schools.

K. Hen. Stand to him, Bungay, charm this Vandermast,
And I will use thee as a royal king.

Van. Wherein dar'st thou dispute with me?

Bun. In what a doctor and a friar can.

Van. Before rich Europe's worthies put thou
The doubtful question unto Vandermast. [forth

Bun. Let it be this,—Whether the spirits of pyromancy or geomancy be most predominant in magic?

Van. I say, of pyromancy.

Bun. And I, of geomancy.

Van. The cabalists that write of magic spells,
As Hermes, Melchie,* and Pythagoras,
Affirm that, 'mongst the quadruplicity
Of elemental essence, *terra* is but thought
To be a *punctum* squarèd to the rest;
And that the compass of ascending elements
Exceed in bigness as they do in height;
Judging the concave circle of the sun
To hold the rest in his circumference.
If, then, as Hermes says, the fire be greatest,
Purest, and only giveth shape to spirits,
Then must these dæmones that haunt that place
Be every way superior to the rest.

Bun. I reason not of elemental shapes,
Nor tell I of the concave latitudes,
Noting their essence nor their quality,
But of the spirits that pyromancy calls,
And of the vigour of the geomantic fiends.
I tell thee, German, magic haunts the ground,†
And those strange‡ necromantic spells,
That work such shows and wondering in the world,
Are acted by those geomantic spirits
That Hermes calleth *terræ filii.*
The fiery spirits are but transparent shades,
That lightly pass as heralds to bear news;
But earthly fiends, clos'd in the lowest deep,
Dissever mountains, if they be but charg'd,
Being more gross and massy in their power.

Van. Rather these earthly geomantic spirits
Are dull and like the place where they remain;
For when proud Lucifer fell from the heavens,
The spirits and angels that did sin with him,
Retain'd their local essence as their faults,
All subject under Luna's continent:
They which offended less hung* in the fire,
And second faults did rest within the air;
But Lucifer and his proud-hearted fiends
Were thrown into the centre of the earth,
Having less understanding than the rest,
As having greater sin and lesser grace.
Therefore such gross and earthly spirits do serve
For jugglers, witches, and vile† sorcerers;
Whereas the pyromantic genii
Are mighty, swift, and of far-reaching power.
But grant that geomancy hath most force;
Bungay, to please these mighty potentates,
Prove by some instance what thy art can do.

Bun. I will. [game;

Emp. Now, English Harry, here begins the
We shall see sport between these learnèd men.

Van. What wilt thou do?

Bun. Show thee the tree, leav'd with refinèd
Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat, [gold,
That watch'd the garden call'd Hesperides,‡
Subdu'd and won by conquering Hercules.

Here BUNGAY *conjures, and the tree appears with the dragon shooting fire.*

Van. Well done!

K. Hen. What say you, royal lordings, to my friar?
Hath he not done a point of cunning skill?

Van. Each scholar in the necromantic spells
Can do as much as Bungay hath perform'd.
But as Alcmena's bastard raz'd this tree,
So will I raise him up as when he liv'd,
And cause him pull the dragon from his seat,
And tear the branches piecemeal from the
Hercules! *Prodi, prodi,* Hercules! [root.—

HERCULES *appears in his lion's skin.*

Her. Quis me vult?

Van. Jove's bastard son, thou Libyan Hercules,
Pull off the sprigs from off th' Hesperian tree,
As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.

Her. Fiat. [*Begins to break the branches.*

Van. Now, Bungay, if thou canst by magic
The fiend, appearing like great Hercules, [charm

* *Melchie*] Meant, I suppose, for Malchus (Melech), i. e. Porphyrius.

† *ground*] The 4tos. "grounds."

‡ *And those strange*, &c.] Something dropt out here.

* *hung*] The 4tos. "hang."

† *vile*] The 4tos. "vild,"—as the word was often written formerly: but in our author's *Orlando Furioso* the old copies have "a truthless *vile* circumference," see p. 98, first col.; and in his *James the Fourth*, the 4to. has "more *vile*," and "*vile* lust," see p. 188, first col., and p. 191, first col.

‡ *the garden call'd Hesperides*] See note *, p. 90, first col.

From pulling down the branches of the tree,
Then art thou worthy to be counted learnèd.

Bun. I cannot.

Van. Cease, Hercules, until I give thee charge.—
Mighty commander of this English isle,
Henry, come from the stout Plantagenets,
Bungay is learn'd enough to be a friar;
But to compare with Jaques Vandermast,
Oxford and Cambridge must go seek their cells
To find a man to match him in his art.
I have given non-plus to the Paduans,
To them of Sien, Florence, and Bologna,
Rheims, Louvain, and fair Rotterdam,
Frankfort, Utrecht*, and Orleans:
And now must Henry, if he do me right,
Crown me with laurel, as they all have done.

Enter BACON.

Bacon. All hail to this royal company,
That sit to hear and see this strange dispute!—
Bungay, how stand'st thou as a man amaz'd?
What, hath the German acted more than thou?

Van. What art thou that question'st thus?

Bacon. Men call me Bacon.

Van. Lordly thou look'st, as if that thou wert learn'd;
Thy countenance as if science held her seat
Between the circled arches of thy brows.

K. Hen. Now, monarchs, hath the German found his match.

Emp. Bestir thee, Jaques, take not now the foil,
Lest thou dost lose what foretime thou didst gain.

Van. Bacon, wilt thou dispute?

Bacon. No,
Unless he were more learn'd than Vandermast:
For yet, tell me, what hast thou done?

Van. Rais'd Hercules to ruinate that tree
That Bungay mounted by his magic spells.

Bacon. Set Hercules to work.

Van. Now, Hercules, I charge thee to thy task;
Pull off the golden branches from the root.

Her. I dare not. See'st thou not great Bacon here,
Whose frown doth act more than thy magic can?

Van. By all the thrones, and dominations,
Virtues, powers, and mighty hierarchies,
I charge thee to obey to Vandermast.

Her. Bacon, that bridles headstrong Belcephon,
And rules Asmenoth guider of the north,
Binds me from yielding unto Vandermast.

K. Hen. How now, Vandermast! have you met with your match?

Van. Never before was't known to Vandermast
That men held devils in such obedient awe.
Bacon doth more than art, or else I fail.

Emp. Why, Vandermast, art thou overcome?—
Bacon, dispute with him, and try his skill.

Bacon. I came* not, monarchs, for to hold dispute
With such a novice as is Vandermast;
I came to have your royalties to dine
With Friar Bacon here in Brazen-nose:
And, for this German troubles but the place,
And holds this audience with a long suspence,
I'll send him to his académy hence.——
Thou Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,
Transport the German unto Hapsburg straight,
That he may learn by travail, 'gainst the spring,†
More secret dooms and aphorisms of art.
Vanish the tree, and thou away with him!

[*Exit* HERCULES *with* VANDERMAST *and the tree.*

Emp. Why, Bacon, whither dost thou send him?

Bacon. To Hapsburg: there your highness at return
Shall find the German in his study safe.

K. Hen. Bacon, thou hast honour'd England with thy skill,
And made fair Oxford famous by thine art:
I will be English Henry to thyself. ‡
But tell me, shall we dine with thee to-day?

Bacon. With me, my lord; and while I fit my cheer,
See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you,
Gracious as the morning-star of heaven. [*Exit.*

Enter PRINCE EDWARD, LACY, WARREN, ERMSBY.

Emp. Is this Prince Edward, Henry's royal son?
How martial is the figure of his face!
Yet lovely and beset with amorets. §

K. Hen. Ned, where hast thou been?

P. Edw. At Framlingham, my lord, to try your bucks

---

* *Utrecht*] The 4tos. "Lutrech."—This line is certainly mutilated; and so perhaps is the preceding line: from the Emperor's speech, p. 159, first col., it would seem that "Paris" ought to be one of the places mentioned here.

* *came*] The 4tos. "come" (but see what follows).

† *spring*] The 4tos. "springs."

‡ *I will be English Henry to thyself*] Something wanting here.

§ *amorets*] So afterwards, p. 173, sec. col.,

"those piercing *amorets*
That Daphne glanced at his deity",—

whence it is plain that Greene uses the word as equivalent to—love-kindling looks. (Cotgrave has "*Amourettes*. Loue-tricks, wanton loue-toyes, ticking, ticklings, dalliances," &c.)

If they could scape the teasers * or the toil.
But hearing of these lordly potentates
Landed, and progress'd up to Oxford town,
I posted to give entertain to them:
Chief to the Almain monarch; next to him,
And joint with him, Castile and Saxony
Are welcome as they may be to the English court.
Thus for the men: but see, Venus appears,
Or one
That overmatcheth Venus in her shape!
Sweet Elinor, beauty's high-swelling pride,
Rich nature's glory and her wealth at once,
Fair of all fairs, welcome to Albion;
Welcome to me, and welcome to thine own,
If that thou deign'st the welcome from myself.

Elin. Martial Plantagenet, Henry's high-minded son,
The mark that Elinor did count her aim,
I lik'd thee 'fore I saw thee: now I love,
And so as in so short a time I may;
Yet so as time shall never break that so,
And therefore so accept of Elinor.

K. of Cast. Fear not, my lord, this couple will agree,
If love may creep into their wanton eyes:——
And therefore, Edward, I accept thee here,
Without suspence, as my adopted son.

K. Hen. Let me that joy in these consorting greets,
And glory in these honours done to Ned,
Yield thanks for all these favours to my son,
And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

Enter MILES *with a cloth and trenchers and salt.*

Miles. Salvete, omnes reges,
That govern your *greges*
In Saxony and Spain,
In England and in Almain!
For all this frolic rabble
Must I cover the table
With trenchers, salt, and cloth;
And then look for your broth.

Emp. What pleasant fellow is this?

K. Hen. 'Tis, my lord, Doctor Bacon's poor scholar.

Miles. [*aside.*] My master hath made me sewer of these great lords; and, God knows, I am as serviceable at a table as a sow is under an apple-tree: 'tis no matter; their cheer shall not be great, and therefore what skills where the salt stand,† before or behind? [*Exit.*

* *teasers*] See note ‡, p. 153, first col.

† *what skills where the salt stand*]—*skills*, i. e. signifies.—The seats at table above the salt-cellar (which used to be placed about the middle) were assigned to the more distinguished guests; the seats below it, to those of inferior rank.

K. of Cast. These scholars know more skill in axioms,
How to use quips and sleights of sophistry,
Than for to cover courtly for a king.

Re-enter MILES *with a mess of pottage and broth; and, after him,* BACON.

Miles. Spill, sir? why, do you think I never carried twopenny chop before in my life?——
By your leave, *nobile decus*,
For here comes Doctor Bacon's *pecus*,
Being in his full age
To carry a mess of pottage.

Bacon. Lordings, admire not if your cheer be this,
For we must keep our academic fare;
No riot where philosophy doth reign:
And therefore, Henry, place these potentates,
And bid them fall unto their frugal cates.

Emp. Presumptuous friar! what, scoff'st thou at a king?
What, dost thou taunt us with thy peasants' fare,
And give us cates fit for country swains?——
Henry, proceeds this jest of thy consent,
To twit us with a * pittance of such price?
Tell me, and Frederick will not grieve thee long.

K. Hen. By Henry's honour, and the royal faith
The English monarch beareth to his friend,
I knew not of the friar's feeble fare,
Nor am I pleas'd he entertains you thus.

Bacon. Content thee, Frederick, for I show'd these † cates,
To let thee see how scholars use to feed;
How little meat refines our English wits.——
Miles, take away, and let it be thy dinner.

Miles. Marry, sir, I will.
This day shall be a festival-day with me;
For I shall exceed in the highest degree. [*Exit.*

Bacon. I tell thee, monarch, all the German peers
Could not afford thy entertainment such,
So royal and so full of majesty,
As Bacon will present to Frederick.
The basest waiter that attends thy cups
Shall be in honours greater than thyself;
And for thy cates, rich Alexandria drugs,
Fetch'd by carvels from Ægypt's richest ‡ streights,
Found in the wealthy strand of Africa,
Shall royalize the table of my king;

* *with a*] The 4to. of 1594 "*with* such *a*."

† *these*] The 4tos. "thee."

‡ *richest*] An error. (In the preceding line we have had "rich," and just after this we have "richer" and "richest"!)

Wines richer than th' Ægyptian courtesan
Quaff'd to Augustus' kingly countermatch,
Shall be carous'd in English Henry's feast;
Candy shall yield the richest of her canes;
Persia, down her Volga * by canoes,
Send down the secrets of her spicery;
The Afric dates, mirabolans † of Spain,
Conserves and suckets from Tiberias,
Cates from Judæa, choicer than the lamp
That firèd Rome with sparks of gluttony, ‡
Shall beautify the board for Frederick:
And therefore grudge not at a friar's feast.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY *with the* Keeper.

Lam. Come, frolic Keeper of our liege's game,
Whose table spread hath ever venison
And jacks of wine to welcome passengers,
Know I'm in love with jolly Margaret,
That overshines our damsels as the moon
Darkeneth the brightest sparkles of the night.
In Laxfield here my land and living lies:
I'll make thy daughter jointer of it all,
So thou consent to give her to my wife;
And I can spend five-hundred marks a-year.

Ser. I am the lands-lord, Keeper, of thy holds,
By copy all thy living lies in me;
Laxfield did never see me raise my due:
I will enfeoff fair Margaret in all,
So she will take her to a lusty squire.

Keep. Now, courteous gentles, if the Keeper's girl
Hath pleas'd the liking fancy of you both,
And with her beauty hath subdu'd your thoughts,
'Tis doubtful to decide the question.
It joys me § that such men of great esteem
Should lay their liking on this base estate,
And that her state should grow so fortunate
To be a wife to meaner men than you:
But sith such squires will stoop to keeper's fee,
I will, to avoid displeasure of you both,
Call Margaret forth, and she shall make her choice.

Lam. Content, Keeper; send her unto us.

[*Exit* Keeper.

Why, Serlsby, is thy wife so lately dead,
Are all thy loves so lightly passèd over,
As thou canst wed before the year be out?

Serl. I live not, Lambert, to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her:
The grave* ends and begins a married state.

Enter MARGARET.

Lam. Peggy, the lovely flower of all towns,
Suffolk's fair Helen, and rich England's star,
Whose beauty, temper'd with her huswifery,
Makes England talk of merry Fressingfield!

Ser. I cannot trick it up with poesies,
Nor paint my passions with comparisons,
Nor tell a tale of Phœbus and his loves:
But this believe me,—Laxfield here is mine,
Of ancient rent seven-hundred pounds a-year,
And if thou canst but love a country squire,
I will enfeoff thee, Margaret, in all:
I cannot flatter; try me, if thou please.

Mar. Brave neighbouring squires, the stay of Suffolk's clime,
A keeper's daughter is too base in gree †
To match with men accounted of such worth:
But might I not displease, I would reply.

Lam. Say, Peggy; naught shall make us discontent.

Mar. Then, gentles, note that love hath little stay,
Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire
Be kindled but by fancy's motion:
Then pardon, gentles, if a maid's reply
Be doubtful, while ‡ I have debated with myself, §
Who, or of whom, love shall constrain me like.

Ser. Let it be me; and trust me, Margaret,
The meads environ'd with the silver streams,
Whose battling ‖ pastures fatten ¶ all my flocks,
Yielding forth fleeces stapled with such wool
As Lemnster cannot yield more finer stuff,
And forty kine with fair and fournish'd ** heads,

---

* *Persia, down her Volga, &c.*] "This," observes my friend, Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "is much as if France were to send claret and burgundy down her Thames."

† *mirabolans*] i. e. dried plums. The 4tos. "*mirabiles*" in ita ics. "I have eaten Spanishe *mirabolanes*, and yet am nothing the more metamorphosed."—Greene's *Notable Discovery of Coosnage*, 1591, Sig. A 2.

‡ *Cates from Judæa, choicer than the lamp*
That firèd Rome with sparks of gluttony] A corrupted, or rather (as I think) a mutilated passage. The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 217) alters "*lamp*" to "balm"; which, he feels confident, restores the true reading: "Balm," he says, "or the exudation of the Balsamum, was the *only export* of Judæa to Rome; and the balm was peculiar to Judæa." But the correction "balm" does not suit what immediately follows.

§ *It joys me, &c.*] If this be what the author wrote, it is at least very obscurely expressed.

* *grave*] The 4to. of 1594 "graves.

† *gree*] i. e. degree.

‡ *while*] i. e. until.

§ *I have debated with myself*] Qy. "I've with myself debated"?

‖ *battling*] See note †, p. 166, sec. col.

¶ *fatten*] The 4to. of 1594 "fatneth."

** *burnish'd*] The editor of the last ed. of Dodsley's *Old Plays* alters this word into "furnish'd," which, he says, "in reference to their horns, seems to be the true reading: besides Greene rather 'affected the letter,' and the

With strouting dugs that paggle to the ground,
Shall serve thy dairy, if thou wed with me.

Lam. Let pass the country wealth, as flocks and kine,
And lands that wave with Ceres' golden sheaves,
Filling my barns with plenty of the fields;
But, Peggy, if thou wed thyself to me,
Thou shalt have garments of embroider'd silk,
Lawns, and rich net-works for thy head-attire:
Costly shall be thy fair habiliments,
If thou wilt be but Lambert's loving wife.

Mar. Content you, gentles, you have proffer'd fair,
And more than fits a country maid's degree:
But give me leave to counsel me a time,
For fancy blooms not at the first assault;
Give me* but ten days' respite, and I will reply,
Which or to whom myself affectionates.

Ser. Lambert, I tell thee, thou'rt importunate;
Such beauty fits not such a base esquire:
It is for Serlsby to have Margaret. [me?

Lam. Think'st thou with wealth to overreach Serlsby, I scorn to brook thy country braves:
I dare thee, coward, to maintain this wrong,
At dint of rapier, single in the field.

Ser. I'll answer, Lambert, what I have avouch'd.——
Margaret, farewell; another time shall serve.
[*Exit.*

Lam. I'll follow.—Peggy, farewell to thyself;
Listen how well I'll answer for thy love. [*Exit.*

Mar. How fortune tempers lucky haps with frowns,
And wrongs† me with the sweets of my delight!
Love is my bliss, and love is now my bale.
Shall I be Helen in my froward fates,
As I am Helen in my matchless hue,
And set rich Suffolk with my face afire?
If lovely Lacy were but with his Peggy,
The cloudy darkness of his bitter frown
Would check the pride of these aspiring squires.
Before the term of ten days be expir'd,
Whenas they look for answer of their loves,
My lord will come to merry Fressingfield,
And end their fancies and their follies both:
Till when, Peggy, be blithe and of good cheer.

Enter a Post *with a letter and a bag of gold.*

Post. Fair lovely damsel, which way leads this path?
How might I post me unto Fressingfield?
Which footpath leadeth to the Keeper's lodge?

Mar. Your way is ready, and this path is right:
Myself do dwell hereby in Fressingfield;
And if the Keeper be the man you seek,
I am his daughter: may I know the cause?

Post. Lovely, and once beloved of my lord,—
No marvel if his eye was lodg'd so low,
When brighter beauty is not in the heavens,—
The Lincoln Earl hath sent you letters here,
And, with them, just an hundred pounds in gold. [*Gives letter and bag.*
Sweet, bonny wench, read them, and make reply.

Mar. The scrolls that Jove sent Danaë,]
Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnish'd gold,
Were not more welcome than these lines to me.
Tell me, whilst that I do unrip the seals,
Lives Lacy well? how fares my lovely lord?

Post. Well, if that wealth may make men to live well.

Mar. [*reads.*] *The blooms of the almond-tree grow in a night, and vanish in a morn; the flies hæmeræ, fair Peggy, take life with the sun, and die with the dew; fancy that slippeth in with a gaze, goeth out with a wink; and too timely* loves have ever the shortest length. I write this as thy grief, and my folly, who at Fressingfield loved that which time hath taught me to be but mean daintics: eyes are dissemblers, and fancy is but queasy; therefore know, Margaret, I have chosen a Spanish lady to be my wife, chief waiting-woman to the Princess Elinor; a lady fair, and no less fair than thyself, honourable and wealthy. In that I forsake thee, I leave thee to thine own liking; and for thy dowry I have sent thee an hundred pounds; and ever assure thee of my favour, which shall avail thee and thine much.*

Farewell. *Not thine, nor his own,*
Edward Lacy.

Fond Ate, doomer of bad-boding fates,
That wrapp'st proud fortune in thy snaky locks,
Didst thou enchant my birth-day with such stars
As lighten'd mischief from their infancy?
If heavens had vow'd, if stars had made decree,
To show on me their froward influence,
If Lacy had but lov'd, heavens, hell, and all,
Could not have wrong'd the patience of my mind.

Post. It grieves me, damsel; but the earl is forc'd
To love the lady by the king's commaud.

Mar. The wealth combin'd within the English shelves,

change affords an alliteration." I can perceive no necessity for rejecting the reading of the 4tos.

* *Give me*] Qy. ought these words to be omitted?

† *wrongs*] Qy. "wrings"?

* *timely*] i. e. early.

Europe's commander, nor the English king,
Should not have mov'd the love of Peggy from
her lord.*
Post. What answer shall I return to my lord?
Mar. First, for thou cam'st from Lacy whom I
lov'd,—
Ah, give me leave to sigh at very† thought!—
Take thou, my friend, the hundred pound he sent;
For Margaret's resolution craves no dower:
The world shall be to her as vanity;
Wealth, trash;‡ love, hate; pleasure, despair:
For I will straight to stately Framlingham,
And in the abbey there be shorn a nun,
And yield my loves and liberty to God.
Fellow, I give thee this, not for the news,
For those be hateful unto Margaret,
But for thou'rt Lacy's man, once Margaret's love.
Post. What I have heard, what passions I have
seen,
I'll make report of them unto the earl.
Mar. Say that she joys his fancies be at rest,
And prays that his misfortunes may be hers.
[*Exeunt.*

FRIAR BACON *is discovered in his cell, lying on a bed, with a white stick in one hand, a book in the other, and a lamp lighted beside him; and the* Brazen Head, *and* MILES *with weapons by him.*

Bacon. Miles, where are you?
Miles. Here, sir.
Bacon. How chance you tarry so long?
Miles. Think you that the watching of the Brazen Head craves no furniture? I warrant you, sir, I have so armed myself that if all your devils come, I will not fear them an inch.
Bacon. Miles,
Thou know'st that I have divèd into hell,
And sought the darkest palaces of fiends;
That with my magic spells great Belcephon
Hath left his lodge and kneelèd at my cell;
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-form'd Luna hid her silver looks,
Trembling upon her concave continent,
When Bacon read upon his magic book.
With seven years' tossing necromantic charms,
Poring upon dark Hecat's principles,
I have fram'd out a monstrous head of brass,
That, by the enchanting forces of the devil,
Shall tell out strange and uncouth aphorisms,
And girt fair England with a wall of brass.
Bungay and I have watch'd these threescore days,
And now our vital spirits crave some rest:
If Argus liv'd, and had his hundred eyes,
They could not over-watch Phobetor's night.
Now, Miles, in thee rests Friar Bacon's weal:
The honour and renown of all his life
Hangs in the watching of this Brazen Head;
Therefore I charge thee by the immortal God,
That holds the souls of men within his fist,
This night thou watch; for ere the morning-star
Sends out his glorious glister on the north,
The head will speak: then, Miles, upon thy life,
Wake me; for then by magic art I'll work
To end my seven years' task with excellence.
If that a wink but shut thy watchful eye,
Then farewell Bacon's glory and his fame!
Draw close the curtains, Miles: now, for thy life,
Be watchful, and— [*Falls asleep.*

Miles. So; I thought you would talk yourself asleep anon; and 'tis no marvel, for Bungay on the days, and he on the nights, have watched just these ten and fifty days: now this is the night, and 'tis my task, and no more. Now, Jesus bless me, what a goodly head it is! and a nose! you talk of *nos autem glorificare;** but here's a nose that I warrant may be called *nos autem populare* for the people of the parish. Well, I am furnished with weapons: now, sir, I will set me down by a post, and make it as good as a watchman to wake me, if I chance to slumber. I thought, Goodman Head, I would call you out of your *memento*. Passion o' God, I have almost broke my pate! [*A great noise.*] Up, Miles, to your task; take your brown-bill† in your hand; here's some of your master's hobgoblins abroad.
The Brazen Head. Time is.
Miles. Time is! Why, Master Brazen-head, have you such a capital nose, and answer you with syllables, "Time is"? is this all my master's cunning, to spend seven years' study about "Time is"? Well, sir, it may be we shall have some better orations of it anon: well, I'll watch you as narrowly as ever you were watched, and I'll play with you as the nightingale with the slow-worm; I'll set a prick against my breast. Now rest there, Miles. Lord have mercy upon me, I have almost killed myself! [*A great noise.*] Up, Miles; list how they rumble.
The Brazen Head. Time was.
Miles. Well, Friar Bacon, you have spent your

* *from her lord*] Qy. "*from* him"? But the earlier part of the speech is also evidently corrupted.
† *very*] The 4tos. "euery."
‡ *Wealth, trash*, &c.] Qy. "*Wealth* shall be *trash*," &c.?

* *you talk of nos autem glorificare*, &c.] See note §, p. 119, sec. col.
† *brown-bill*] A weapon formerly borne by our foot-soldiers, and afterwards by watchmen: it was a sort of pike or halbert, with a hooked point.

seven-years' study well, that can make your head speak but two words at once, "Time was." Yea, marry, time was when my master was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brazen Head. You shall lie while* your arse ache, an your head speak no better. Well, I will watch, and walk up and down, and be a peripatetian and a philosopher of Aristotle's stamp. [*A great noise.*] What, a fresh noise? Take thy pistols in hand, Miles.

The Brazen Head. Time is past.

[*A lightning flashes forth, and a hand appears that breaks down the* Head *with a hammer.*

Miles. Master, master, up! hell's broken loose; your head speaks; and there's such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant all Oxford is up in arms. Out of your bed, and take a brown-bill in your hand; the latter day is come.

Bacon. Miles, I come. [*Rises and comes forward.*] O, passing warily watch'd!
Bacon will make thee next himself in love.
When spake the head?

Miles. When spake the head! did not you say that he should tell strange principles of philosophy? Why, sir, it speaks but two words at a time.

Bacon. Why, villain, hath it spoken oft?

Miles. Oft! ay, marry, hath it, thrice; but in all those three times it hath uttered but seven words.

Bacon. As how?

Miles. Marry, sir, the first time he said "Time is," as if Fabius Commentator should have pronounced a sentence; [the second time] he said, "Time was;" and the third time, with thunder and lightning, as in great choler, he said, "Time is past."

Bacon. 'Tis past indeed. Ah, villain! time is past:
My life, my fame, my glory, all are past.—
Bacon,
The turrets of thy hope are ruin'd down,
Thy seven years' study lieth in the dust:
Thy Brazen Head lies broken through a slave,
That watch'd, and would not when the head did
What said the head first? [will.—

Miles. Even, sir, "Time is."

Bacon. Villain, if thou hadst call'd to Bacon then,
If thou hadst watch'd, and wak'd the sleepy friar,
The Brazen Head had utter'd aphorisms,
And England had been circled round with brass:
But proud Asmenoth, ruler of the north,
And Demogorgon, master of the fates,
Grudge that a mortal man should work so much.
Hell trembled at my deep-commanding spells,
Fiends frown'd to see a man their over-match;
Bacon might boast more than a man might boast
But now the braves of Bacon have an end,
Europe's conceit of Bacon hath an end,
His seven years' practice sorteth to ill end:
And, villain, sith my glory hath an end,
I will appoint thee to some fatal end.*
Villain, avoid! get thee from Bacon's sight!
Vagrant, go roam and range about the world,
And perish as a vagabond on earth!

Miles. Why, then, sir, you forbid me your service?

Bacon. My service, villain! with a fatal curse,
That direful plagues and mischief fall on thee.

Miles. 'Tis no matter, I am against you with the old proverb,—The more the fox is cursed, the better he fares. God be with you, sir: I'll take but a book in my hand, a wide-sleeved gown on my back, and a crowned cap on my head, and see if I can want promotion.

Bacon. Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy weary steps,
Until they do transport thee quick to hell:
For Bacon shall have never merry day,
To lose the fame and honour of his head.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Emperor, *the* King of Castile, King Henry, Elinor, Prince Edward, Lacy, *and* Ralph Simnell.

Emp. Now, lovely prince, the prime† of Albion's
How fare the Lady Elinor and you? [wealth,
What, have you courted and found Castile fit
To answer England in equivalence?
Will't be a match 'twixt bonny Nell and thee?

P. Edw. Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,
And not lie fetter'd in fair Helen's looks?
Or Phœbus scape those piercing amorets‡
That Daphne glanced at his deity?
Can Edward, then, sit by a flame and freeze,
Whose heat puts Helen and fair Daphne down?
Now, monarchs, ask the lady if we gree.

K. Hen. What, madam, hath my son found grace or no?

Elin. Seeing, my lord, his lovely counterfeit,§
And hearing how his mind and shape agreed,

* *while*] i. e. until.

* *to some fatal end*] The 4tos. "fatall to some *end*."
† *prime*] The 4tos. "prince."
‡ *amorets*] See note §, p. 168, sec. col.
§ *counterfeit*] i. e. portrait. See note ‡, p. 158, sec. col.

I came not, troop'd with all this warlike train,
Doubting of love, but so affectionate,
As Edward hath in England what he won in Spain.*

K. of Cast. A match, my lord; these wantons needs must love:
Men must have wives, and women will be wed:
Let's haste the day to honour up the rites.

Ralph. Sirrah Harry, shall Ned marry Nell?

K. Hen. Ay, Ralph: how then?

Ralph. Marry, Harry, follow my counsel: send for Friar Bacon to marry them, for he'll so conjure him and her with his necromancy, that they shall love together like pig and lamb whilst they live.

K. of Cast. But hearest thou, Ralph, art thou content to have Elinor to thy lady?

Ralph. Ay, so she will promise me two things.

K. of Cast. What's that, Ralph?

Ralph. That she will never scold with Ned, nor fight with me.—Sirrah Harry, I have put her down with a thing unpossible.

K. Hen. What's that, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, Harry, didst thou ever see that a woman could both hold her tongue and her hands? no: but when egg-pies grow on apple-trees, then will thy grey mare prove a bag-piper.

Emp. What say the Lord of Castile and the Earl of Lincoln, that they are in such earnest and secret talk?

K. of Cast. I stand, my lord, amazèd at his talk,
How he discourseth of the constancy
Of one surnam'd, for beauty's excellence,
The Fair Maid of merry Fressingfield. †

K. Hen. 'Tis true, my lord, 'tis wondrous for to hear;
Her beauty passing Mars's paramour,
Her virgin's right as rich as Vesta's was.
Lacy and Ned have told me miracles.

K. of Cast. What says Lord Lacy? shall she be his wife?

Lacy. Or else Lord Lacy is unfit to live.—
May it please your highness give me leave to post
To Fressingfield, I'll fetch the bonny girl,
And prove, in true appearance at the court,
What I have vouchèd often with my tongue.

K. Hen. Lacy, go to the 'querry of my stable,
And take such coursers as shall fit thy turn:
Hie thee to Fressingfield, and bring home the lass;
And, for her fame flies through the English coast,
If it may please the Lady Elinor,
One day shall match your excellence and her.

Elin. We Castile ladies are not very coy;
Your highness may command a greater boon:
And glad were I to grace the Lincoln Earl
With being partner of his marriage-day.

P. Edw. Gramercy, Nell, for I do love the lord,
As he that's second to thyself * in love.

Ralph. You love her?—Madam Nell, never believe him you, though he swears he loves you.

Elin. Why, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, his love is like unto a tapster's glass that is broken with every touch; for he loved the fair maid of Fressingfield once out of all ho.†—Nay, Ned, never wink upon me; I care not, I.

K. Hen. Ralph tells all; you shall have a good secretary of him.—
But, Lacy, haste thee post to Fressingfield;
For ere thou hast fitted all things for her state,
The solemn marriage-day will be at hand.

Lacy. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Emp. How shall we pass this day, my lord?

K. Hen. To horse, my lord; the day is passing fair,
We'll fly the partridge, or go rouse the deer.
Follow, my lords; you shall not want for sport.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter, to FRIAR BACON *in his cell,* FRIAR BUNGAY.

Bun. What means the friar that frolick'd it of late,
To sit as melancholy in his cell ‡
As if he had neither lost nor won to-day?

Bacon. Ah, Bungay, my§ Brazen Head is spoil'd,
My glory gone, my seven years' study lost!
The fame of Bacon, bruited through the world,
Shall end and perish with this deep disgrace.

Bun. Bacon hath built foundation of his fame
So surely on the wings of true report,
With acting strange and uncouth miracles,
As this cannot infringe what he deserves.

Bacon. Bungay, sit down, for by prospective skill
I find this day shall fall out ominous:
Some deadly act shall 'tide me ere I sleep;
But what and wherein little can I guess.

Bun. My mind is heavy, whatsoe'er shall hap.
[*Knocking within.*

---

* *As Edward hath in England what he won in Spain*] Corrupted.

† *The Fair Maid of merry Fressingfield*] Here "fair" is a dissyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 146.

* *thyself*] The 4tos. "myselfe."

† *out of all ho*] i. e. out of measure. ("*Out of all ho*, Immodicè." Coles's *Dict.*)

‡ *To sit as melancholy in his cell*] This line is printed twice over in the 4to. of 1594.

§ *Ah, Bungay, my*, &c.] Qy. "*Ah, Bungay*, ah, *my*," &c.

Bacon. Who's that knocks?
Bun. Two scholars that desire to speak with you.
Bacon. Bid them come in.

Enter two Scholars.

Now, my youths, what would you have?
First Schol. Sir, we are Suffolk-men and neighbouring friends;
Our fathers in their countries lusty squires;
Their lands adjoin: in Cratfield mine doth dwell,
And his in Laxfield. We are college-mates,
Sworn brothers, as our fathers live as friends.
Bacon. To what end is all this?
Second Schol. Hearing your worship kept within your cell
A glass prospective, wherein men might see
Whatso their thoughts or hearts' desire could wish,
We come to know how that our fathers fare.
Bacon. My glass is free for every honest man.
Sit down, and you shall see ere long, how *
Or in what state your friendly fathers live. †
Meanwhile, tell me your names.
First Schol. Mine Lambert.
Second Schol. And mine Serlsby.
Bacon. Bungay, I smell there will be a tragedy.

Enter LAMBERT‡ *and* SERLSBY *with rapiers and daggers.*

Lam. Serlsby, thou hast kept thine hour like a man:§
Thou'rt worthy of the title of a squire,
That durst, for proof of thy affection
And for thy mistress' favour, prize || thy blood.
Thou know'st what words did pass at Fressingfield,
Such shameless braves as manhood cannot brook:
Ay, for I scorn to bear such piercing taunts,
Prepare thee, Serlsby; one of us will die.
Ser. Thou sec'st I single [meet] thee [in] the field,
And what I spake, I'll maintain with my sword:
Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out.
An if thou kill me, think I have a son,
That lives in Oxford in the Broadgates-hall,
Who will revenge his father's blood with blood.
Lam. And, Serlsby, I have there a lusty boy,
That dares at weapon buckle with thy son,
And lives in Broadgates too, as well as thine:
But draw thy rapier, for we'll have a bout.
Bacon. Now, lusty younkers, look within the glass,
And tell me if you can discern your sires.
First Schol. Serlsby, 'tis hard; thy father offers wrong,
To combat with my father in the field.
Second Schol. Lambert, thou liest, my father's is th' abuse,
And thou shalt find it, if my father harm.
Bun. How goes it, sirs?
First Schol. Our fathers are in combat hard by Fressingfield.
Bacon. Sit still, my friends, and see the event.
Lam. Why stand'st thou, Serlsby? doubt'st thou of thy life?
A veney,* man! fair Margaret craves so much.
Ser. Then this for her.
First Schol. Ah, well thrust!
Second Schol. But mark the ward.
[LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY *stab each other.*
Lam. O, I am slain! [*Dies.*
Ser. And I,—Lord have mercy on me! [*Dies.*
First Schol. My father slain!—Serlsby, ward that.
Second Schol. And so is mine!—Lambert, I'll quite thee well.
[*The two* Scholars *stab each other, and die.*
Bun. O strange stratagem!
Bacon. See, friar, where the fathers † both lie dead!—
Bacon, thy magic doth effect this massacre:
This glass prospective worketh many woes;
And therefore seeing these brave lusty Brutes,
These friendly youths, did perish by thine art,
End all thy magic and thine art at once.
The poniard that did end their ‡ fatal lives,
Shall break the cause efficiat of their woes.
So fade the glass, and end with it the shows
That necromancy did infuse the crystal with.
[*Breaks the glass.*
Bun. What means learn'd Bacon thus to break his glass?
Bacon. I tell thee, Bungay, it repents me sore
That ever Bacon meddled in this art.
The hours I have spent in pyromantic spells,
The fearful tossing in the latest night
Of papers full of necromantic charms,
Conjuring and adjuring devils and fiends,

* *ere long, how*] Qy. "*ere long,* sirs, *how*"?
† *fathers live*] The 4to. of 1594 "father liues."
‡ *Enter* LAMBERT, &c.] See note †, p. 160, sec. col.
§ *Serlsby, thou hast kept thine hour like a man*] I may just notice that the author intended this line to be read thus.—
"Serlsby, *thou'st* kept thine *hower* like a man."
|| *prize*] i. e. venture, risk, in combat.

* *A veney*] i. e. A bout.
† *fathers*] Qy. "scholars"
‡ *their*] The 4tos. "the."

With stole and alb and strong * pentageron;
The wresting of the holy name of God,
As Sother, Eloim, and Adonai,
Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragrammaton,
With praying to the five-fold powers of heaven,
Are instances that Bacon must be damn'd
For using devils to countervail his God.—
Yet, Bacon, cheer thee, drown not in despair:
Sins have their salves, repentance can do much:
Think Mercy sits where Justice holds her seat,
And from those wounds those bloody Jews did
Which by thy magic oft did bleed afresh, [pierce,
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,
To wash the wrath of high Jehovah's ire,
And make thee as a new-born babe from sin.—
Bungay, I'll spend the remnant of my life
In pure devotion, praying to my God
That he would save what Bacon vainly lost.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MARGARET *in nun's apparel, the* Keeper, *and their* Friend.

Keeper. Margaret, be not so headstrong in these vows:
O, bury not such beauty in a cell,
That England hath held famous for the hue!
Thy father's hair, like to the silver blooms
That beautify the shrubs of Africa,
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forgo his lovely Margaret.

Mar. Ah, father, when the harmony of heaven
Soundeth the measures of a lively faith,
The vain illusions of this flattering world
Seem odious to the thoughts of Margaret.
I lovèd once,—Lord Lacy was my love;
And now I hate myself for that I lov'd,
And doted more on him than on my God,—
For this I scourge myself with sharp repents.
But now the touch of such aspiring sins
Tells me all love is lust but love of heavens;
That beauty us'd for love is vanity:
The world contains naught but alluring baits,
Pride,† flattery, and inconstant thoughts.
To shun the pricks of death, I leave the world,
And vow to meditate on heavenly bliss,
To live in Framlingham a holy nun,
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed;
And for to wish all maids to learn of me
To seek heaven's joy before earth's vanity.

Friend. And will you, then, Margaret, be shorn a nun, and so leave us all?

Mar. Now farewell world, the engine of all woe!
Farewell to friends and father! Welcome Christ!
Adieu to dainty robes! this base attire
Better befits an humble mind to God
Than all the show of rich habiliments.
Farewell, O love! * and, with fond love, farewell
Sweet Lacy, whom I lovèd once so dear!
Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,
Lest I offend to think on Lacy's love:
But even to that, as to the rest, farewell!

Enter LACY, WARREN, *and* ERMSBY, *booted and spurrèd.*

Lacy. Come on, my wags, we're near the Keeper's lodge.
Here have I oft walk'd in the watery meads,
And chatted with my lovely Margaret.

War. Sirrah Ned, is not this the Keeper?

Lacy. 'Tis the same.

Erm. The old lecher hath gotten holy mutton † to him; a nun, my lord.

Lacy. Keeper, how far'st thou? holla, man, what cheer?
How doth Peggy, thy daughter and my love?

Keeper. Ah, good my lord! O, woe is me for Peggy!
See where she stands clad in her nun's attire,
Ready for to be shorn in Framlingham:
She leaves the world because she left your love.
O, good my lord, persuade her if you can!

Lacy. Why, how now, Margaret! what, a malcontent?
A nun? what holy father taught you this,
To task yourself to such a tedious life
As die a maid? 'twere injury to me,
To smother up such beauty in a cell.

Mar. Lord Lacy, thinking of my‡ former 'miss,§
How fond‖ the prime of wanton years were spent¶
In love (O, fie upon that fond conceit,
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye!),
I leave both love and love's content at once,
Betaking me to him that is true love,
And leaving all the world for love of him.

Lacy. Whence, Peggy, comes this metamorphosis?
What, shorn a nun, and I have from the court
Posted with coursers to convey thee hence

* *strong*] The 4tos. "strange." But compare, in p. 155, sec. col., "Bow to the force of his pentageron."

† *Pride, &c.*] A slightly mutilated line.

* *Farewell, O love!*] The 4tos. "Loue, *O loue.*"

† *mutton*] A cant term for a prostitute.

‡ *my*] The earlier 4tos. "thy."

§ *'miss*] For *amiss*, i. e. fault.

‖ *fond*] i. e. *fondly*,—foolishly, vainly.

¶ *the prime of wanton years were spent*] In almost all our early writers (Shakespeare included) are similar instances of a nominative singular being followed by a verb plural when a genitive plural intervenes.

To Windsor, where our marriage shall be kept!
Thy wedding-robes are in the tailor's hands.
Come, Peggy, leave these peremptory vows.
Mar. Did not my lord resign his interest,
And make divorce 'twixt Margaret and him?
Lacy. 'Twas but to try sweet Peggy's constancy.
But will fair Margaret leave her love and lord?
Mar. Is not heaven's joy before earth's fading bliss,
And life above sweeter than life in love?
Lacy. Why, then, Margaret will be shorn a nun?
Mar. Margaret
Hath made a vow which may not be revok'd.
War. We cannot stay, my lord; * an if she be so strict,
Our leisure grants us not to woo afresh.
Erms. Choose you, fair damsel, yet the choice is yours,—
Either a solemn nunnery or the court,
God or Lord Lacy: which contents you best,
To be a nun or else Lord Lacy's wife?
Lacy. A good motion.—Peggy, your answer must be short.
Mar. The flesh is frail: my lord doth know it well,
That when he comes with his enchanting face,
Whate'er† betide, I cannot say him nay.
Off goes the habit of a maiden's heart,
And, seeing fortune will, fair Framlingham,
And all the show of holy nuns, farewell!
Lacy for me, if he will be my lord.
Lacy. Peggy, thy lord, thy love, thy husband.‡
Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the king
Stays for to marry matchless Elinor,
Until I bring thee richly to the court,
That one day may both marry her and thee.—
How say'st thou, Keeper? art thou glad of this?
Keep. As if § the English king had given
The park and deer of Fressingfield to me.
Erm. I pray thee, my Lord of Sussex, why art thou in a brown study?
War. To see the nature of women; that be they never so near God, yet they love to die in a man's arms.

* *my lord*] Most probably an addition by some transcriber; which not only injures the metre, but is out of place in the mouth of Warren, who is himself a "lord", and who, when he last addressed Lacy, called him "Sirrah Ned."

† *Whate'er*] The 4tos. "Whatsoe'er." (Compare the preceding play, p. 110, first col., where (see note) the old copies have "Howsoe'er," though the metre positively requires "Howe'er".)

‡ *thy husband*] Qy. "*thy husband*, I

§ *As if*] Qy. "*As* glad as *if*"

Lacy. What have you fit for breakfast? We have hied
And posted all this night to Fressingfield.
Mar. Butter and cheese, and umbles* of a deer,
Such as poor keepers have within their lodge.
Lacy. And not a bottle of wine?
Mar. We'll find one for my lord.
Lacy. Come, Sussex, let us in: we shall have more,
For she speaks least, to hold her promise sure.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Devil.

Devil. How restless are the ghosts of hellish sprites,†
When every charmer with his magic spells
Calls us from nine-fold-trenchèd Phlegethon,
To scud and over-scour the earth in post
Upon the speedy wings of swiftest winds!
Now Bacon hath rais'd me from the darkest deep,
To search about the world for Miles his man,
For Miles, and to torment his lazy bones
For careless watching of his Brazen Head.
See where he comes: O, he is mine.

Enter Miles *in a gown and a corner-cap.*

Miles. A scholar, quoth you! marry, sir, I would I had been made a bottle-maker when I was made a scholar; for I can get neither to be a deacon, reader, nor schoolmaster, no, not the clerk of a parish. Some call me dunce; another saith, my head is as full of Latin as an egg's full of oatmeal: thus I am tormented, that the devil and Friar Bacon haunt me.—Good Lord, here's one of my master's devils! I'll go speak to him.—What, Master Plutus, how cheer you?

Dev. Dost thou know me?

Miles. Know you, sir! why, are not you one of my master's devils, that were wont to come to my master, Doctor Bacon, at Brazen-nose?

Dev. Yes, marry, am I.

Miles. Good Lord, Master Plutus, I have seen you a thousand times at my master's, and yet I had never the manners to make you drink. But, sir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to the statute.—I warrant you, he's as yeomanly a man as you shall see: mark you, masters, here's a plain honest man, without welt or guard.‡—But I pray you, sir, do you come lately from hell?

* *umbles*] i. e. the inward parts.

† *sprites*] The 4to. of 1594 "spirits."

‡ *guard*] Or *gard*,—i. e. facing, trimming.

Dev. Ay, marry: how then?

Miles. Faith, 'tis a place I have desired long to see: have you not good tippling-houses there? may not a man have a lusty fire there, a pot of good ale, a pair* of cards, a swinging piece of chalk, and a brown toast that will clap a white waistcoat on a cup of good drink?

Dev. All this you may have there.

Miles. You are for me, friend, and I am for you. But I pray you, may I not have an office there?

Dev. Yes, a thousand: what wouldst thou be?

Miles. By my troth, sir, in a place where I may profit myself. I know hell is a hot place, and men are marvellous dry, and much drink is spent there; I would be a tapster.

Dev. Thou shalt.

Miles. There's nothing lets me from going with you, but that 'tis a long journey, and I have never a horse.

Dev. Thou shalt ride on my back.

Miles. Now surely here's a courteous devil, that, for to pleasure his friend, will not stick to make a jade of himself.—But I pray you, goodman friend, let me move a question to you.

Dev. What's that?

Miles. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

Dev. An amble.

Miles. 'Tis well; but take heed it be not a trot: but 'tis no matter, I'll prevent it.

[*Puts on spurs.*

Dev. What dost?

Miles. Marry, friend, I put on my spurs; for if I find your pace either a trot or else uneasy, I'll put you to a false gallop; I'll make you feel the benefit of my spurs.

Dev. Get up upon my back.

[MILES *mounts on the* Devil's *back.*

Miles. O Lord, here's even a goodly marvel, when a man rides to hell on the devil's back!

[*Exeunt, the Devil roaring.*

Enter the EMPEROR *with a pointless sword; next the* KING OF CASTILE *carrying a sword with a point;* LACY *carrying the globe;* PRINCE EDWARD; WARREN *carrying a rod of gold with a dove on it;* ERMSBY *with a crown and sceptre;* PRINCESS ELINOR *with* MARGARET *Countess of Lincoln on her left hand;* KING HENRY; BACON; *and* Lords *attending.*

P. Edw. Great potentates, earth's miracles for state,
Think that Prince Edward humbles at your feet,
And, for these favours, on his martial sword
He vows perpetual homage to yourselves,
Yielding these honours unto Elinor.

K. Hen. Gramercies, lordings; old Plantagenet,
That rules and sways the Albion diadem,
With tears discovers these conceivèd joys,
And vows requital, if his men-at-arms,
The wealth of England, or due honours done
To Elinor, may quite his favourites.*
But all this while what say you to the dames
That shine like to the crystal lamps of heaven?

Emp. If but a third were added to these two,
They did surpass those gorgeous images
That gloried Ida with rich beauty's wealth.

Mar. 'Tis I, my lords, who humbly on my knee
Must yield her orisons to mighty Jove
For lifting up his handmaid to this state;
Brought from her homely cottage to the court,
And grac'd with kings, princes, and emperors,
To whom (next to the noble Lincoln Earl)
I vow obedience, and such humble love
As may a handmaid to such mighty men.

P. Elin. Thou martial man that wears the Almain crown,
And you the western potentates of might,
The Albion princess, English Edward's wife,
Proud that the lovely star of Fressingfield,
Fair Margaret, Countess to the Lincoln Earl,
Attends on Elinor,—gramercies, lord, for her,—
'Tis I give thanks for Margaret to you all,
And rest for her due bounden to yourselves.

K. Hen. Seeing the marriage is solémnizèd,
Let's march in triumph to the royal feast.—
But why stands Friar Bacon here so mute?

Bacon. Repentant for the follies of my youth,
That magic's secret mysteries misled,
And joyful that this royal marriage
Portends such bliss unto this matchless realm.

K. Hen. Why, Bacon,
What strange event shall happen to this land?
Or what shall grow from Edward and his queen?

Bacon. I find† by deep prescience of mine art,
Which once I temper'd in my secret cell,
That here where Brute did build his Troynovant,
From forth the royal garden of a king
Shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud,
Whose brightness shall deface proud Phœbus'
And over-shadow Albion with her leaves. [flower,
Till then Mars shall be master of the field,
But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease:

* *pair*] i.e pack: "out commeth an old *paire* of cardes, whereat the Barnard teacheth the Verser a new game," &c. Greene's *Notable Discouery of Coosnage*, 1591, Sig. A 4.

* *favourites*] Qy. "favourers"?

† *I find*, &c.] One of those compliments to Queen Elizabeth which frequently occur at the conclusion of dramas acted during her lifetime.

The horse shall stamp as careless of the pike,
Drums shall be turn'd to timbrels of delight;
With wealthy favours plenty shall enrich
The strand that gladded wandering Brute to see,
And peace from heaven shall harbour in these * leaves
That gorgeous beautify this matchless flower:
Apollo's heliotropion then shall stoop,
And Venus' hyacinth shall vail † her top;
Juno shall shut her gilliflowers up,
And Pallas' bay shall 'bash her brightest green;
Ceres' carnation, in consórt with those,
Shall stoop and wonder at Diana's rose.

K. Hen. This prophecy is mystical.——
But, glorious ‡ commanders of Europa's love,
That make fair England like that wealthy isle
Circled with Gihon and swift Euphrates,§
In royalizing Henry's Albion
With presence of your princely mightiness,—
Let's march: ‖ the tables all are spread,
And viands, such as England's wealth affords,
Are ready set to furnish out the boards.
You shall have welcome, mighty potentates:
It rests to furnish up this royal feast,
Only your hearts be frolic; for the time
Craves that we taste of naught but jouissance.
Thus glories England over all the west.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Omne tulit ¶ punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon, on which Greene founded his drama, has been already noticed in the Prefatory Essay to this volume, and a specimen of it is now subjoined:

"How Fryer Bacon made a Brasen Head to speake, by the which hee would have walled England about with brasse.

FRYER BACON, reading one day of the many conquests of England, bethought himselfe how he might keepe it hereafter from the like conquests, and so make himselfe famous hereafter to all posterities. This, after great study, hee found could be no way so well done as one; which was to make a head of brasse, and if he could make this head to speake, and heare it when it speakes, then might hee be able to wall all England about with brasse. To this purpose hee got one Fryer Bungey to assist him, who was a great scholler and a magician, but not to bee compared to Fryer Bacon: these two with great study and paines so framed a head of brasse, that in the inward parts thereof there was all things like as in a naturall mans head. This being done, they were as farre from perfection of the worke as they were before, for they knew not how to give those parts that they had made motion, without which it was impossible that it should speake: many bookes they read, but yet could not finde out any hope of what they sought, that at the last they concluded to raise a spirit, and to know of him that which they could not attaine to by their owne studies. To do this they prepared all things ready, and went one evening to a wood thereby, and after many ceremonies used, they spake the words of coniuration; which the Devill straight obeyed, and appeared unto them, asking what they would? 'Know,' said Fryer Bacon, 'that wee have made an artificiall head of brasse, which we would have to speake, to the furtherance of which wee have raised thee; and being raised, wee will here keepe thee, unlesse thou tell to us the way and manner how to make this head to speake.' The Devill told him that he had not that power of himselfe. 'Beginner of lyes,' said Fryer Bacon, 'I know that thou dost dissemble, and therefore tell it us quickly, or else wee will here bind thee to remaine during our pleasures.' At these threatnings the Devill consented to doe it, and told them, that with a continuel fume of the six hotest simples it should have motion, and in one month space speak; the time of the moneth or day hee knew not: also hee told them, that if they heard it not before it had done speaking, all their labour should be lost. They being satisfied, licensed the spirit for to depart.

Then went these two learned fryers home againe, and prepared the simples ready, and made the fume, and with continuall watching attended when this brasen head would speake. Thus watched they for three weekes without any rest, so that they were so weary and sleepy that they could not any longer refraine from rest: then called Fryer Bacon his man Miles, and told him,

* *these*] Qy. "those"? but our early writers did not always make the distinction between "*these*" and "those," which is made at the present day.

† *vail*] i. e. lower.

‡ *But, glorious*, &c.] Some corruption here. Qy. "*But, glorious* comrades *of*," &c.?

§ *swift Euphrates*] The 4tos. "first *Euphrates*".—That I have rightly corrected the text is proved by the following line of our author's *Orlando Furioso*, —

"From whence floweth Gihon and *swift Euphrates*."
p. 89, sec col., where see note.

‖ *Let's march*] Qy. "*Let* us *march* hence"?

¶ Omne tulit, &c.] Greene's favourite motto: see the tit'es of his prose-works in the List appended to the *Account of his life*.

that it was not unknown to him what paines Fryer Bungey and himselfe had taken for three weekes space, onely to make, and to heare the Brazen-head speake, which if they did not, then had they lost all their labour, and all England had a great losse thereby; therefore hee intreated Miles that he would watch whilst that they slept, and call them if the head speake. 'Feare not, good master,' said Miles, 'I will not sleepe, but harken and attend upon the head, and if it doe chance to speake, I will call you; therefore I pray take you both your rests and let mee alone for watching this head.' After Fryer Bacon had given him a great charge the second time, Fryer Bungy and he went to sleepe, and Miles, alone to watch the brasen head. Miles, to keepe him from sleeping, got a tabor and pipe, and being merry disposed, sung this song to a northren tune of

'CAM'ST THOU NOT FROM NEWCASTLE?'

To couple is a custome,
all things thereto agree:
Why should not I, then, love?
since love to all is free.

But Ile have one that's pretty,
her cheekes of scarlet die,
For to breed my delight,
When that I ligge* her by.

Though vertue be a dowry,
yet Ile chuse money store:
If my love prove untrue,
with that I can get more.

The faire is oft unconstant,
the blacke is often proud:
Ile chuse a lovely browne;——
come, fidler, scrape thy crowd,†

Come, fidler, scrape thy crowd,
for Peggie the browne is she
Must be my bride: God guide
that Peggy and I agree!

With his owne musicke and such songs as these spent he his time, and kept from sleeping at last. After some noyse the head spake these two words, TIME IS. Miles, hearing it to speake no more, thought his master would be angry if hee waked him for that, and therefore he let them both sleepe, and began to mocke the head in this manner; 'Thou brazen-faced head, hath my master tooke all this paines about thee, and now dost thou requite him with two words, TIME IS? Had hee watched with a lawyer so long as he hath watched with thee, he would have given him more and better words then thou hast yet. If thou canst speake no wiser, they shal sleepe till doomes day for me: TIME IS! I know Time is, and that you shall heare, Goodman Brazen-face:—

TO THE TUNE OF 'DAINTIE, COME THOU TO ME.'

Time is for some to plant,
Time is for some to sowe,
Time is for some to graft
The horne, as some doe knowe.

Time is for some to cate,
Time is for some to sleepe,
Time is for some to laugh,
Time is for some to weepe.

Time is for some to sing,
Time is for some to pray,
Time is for some to creepe,
That have drunke all the day.

Time is to cart a bawd,
Time is to whip a whore,
Time is to hang a theefe,
And time is for much more.

'Do you tell us, copper-nose, when TIME IS? I hope we schollers know our times, when to drinke drunke, when to kisse our hostes, when to goe on her score, and when to pay it,—that time comes seldome.' After halfe an houre had passed, the head did speake againe, two words, which were these, TIME WAS. Miles respected these words as little as he did the former, and would not wake them, but still scoffed at the brazen head, that it had learned no better words, and have such a tutor as his master: and in scorne of it sung this song;

TO THE TUNE OF 'A RICH MERCHANT-MAN.'

Time was when thou, a kettle,
wert fill'd with better matter;
But Fryer Bacon did thee spoyle
when he thy sides did batter.

Time was when conscience dwelled
with men of occupation;
Time was when lawyers did not thrive
so well by mens vexation.

Time was when kings and beggers
of one poore stuffe had being;
Time was when office kept no knaves,——
that time it was worth seeing.

Time was a bowle of water
did give the face reflection;
Time was when women knew no paint,
Which now they call complexion.

'TIME WAS! I know that, brazen-face, without your telling, I know Time was, and I know what

* *ligge*] i. e. lie.
† *crowd*] i. e. fiddle.

things there was when Time was; and if you speake no wiser, no master shall be waked for mee.' Thus Miles talked and sung till another halfe-houre was gone: then the brazen head spake again these words, TIME IS PAST; and therewith fell downe, and presently followed a terrible noyse, with strange flashes of fire, so that Miles was halfe dead with feare. At this noyse the two Fryers awaked, and wondred to see the whole roome so full of smoake; but that being vanished, they might perceive the brazen head broken and lying on the ground. At this sight they grieved, and called Miles to know how this came. Miles, halfe dead with feare, said that it fell downe of itselfe, and that with the noyse and fire that followed he was almost frighted out of his wits. Fryer Bacon asked him if hee did not speake? 'Yes,' quoth Miles, 'it spake, but to no purpose: Ile have a parret speake better in that time that you have been teaching this brazen head.' 'Out on thee, villaine!' said Fryer Bacon; 'thou hast undone us both: hadst thou but called us when it did speake, all England had been walled round about with brasse, to its glory and our eternal fames. What were the wordes t spake?' 'Very few,' said Miles, 'and those were none of the wisest that I have heard neither: first he said, TIME IS.' 'Hadst thou call'd us then,' said Fryer Bacon, 'we had been made for ever.' 'Then,' said Miles, 'half-an-hour after it spake againe and said, TIME WAS.' 'And wouldst thou not call us then?' said Bungey. 'Alas,' said Miles, 'I thought he would have told me some long tale, and then I purposed to have called you: then half-an-houre after he cried, TIME IS PAST, and made such a noyse that hee hath waked you himselfe, mee thinkes.' At this Fryer Bacon was in such a rage that hee would have beaten his man, but he was restrained by Bungey: but neverthelesse, for his punishment, he with his art struck him dumbe for one whole months space. Thus the greate worke of these learned fryers was overthrown, to their great griefes, by this simple fellow."

JAMES THE FOURTH.

"*The Scottish Historie of Iames the fourth, slaine at Flodden. Entermixed with a pleasant Comedie, presented by Oberon King of Fayeries: As it hath bene sundrie times publikely plaide. Written by Robert Greene, Maister of Arts. Omne tulit punctum. London Printed by Thomas Creede* 1598 4to

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF ENGLAND.
LORD PERCY.
SAMLES.
KING OF SCOTS.
LORD DOUGLAS.
LORD MORTON.
LORD ROSS.
BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS.
LORD EUSTACE.
SIR BARTRAM.
SIR CUTHBERT ANDERSON.
ATEUKIN.
JAQUES.
A Lawyer.
A Merchant.
A Divine.
SLIPPER, } sons to BOHAN.
NANO, a dwarf, }
ANDREW.
Purveyor, Herald, Scout, Huntsmen, Soldiers, Revellers, &c.

DOROTHEA, Queen of Scots.
COUNTESS OF ARRAN.
IDA, her daughter.
LADY ANDERSON.
Ladies, &c.

OBERON, King of Fairies.
BOHAN.
Antics, Fairies, &c.

JAMES THE FOURTH.

Music playing within, enter Aster Oberon, *King of Fairies; and* Antics, *who dance about a tomb placed conveniently on the staye; out of the which suddenly starts up, as they dance,* Bohan, *a Scot, attired like a ridstall* man, from whom the* Antics *fly.* Oberon *manet.*

Boh. Ay say, what's thou?

Ober. Thy friend, Bohan.

Boh. What wot I or reck I that? Whay, guid man, I reck no friend nor ay reck no foe; als ene to me. Git thee ganging, and trouble not may whayet,† or ays gar‡ thee recon me nene of thay friend, by the Mary mass, sall I.

Ober. Why, angry Scot,§ I visit thee for love; then what moves thee to wrath?

Boh. The deil a whit reck I thy love; for I know too well that true love took her flight twenty winter sence to heaven, whither till ay can, weel I wot, ay sal ne'er find love: an thou lovest me, leave me to myself. But what were those puppets that hopped and skipped about me year whayle?‖

Ober. My subjects.

Boh. Thay subjects! whay, art thou a king?

Ober. I am.

Boh. The deil thou art! whay, thou lookest not so big as the King of Clubs, nor so sharp as the King of Spades, nor so fain as the King o' Daymonds: be the mass, ay take thee to be the king of false hearts; therefore I rid¶ thee away, or ayse so curry your kingdom that you's be glad to run to save your life.

* *ridstall*] A mis-spelling, if not a corruption.

† *may whayet*] i. e., I suppose, my quiet.

‡ *ays gar*] i. e. I'll make. (Bohan, the reader will observe, sometimes says "Ay" and sometimes "I": nor in several other words does he always adhere to the Scottish dialect.)

§ *Why, angry Scot,* &c.] Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification,* &c., p. 167) would make this speech verse,—

"Why, angry Scot, I visit thee for love;
Then what moves thee to wrath?"

‖ *year whayle*] i. e. erewhile.

¶ *rid*] i. e. *rede*,—advise.

Ober. Why, stoical Scot,* do what thou darest to me: here is my breast, strike.

Boh. Thou wilt not threap me,† this whinyard has gard many better men to lope than thou? [*Tries to draw his sword.*] But how now! Gos sayds, what, will't not out? Whay, thou witch, thou deil! Gad's fute, may whinyard!

Ober. Why, pull, man: but what an 'twere out, how then?

Boh. This, then,—thou weart best be gone first; for ay'l so lop thy limbs that thou's go with half a knave's carcass to the deil.

Ober. Draw it out: now strike, fool, canst thou not?

Boh. Bread ay gad, what deil is in me? Whay, tell me, thou skipjack, what art thou?

Ober. Nay, first tell me what thou wast from thy birth, what thou hast passed hitherto, why thou dwellest in a tomb and leavest the world? and then I will release thee of these bonds; before, not.

Boh. And not before! then needs must, needs sall. I was born a gentleman of the best blood in all Scotland, except the king. When time brought me to age, and death took my parents, I became a courtier; where, though ay list not praise myself, ay engraved the memory of Bohan‡ on the skin-coat of some of them, and revelled with the proudest.

Ober. But why, living in such reputation, didst thou leave to be a courtier?

Boh. Because my pride was vanity, my expense loss, my reward fair words and large promises,

* *Why, stoical Scot,* &c.] Here again Walker (*ubi supra*) would arrange as verse—

"Why, stoical Scot, do what thou dar'st to me:
Here is my breast, strike."

† *threap me,* &c.] i. e. obstinately contradict me, that this sword has made many better men to leap, &c.

‡ *Bohan*] Here the 4to. "*Boughon.*"

and my hopes spilt, for that after many years' service one outran me; and what the deil should I then do there? No, no; flattering knaves, that can cog and prate fastest, speed best in the court.

Ober. To what life didst thou then betake thee?

Boh. I then changed the court for the country, and the wars for a wife: but I found the craft of swains more vile than the knavery of courtiers, the charge of children more heavy than servants, and wives' tongues worse than the wars itself; and therefore I gave o'er that, and went to the city to dwell; and there I kept a great house with small cheer, but all was ne'er the near.*

Ober. And why?

Boh. Because, in seeking friends, I found table-guests to eat me and my meat, my wife's gossips to bewray the secrets of my heart, kindred to betray the effect of my life: which when I noted, the court ill, the country worse, and the city worst of all, in good time my wife died,—ay† would she had died twenty winter sooner, by the mass!—leaving‡ my two sons to the world, and shutting myself into this tomb, where if I die I am sure I am safe from wild beasts, but whilst I live cannot be free from ill company. Besides, now I am sure, gif all my friends fail me, I sall have a grave of mine own providing. This is all. Now, what art thou?

Ober. Oberon, King of Fairies, that loves thee because thou hatest the world; and to gratulate thee, I brought these antics to show thee some sport in dancing, which thou hast loved well.

Boh. Ha, ha, ha! Thinkest thou those puppets can please me? whay, I have two sons, that with one Scottish jig shall break the neck of thy antics.

Ober. That would I fain see.

Boh. Why, thou shalt.—Ho,§ boys!

Enter SLIPPER *and* NANO.

Haud your clacks,* lads, trattle not for thy life, but gather up your legs, and dance me forthwith a jig worth the sight.

Slip. Why, I must talk, an† I die for't: wherefore was my tongue made?

Boh. Prattle, an thou darest, ene word more, and ais dab this whinyard in thy wemb.

Ober. Be quiet, Bohan. I'll strike him dumb, and his brother too: their talk shall not hinder our jig.—Fall to it; dance, I say, man.

Boh. Dance Humer,‡ dance, ay rid§ thee.

[*The two dance a jig devised for the nonst.*||

Now get you to the wide world with more than my father gave me, that's learning enough both kinds, knavery and honesty; and that I gave you, spend at pleasure.

Ober. Nay, for their sport I will give them this gift: to the dwarf I give a quick wit, pretty¶ of body, and awarrant** his preferment to a prince's service, where by his wisdom he shall gain more love than common; and to loggerhead your son I give a wandering life, and promise he shall never lack, and avow††, if in all distresses he call upon me, to help him. Now let them go.

[*Exeunt* SLIPPER *and* NANO *with courtesies.*

Boh. Now, king, if thou be a king, I will show thee whay I hate the world by demonstration. In the year fifteen hundred and twenty, was in Scotland a king, over-ruled with parasites, misled by lust, and many circumstances too long to trattle on now, much like our court of Scotland this day. That story have I set down. Gang with me to the gallery, and I'll show thee the same in action by guid fellows of our countrymen; and then when thou see'st that, judge if any wise man would not leave the world if he could.

Ober. That will I see: lead, and I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*

---

* *ne'er the near*] See note †, p. 161, sec. col.

† *ay*] i. e., *Scottice*, I. See note ‡, p. 187, first col.

‡ *leaving*, &c.] Some words are wanting here.

§ *Ho*] The 4to. "Howe",—which, as innumerable passages in early books prove, was frequently the spelling of "Ho": so in the folio *Shakespeare*, 1623;

"Ware pensals. *How?*" ["Ware pencils, *ho!*"]
Love's Labour's Lost, act v. sc. 2

"*How?* Let the doore be lock'd."
Hamlet, *Last scene.*

* *Haud your clacks*] i. e. Hold you your chattering.

† *an*] The 4to. "*on.*"

‡ *Humer*] In my former edition I gave "Heimore," because I found that reading in the only copy of the 4to. (Mr. Mitford's) which I was then able to see: *but in that copy the leaf containing the present passage was a very modern reprint.* After all, the alteration "Heimore" may be right.

§ *ay rid*] i. e. *I rede*, I advise.

|| *nonst*] Or *nonce*,—i. e. occasion.

¶ *pretty*] The substantive to which this epithet belongs has dropt out (unless Greene wrote "prettiness").

** *awarrant*] i. e. warrant.

†† *avow*] The 4to. "*auow* that."

Laus Deo detur in æternum.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter the KING OF ENGLAND, *the* KING OF SCOTS, QUEEN DOROTHEA, *the* COUNTESS OF ARRAN, IDA, *and* Lords; *and* ATEUKIN *aloof.*

K. of Scots. Brother of England, since our
neighbouring land[s]
And near alliance do invite our loves,
The more I think upon our last accord,
The more I grieve your sudden parting hence.
First, laws of friendship did confirm our peace,
Now both the seal of faith and marriage-bed,
The name of father, and the style of friend;
These force in me affection full confirm'd;
So that I grieve—and this my hearty grief
The heavens record, the world may witness well—
To lose your presence, who are now to me
A father, brother, and a vowèd friend.

K. of Eng. Link all these lovely* styles, good
king, in one:
And since thy grief exceeds in my depart,
I leave my Dorothea to enjoy
Thy whole compact [of] loves and plighted vows.
Brother of Scotland, this is my joy,† my life,
Her father's honour, and her country's hope,
Her mother's comfort, and her husband's bliss:
I tell thee, king, in loving of my Doll,
Thou bind'st her father's heart, and all his
friends,
In bands of love that death can not dissolve.

K. of Scots. Nor can her father love her like to
me,
My life's light, and the comfort of my soul.—
Fair Dorothea, that wast England's pride,
Welcome to Scotland; and, in sign of love,
Lo, I invest thee with the Scottish crown.—
Nobles and ladies, stoop unto your queen,
And trumpets sound, that heralds may proclaim
Fair Dorothea peerless Queen of Scots.

All. Long live and prosper our fair Queen of
Scots! [*They install and crown her.*

Q. Dor. Thanks to the king of kings for my
dignity;
Thanks to my father that provides so carefully;
Thanks to my lord and husband for this honour;
And thanks to all that love their king and me.

All. Long live fair Dorothea, our true queen!

K. of Eng. Long shine the sun of Scotland in
her pride,
Her father's comfort, and fair Scotland's bride!
But, Dorothea, since I must depart,
And leave thee from thy tender mother's charge,
Let me advise my lovely daughter first
What best befits her in a foreign land.
Live, Doll, for many eyes shall look on thee,
With* care of honour and the present state;
For she that steps to height of majesty
Is even the mark whereat the enemy aims:
Thy virtues shall be construèd to vice,
Thine affable discourse to abject mind;
If coy, detracting tongues will call thee proud.
Be therefore wary in this slippery state:
Honour thy husband, love him as thy life,
Make choice of friends, as eagles of their young,
Who soothe no vice, who flatter not for gain,
But love such friends as do the truth maintain.
Think on these lessons when thou art alone,
And thou shalt live in health when I am gone.

Q. Dor. I will engrave these precepts in my
heart:
And as the wind with calmness wooes you hence,
Even so I wish the heavens in all mishaps
May bless my father with continual grace.

K. of Eng. Then, son, farewell:
The favouring winds invite us to depart.
Long circumstance in taking princely leaves
Is more officious than convenient.
Brother of Scotland, love me in my child;
You greet me well, if so you will her good.

K. of Scots. Then, lovely Doll, and all that
favour me,
Attend to see our English friends at sea:
Let all their charge depend upon my purse:
They are our neighbours, by whose kind accord
We dare attempt the proudest potentate.

---

* *lovely*] Mr. Collier somewhere pronounces this to be a misprint for "loving". But compare Shakespeare;

"And seal the title with a *lovely* kiss."
Taming of the Shrew, act iii. sc. 2.

"Two *lovely* berries moulded on one stem," &c.
Midsummer-Night's Dream, act ii. sc. 3.

and Peele;

"And I will give thee many a *lovely* kiss," &c.
The Arraignment of Paris, act ii.

† *this is my joy*, &c.] Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 88) would read "*this*' [contraction for "this is"] my joy," &c.

* *With*] The 4to. "Haue."

Only, fair countess, and your daughter, stay;
With you I have some other thing to say.

[*Exeunt, in all royalty, the* KING OF ENGLAND, QUEEN DOROTHEA, *and* Lords.

[*Aside.*] So let them triumph that have cause to joy:
But, wretched king, thy nuptial knot is death,
Thy bride the breeder of thy country's ill;
For thy false heart dissenting from thy hand,
Misled by love, hath* made another choice,
Another choice, even when thou vow'd'st thy soul
To Dorothea, England's choicest pride:
O, then thy wandering eyes bewitch'd thy heart!
Even in the chapel did thy fancy change,
When, perjur'd man, though fair Doll had thy hand,
The Scottish Ida's beauty stale thy heart:
Yet fear and love have tied thy ready tongue
From blabbing forth the passions of thy mind,
'Less† fearful silence have in subtle looks
Bewray'd the treason of my new-vow'd love.
Be fair and lovely, Doll; but here's the prize,
That lodgeth here, and enter'd through mine eyes:
Yet, howsoe'er I love, I must be wise.—
Now, lovely countess, what reward or grace
May I employ‡ on you for this your zeal,
And humble honours, done us in our court,
In entertainment of the English king?

Count. of A. It was of duty, prince, that I have done;
And what in favour may content me most,
Is, that it please your grace to give me leave
For to return unto my country-home.

K. of Scots. But, lovely Ida, is your mind the same?

Ida. Lcount of court, my lord, as wise men do,
'Tis fit for those that know what 'longs thereto:
Each person to his place; the wise to art,
The cobbler to his clout, the swain to cart.

K. of Scots. But, Ida, you are fair, and beauty shines,
And seemeth best, where pomp her pride refines.

Ida. If beauty, as I know there's none in me,
Were sworn my love, and I his life should be,
The farther from the court I were remov'd,
The more, I think, of heaven I were belov'd.

* *hath*] The 4to. "hast."

† *'Less*] The 4to. "Lest."

‡ *employ*] In my former edition I altered this word to "impose"; but I have since met with several passages in our early writers which forbid the alteration: e. g.;

"Princes may pick their suffering nobles out,
And one by one *employ* 'em to the block," &c.

Fletcher and ——*'s Bloody Brother*, Act iv. sc. 1. (where, according to Mr. Collier in one of his notes on Shakespeare, "*employ*" is a misprint.)

K. of Scots. And why?

Ida. Because the court is counted Venus' net,
Where gifts and vows for stales* are often set:
None, be she chaste as Vesta, but shall meet
A curious tongue to charm her ears with sweet.

K. of Scots. Why, Ida, then I see you set at naught
The force of love.

Ida. In sooth, this is my thought,
Most gracious king,—that they that little prove,
Are mickle blest from bitter sweets of love.
And weel I wot, I heard a shepherd sing,
That, like a bee, Love hath a little sting:
He lurks in flowers, he percheth on the trees,
He on kings' pillows bends his pretty knees;
The boy is blind, but when he will not spy,
He hath a leaden foot and wings to fly:
Beshrew me yet, for all these strange effects,
If I would like the lad that so infects.

K. of Scots. [*aside.*] Rare wit, fair face, what heart could more desire?
But Doll is fair and doth concern thee near:
Let Doll be fair, she is won; but I must woo
And win fair Ida, there's some choice in two.—
But, Ida, thou art coy.

Ida. And why, dread king?

K. of Scots. In that you will dispraise so sweet a thing
As love. Had I my wish—

Ida. What then?

K. of Scots. Then would I place
His arrow here, his beauty in that face.

Ida. And were Apollo mov'd and rul'd by me,
His wisdom should be yours, and mine his tree.

K. of Scots. But here returns our train.

Re-enter QUEEN DOROTHEA *and* Lords.

Welcome, fair Doll:
How fares our father? is he shipp'd and gone?

Q. Dor. My royal father is both shipp'd and gone:
God and fair winds direct him to his home!

K. of Scots. Amen, say I.—[*Aside.*] Would thou wert with him too!
Then might I have a fitter time to woo.—
But, countess, you would be gone, therefore, farewell,—
Yet, Ida, if thou wilt, stay thou behind
To accompany my queen:
But if thou like the pleasures of the court,—
Or if she lik'd me, though she left the court,—
What should I say? I know not what to say.—

* *stales*] i. e. decoys.

You may depart:—and you, my courteous queen,
Leave me a space; I have a weighty cause
To think upon:—Ida, it nips me near;
It came from thence, I feel it burning here.
[*Exunt all except the* KING OF SCOTS *and* ATEUKIN.
Now am I free from sight of common eye,
Where to myself I may disclose the grief
That hath too great a part in mine affects.
Ateu. [*aside.*] And now is my time by wiles and words to rise,
Greater than those that think themselves more wise.
K. of Scots. And first, fond king, thy honour doth engrave
Upon thy brows the drift of thy disgrace.
Thy new-vow'd love, in sight of God and men,
Links * thee to Dorothea during life;
For who more fair and virtuous than thy wife?
Deceitful murderer of a quiet mind,
Fond love, vile lust, that thus misleads us men,
To vow our faiths, and fall to sin again!
But kings stoop not to every common thought:
Ida is fair and wise, fit for a king;
And for fair Ida will I hazard life,
Venture my kingdom, country, and my crown:
Such fire hath love to burn a kingdom down.
Say Doll dislikes that I estrange my love;
Am I obedient to a woman's look?
Nay, say her father frown when he shall hear
That I do hold fair Ida's love so dear;
Let father frown and fret, and fret and die,
Nor earth nor heaven shall part my love and I.
Yea, they shall part us, but we first must meet,
And woo and win, and yet the world not see't.
Yea, there's the wound, and wounded with that thought,
So let me die, for all my drift is naught.
Ateu. [*coming forward.*] Most gracious and imperial majesty,—
[*Aside.*] A little† flattery more were but too much.
K. of Scots. Villain, what art thou
That thus dar'st interrupt a prince's secrets?
Ateu. Dread king, thy vassal is a man of art,
Who knows, by constellation of the stars,
By oppositions and by dry aspects,
The things are past and those that are to come.
K. of Scots. But where's thy warrant to approach my presence?

* *Links*] The 4to. "Linke."
† *A little*, &c.] This line the 4to. gives to the king.

Ateu. My zeal, and ruth to see your grace's wrong,
Make me lament I did detract * so long.
K. of Scots. If thou know'st thoughts, tell me, what mean I now?
Ateu. I'll calculate the cause
Of those your highness' smiles, and tell your thoughts.
K. of Scots. But lest thou spend thy time in idleness,
And miss the matter that my mind aims at,
Tell me,
What star was opposite when that was thought?
[*Strikes him on the ear.*
Ateu. 'Tis inconvenient,† mighty potentate,
Whose looks resemble Jove in majesty,
To scorn the sooth of science with contempt.
I see in those imperial looks of yours
The whole discourse of love: Saturn combust,
With direful looks, at your nativity,
Beheld fair Venus in her silver orb:
I know, by certain axioms I have read,
Your grace's griefs, and further can express
Her name that holds you thus in fancy's bands.
K. of Scots. Thou talkest wonders.
Ateu. Naught but truth, O king.
'Tis Ida is the mistress of your heart,
Whose youth must take impression of affects;
For tender twigs will bow, and milder minds
Will yield to fancy, be they follow'd well.
K. of Scots. What god art thou, compos'd in human shape,
Or bold Trophonius, to decide our doubts?
How know'st thou this?
Ateu. Even as I know the means
To work your grace's freedom and your love.
Had I the mind, as many courtiers have,
To creep into your bosom for your coin,
And beg rewards for every cap and knee,
I then would say, "If that your grace would give
This lease, this manor, or this patent seal'd,
For this or that I would effect your love:"
But Ateukin is no parasite, O prince.
I know your grace knows scholars are but poor;
And therefore, as I blush to beg a fee,
Your mightiness is so magnificent,
You cannot choose but cast some gift apart,
To ease my bashful need that cannot beg.
As for your love, O, might I be employ'd,
How faithfully would Ateukin compass it!
But princes rather trust a smoothing tongue,
Than men of art that can accept the time.

* *detract*] i. e. avoid, forbear.
† *inconvenient*] i. e. unbecoming, improper.

K. of Scots. Ateukin, if so thy name, for so thou say'st,
Thine art appears in entrance of my love;
And since I deem thy wisdom match'd with truth,
I will exalt thee, and thyself alone
Shalt be the agent to dissolve my grief.
Sooth is, I love, and Ida is my love;
But my new marriage nips me near, Ateukin,
For Dorothea may not brook th' abuse.

Ateu. These lets are but as motes against the sun,
Yet not so great; like dust before the wind,
Yet not so light. Tut, pacify your grace:
You have the sword and sceptre in your hand;
You are the king, the state depends on you;
Your will is law. Say that the case were mine:
Were she my sister whom your highness loves,
She should consent, for that our lives, our goods,
Depend on you; and if your queen repine,
Although my nature cannot brook of blood,
And scholars grieve to hear of murderous deeds,
But if the lamb should let the lion's way,
By my advice the lamb should lose her life.
Thus am I bold to speak unto your grace,
Who am too base to kiss your royal feet,
For I am poor, nor have I land nor rent,
Nor countenance here in court, but for my love,
Your grace shall find none such within the realm.

K. of Scots. Wilt thou effect my love? shall she be mine?

Ateu. I'll gather moly, crocus,* and the herbs
That heal the wounds of body and the mind;
I'll set out charms and spells, naught † shall be left
To tame the wanton if she shall rebel:
Give me but tokens of your highness' trust.

K. of Scots. Thou shalt have gold, honour, and wealth enough;
Win my love,‡ and I will make thee great.

Ateu. These words do make me rich, most noble prince;
I am more proud of them than any wealth.
Did not your grace suppose I flatter you,
Believe me, I would boldly publish this;—
Was never eye that saw a sweeter face,
Nor never ear that heard a deeper wit:
O God, how I am ravish'd in your worth!

K. of Scots. Ateukin, follow me; love must have ease.

Ateu. I'll kiss your highness' feet, march when you please. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter SLIPPER, NANO, *and* ANDREW, *with their bills, ready written, in their hands.*

And. Stand back, sir; mine shall stand highest.

Slip. Come under mine arm, sir, or get a foot-stool; or else, by the light of the moon, I must come to it.

Nano. Agree, my masters; every man to his height: though I stand lowest, I hope to get the best master.

And. Ere I will stoop to a thistle, I will change turns; as good luck comes on the right hand as the left: here's for me, and me, and mine. [*They set up their bills.*] But tell me, fellows, till better occasion come, do you seek masters?

Slip. } We do.
Nano. }

And. But what can you do worthy preferment?

Nano. Marry, I can smell a knave from a rat.

Slip. And I can lick a dish before a cat.

And. And I can find two fools unsought,—how like you that?

But, in earnest, now tell me of what trades are you two?

Slip. How mean you that, sir, of what trade? Marry, I'll tell you, I have many trades: the honest trade when I needs must; the filching trade when time serves; the cozening trade as I find occasion. And I have more qualities: I cannot abide a full cup unkissed, a fat capon uncarved, a full purse unpicked, nor a fool to prove a justice as you do.

And. Why, sot, why callest thou me fool?

Nano. For examining wiser than thyself.

And. So do many more than I in Scotland.

Nano. Yea, those are such as have more authority than wit, and more wealth than honesty.

Slip. This is my little brother with the great wit; 'ware him!—But what canst thou do, tell me, that art so inquisitive of us?

And. Any thing that concerns a gentleman to do, that can I do.

Slip. So you are of the gentle trade?

And. True.

Slip. Then, gentle sir, leave us to ourselves, for here comes one as if he would lack a servant ere he went. [ANDREW *stands aside.*

---

* *moly, crocus*] Corrected by the Rev J. Mitford, *Gent. Mag* for March 1833, p. 217.—The 4to. "*Moly*-rocus."

† *naught*] The 4to. "*nought* else."

‡ *Win my love, &c.*] Qy. "*Win* thou *my love*," &c., or "*Win* but *my love*," &c.?

Enter Ateukin.

Ateu. Why, so, Ateukin, this becomes thee best,
Wealth, honour, ease, and angels in thy chest:
Now may I say, as many often sing,
"No fishing to * the sea, nor service to a king."
Unto this high promotion † doth belong
Means to be talk'd of in the thickest throng.
And first, to fit the humours of my lord,
Sweet lays and lines of love I must record;
And such sweet lines and love-lays I'll indite,
As men may wish for, and my liege ‡ delight:
And next a train of gallants at my heels,
That men may say, the world doth run on wheels;
For men of art, that rise by indirection
To honour and the favour of their king,
Must use all means to save what they have got,
And win their favours whom they§ never knew.
If any frown to see my fortunes such,
A man must bear a little, not too much.
But, in good time, these bills portend, I think,
That some good fellows do for service seek. [*Reads.*

If any gentleman, spiritual or temporal, will entertain out of his service a young stripling of the age of thirty years, that can sleep with the soundest, eat with the hungriest, work with the sickest,‖ lie with the loudest, face with the proudest, &c., that can wait in a gentleman's chamber when his master is a mile off, keep his stable when 'tis empty, and his purse when 'tis full, and hath many qualities worse than all these,—let him write his name and go his way, and attendance shall be given.

By my faith, a good servant: which is he?

Slip. Truly, sir, that am I.

Ateu. And why dost thou write such a bill? are all these qualities in thee?

Slip. O Lord, ay, sir, and a great many more, some better, some worse, some richer, some poorer. Why, sir, do you look so? do they not please you?

Ateu. Truly, no, for they are naught, and so art thou: if thou hast no better qualities, stand by.

Slip. O, sir, I tell the worst first; but, an you lack a man, I am for you: I'll tell you the best qualities I have.

Ateu. Be brief, then.

Slip. If you need me in your chamber, I can keep the door at a whistle; in your kitchen, turn the spit, and lick the pan, and make the fire burn; but if in the stable,—

Ateu. Yea, there would I use thee.

* *to*] i. e. compared with.

† *promotion*] The 4to. "promotions."

‡ *liege*] The 4to. "leech." § *they*] The 4to. "he."

‖ *sickest*] A friend conjectures "sickerest."—Qy. "stoutest"?

Slip. Why, there you kill me, there am I,* and turn me to a horse and a wench, and I have no peer.

Ateu. Art thou so good in keeping a horse? I pray thee tell me how many good qualities hath a horse?

Slip. Why, so, sir: a horse hath two properties of a man, that is, a proud heart and a hardy stomach; four properties of a lion, a broad breast, a stiff docket,—hold your nose, master,—a wild countenance, and four good legs; nine properties of a fox, nine of a hare, nine of an ass, and ten of a woman.

Ateu. A woman! why, what properties of a woman hath a horse?

Slip. O, master, know you not that? draw your tables,† and write what wise I speak. First, a merry countenance; second, a soft pace; third, a broad forehead; fourth, broad buttocks; fifth, hard of ward; sixth, easy to leap upon; seventh, good at long journey; eighth, moving under a man; ninth, alway busy with the mouth; tenth, ever chewing on the bridle.

Ateu. Thou art a man for me: what's thy name?

Slip. An ancient name, sir, belonging to the chamber and the night-gown: guess you that.

Ateu. What's that? Slipper?

Slip. By my faith, well guessed; and so 'tis indeed. You'll be my master?

Ateu. I mean so.

Slip. Read this first.

Ateu. [*reads.*] *Pleaseth it any gentleman to entertain a servant of more wit than stature, let them subscribe, and attendance shall be given.*

What of this?

Slip. He is my brother, sir; and we two were born together, must serve together, and will die together, though we be both hanged.

Ateu. What's thy name?

Nano. Nano.

Ateu. The etymology of which word is a dwarf. Art not thou the old stoic's son that dwells in his tomb?

Slip. }
Nano. } We are.

Ateu. Thou art welcome to me. Wilt thou give thyself wholly to be at my disposition?

Nano. In all humility I submit myself.

* *am I*, &c.] A corrupted passage.—The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March, 1833, p. 217) suggests "*am I* a per se, *turn me to a horse and a wench, and I have no peer.*"

† *draw your tables*] i. e. take out your memorandum-book.

Ateu. Then will I deck thee princely, instruct thee courtly, and present thee to the queen as my gift: art thou content?

Nano. Yes, and thank your honour too.

Slip. Then welcome, brother, and fellow now.

And. [*coming forward.*] May it please your honour to abase your eye so low as to look either on my bill or myself?

Ateu. What are you?

And. By birth a gentleman; in profession a scholar; and one that knew your honour in Edinburgh, before your worthiness called you to this reputation: by me, Andrew Snoord.

Ateu. Andrew, I remember thee: follow me, and we will confer further, for my weighty affairs for the king command me to be brief at this time.—Come on, Nano.—Slipper, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Bartram, *with* Eustace, *and others, booted.*

Sir Bar. But tell me, lovely Eustace, as thou lov'st me,
Among the many pleasures we have pass'd,
Which is the rifest in thy memory,
To draw thee over to thine ancient friend?

Eust. What makes Sir Bartram thus inquisitive?
Tell me, good knight, am I welcóme or no?

Sir Bar. By sweet Saint Andrew and may sale * I swear,
As welcome is my honest Dick to me
As morning's sun, or as the watery moon
In merkest † night, when we the borders track.
I tell thee, Dick, thy sight hath clear'd my thoughts
Of many baneful troubles that there woon'd‡:
Welcome to § Sir Bartram as his life!
Tell me, bonny Dick, hast got a wife?

Eust. A wife! God shield, Sir Bartram, that were ill,
To leave my wife and wander thus astray:
But time and good advice, ere many years,
May chance to make my fancy bend that way.
What news in Scotland? therefore came I hither,
To see your country and to chat together.

Sir Bar. Why, man, our country's blithe, our king is well,
Our queen so-so, the nobles well and worse,
And weel are they that are* about the king,
But better are the country gentlemen:
And I may tell thee, Eustace, in our lives
We old men never saw so wondrous change.
But leave this trattle, and tell me what news
In lovely England with our honest friends?

Eust. The king, the court, and all our noble friends
Are well; and God in mercy keep them so!
The northern lords and ladies hereabouts,
That know I come† to see your queen and court,
Commend them to my honest friend Sir Bartram,
And many others that I have not seen.
Amongst the rest, the Countess Elinor,
From Carlisle, where we merry oft have been,
Greets well my lord, and hath directed me
By message this fair lady's face to see.
[*Shows a portrait.*

Sir Bar. I tell thee, Eustace, 'less‡ mine old eyes daze,
This is our Scottish moon and evening's pride;
This is the blemish of your English bride.
Who sail by her are sure of wind at will;
Her face is dangerous, her sight is ill;
And yet, in sooth, sweet Dick, it may be said,
The king hath folly, there's virtue in the maid.

Eust. But knows my friend this portrait? be advis'd.

Sir Bar. Is it not Ida, the Countess of Arran's daughter's?

Eust. So was I told by Elinor of Carlisle:
But tell me, lovely Bartram, is the maid
Evil-inclin'd, misled, or concubine
Unto the king or any other lord?

Sir Bar. Should I be brief and true, then thus, my Dick.
All England's grounds yield not a blither lass,
Nor Europe can surpass § her for her gifts
Of virtue, honour, beauty, and the rest:
But our fond king, not knowing sin in lust,
Makes love by endless means and precious gifts;
And men that see it dare not say't, my friend,
But we may wish that it were otherwise.
But I rid || thee to view the picture still,
For by the person's sight ¶ there hangs some ill.

---

* *may sale*] i. e. my soul,—the author thinking it necessary to interlard the dialogue with Scottish forms of words.
† *merkest*] i. e. murkiest, darkest.
‡ *woon'd*] i. e. dwelt.
§ *Welcome to*, &c.] Qy.
"As *welcome to Sir Bartram as his life!*
But *tell me*," &c.?

* *are*] The 4to. "were."
† *come*] The 4to. "came."
‡ *'less*] The 4to. "lest."
§ *surpass*] The 4to. "art."
|| *rid*] i. e. *rede*,—advise (as before).
¶ *sight*] The 4to. "sights."

Eust. O, good Sir Bartram,* you suspect I love
(Then were I mad) her † whom I never saw.
But howsoe'er, I fear not enticings;
Desire will give no place unto a king:
I'll see her whom the world admires so much,
That I may say with them, "There lives none such." [with her;
Sir Bar. Be gad, and sall‡ both see and talk
And when thou'st done, whate'er her beauty be,
I'll warrant thee her virtues may compare
With the proudest she that waits upon your queen.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lady§ entreats your worship in to supper.
Sir Bar. Guid, bonny Dick, my wife will tell thee more:
Was never no man in her book before;
Be gad, she's blithe, fair, lewely,‖ bonny, &c.¶
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BOHAN *and* OBERON *after the first act; to them a round of* Fairies, *or some pretty dance.*

Boh. Be gad, gramercies, little king, for this;
This sport is better in my exile life
Than ever the deceitful world could yield.
Ober. I tell thee, Bohan, Oberon is king
Of quiet, pleasure, profit, and content,
Of wealth, of honour, and of all the world;
Tied to no place, yet all are tied to me.**
Live thou this life,†† exil'd from world and men,
And I will show thee wonders ere we part.
Boh. Then mark my story,‡‡ and the strange doubts §§
That follow flatterers, lust, and lawless will,
And then say I have reason to forsake
The world and all that are within the same.
Go shroud us in our harbour, where we'll see
The pride* of folly, as it ought to be. [*Exeunt.*

After the first Act.

Ober. Here see I good fond actions in thy jig,
And means to paint the world's inconstant ways:
But turn thine ene, see what† I can command.

Enter two battles, strongly fighting, the one led by SEMIRAMIS,‡ *the other by* STABROBATES §: *she flies, and her crown is taken, and she hurt.*

Boh. What gars this din of mirk and baleful harm,
Where every wean is all betaint with blood?
Ober. This shows thee, Bohan, what is worldly pomp:
Semiramis, the proud Assyrian queen,
When Ninus died, did levy‖ in her wars
Three millions of footmen to the fight,
Five hundred thousand horse, of armèd cars
A hundred thousand more, yet in her pride
Was hurt and conquer'd by Stabrobates.
Then what is pomp?
Boh. I see thou art thine ene,
Thou bonny king, if princes fall from high:
My fall is past, until I fall to die.
Now mark my talk, and prosecute my jig.

2.

Ober. How should these crafts withdraw thee from the world!
But look, my Bohan, pomp allureth.¶

Enter CYRUS, *kings humbling themselves; himself crowned by Olive Pat**: at last dying, laid in a marble tomb with this inscription:*

"Whoso thou be that passest [by],
For I know one shall pass, know I
Am Cyrus of Persia,†† and I pray
Leave me not thus like a clod of clay
Wherewith my body is coverèd"
[*All exeunt.*

---

* *O, good Sir Bartram,* &c.] The 4to. gives these six lines to Sir Bartram.

† *her*] The 4to. "hee."

‡ *Be gad, and sall*] i. e. By God, and shalt.

§ *My lady,* &c.] The 4to. gives this line to Eustace, and does not mark the entrance of the Servant.

‖ *lewely*] i. e., I suppose, lovely.—The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March, 1833, p. 218), speaking of the present passage, says; "This word [*lewely*] we find in the old romance of *Havelok*, ed. Madden, v. 2921;

'So the rose in roser,
Hwan it is fayr sprad ut newe
Ageyn the sunne, brith, and *lewe*'."

But was Mr. Mitford aware that in the lines just quoted "*lewe*" means *warm?*

¶ &c.] Was the player here to speak extempore whatever he chose? See note †, p. 105, sec. col.

** *me*] The 4to. "one."

†† *this life*] The 4to. "in *this life.*"

‡‡ *story*] The 4to. "stay."

§§ *doubts*] Qy. "debates" (in the sense of—strifes)? Compare the last line but two of p. 206, sec. col.

* *pride*] Qy. "prize" (i.e. reward)?—The whole of what follows, till the beginning of the next act, is a mass of confusion and corruption.

† *what*] The 4to. "which for."

‡ *Semiramis*] Here the 4to. "Simi Ranus", and afterwards "Simeranus."

§ *Stabrobates*] Here the 4to. "Staurobates", and afterwards "S. Taurobates."

‖ *levy*] The 4to. "tene."

¶ *allureth*] A quadrisyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 146.

** *Olive Pat*] I cannot even conjecture what the author wrote here.

†† *Am Cyrus of Persia,* &c.] The 4to.;

"I *am Cirus of Persia,*
And I prithee *leave me not thus,*" &c.

But all this is stark nonsense. See the inscription on the tomb of Cyrus in Plutarch, *Alex.* 69.

Enter the King *in great pomp, who reads it, and issueth, crying "Ver meum."**

Boh. What meaneth this?

Ober. Cyrus of Persia,
Mighty in life, within a marble grave
Was laid to rot; whom Alexander once
Beheld entomb'd, and weeping did confess,
Nothing in life could scape from wretchedness:
Why, then, boast men?

Boh. What reck I, then, of life,
Who make† the grave my home,‡ the earth my wife?

Ober. But mark me more.§

3.

Boh. I can no more; my patience will not warp
To see these flatterers‖ how they scorn and carp.

Ober. Turn but thy head.

Enter [f]our Kings *carrying crowns,* Ladies *presenting odours to* Potentate ¶ *enthroned, who suddenly is slain by his* Servants *and thrust out; and so they eat.*

[*Exeunt.*

*Boh.** Sike is the werld; but whilk is he I saw?

Ober. Sesostris, who was conqueror of the world,
Slain at the last and stamp'd on by his slaves.

Boh. How blest are peur men, then, that know their graves!†
Now mark the sequel of my jig;
An he weel meet ends. The mirk and sable night
Doth leave the peering morn to pry abroad;
Thou nill me stay: hail, then, thou pride of kings!
I ken the world, and wot well worldly things.
Mark thou my jig, in mirkest terms that tells
The loath of sins and where corruption dwells.
Hail me ne mere with shows of guidly sights;
My grave is mine, that rids me from despites;
Accept my jig, guid king, and let me rest;
The grave with guid men is a gay-built nest.

Ober. The rising sun doth call me hence away;
Thanks for thy jig, I may no longer stay:
But if my train did wake thee from thy rest,
So shall they sing thy lullaby to nest. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Countess of Arran *and* Ida *discovered in their porch, sitting at work: a* Servant *attending.*

*A Song.***

Count. of A. Fair Ida, might you choose the greatest good,
Midst all the world in blessings that abound,
Wherein, my daughter, should your liking be?

Ida. Not in delights, or pomp, or majesty.

Count. of A. And why?

Ida. Since these are means to draw the mind
From perfect good, and make true judgment blind.

Count. of A. Might you have wealth and Fortune's richest store?

Ida. Yet would I, might I choose, be honest-poor;
For she that sits at Fortune's feet a-low
Is sure she shall not taste a further woe,
But those that prank on top of Fortune's ball
Still fear a change, and, fearing, catch a fall.

Count. of A. Tut, foolish maid, each one contemneth need.

Ida. Good reason why, they know not good indeed.

Count. of A. Many, marry, then, on whom distress doth lour.

Ida. Yes, they that virtue deem an honest dower.
Madam, by right this world I may compare
Unto my work, wherein with heedful care
The heavenly workman plants with curious hand,
As I with needle draw each thing on land,
Even as he list: some men like to the rose
Are fashion'd fresh; some in their stalks do close,
And, born, do sudden die; some are but weeds,
And yet from them a secret good proceeds:

---

* "*Ver meum*"] The 4to. "vermeum": qy. if a misprint for "*vermium*", the first word of some Latin sentence on the vanity of earthly grandeur?—"We think with him [the editor of the present volume] that it is an introduction to a moral reflection; but that it is 'Ver meum', my spring hath passed away, &c. The king probably quoted the two first words of some moral sentence, and *Vermium* was not likely to be the common by-word." *Rev. J. Mitford,—Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 217.

† *make*] The 4to. "makes."

‡ *home*] The 4to. "tomb." Corrected by Mr. Collier, Introd. to *The Tempest*, p. 11, *Shakespeare*, ed. 1853.

§ *But mark me more*] The 4to. gives this to Bohan.

‖ *flatterers*] The 4to. "flatteries."

¶ *Potentate*] The 4to. "Potentates."

** *A Song*] In the printed copies of our early plays the "*Songs*" are frequently omitted.

* *Boh.*] Not in the 4to.

† *graves*] The 4to. "graue."

I with my needle, if I please, may blot
The fairest rose within my cambric plot;
God with a beck can change each worldly thing,
The poor to rich,* the beggar to the king.
What, then, hath man wherein he well may boast,
Since by a beck he lives, a lour† is lost?

Count. of A. Peace, Ida, here are strangers near at hand.

Enter EUSTACE *with letters.*

Eust. Madam, God speed!

Count. of A. I thank you, gentle squire.

Eust. The country Countess of Northumberland
Doth greet you well, and hath requested me
To bring these letters to your ladyship.

[*Delivers the letters.*

Count. of A. I thank her honour, and yourself, my friend. [*Peruses them.*
I see she means you good, brave gentleman.—
Daughter, the Lady Elinor salutes
Yourself as well as me: then for her sake
'Twere good you entertain'd that courtier well.

Ida. As much salute as may become my sex,
And he in virtue can vouchsafe to think,
I yield him for the courteous countess' sake.—
Good sir, sit down: my mother here and I
Count time misspent an endless vanity.

Eust. [*aside.*] Beyond report, the wit, the fair,‡ the shape!—
What work you here, fair mistress? may I see it?

Ida. Good sir, look on: how like you this compáct?

Eust. Methinks in this I see true love in act:
The woodbines with their leaves do sweetly spread,
The roses blushing prank them in their red;
No flower but boasts the beauties of the spring;
This bird hath life indeed, if it could sing.
What means, fair mistress, had you in this work?

Ida. My needle, sir.

Eust. In needles, then, there lurk§
Some hidden grace, I deem, beyond my reach.

Ida. Not grace in them, good sir, but those that teach.

Eust. Say that your needle now were Cupid's sting,—
[*Aside.*] But, ah, her eye must be no less,
In which is heaven and heavenliness,
In which the food of God is shut,
Whose powers the purest minds do glut!

Ida. What if it were?

Eust. Then see a wondrous thing;
I fear me you would paint in Tereus'* heart
Affection in his power and chiefest part.†

Ida. Good Lord, sir, no! for hearts but pricked soft
Are wounded sore, for so I hear it oft.

Eust. What recks the wound,‡ where but your happy eye
May make him live whom Jove hath judg'd to die?

Ida. Should life and death within this needle lurk,
I'll prick no hearts, I'll prick upon my work.

Count. of A. Peace, Ida, I perceive the fox at hand.

Eust. The fox! why, fetch your hounds, and chase him hence.

Count. of A. O, sir, these great men bark at small offence.
Come,§ will it please you to enter, gentle sir?

[*They offer to go out.*

Enter ATEUKIN *and* SLIPPER.

Ateu. Stay, courteous ladies; favour me so much
As to discourse a word or two apart.

Count. of A. Good sir, my daughter learns this rule of me,
To shun resort and strangers' company;
For some are shifting mates that carry letters,
Some, such as you, too good because our betters.

Slip. Now, I pray you, sir, what akin are you to a pickerel?‖

Ateu. Why, knave?

Slip. By my troth, sir, because I never knew a proper situation fellow of your pitch fitter to swallow a gudgeon.

Ateu. What meanest thou by this?

Slip. Shifting fellow, sir,—these be thy words;¶ shifting fellow: this gentlewoman, I fear me, knew your bringing up.

Ateu. How so?

Slip. Why, sir, your father was a miller, that could shift for a peck of grist in a bushel, and you['re] a fair-spoken gentleman, that can get more

---

* *rich*] The 4to. "earth."

† *lour*] i. e. frown.—The 4to. "louer."—The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 217) strangely enough would read "flower."

‡ *fair*] i. e. beauty.

§ *lurk*] The 4to. "lurkes,"—which destroys the rhyme. The construction is—"I deem there *lurk* "=*lurks.*)

* *Tereus'*] The 4to. "Teneus."

† *part*] The 4to. "parts."

‡ *wound*] The 4to. "second."

§ *Come*, &c.] The 4to. gives to Ateukin this line; in which "*to*" seems to be an interpolation.

‖ *pickerel*] A small or young pike.

¶ *thy words*] i. e. the words which describe you.

land by a lie than an honest man by his ready money.

Ateu. Caitiff, what sayest thou?

Slip. I say, sir, that if she call you shifting knave, you shall not put her to the proof.

Ateu. And why?

Slip. Because, sir, living by your wit as you do, shifting is your letters-patents: * it were a hard matter for me to get my dinner that day wherein my master had not sold a dozen of devices, a case of cogs, and a suit of shifts, in the morning. I speak this in your commendation, sir, and, I pray you, so take it.

Ateu. If I live, knave, I will be revenged. What gentleman would entertain a rascal thus to derogate from his honour?

Ida. My lord, why are you thus impatient?

Ateu. Not angry, Ida; but I teach this knave How to behave himself among his betters.—
Behold, fair countess, to assure your stay,
I here present the signet of the king,
Who now by me, fair Ida, doth salute you:
And since in secret I have certain things
In his behalf, good madam, to impart,
I crave your daughter to discourse apart.

Count. of A. She shall in humble duty be addrest †
To do his highness' will in what she may.

Ida. Now, gentle sir, what would his grace with me?

Ateu. Fair, comely nymph, the beauty of your face,
Sufficient to bewitch the heavenly powers,
Hath wrought so much in him that now of late
He finds himself made captive unto love;
And though his power and majesty require
A straight command before an humble suit,
Yet he his mightiness doth so abase
As to entreat your favour, honest maid.

Ida. Is he not married, sir, unto our queen?

Ateu. He is.

Ida. And are not they by God accurs'd,
That sever them whom he hath knit in one?

Ateu. They be: what then? we seek not to displace
The princess from her seat, but, since by love
The king is made your own, he ‡ is resolv'd
In private to accept your dalliance,
In spite of war, watch,* or worldly eye.

Ida. O, how he talks, as if he should not die!
As if that God in justice once could wink
Upon that fault I am asham'd to think!

Ateu. Tut, mistress, man at first was born to err;
Women are all not formèd to be saints:
'Tis impious for to kill our native king,
Whom by a little favour we may save.

Ida. Better, than live unchaste, to lie † in grave.

Ateu. He shall erect your state, and wed you well.

Ida. But can his warrant keep my soul from hell?

Ateu. He will enforce, if you resist his suit.

Ida. What tho ‡? the world may shame to him
To be a king of men and worldly pelf, [account,
Yet hath § no power to rule and guide himself.

Ateu. I know you, gentle lady, and the care
Both of your honour and his grace's health
Makes me confusèd in this dangerous state.

Ida. So counsel him, but soothe thou not his sin:
'Tis vain allurement that doth make him love:
I shame to hear, be you asham'd to move.

Count. of A. I see my daughter grows impatient:
I fear me, he pretends ‖ some bad intent.

Ateu. Will you despise the king and scorn him so?

Ida. In all allegiance I will serve his grace,
But not in lust: O, how I blush to name it!

Ateu. [*aside.*] An endless work is this: how should I frame it? [*They discourse privately.*

Slip. O, mistress, may I turn a word upon you?

Count. of A. ¶ Friend, what wilt thou?

Slip. O, what a happy gentlewoman be you truly! the world reports this of you, mistress, that a man can no sooner come to your house but the butler comes with a black-jack and says, "Welcome, friend, here's a cup of the best for you": verily, mistress, you are said to have the best ale in all Scotland.

Count. of A. Sirrah, go fetch him drink.

[Servant *brings drink.*

How lik'st thou this?

Slip. Like it, mistress! why, this is quincy quarie pepper de watchet, single goby, of all that

---

* *letters-patents*] Such was the phrascology of the time (not, as we now say, "letters *patent*"). So in Shakespeare's *Henry viii*, act iii. sc. 2., "Tied it by *letters-patents*"; and in his *Richard ii*, act 2. sc. 1., "Call in the *letters-patents*," &c.

† *addrest*] i. e. prepared, ready.

‡ *he*] The 4to. "shee."

* *watch*] Qy. "or *watch*"?

† *lie*] The 4to "liue."

‡ *tho*] i. e. then.

§ *Yet hath*, &c.] The 4to. gives this line to Ateukin, and reads "*Yet hath* to *power* no *rule*," &c.

‖ *pretends*] See note †, p. 130, first col.

¶ *Count. of A.*] The 4to. "Ateu."

ever I tasted. I'll prove in this ale and toast the compass of the whole world. First, this is the earth,—it lies * in the middle, a fair brown toast, a goodly country for hungry teeth to dwell upon; next, this is the sea, a fair pool for a dry tongue to fish in: now come I, and seeing the world is naught, I divide it thus; and because the sea cannot stand without the earth, as Aristotle saith, I put them both into their first chaos, which is my belly: and so, mistress, you may see your ale is become a miracle.

East. A merry mate, madam, I promise you.

Count. of A. Why sigh you, sirrah?

Slip. Truly, madam, to think upon the world, which, since I denounced it, keeps such a rumbling in my stomach that, unless your cook give it a counterbuff with some of your roasted capons or beef, I fear me I shall become a loose body, so dainty, I think, I shall neither hold fast before nor behind.

Count. of A. Go take him in, and feast this merry swain.—

Sirrah, my cook is your physician;
He hath a purge for to digest † the world.

[*Exeunt* SLIPPER *and* Servant.

Ateu. Will you not, Ida, grant his highness this?

Ida. As I have said, in duty I am his:
For other lawless lusts that ill beseem him,
I cannot like, and good I will not deem him.‡

Count. of A. Ida, come in:—and, sir, if so you please,
Come, take a homely widow's entertain.

Ida. If he have no great haste, he may come nigh;
If haste, though he be gone, I will not cry.

[*Exeunt the* COUNTESS OF ARRAN, IDA, *and* EUSTACE.

Ateu. I see this labour lost, my hope in vain;
Yet will I try another drift again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter, one by one, the BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS, DOUGLAS, MORTON, *and others, one way;* QUEEN DOROTHEA *with* NANO, § *another way.*

Bp. of St. And. [*aside.*] O wreck of commonweal, O wretched state!

Doug. [*aside.*] O hapless flock whereas * the guide is blind!

Mort. [*aside.*] O heedless youth where counsel is despis'd! [*They all are in a muse.*

Q. Dor. Come, pretty knave, and prank it by my side;
Let's see your best attendance out of hand.

Nano. Madam, although my limbs are very small,
My heart is good; I'll serve you therewithal.

Q. Dor. How, if I were assail'd, what couldst thou do?

Nano. Madam, call help, and boldly fight it
Although a bee be but a little thing, [too:
You know, fair queen, it hath a bitter sting.

Q. Dor. How couldst thou do me good, were I in grief?

Nano. Counsel, dear princess, is a choice relief:
Though Nestor wanted force, great was his wit,
And though I am but weak, my words are fit.

Bp. of St. And. [*aside.*] Like to a ship upon the ocean-seas,
Tost in the doubtful stream, without a helm,
Such is a monarch without good advice.
I am o'erheard: cast rein upon thy tongue;
Andrews, beware; reproof will breed a scar.

Mor. Good day, my lord.

Bp. of St. And. Lord Morton, well y-met.—
Whereon deems † Lord Douglas all this while?

Doug. Of that which yours and my poor heart doth break,
Although fear shuts our mouths, we dare not speak.

Q. Dor. [*aside.*] What mean these princes sadly to consult?
Somewhat, I fear, betideth them amiss,
They are so pale in looks, so vex'd in mind.—
In happy hour, ye ‡ noble Scottish peers,
Have I encounter'd you: what makes you mourn?

Bp. of St. And. If we with patience may attention § gain,
Your grace shall know the cause of all our grief.

Q. Dor. Speak on, good father; come and sit by me:
I know thy care is for the common good.

Bp. of St. And. As fortune, mighty princess, reareth some
To high estate and place in commonweal,

---

* *lies*] The 4to. "ties."

† *digest*] The 4to. "disiest",—a spelling which (as well as "disgest") occurs frequently in our old writers.

‡ *him*] Qy. "'em?"

§ *Nano*] The 4to. "Dwarfes": but there is only one such diminutive person in the play,—Nano, whom Ateukin has presented to the Queen: see first speech, p. 194, first col.

* *whereas*] i. e. where.

† *deems*] Qy. "dreams"?

‡ *ye*] The 4to. "the."

§ *attention*] The 4to. "attentiue."

So by divine bequest to them is lent
A riper judgment and more searching eye,
Whereby they may discern the common harm;
For where our fortunes* in the world are most,
Where all our profits rise and still encrease,
There is our mind, thereon we meditate,
And what we do partake of good advice,
That we employ for to concern the same.
To this intent, these nobles and myself,
That are, or should be, eyes of commonweal,
Seeing his highness' reckless course of youth,
His lawless and unbridled vein in love,
His too intentive trust to flatterers,
His abject care of counsel and his friends,
Cannot but grieve; and since we cannot draw
His eye or judgment to discern his faults,
Since we have spoke† and counsel is not heard,
I, for my part,—let others as they list,—
Will leave the court, and leave him to his will,
Lest with a ruthful eye I should behold
His overthrow, which, sore I fear, is nigh. [love,

Q. Dor. Ah father, are you so estrang'd from
From due allegiance to your prince and land,
To leave your king when most he needs your
The thrifty husbandmen are never wont, [help?
That see their lands unfruitful, to forsake them;
But when the mould is barren and unapt,
They toil, they plough, and make the fallow fat:
The pilot in the dangerous seas is known;
In calmer waves the silly sailor strives.
Are you not members, lords, of commonweal,
And can your head, your dear anointed king,
Default, ye lords, except yourselves do fail?
O, stay your steps, return, and counsel him!

Doug. Men seek not moss upon a rolling stone,
Or water from the sieve, or fire from ice,
Or comfort from a reckless monarch's hands.
Madam, he sets us light that serv'd in court,
In place of credit, in his father's days:
If we but enter presence of his grace,
Our payment is a frown, a scoff, a frump;‡
Whilst flattering Gnatho § pranks it by his side,
Soothing the careless king in his misdeeds:
And if your grace consider your estate,
His life should urge you too, if all be true.

Q. Dor. Why, Douglas, why?

Doug. As if you have not heard
His lawless love to Ida grown of late,
His careless estimate of your estate.

Q. Dor. Ah Douglas, thou misconstru'st* his intent!
He doth but tempt his wife, he tries my love:
This injury pertains to me, not you.†
The king is young; and if he step awry,
He may amend, and I will love him still.
Should we disdain our vines because they sprout
Before their time? or young men, if they strain
Beyond their reach? No; vines that bloom and spread
Do promise fruits, and young men that are wild
In age grow wise. My friends and Scottish peers,
If that an English princess may prevail,
Stay, stay with him: lo, how my zealous prayer
Is plead with tears! fie, peers, will you hence?

Bp. of St. And. Madam, 'tis virtue in your grace to plead;
But we, that see his vain untoward course,
Cannot but fly the fire before it burn,
And shun the court before we see his fall.

Q. Dor. Will you not stay? then, lordings, fare you well.
Though you forsake your king, the heavens, I hope,
Will favour him through mine incessant prayer.

Nano. Content you, madam; thus old Ovid sings,
'Tis foolish to bewail recureless‡ things.

Q. Dor. Peace, dwarf;§ these words my patience move.

Nano. Although you charm my speech, charm not my love.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* NANO.

Enter the KING OF SCOTS; *the* Nobles ||, *spying him as they are about to go off, return.*

K. of Scots. Douglas, how now! why changest thou thy cheer?

---

* *our fortunes*] Mr. Collier's conjecture, Introd. to the *Tempest*, p. 11, *Shakespeare*, ed. 1858.—The 4to. "importunes."

† *spoke*] The 4to. "spake."

‡ *frump*] i. e. flout.

§ *Gnatho*] i. e. Atcukin:—our author appears to have wavered between these two names; see *post.* (*Gnatho* is the parasite in the *Eunuchus* of Terence.)

* *misconstru'st*] The 4to. "misconstrest",—our early authors frequently writing *conster* and *misconster:* but they are seldom consistent, writing in other places *construe* and *misconstrue;* compare, in the present play, p. 189, sec. col.

"Thy virtues shall be *construèd* to vice";

and, in *Pandosto*, as cited in the *Account of Greene and his Writings*, p. 41, "He then began to measure all their actions, and to *misconstrue* of their too priuate familiaritie," &c.

† *not you*] The 4to. "*not* to *you.*"

‡ *recureless*] i.e. irrecoverable.

§ *dwarf*] An epithet belonging to this word would seem to have dropt out.

|| *Enter the King of Scots; the Nobles*, &c.] The 4to. "*Enter the King of Scots.* Arius, *the nobles spying him, returnes.*"

Doug. My private troubles are so great, my liege,
As I must crave your license for a while,
For to intend mine own affairs at home.
K. of Scots. You may depart. [*Exit* DOUGLAS.
But why is Morton sad?
Mor. The like occasion doth import me too,
So I desire your grace to give me leave.
K. of Scots. Well, sir, you may betake you to your ease. [*Exit* MORTON.
[*Aside.*] When such grim sirs are gone, I see no let
To work my will.
*Bp. of St. And.** What, like the eagle, then,
With often flight wilt thou thy feathers lose?
O king, canst thou endure to see thy court
Of finest wits and judgments dispossess'd,
Whilst cloaking craft with soothing climbs so high
As each bewails ambition is so bad?
Thy father left thee with estate and crown,
A learnèd council to direct thy course†:
These carelessly, O king, thou castest off
To entertain a train of sycophants.
Thou well mayst see, although thou wilt not see,
That every eye and ear both sees and hears
The certain signs of thine incontinence.
Thou art allied unto the English king
By marriage; a happy friend indeed,
If usèd well, if not, a mighty foe.
Thinketh your grace, he can endure and brook
To have a partner in his daughter's love?
Thinketh your grace, the grudge of privy wrongs
Will not procure him change his smiles to threats?
O, be not blind to good! call home your lords,
Displace these flattering Gnathoes, drive them hence;
Love and with kindness take your wedlock wife;
Or else, which God forbid, I fear a change:
Sin cannot thrive in courts without a plague.
K. of Scots. Go pack thou too, unless thou mend thy talk:
On pain of death, proud bishop, get you gone,
Unless you headless mean to hop away.
Bp. of St And.‡ Thou God of heaven prevent my country's fall! [*Exit with other* Nobles.
K. of Scots. These stays and lets to pleasure plague my thoughts,
Forcing my grievous wounds anew to bleed:
But care that hath transported me so far,
Fair Ida, is dispers'd in thought of thee,
Whose answer yields me life or breeds my death.
Yond comes the messenger of weal or woe.

Enter ATEUKIN.*

Ateukin, what news?
Ateu. The adamant, O king, will not be fil'd
But by itself, and beauty that exceeds
By some exceeding favour must be wrought.
Ida is coy as yet, and doth repine,
Objecting marriage, honour, fear, and death:
She's holy-wise and too precise for me.
K. of Scots. Are these thy fruits of wit,† thy sight in art,
Thine eloquence, thy policy, thy drift,—
To mock thy prince? Then, caitiff, pack thee hence,
And let me die devourèd in my love.
Ateu. Good Lord, how rage gainsayeth reason's power!
My dear, my gracious, and belovèd prince,
The essence of my soul‡, my god on earth,
Sit down and rest yourself: appease your wrath,
Lest with a frown ye wound me to the death.
O, that I were included in my grave,
That either now, to save my prince's life,
Must counsel cruelty, or lose my king!
K. of Scots. Why, sirrah, is there means to move her mind?
Ateu. O, should I not offend my royal liege,—
K. of Scots. Tell all, spare naught, so I may gain my love.
Ateu. Alas, my soul, why art thou torn in twain,
For fear thou talk a thing that should displease!
K. of Scots. Tut, speak whatso thou wilt, I pardon thee.
Ateu. How kind a word, how courteous is his grace!
Who would not die to succour such a king?
My liege, this lovely maid of modest mind
Could well incline to love, but that she fears
Fair Dorothea's power: your grace doth know,
Your wedlock is a mighty let to love.
Were Ida sure to be your wedded wife, [mand:
That then the twig would bow you might com-
Ladies love presents, pomp, and high estate.
K. of Scots. Ah Ateukin, how should we displace § this let?
Ateu. Tut, mighty prince,—O, that I might be whist! ‖

---

* *Bp. of St. And.*] The 4to. "8. Atten."; but it is plain, from the King's reply, that the Bishop of St. Andrews is the speaker.

† *course*] The 4to. "court."

‡ *Bp. of St. And.*] The 4to. "8. Atten."

* *Ateukin*] The 4to. "Gnato." See note §, p. 200, first col.

† *wit*] The 4to. "wits."

‡ *soul*] The 4to. "sute."—Corrected by Mr. Collier, Introd. to *The Tempest*, p. 11, *Shakespeare*, ed. 1858.

§ *displace*] The 4to. "display."

‖ *whist*] i. e. silent.

K. of Scots. Why dalliest thou?
Ateu. I will not move my prince;
I will prefer his safety 'fore my life.
Hear me, O king! 'tis Dorothea's death
Must do you good.
K. of Scots. What, murder of my queen!
Yet, to enjoy my love, what is my queen?
O, but my vow and promise to my queen!
Ay, but my hope to gain a fairer queen:
With how contrarious thoughts am I withdrawn!
Why linger I twixt hope and doubtful fear?
If Dorothea die, will Ida love?
Ateu. She will, my lord.
K. of Scots. Then let her die: devise, advise the means;
All likes me well that lends me hope in love.
Ateu. What, will your grace consent? then let me work.
There's here in court a Frenchman, Jaques call'd,
A fit performer of our enterprise,
Whom I by gifts and promise will corrupt
To slay the queen, so that your grace will seal
A warrant for the man, to save his life.
K. of Scots. Naught shall he want; write thou, and I will sign:
And, gentle Gnatho,* if my Ida yield,
Thou shalt have what thou wilt; I'll give thee straight
A barony, an earldom for reward.
Ateu. Frolic, young king, the lass shall be your own:
I'll make her blithe and wanton by my wit.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BOHAN *with* OBERON.

Boh. So, Oberon, now it begius* to work in kind.
The ancient lords by leaving him alone,†
Disliking of his humours and despite,‡
Let him run headlong, till his flatterers,
Soliciting § his thoughts of lawless ‖ lust
With vile persuasions and alluring words,
Make him make way by murder to his will.
Judge, fairy king, hast heard a greater ill?
Ober. Nor seen ¶ more virtue in a country maid.
I tell thee, Bohan, it doth make me sorry,**
To think the deeds the king means to perform.
Boh. To change that humour, stand and see the rest:
I trow my son Slipper will show 's a jest.

Enter SLIPPER *with a companion*, boy *or* wench, *dancing a hornpipe, and dance out again.*

Now after this beguiling of our thoughts,
And changing them from sad to better glee,
Let's to our cell, and sit and see the rest,
For, I believe, this jig will prove no jest.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter SLIPPER *one way, and* SIR BARTRAM *another way.*

Sir Bar. Ho, fellow! stay, and let me speak with thee.

Slip. Fellow! friend, thou dost abuse† me; I am a gentleman.

Sir Bar. A gentleman! how so?

Slip. Why, I rub horses, sir.

Sir Bar. And what of that?

Slip. O simple-witted! mark my reason. They that do good service in the commonweal are gentlemen; but such as rub horses do good service in the commonweal, ergo, tarbox, master courtier, a horse-keeper is a gentleman.

Sir Bar. Here is overmuch wit, in good earnest. But, sirrah, where is thy master?

Slip. Neither above ground nor under ground, drawing out red into white, swallowing that down without chawing that was never made without treading.

Sir Bar. Why, where is he, then?

Slip. Why, in his cellar, drinking a cup of neat and brisk claret in a bowl of silver. O, sir, the wine runs trillill down his throat, which cost the

---

* *Gnatho*] See note §, p. 200, first col.
† *abuse*] The 4to. "disbuse."

* *begins*] Qy. "gins"?
† *alone*] The 4to. "aliue."
‡ *despite*] The 4to. "respight."
§ *Soliciting*] The excellent correction of Walker, *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c., ii. 349: "read", he says, "*Soliciting* (in the old Latin sense, as frequent in the writers of that age)."—The 4to. "Sweeting;" which Mr. Collier (Preface to *Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, &c., p. cxvi.) "has no doubt" is a misprint for "*Suiting.*"
‖ *lawless*] Mr. Collier's correction, *ubi supra.*—The 4to. "luckiesse."
¶ *seen*] The 4to. "send."
** *sorry*] The 4to. "merie."

poor vintner many a stamp before it was made. But I must hence, sir, I have haste.

Sir Bar. Why, whither now, I prithee?

Slip. Faith, sir, to Sir Silvester, a knight, hard by, upon my master's errand, whom I must certify this, that the lease of East Spring shall be confirmed: and therefore must I bid him provide trash, for my master is no friend without money.

Sir Bar. [*aside.*] This is the thing for which I su'd so long,
This is the lease which I, by Gnatho's* means,
Sought to possess by patent from the king;
But he, injurious man, who lives by crafts,
And sells king's favours for who will give most,
Hath taken bribes of me, yet covertly
Will sell away the thing pertains to me:
But I have found a present help, I hope,
For to prevent his purpose and deceit.—
Stay, gentle friend.

Slip. A good word; thou hast won me: this word is like a warm caudle† to a cold stomach.

Sir Bar. Sirrah, wilt thou, for money and reward,
Convey me certain letters, out of hand,
From out thy master's pocket?

Slip. Will I, sir? why, were it to rob my father, hang my mother, or any such like trifles, I am at your commandment, sir. What will you give me, sir?

Sir Bar. A hundred pounds.

Slip. I am your man: give me earnest. I am dead at a pocket, sir; why, I am a lifter, master, by my occupation.

Sir Bar. A lifter! what is that?

Slip. Why, sir, I can lift a pot as well as any man, and pick a purse as soon as any thief in my country.

Sir Bar. Why, fellow, hold; here is earnest, ten pound to assure thee. [*Gives money.*] Go, despatch, and bring it me to yonder tavern thou seest; and assure thyself, thou shalt both have thy skin full of wine and the rest of thy money.

Slip. I will, sir.—Now room for a gentleman, my masters! who gives me money for a fair new angel, a trim new angel? [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Enter ANDREW *and* Purveyor.

Pur. Sirrah, I must needs have your master's horses: the king cannot be unserved.

And. Sirrah, you must needs go without them, because my master must be served.

Pur. Why, I am the king's purveyor, and I tell thee I will have them.

And. I am Ateukin's servant, Signior Andrew, and I say, thou shalt not have them,

Pur. Here's my ticket, deny it if thou darest.

And. There is the stable, fetch them out if thou darest.

Pur. Sirrah, sirrah, tame your tongue, lest I make you.

And. Sirrah, sirrah, hold your hand, lest I bum* you.

Pur. I tell thee, thy master's geldings are good, and therefore fit for the king.

And. I tell thee, my master's horses have galled backs, and therefore cannot fit the king. Purveyor, purveyor, purvey thee of more wit: darest thou presume to wrong my Lord Ateukin, being the chiefest man in court?

Pur. The more unhappy commonweal where flatterers are chief in court.

And. What sayest thou?

Pur. I say thou art too presumptuous, and the officers shall school thee.

And. A fig for them and thee, purveyor! they seek a knot in a ring that would wrong my master or his servants in this court.

Enter JAQUES.

Pur. The world is at a wise pass when nobility is afraid of a flatterer.

Jaq. Sirrah, what be you that parley *contre* Monsieur my Lord Ateukin? *en bonne foi*, prate you against Sir *Altesse*, me maka your *tête* to leap from your shoulders, *par ma foi c'y ferai-je.*

And. O, signior captain, you show yourself a forward and friendly gentleman in my master's behalf: I will cause him to thank you.

Jaq. Poltron, speak me one parola against my *bon gentilhomme*, I shall estramp your guts, and thump your backa, that you *no point* manage this ten ours.

Pur. Sirrah, come open me the stable, and let me have the horses:—and, fellow, for all your French brags, I will do my duty.

And. I'll make garters of thy guts, thou villain, if thou enter this office.

Jaq. Mort Dieu, take me that cappa *pour votre labeur:* be gone, villain, in the *mort.* [*Exit.*

Pur. What, will you resist me, then? well, the council, fellow, shall know of your insolency.

* *Gnatho's*] See note §, p. 200, first col.
† *caudle*] The 4to. "candle."

* *bum*] i. e. strike, beat.

And. Tell them what thou wilt, and eat that I can best spare from my back-parts, and get you gone with a vengeance. [*Exit* Purveyor.

Enter ATEUKIN.*

Ateu. Andrew.

And. Sir?

Ateu. Where be my writings I put in my pocket last night?

And. Which, sir? your annotations upon Machiavel?

Ateu. No, sir; the letters-patents† for East Spring.

And. Why, sir, you talk wonders to me, if you ask that question.

Ateu. Yea, sir, and will work wonders too with‡ you, unless you find them out: villain, search me them out, and bring them me, or thou art but dead.

And. A terrible word in the latter end of a sessions. Master, were you in your right wits yesternight?

Ateu. Dost thou doubt it?

And. Ay, and why not, sir? for the greatest clerks are not the wisest, and a fool may dance in a hood, as well as a wise man in a bare frock: besides, such as give themselves to philautia,§ as you do, master, are so choleric of complexion that that which they burn in fire over night they seek for with fury the next morning. Ah, I take care of your worship! this commonweal should have a great loss of so good a member as you are.

Ateu. Thou flatterest me.

And. Is it flattery in me, sir, to speak you fair? what is it, then, in you to dally with the king?

Ateu. Are you prating, knave? I will teach you better nurture. Is this the care you have of my wardrobe, of my accounts, and matters of trust?

And. Why, alas, sir, in times past your garments have been so well inhabited as your tenants would give no place to a moth to mangle them; but since you are grown greater, and your garments more fine and gay, if your garments are not fit for hospitality, blame your pride and commend my cleanliness: as for your writings, I am not for them, nor they for me.

Ateu. Villain, go fly, find them out: if thou losest them, thou losest my credit.

And. Alas, sir, can I lose that you never had?

Ateu. Say you so? then hold, feel you that you never felt. [*Beats him.*

Re-enter JAQUES.

Jaq. O monsieur, ayez patience; pardon your *pauvre valet:* me be at your commandment.

Ateu. Signior Jaques, well met; you shall command me.—Sirrah, go cause my writings be proclaimed in the market-place; promise a great reward to them that find them: look where I supped and everywhere.

And. I will, sir.—Now are two knaves well met, and three well parted: if you conceive mine enigma, gentlemen,* what shall I be, then? faith, a plain harp-shilling.† [*Exit.*

Ateu. Sieur Jaques, this our happy meeting hinders‡
Your friends and me of care and grievous toil;
For I that look into deserts of men,
And see among the soldiers in this court
A noble forward mind, and judge thereof,
Cannot but seek the means to raise them up
Who merit credit in the commonweal.
To this intent, friend Jaques, I have found
A means to make you great, and well-esteem'd
Both with the king and with the best in court;
For I espy in you a valiant mind,
Which makes me love, admire, and honour you.
To this intent, if so your trust, and faith,
Your secrecy be equal with your force,
I will impart a service to thyself,
Which if thou dost effect, the king, myself,
And what or he, and I with him, can work,
Shall be employ'd in what thou wilt desire.

Jaq. Me sweara by my ten bones, my signior, to be loyal to your lordship's intents, affairs:

* *Ateukin*] The 4to. "Gnato." See note §, p. 200, first col.

† *letters-patents*] See note *, p. 198, first col.

‡ *with*] The 4to. "which."

§ *philautia*] i. e. φιλαυτία, self-love.—The 4to. "Plulantia."—Corrected by Mr. Collier, Preface to *Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, p. cxvii.

* *gentlemen*] So, again, in the next act, the same speaker, *when alone on the stage*, says, "is not this a wily accord, *gentlemen?*" nor would it be difficult to cite passages from various early dramas, in which, with similar impropriety, the audience is addressed.

† *harp-shilling*] So called from having a *harp* on it, was coined for the use of Ireland, and was not worth more than nine-pence English money:

"Lyke to an other Orpheus can she play
Vpon her *treble harpe*, whose siluer sound
Inchaunts the eare, and steales the hart away;
Nor hardly can deceit therein be found.
Although such musique some a shilling cost,
Yet is it worth but *nine-pence* at the most."

Barnfield's *Encomion of the Lady Pecunia*, 1598, Sig. C 2.

‡ *hinders*] The 4to. "hides."

yea, my *monseigneur, que non ferai-je pour* your pleasure? * By my sworda, me be no *babillard.*†

Ateu. Then hoping on thy truth, I prithee see
How kind Ateukin is to forward thee.‡
Hold, [*giving money*] take this earnest-penny of my love,
And mark my words; the king, by me, requires
No slender service, Jaques, at thy hands.
Thou must by privy practice make away
The queen, fair Dorothea, as she sleeps,
Or how thou wilt, so she be done to death:
Thou shalt not want promotion here in court.

Jaq. Stabba the womau! *par ma foi, monseigneur,* me thrusta my weapon into her belly, so me may be guard *par le roi.* Me de your service: but me no be hanged *pour* my labour?

Ateu. Thou shalt have warrant, Jaques, from the king:
None shall outface, gainsay, and wrong my friend.
Do not I love thee, Jaques? fear not, then:
I tell thee, whoso toucheth thee in aught
Shall injure me: I love, I tender thee:
Thou art a subject fit to serve his grace.
Jaques, I had a written warrant once,
But that by great misfortuue late is lost.
Come, wend we to Saint Andrews, where his grace
Is now in progress, where he shall assure
Thy safety, and confirm thee to the act.

Jaq. We will attend your nobleness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter QUEEN DOROTHEA, SIR BARTRAM, NANO, ROSS, Ladies, Attendants.

Q. Dor. Thy credit, Bartram, in the Scottish court,
Thy reverend years, the strictness of thy vows,
All these are means sufficient to persuade;
But love, the faithful link of loyal hearts,
That hath possession of my constant mind,
Exiles all dread, subdueth vain suspect.
Methinks no craft should harbour in that breast
Where majesty and virtue are install'd:
Methink[s] my beauty should not cause my death.

Sir Bar. How gladly, sovereign princess, would I err,
And bind * my shame to save your royal life!
'Tis princely in yourself to think the best,
To hope his grace is guiltless of this crime:
But if in due prevention you default,
How blind are you that were forewarn'd before!

Q. Dor. Suspicion without cause deserveth blame.

Sir Bar. Who see, and shun not, harms, deserve the same.
Behold the tenor of this traitorous plot.
[*Gives warrant.*

Q. Dor. What should I read? perhaps he wrote it not. [sign,

Sir Bar. Here is his warrant, under seal and
To Jaques, born in France, to murder you.

Q. Dor. Ah careless king, would God this were not thine!
What though I read? ah, should I think it true?

Ross. The hand and seal confirm the deed is his.

Q. Dor. What know I though, if now he thinketh this?

Nano. Madam, Lucretius saith that to repent
Is childish, wisdom to prevent.

Q. Dor. What tho? †

Nano. Then cease your tears that have dismay'd you,
And cross the foe before he have betray'd you.

Sir Bar. What need these‡ long suggestions in this cause,
When every circumstance confirmeth truth?
First, let the hidden mercy from above
Confirm your grace, since by a wondrous meaus
The practice of your dangers came to light:
Next, let the tokens of approvèd truth
Govern and stay your thoughts too much seduc'd,
And mark the sooth and listen the intent.
Your highness knows, and these my noble lords
Can witness this, that whilst your husband's sire
In happy peace possess'd the Scottish crown,
I was his sworn attendant here in court;
In dangerous fight I never fail'd my lord,
And since his death, and this your husband's reign,
No labour, duty, have I left undone,
To testify my zeal unto the crown.
But now my limbs are weak, mine eyes are dim,
Mine age unwieldy and unmeet for toil,
I came to court, in hope, for service past,
To gain some lease to keep me, being old.
There found I all was upsy-turvy turn'd,
My friends displac'd, the nobles loth to crave:
Then sought I to the minion of the king,

* *yea, my monseigneur, que non ferai-je pour your pleasure?*] The 4to. "*ye my monsignieur, qui non fera* ie *pour.* Yea *pleasure?*"

† *babillard*] The 4to. "babie Lords."

‡ *thee*] The 4to. "mee."

* *bind*] Qy. "find"?

† *tho*] i. e. then (as before, p. 198, sec. col.).

‡ *need these*] The 4to. "needes this."

Ateukin, who, allurèd by a bribe,
Assur'd me of the lease for which I sought.
But see the craft! when he had got the grant,
He wrought to sell it to Sir Silvester,
In hope of greater earnings from his hands.
In brief, I learn'd his craft, and wrought the [means,
By one his needy servant * for reward,
To steal from out his pocket all the briefs;
Which he perform'd, and with reward resign'd.
Them when I read,—now mark the power of God,—
I found this warrant seal'd among the rest,
To kill your grace, whom God long keep alive!
Thus, in effect, by wonder are you sav'd:
Trifle not, then, but seek a speedy flight;
God will conduct your steps and shield the right.

Q. Dor. What should I do? ah poor unhappy queen,
Born to endure what fortune can contain!
Alas, the deed is too apparent now!
But, O mine eyes, were you as bent to hide
As my poor heart is forward to forgive,
Ah cruel king, my love would thee acquit!
O, what avails to be allied and match'd
With high estates, that marry but in show!
Were I baser† born, my mean estate
Could warrant me from this impendent harm:
But to be great and happy, these are twain.
Ah Ross, what shall I do? how shall I work?

Ross. With speedy letters to your father send,
Who will revenge you and defend your right.

Q. Dor. As if they kill not me, who with him fight!
As if his breast be touch'd, I am not wounded!
As if he wail'd, my joys were not confounded!
We are one heart, though rent by hate in twain;
One soul, one essence doth our weal contain:
What, then, can conquer him, that kills not me?

Ross. If this advice displease, then, madam, flee.

Q. Dor. Where may I wend or travel without fear?

Nano. Where not, in changing this attire you wear?

Q. Dor. What, shall I clad‡ me like a country maid?

Nano. The policy is base, I am afraid.

Q. Dor. Why, Nano?

Nano. Ask you why? What, may a queen
March forth in homely weed, and be not seen?
The rose, although in thorny shrubs she spread,
Is still the rose, her beauties wax not dead;
And noble minds, although the coat be bare,
Are by their semblance known, how great they are.

Sir Bar. The dwarf saith true.

Q. Dor. What garments lik'st thou, than?*

Nano. Such as may make you seem a proper man.

Q. Dor. He makes me blush and smile, though I am sad.

Nano. The meanest coat for safety is not bad.

Q. Dor. What, shall I jet† in breeches like a squire?
Alas, poor dwarf, thy mistress is unmeet! ‡

Nano. Tut, go me thus, your cloak before your face,
Your sword uprear'd with quaint and comely grace:
If any come and question what you be,
Say you, "A man," and call for witness me.

Q. Dor. What should I wear a sword, to what intent?

Nano. Madam, for show; it is an ornament:
If any wrong you, draw: a shining blade
Withdraws a coward thief that would invade.

Q. Dor. But if I strike, and he should strike again,
What should I do? I fear I should be slain.

Nano. No, take it single on your dagger so:
I'll teach you, madam, how to ward a blow.

Q. Dor. How little shapes much substance may include!—
Sir Bartram, Ross, ye ladies, and my friends,
Since presence yields me death, and absence life,
Hence will I fly disguisèd like a squire,
As one that seeks to live in Irish wars:
You, gentle Ross, shall furnish my depart.

Ross. Yea, prince, and die with you with all my heart:
Vouchsafe me, then, in all extremest states
To wait on you and serve you with my best.

Q. Dor. To me pertains the woe: live thou§ in rest.
Friends, fare you well: keep secret my depart:
Nano alone shall my attendant be.

Nano. Then, madam, are you mann'd, I warrant ye:
Give me a sword, and if there grow debate,
I'll come behind, and break your enemy's pate.

Ross. How sore we grieve to part so soon away!

---

* *servant*] The 4to. "seruants."

† *Were I baser*] Qy. "If *I* were *baser*", or (according to the phraseology of our author's time) "*Were I* more *baser*"?

‡ *clad*] i. e. clothe: see note †, p. 108, sec. col.

* *than*] A form of *then*: used here for the sake of the rhyme.

† *jet*] i. e. strut.

‡ *thy misstress is unmeet*] Corrupted. This line ought to rhyme with the preceding one.

§ *thou*] The 4to. "then."

Q. Dor. Grieve not for those that perish if they stay.

Nano. The time in words mispent is little worth;
Madam, walk on, and let them bring us forth.

[*Exeunt.*

Chorus. Enter BOHAN.

Boh. So, these sad motions make the fairy sleep;
And sleep he shall in quiet and content:
For it would make a marble melt and weep,
To see these treasons 'gainst the innocent.
But since she scapes by flight to save her life,
The king may chance repent she was his wife.
The rest is ruthful; yet, to beguile the time,
'Tis interlac'd with merriment and rhyme. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

After a noise of horns and shoutings, enter certain Huntsmen (*if you please, singing*) *one way: another way* ATEUKIN *and* JAQUES.*

Ateu. Say, gentlemen, where may we find the king?

First Hunts. Even here at hand, on hunting;†
And at this hour he taken hath a stand,
To kill a deer.

Ateu. A pleasant work in hand.
Follow your sport, and we will seek his grace.

First Hunts. When such him seek, it is a woful case.

[*Exeunt* Huntsmen *one way*, ATEUKIN *and* JAQUES *another.*

SCENE II.

Enter the COUNTESS OF ARRAN, IDA, *and* EUSTACE.

Count. of A. Lord Eustace, as your youth and virtuous life
Deserve a far‡ more fair and richer wife,
So, since I am a mother, and do wit
What wedlock is and that which 'longs to it,
Before I mean my daughter to bestow,
'Twere meet that she and I your state did know.

Eust. Madam, if I consider Ida's worth,
I know my portion merits § none so fair,
And yet I hold in farm and yearly rent
A thousand pound, which may her state content.

Count. of A. But what estate, my lord, shall she possess?

Eust. All that is mine, grave countess, and no less.—
But, Ida, will you love?

Ida. I cannot hate.

Eust. But will you wed?

Ida. 'Tis Greek to me, my lord:
I'll wish you well, and thereon take my word.

Eust. Shall I some sign of favour, then, receive?

Ida. Ay, if her ladyship will give me leave.

Count. of A. Do what thou wilt.

Ida. Then, noble English peer,
Accept this ring, wherein my heart* is set,
A constant heart with burning flames be-fret,
But under-written this, *O morte dura:*
Hereon whenso you look with eyes pura,
The maid you fancy most will favour you.

Eust. I'll try this heart, in hope to find it true.

Enter certain Huntsmen *and* Ladies.

First Hunts. Widow Countess, well y-met;
Ever may thy joys be many;—
Gentle Ida, sair beset,†
Fair and wise, not fairer any;
Frolic huntsmen of the game
Will you well and give you greeting.

Ida. Thanks, good woodman, for the same,
And our sport, and merry meeting.

First Hunts. Unto thee we do present
Silver hart with arrow wounded.

Eust. [*aside.*] This doth shadow my lament,
Both [with] fear and love confounded.

First Lady. To the mother of the maid,
Fair as the lilies, red as roses,
Even so many goods are said,
As herself in heart supposes.

Count. of A. What are you, friends, that thus do wish us well?

First Hunts. Your neighbours nigh, that have on hunting been,
Who, understanding of your walking forth,
Prepar'd this train to entertain you with:
This Lady Douglas, this Sir Egmond is.

* *Jaques*] The 4to. adds "*Gnato;*" but *Gnatho* is only another name for Ateukin. See note §, p. 200, first col.

† *Even here at hand, on hunting*] A mutilated line.

‡ *far*] The 4to. "faire."

§ *portion merits*] The 4to. "portions merrit."

* *my heart*] "*Qu.* 'a *heart*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c. ii. 329.

† *sair beset*] So Walker, who adds, "*Scoticè, ut passim.*" *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c. ii. 293.—The 4to. "faire *beset*".

Count. of A. Welcome, ye ladies, and thousand thanks for this:
Come, enter you a homely widow's house,
And if mine entertainment please you, let us* feast.

First Hunts. A lovely lady never wants a guest.

[*Exeunt* Countess of Arran, Huntsmen, *and* Ladies.

Eust. Stay, gentle Ida, tell me what you deem,
What doth this hart,† this tender hart beseem?

Ida. Why not, my lord, since nature teacheth art
To senseless beasts to cure their grievous smart;
Dictamnum‡ serves to close the wound again.

Eust. What help for those that love?

Ida. Why, love again.

Eust. Were I the hart,——

Ida. Then I the herb would be:
You shall not die for help; come, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Andrew *and* Jaques.

Jaq. Mon dieu, what *malheur* be this! Me come a the chamber, Signior Andrew, *mon dieu;* taka my poniard *en ma main* to give the *estocade* to the damoisella: *par ma foi,* there was no person; *elle s'est en allée.*

And. The worse luck, Jaques: but because I am thy friend, I will advise thee somewhat towards the attainment of the gallows.

Jaq. Gallows! what be that?

And. Marry, sir, a place of great promotion, where thou shalt by one turn above ground rid the world of a knave, and make a goodly ensample for all bloody villains of thy profession.

Jaq. Que dites vous, Monsieur Andrew?

And. I say, Jaques, thou must keep this path, and hie thee; for the queen, as I am certified, is departed with her dwarf, apparelled like a squire. Overtake her, Frenchman, stab her: I'll promise thee, this doublet shall be happy.

Jaq. Pourquoi

And. It shall serve a jolly gentleman, Sir Dominus Monseigneur Hangman.

Jaq. C'est tout un; me will rama *pour la monnoie.*

[*Exit.*

And. Go, and the rot consume thee!—O, what a trim world is this! My master lives by cozening the king, I by flattering him; Slipper, my fellow, by stealing, and I by lying: is not this a wily accord, gentlemen*? This last night, our jolly horsekeeper, being well steeped in liquor, confessed to me the stealing of my master's writings and his great reward: now dare I not bewray him, lest he discover my knavery; but thus have I wrought. I understand he will pass this way, to provide him necessaries; but if I and my fellows fail not, we will teach him such a lesson as shall cost him a chief place on Penyless Bench for his labour. But yond he comes.

Enter Slipper, *with a* Tailor, *a* Shoemaker, *and a* Cutler.

Slip. Tailor.

Tai. Sir?

Slip. Let my doublet be white northern, five groats the yard: I tell thee, I will be brave.†

Tai. It shall, sir.

Slip. Now, sir, cut it me like the battlements of a custard, full of round holes: edge me the sleeves with Coventry blue, and let the linings be of tenpenny lockram.

Tai. Very good, sir.

Slip. Make it the amorous cut, a flap before.

Tai. And why so? that fashion is stale.

Slip. O, friend, thou art a simple fellow. I tell thee a flap is a great friend to a storrie,‡ it stands him instead of clean napery; and if a man's shirt be torn, it is a present penthouse to defend him from a clean huswife's scoff.

Tai. You say sooth, sir.

Slip. [*Giving money.*] Hold, take thy money; there is seven shillings for the doublet, and eight for the breeches: seven and eight; by'rlady,§ thirty-six is a fair deal of money.

Tai. Farewell, sir.

Slip. Nay, but stay, tailor.

Tai. Why, sir?

Slip. Forget not this special make,‖ let my

---

* *let us*] Qy. if an interpolation?

† *hart*] The 4to. "hast."—Is there not something wrong in the next speech?

‡ *Dictamnum*] Or *dictamnus*, is the herb *dittany*.

" Hic Venus, indigno nati conscissa dolore,
Dictamnum genetrix Cretæa carpit ab Ida,
Puberibus caulem foliis et flore comantem
Purpureo: *non illa feris incognita capris*
Gramina, cum tergo volucres hæsere sagittæ."

Virgil,—*Æn.* xii. 411.

Our author in one of his tracts says; "*The deare being strooken,* though neuer so deep, *feedeth on the hearb Dictamnum, and forthwith is healed.*" *Carde of Fancie,* Sig. E 4, ed. 1608. But in another tract, being at a loss for a simile, he tells us; "Weomen, poore soules, are like to *the harts* in Calabria, that *knowing Dictamnum to bee deadly, yet browse on it with greedinesse.*" *Neuer too late, Part First,* Sig. D 2, u. d.

* *gentlemen*] See note *, p. 204, sec. col.

† *brave*] i. e. fine.

‡ *storrie*] A word, if it be not a misprint, with which I am unacquainted.

§ *by'rlady*] i. e. by our Lady.

‖ *make*] The 4to. "mate."

back-parts be well lined, for there come many winter-storms from a windy belly, I tell thee. [*Exit* Tailor.] Shoemaker.

Shoe. Gentleman, what shoe will it please you to have?

Slip. A fine neat calves'-leather, my friend.

Shoe. O, sir, that is too thin, it will not last you.

Slip. I tell thee, it is my near kinsman, for I am Slipper, which hath his best grace in summer to be suited in Jack-ass' skins. Goodwife Calf* was my grandmother, and goodman Netherleather mine uncle; but my mother, good woman, alas, she was a Spaniard, and being well tanned and dressed by a goodfellow, an Englishman, is grown to some wealth: as when I have but my upper-parts clad in her husband's costly Spanish leather, I may be bold to kiss the fairest lady's foot in this country.

Shoe. You are of high birth, sir: but have you all your mother's marks on you?

Slip. Why, knave?

Shoe. Because if thou come of the blood of the Slippers, you should have a shoemaker's awl thrust through your ear.

Slip. [*Giving money.*] Take your earnest, friend, and be packing, and meddle not with my progenitors. [*Exit* Shoemaker.] Cutler.

Cut. Here, sir.

Slip. I must have a reaper and digger.†

Cut. A rapier and dagger, you mean, sir.

Slip. Thou sayest true: but it must have a very fair edge.

Cut. Why so, sir?

Slip. Because it may cut by himself, for truly, my friend, I am a man of peace, and wear weapons but for fashion.

Cut. Well, sir, give me earnest, I will fit you.

Slip. [*Giving money.*] Hold, take it: I betrust thee, friend; let me be well armed.

Cut. You shall. [*Exit.*

Slip. Now what remains? there's twenty crowns for a house, three crowns for household-stuff, sixpence to buy a constable's staff; nay, I will be the chief of my parish. There wants nothing but a wench, a cat, a dog, a wife, and a servant, to make an whole family. Shall I marry with Alice, Good-man Grimshawe's daughter? she is fair, but indeed her tongue is like clocks on Shrovetuesday, always out of temper. Shall I wed Sisley of the Whighton? O, no; she is like a frog in a parsley-bed; as skittish as an eel: if I seek to hamper her, she will horn me. But a wench must be had, Master Slipper; yea, and shall be, dear friend.

And. [*aside.*] I now will drive him from his contemplations.—O, my mates, come forward: the lamb is unpent, the fox shall prevail.

Enter three Antics, *who dance round, and take* SLIPPER *with them.*

Slip. I will, my friend[s], and I thank you heartily: pray, keep your courtesy: I am yours in the way of an hornpipe.—[*Aside.*] They are strangers, I see, they understand not my language: wee, wee.—* Nay, but, my friends, one hornpipe further, a refluence back, and two doubles forward: what, not one cross-point against Sundays? What, ho, sirrah, you gome,† you with the nose like an eagle, an you be a right Greek, one turn more.

[*Whilst they are dancing,* ANDREW *takes away* SLIPPER'S *money, and then he and the* Antics *depart.*

Thieves, thieves! I am robbed! thieves! Is this the knavery of fiddlers? Well, I will then bind the whole credit of their occupation on a bag-piper, and he for my money. But I will after, and teach them to caper in a halter, that have cozened me of my money. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter QUEEN DOROTHEA *in man's apparel, and* NANO.

Q. Dor. Ah Nano, I am weary of these weeds,
Weary to wield this weapon that I bear,
Weary of love from whom my woe proceeds,
Weary of toil, since I have lost my dear!
O weary life, where wanteth‡ no distress,
But every thought is paid with heaviness!

Nano. Too much of weary, madam: if you please,
Sit down, let weary die, and take your ease.

Q. Dor. How look I, Nano? like a man or no?

Nano. If not a man, yet like a manly shrow.§

Q. Dor. If any come and meet us on the way,
What should we do, if they enforce us stay?

* *Jack-ass' skins. Goodwife Calf,* &c.] Mr. Collier's conjecture (which I adopt with some hesitation), note on *Shakespeare,* ed. 1858, vol. v. p. 600.—The 4to. "lakus *skins, Guidwife* Clarke", &c.

† *a reaper and digger*] The 4to. "*a* Rapier *and* Dagger"; which I retained in my former edition with the remark, "from the Cutler's reply it seems that Slipper miscalled the weapons". I now give Mr. Collier's emendation, note on *Shakespeare,* ed. 1858, vol. v. p. 599.

* *wee, wee*] I know not what this means. (In the fifth scene of the present act the 4to. has "Wee" as the spelling of the Fr. "Oui.")

† *gome*] i. e. fellow.—The 4to. "gone."

‡ *wanteth*] The 4to. "wanted."

§ *shrow*] i. e. shrew.

Nano. Set cap a-huff, and challenge him the field:
Suppose the worst, the weak may fight to yield.
Q. Dor. The battle, Nano, in this troubled mind
Is far more fierce than ever we may find.
The body's * wounds by medicines may be eas'd,
But griefs of mind by salves are not appeas'd.
Nano. Say, madam, will you hear your Nano sing?
Q. Dor. Of woe, good boy, but of no other thing.
Nano. What, if I sing of fancy,† will it please?
Q. Dor. To such as hope success such notes breed ease.
Nano. What, if I sing, like Damon, to my sheep?
Q. Dor. Like Phillis, I will sit me down to weep.
Nano. Nay, since my songs afford such pleasure
I'll sit me down, and sing you none at all. [small,
Q. Dor. O, be not angry, Nano!
Nano. Nay, you loathe
To think on that which doth content us both.
Q. Dor. And ‡ how?
Nano. You scorn disport when you are weary,
And loathe my mirth, who live to make you merry.
Q. Dor. Danger and fear withdraw me from delight.
Nano. 'Tis virtue to contemn false fortune's spite.
Q. Dor. What should I do to please thee, friendly squire?
Nano. A smile a-day is all I will require;
And if you pay me well the smiles you owe me,
I'll kill this cursèd care, or else beshrow me.
Q. Dor. We are descried; O, Nano, we are dead!

Enter JAQUES, *his sword drawn.*

Nano. Tut, yet you walk, you are not dead indeed.
Draw me your sword, if he your way withstand,
And I will seek for rescue out of hand.§
Q. Dor. Run, Nano, run, prevent thy princess' death.
Nano. Fear not, I'll run all danger out of breath. [*Exit.*

Jaq. Ah, you calleta‖, you strumpet! ta Maitressa Doretie, *êtes vous surprise?* Come, say your paternoster, *car vous êtes morte, par ma foi.*
Q. Dor. Callet,‖ me strumpet! caitiff as thou art!
But even a princess born, who scorn thy threats:
Shall never Frenchman say, an English maid
Of threats of foreign force will be afraid.
Jaq. You no *dire votres prières? morbleu, mechante femme,* guarda your breasta there: me make you die on my Morglay.*
Q. Dor. God shield me, hapless princess and a wife,
And save my soul, although I lose my life!
[*They fight, and she is sore wounded.*
Ah, I am slain! some piteous power repay
This murderer's cursèd deed, that doth me slay!
Jaq. Elle est tout morte: me will ruu *pour* a wager, for fear me be *surpris* and *pendu* for my labour. *Bien, je m'en allerai au roi lui dire*† *mes affaires. Je serai un chevalier* for this day's travail. [*Exit.*

Re-enter NANO, *with* SIR CUTHBERT ANDERSON, *his sword drawn, and* Servants.

Sir Cuth. Where is this poor distressèd gentleman?
Nano. Here laid on ground, and wounded to the death.
Ah gentle heart, how are these beauteous looks
Dimm'd by the tyrant cruelties of death!
O weary soul, break thou from forth my breast,
And join thee with the soul I honour'd most!
Sir Cuth. Leave mourning, friend, the man is yet alive.
Some help me to convey him to my house:
There will I see him carefully recur'd,‡
And send [out] privy search to catch the murderer.
Nano. The God of heaven reward thee, courteous knight!
[*Exeunt, bearing out* DOROTHEA.

SCENE V.

Enter the KING OF SCOTS, JAQUES, ATEUKIN, ANDREW; JAQUES *running with his sword one way, the* King *with his train another way.*

K. of Scots. Stay, Jaques, fear not, sheath thy murdering blade:
Lo, here thy king and friends are come abroad

* *body's*] The 4to. has "bodies", and, in the next line, "mindes."
† *fancy*] i. e. love.
‡ *And*] Qy. "As"?
§ *And I will*, &c.] The 4to. gives this line to Dorothea.
‖ *calleta . . . callat*] i. e. drab, trull. — But qy. "Callest *me strumpet*," &c.?

* *Morglay*] The name of the sword of Sir Bevis of Southampton;
"And how fair Josian gave him Arundel his steed,
And *Morglay* his good sword."
Drayton's *Poly-Olbion, Song Second.*
† *lui dire*] The 4to. "auy cits."
‡ *recur'd*] i. e. recovered.

To save thee from the terrors of pursuit.
What, is she dead?

Jaq. Oui, Monsieur, elle est blessée par la tête over *les épaules:** I warrant, she no trouble you.

Ateu. O, then, my liege, how happy art thou grown,
How favour'd of the heavens, and blest by love!
Methinks I see fair Ida in thine arms,
Craving remission for her late contempt;†
Methink[s] I see her blushing steal a kiss,
Uniting both your souls by such a sweet,
And you, my king, suck nectar from her lips.
Why, then, delays your grace to gain the rest
You long desir'd? why lose we forward time?
Write, make me spokesman now, vow marriage:
If she deny you favour,‡ let me die.

And. Mighty and magnificent potentate, give credence to mine honourable good lord, for I heard the midwife swear at his nativity that the fairies gave him the property of the Thracian stone; for who toucheth it is exempted from grief, and he that heareth my master's counsel is already possessed of happiness; nay, which is more miraculous, as the nobleman in his infancy lay in his cradle, a swarm of bees laid honey on his lips in token of his eloquence, for *melle dulcior fluit oratio.*

Ateu. Your grace must bear with imperfections:
This is exceeding love that makes him speak.

K. of Scots. Ateukin, I am ravish'd in conceit,
And yet depress'd again with earnest thoughts.
Methinks, this murder soundeth in mine ear
A threatening noise of dire and sharp revenge:
I am incens'd with grief, yet fain would joy.
What may I do to end me of these doubts?

Ateu. Why, prince, it is no murder in a king,
To end another's life to save his own:
For you are not as common people be,
Who die and perish with a few men's§ tears;
But if you fail, the state doth whole default,
The realm is rent in twain in such a loss.
And Aristotle holdeth this for true,
Of evils needs‖ we must choose the least:
Then better were it that a woman died
Than all the help of Scotland should be blent.¶

'Tis policy, my liege, in every state,
To cut off members that disturb the head:
And* by corruption generation grows,
And contraries maintain the world and state.

K. of Scots. Enough, I am confirm'd. Ateukin, come,
Rid me of love, and rid me of my grief;
Drive thou the tyrant from this tainted breast,
Then may I triumph in the height of joy.
Go to mine Ida, tell her that I vow
To raise her head, and make her honours great:
Go to mine Ida, tell her that her hairs
Shall be embellishèd with orient pearls,
And crowns of sapphire,† compassing her brows,
Shall war‡ with those sweet beauties of her eyes:
Go to mine Ida, tell her that my soul
Shall keep her semblance closèd in my breast;
And I, in touching of her milkwhite mould,
Will think me deified in such a grace.
I like no stay; go write, and I will sign:
Reward me Jaques; give him store of crown[s].
And, Sirrah Andrew, scout thou here in court,
And bring me tidings, if thou canst perceive
The least intent of muttering in my train;
For either those that wrong thy lord or thee
Shall suffer death.

Ateu. How much, O mighty king,
Is thy Ateukin bound to honour thee!—
Bow thee, Andrew, bend thine sturdy knees;
Seest thou not here thine only God on earth?

[*Exit the* King.

Jaq. Mais ou est mon argent, seigneur?

Ateu. Come, follow me.—[*Aside.*] His grave, I see, is made,
That thus on sudden he hath left us here.—
Come, Jaques: we will have our packet soon despatch'd,
And you shall be my mate upon the way.

Jaq. Comme vous plaira, monsieur.

[*Exunt* ATEUKIN *and* JAQUES.

And. Was never such a world, I think, before,
When sinners seem to dance within a net:
The flatterer and the murderer, they grow big;
By hook or crook promotion now is sought.
In such a world, where men are so misled,
What should I do, but, as the proverb saith,
Run with the hare, and hunt with the hound?
To have two means besecms a witty man.
Now here in court I may aspire and climb
By subtlety, for§ my master's death:

---

* *par la tête, &c.*] I know not if this be what the author intended. The 4to. has "*per* lake *teste*, oues *les* espaules."

† *contempt*] The 4to. "attempt."

‡ *you favour*] The 4to. "your *favour*." (Compare the ninth line of p. 198, sec. col.)

§ *men's*] The 4to. "mans."

‖ *needs*] Qy. "needeth"?

¶ *blent*] See note ‡, p. 124, first col.

* *And*] Qy. "As"?

† *sapphire*] The 4to. "sapphires."

‡ *war*] The 4to. "weare."

§ *for*] Qy. "before"?

And if that fail, well fare another drift;
I will, in secret, certain letters send
Unto the English king, and let him know
The order of his daughter's overthrow,
That if my master crack his credit here,
As I am sure long flattery cannot hold,
I may have means within the English court
To scape the scourge that waits on bad advice.
[*Exit.*

Chorus. *Enter* BOHAN *and* OBERON.

Ober. Believe me, bonny Scot, these strange events
Are passing pleasing, may they end as well.
Boh. Else say that Bohan hath a barren skull,
If better motions yet than any past
Do not more glee to make the fairy greet.
But my small son made pretty handsome shift
To save the queen his mistress, by his speed.
Ober. Yea, and yon laddy, for the sport * he made,
Shall see, when least he hopes, I'll stand his friend,
Or else he capers in a halter's end.
Boh. What, hang my son! I trow not, Oberon:
I'll rather die than see him wobegone.

Enter a round, or some dance at pleasure.

Ober. Bohan, be pleas'd, for, do they what they will,
Here is my hand, I'll save thy son from ill.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter QUEEN DOROTHEA *in man's apparel and in a night-gown,* LADY ANDERSON, *and* NANO; *and* SIR CUTHBERT ANDERSON *behind.*

Lady An. My gentle friend, beware, in taking air,
Your walks grow not offensive to your wounds.
Q. Dor. Madam, I thank you of your courteous care:
My wounds are well-nigh clos'd, though sore they are.
Lady An. Methinks these closèd wounds should breed more grief,
Since open wounds have cure and find relief.
Q. Dor. Madam, if undiscover'd wounds you mean,
They are not cur'd, because they are not seen.
Lady An. I mean the wounds which do the heart subdue.
Nano. O, that is love: madam, speak I not true? [LADY ANDERSON *overhears.*
Lady An. Say it were true, what salve for such a sore?
Nano. Be wise, and shut such neighbours out of door.
Lady An. How if I cannot drive him from my breast?
Nano. Then chain him well, and let him do his best.
Sir Cuth. [*aside.*] In ripping up their wounds, I see their wit;
But if these wounds be cur'd, I sorrow it.
Q. Dor. Why are you so intentive to behold
My pale and woful looks, by care controll'd?
Lady An. Because in them a ready way is found
To cure my care and heal my hidden wound.
Nano. Good master, shut your eyes, keep that conceit;
Surgeons give coin to get a good receipt.
Q. Dor. Peace, wanton son: this lady did amend
My wounds; mine eyes her hidden grief shall end:
Look not too much, it is a weighty case.
Nano. Whereas a man puts on a maiden's face,
For many times, if ladies 'ware them not,
A nine months' wound with little work is got.
Sir Cuth. [*aside.*] I'll break off their dispute, lest love proceed
From covert smiles to perfect love indeed.
[*Comes forward.*
Nano. The cat's abroad, stir not, the mice be still.
Lady An. Tut, we can fly such cats, when so we will.
Sir Cuth. How fares my guest? take cheer, naught shall default,
That either doth concern your health or joy:
Use me, my house, and what is mine as † yours.
Q. Dor. Thanks, gentle knight; and if all hopes be true,
I hope ere long to do as much for you.

* *Yea, and yon laddy, for the sport,* &c.] The 4to. has "*Yea,* you Ladie *for* his *sport,*" &c.—Oberon alludes to Slipper. See p. 218, first col.

† *as*] The 4to. "is."

Sir Cuth. Your virtue doth acquit me of that doubt:
But, courteous sir, since troubles call me hence,
I must to Edinburgh, unto the king,
There to take charge and wait him in his wars.—
Meanwhile, good madam, take this squire in charge,
And use him so as if it were myself.

Lady An. Sir Cuthbert, doubt not of my diligence:
Meanwhile, till your return, God send you health.

Q. Dor. God bless his grace, and, if his cause be just,
Prosper his wars; if not, he'll mend, I trust.
Good sir, what moves the king to fall to arms?

Sir Cuth. The King of England forageth his land,
And hath besieg'd Dunbar * with mighty force.

Q. Dor. What other news † are common in the court?

Sir Cuth. [*giving letters to* LADY ANDERSON.] Read you these letters, madam; tell the squire
The whole affairs of state, for I must hence.

Q. Dor. God prosper you, and bring you back from thence!

[*Exit* SIR CUTHBERT ANDERSON.

Madam, what news?

Lady An. They say the queen is slain.

Q. Dor. Tut, such reports more false than truth contain.

Lady An. But these reports have made his nobles leave him.

Q. Dor. Ah, careless men, and would they so deceive him?

Lady An. The land is spoil'd, the commons fear the cross;
All cry against the king, their cause of loss:
The English king subdues and conquers all.

Q. Dor. Alas, this war grows great on causes small!

Lady An. Our court is desolate, our prince alone,
Still dreading death.

Q. Dor. Woes me, for him I moan!
Help, now help,‡ a sudden qualm
Assails my heart!

Nano. Good madam, stand his § friend:
Give us some liquor to refresh his § heart.

Lady An. Daw thou him up,* and I will fetch thee forth
Potions of comfort, to repress his pain. [*Exit.*

Nano. Fie, princess, faint on every fond † report!
How well-nigh had you open'd your estate!
Cover these sorrows with the veil of joy,
And hope the best; for why‡ this war will cause
A great repentance in your husband's mind.

Q. Dor. Ah, Nano, trees live not without their sap,
And Clytie cannot blush but on the sun;
The thirsty earth is broke with many a gap,
And lands are lean where rivers do not run:
Where soul is reft from that it loveth best,
How can it thrive or boast of quiet rest?
Thou know'st the prince's loss must be my death,
His grief, my grief; his mischief must be mine.
O, if thou love me, Nano, hie to court!
Tell Ross, tell Bartram, that I am alive;
Conceal thou yet the place of my abode:
Will them,§ even as they love their queen,
As they are chary of my soul and joy,
To guard the king, to serve him as my lord.
Haste thee, good Nano, for my husband's care
Consumeth me, and wounds me to the heart.

Nano. Madam, I go, yet loth to leave you here.

Q. Dor. Go thou with speed: even as thou hold'st me dear,
Return in haste. [*Exit* NANO.

Re-enter LADY ANDERSON *with broth.*

Lady An. Now, sir, what cheer? come taste this broth I bring.

Q. Dor. My grief is past, I feel no further sting.

Lady An. Where is your dwarf? why hath he left you, sir?

Q. Dor. For some affairs: he is not travell'd far.

Lady An. If so you please, come in and take your rest.

Q. Dor. Fear keeps awake a discontented breast.

[*Exeunt.*

---

* *Dunbar*] The 4to. "Dambac."

† *What other news*, &c.] The 4to. gives this line to Sir Cuthbert.

‡ *Help, now help*, &c.] Something is wanting here.

§ *his*] The 4to. "her",—the transcriber perhaps having orgot that Dorothea is disguised as a man.

* *Daw thou him up*]—*Daw*, i. e. revive, resuscitate.—The 4to. "*Daw thou* her *vp*;" and in the next line "her *paine*."

† *fond*] i. e. foolish, idle.

‡ *for why*] i. e. because.

§ *Will them*] Qy. "But *will them*", or "And *will them*" —*Will them*, i. e. Desire them.

SCENE II.

After a solemn service, enter, from the* Countess of Arran's *house, a band of* Revellers: *to them* Ateukin *and* Jaques.

Ateu. What means this triumph, friend? why are these feasts?

First Revel. Fair Ida, sir, was married yesterday
Unto Sir Eustace, and for that intent
We feast and sport it thus to honour them:
An if you please, come in and take your part;
My lady is no niggard of her cheer.

[*Exit with other* Revellers.

Jaq. Monseigneur, why be you so sadda? *faites bonne chere: foutre de ce monde!*

Ateu. What, was I born to be the scorn of kin?
To gather feathers like to a† hopper-crow,
And lose them in the height of all my pomp?
Accursèd man, now is my credit lost!
Where are my vows I made unto the king?
What shall become of me, if he shall hear
That I have caus'd him kill a virtuous queen,
And hope in vain for that which now is lost?
Where shall I hide my head? I know the heavens
Are just and will revenge; I know my sins
Exceed compare. Should I proceed in this,
This Eustace must amain ‡ be made away.
O, were I dead, how happy should I be!

Jaq. Est ce donc à tel point votre etat? faith, then, adieu, Scotland, adieu, Signior Ateukin: me will homa to France, and no be hanged in a strange country. [*Exit.*

Ateu. Thou dost me good to leave me thus alone,
That galling grief and I may yoke in one.
O, what are subtle means to climb on high,
When every fall swarms with exceeding shame?
I promis'd Ida's love unto the prince,
But she is lost, and I am false forsworn.
I practis'd Dorothea's hapless death,
And by this practice have commenc'd a war.
O cursèd race of men, that traffic guile,
And in the end themselves and kings beguile!
Asham'd to look upon my prince again,
Asham'd of my suggestions and advice,
Asham'd of life, asham'd that I have err'd,
I'll hide myself, expecting§ for my shame.
Thus God doth work with those that purchase fame
By flattery, and make their prince their game.‖

[*Exit.*

* *After a solemn service*, &c.] The 4to. "*After a solemne service, enter from the* widdowes *house* a seruice, musical songs of marriages, or a maske, or what prettie triumph you list, *to them, Ateukin and* Gnato."

† *a*] Qy. dele? ‡ *amain*] The 4to. "a man."

§ *expecting*] Qy. if the right word (in the sense of—waiting for)?

‖ *game*] The 4to. "gaine."

SCENE III.

Enter the King of England, Percy, Samles, *and others.*

*K. of Eng.** Thus far, ye† English peers, have we display'd
Our waving ensigns with a happy war;
Thus nearly hath our furious rage reveng'd
My daughter's death upon the traitorous Scot.
And now before Dunbar our camp is pitch'd;
Which, if it yield not to our compromise,
The plough‡ shall furrow where the palace stood,
And fury shall enjoy § so high a power
That mercy shall be banish'd from our swords.

Enter Douglas *and others on the walls.*

Doug. What seeks the English king?

K. of Eng. Scot, open those gates, and let me enter in:
Submit thyself and thine unto my grace,
Or I will put each mother's son to death,
And lay this city level with the ground.

Doug. For what offence, for what default or ours,
Art thou incens'd so sore against our state?
Can generous hearts in nature be so stern
To prey on those that never did offend?
What though the lion, king of brutish race,
Through outrage sin, shall lambs be therefore slain?
Or is it lawful that the humble die
Because the mighty do gainsay the right?
O English king, thou bearest in thy crest‖
The king of beasts, that harms not yielding ones:
The roseal cross is spread within thy field,
A sign of peace, not of revenging war.
Be gracious, then, unto this little town;
And, though we have withstood thee for a while
To show allegiance to our liefest liege,
Yet since we know no hope of any help,
Take us to mercy, for we yield ourselves.

K. of Eng. What, shall I enter, then, and be your lord?

* *K. of Eng.*] To the speeches of the King of England throughout this scene is prefixed "Arius".—"It is a singular circumstance," says Mr. Collier, "that the King of England, who forms one of the characters in this play, is called *Arius*, as if Greene at the time he wrote had some scruple in naming Henry viii., on account of the danger of giving offence to the Queen and court." *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 161. But it is only in the present scene that the King of England "is called *Arius*"; and in a stage-direction to an earlier scene (p. 200, sec. col.) the 4to. gives the name "*Arius*" when the King of England cannot be meant.

† *ye*] The 4to. "the."

‡ *plough*] The 4to. "place."

§ *enjoy*] The 4to. "enuy."

‖ *crest*] The 4to. "brest."

Doug. We will submit us to the English king.
[*They descend down, open the gates, and humble themselves.*
K. of Eng. Now life and death dependeth on my sword:
This hand now rear'd, my Douglas, if I list,
Could part thy head and shoulders both in twain;
But since I see thee wise and old in years,
True to thy king, and faithful in his wars,
Live thou and thine. Dunbar is too-too small
To give an entrance to the English king:
I, eagle-like, disdain these little fowls,
And look on none but those that dare resist.
Enter your town, as those that live by me:
For others that resist, kill, forage, spoil.
Mine English soldiers, as you love your king,
Revenge his daughter's death, and do me right.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter a Lawyer, *a* Merchant, *and a* Divine.

Law. My friends, what think you of this present state?
Were ever seen such changes in a time?
The manners and the fashions of this age
Are, like the ermine['s] skin, so full of spots,
As soone[r] may the Moor be washèd white
Than these corruptions banish'd from this realm.
Merch. What sees Mas Lawyer in this state amiss?
Law. A wresting power that makes a nose of wax
Of grounded law, a damn'd and subtle drift
In all estates to climb by others' loss,
An eager thirst * of wealth, forgetting truth:
Might I ascend unto the highest states,
And by descent discover every crime,
My friends, I should lament, and you would grieve
To see the hapless ruins of this realm.
Div. O lawyer, thou hast curious eyes to pry
Into the secret maims of their estate;
But if thy veil of error were unmask'd,
Thyself should see your sect do maim her most.
Are you not those that should maintain the peace,
Yet only are the patrons of our strife?
If your profession have his ground and spring
First from the laws of God, then country's right,
Not any ways inverting nature's power,
Why thrive you by contentions? why devise you
Clauses and subtle reasons to except?
Our state was first, before you grew so great,
A lantern to the world for unity:
Now they that are befriended and are rich
Oppress* the poor: come Homer without coin,
He is not heard. What shall we term this drift?
To say the poor man's cause is good and just,
And yet the rich man gains the best in law.
It is your guise (the more the world laments)
To coin provisos to beguile your laws,
To make a gay pretext of due proceeding,
When you delay your common-pleas for years.
Mark what these dealings lately here have wrought:
The crafty men have purchas'd great men's lands;
They powl,† they pinch, their tenants are undone;
If these complain, by you they are undone;
You fleece them of their coin, their children beg,
And many want, because you may be rich:
This scar is mighty, Master Lawyer.‡
Now war§ hath gotten head within this land,
Mark but the guise. The poor man that is wrong'd
Is ready to rebel; he spoils, he pills;
We need no foes to forage that we have:
The law, say they, in peace consumèd us,
And now in war we will consume the law.
Look to this mischief, lawyers: conscience knows
You live amiss; amend it, lest you end.
Law. Good Lord, that these‖ divines should see so far
In others' faults, without amending theirs!
Sir, sir, the general defaults in state
(If you would read before you did correct)
Are, by a hidden working from above,
By their successive changes still remov'd.¶
Were not the law by contraries maintain'd,
How could the truth from falsehood be discern'd?
Did we not taste the bitterness of war,
How could we know the sweet effects of peace?
Did we not feel the nipping winter-frosts,
How should we know the sweetness of the spring?
Should all things still remain in one estate,
Should not in greatest arts some scars be found,
Were all upright nor** chang'd, what world were this?
A chaos, made of quiet, yet no world,
Because the parts thereof did still accord:

* *thirst*] The 4to. "thrift."

* *Oppress*] The 4to. "Or presse."
† *powl*] i. e. poll.
‡ *This scar is mighty, Master Lawyer*] Here "*Lawyer*" is a trisyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 177.
§ *war*] The 4to. "man."
‖ *these*] The 4to. "their."
¶ *remov'd*] The 4to. "remainde."
** *nor*] The 4to. "and."

This matter craves a variance, not a speech.
But, Sir Divine, to you: look on your maims,
Divisions, sects, your simonies, and bribes,
Your cloaking with the great for fear to fall,
You shall perceive you are the cause of all.
Did each man know there were a storm at hand,
Who would not clothe him well, to shun the wet?
Did prince and peer, the lawyer and the least,
Know what were sin without a partial gloss,
We'd need no long discoursing* then of crimes,
For each would mend, advis'd by holy men.
Thus [I] but slightly shadow out your sins;
But if they were depainted out for life,
Alas, we both had wounds enough to heal!

Merch. None of you both, I see, but are in fault;
Thus simple men, as I, do swallow flies.
This grave divine can tell us what to do;
But we may say, "Physician, mend thyself."
This lawyer hath a pregnant wit to talk;
But all are words, I see no deeds of worth.

Law. Good merchant, lay your fingers on your mouth;
Be not a blab, for fear you bite yourself.
What should I term your state, but even the way
To every ruin in this commonweal?
You bring us in the means of all excess,
You rate it and retail † it as you please;
You swear, forswear, and all to compass wealth;
Your money is your god, your hoard your heaven;
You are the ground-work of contention.
First heedless youth by you is over-reach'd;
We are corrupted by your many crowns:
The gentlemen, whose titles you have bought,
Lose all their fathers' toil within a day,
Whilst Hob your son, and Sib your nutbrown child,
Are gentlefolks, and gentles are beguil'd.
This makes so many noble minds‡ to stray,
And take sinister courses in the state.

Enter a Scout.

Scout. My friends, be gone, an if you love your lives;
The King of England marcheth here at hand:
Enter the camp, for fear you be surpris'd.

Div. Thanks, gentlo scout.—God mend that is amiss,
And place true zeal whereas § corruption is!
[*Exeunt.*

* *We'd need no long discoursing*] The 4to. "Wee *need no long* discouery."
† *retail*] The 4to. "retalde."
‡ *minds*] The 4to. "maides."
§ *whereas*] i. e. where.

SCENE V.

Enter QUEEN DOROTHEA *in man's apparel*, LADY ANDERSON, *and* NANO.

Q. Dor. What news in court, Nano? let us know it.

Nano. If so you please, my lord, I straight will show it:
The English King hath all the borders spoil'd,
Hath taken Morton prisoner, and hath slain
Seven thousand Scottish lads* not far from Tweed.

Q. Dor. A woful murder and a bloody deed!

Nano. The king,† our liege, hath sought by many means
For to appease his enemy by prayers:
Naught will prevail unless he can restore
Fair Dorothea, long supposèd dead:
To this intent he hath proclaimèd late,
That whosoe'er return the queen to court
Shall have a thousand marks for his reward.

Lady An. He loves her, then, I see, although enforc'd,
That would bestow such gifts for to regain her.
Why sit you sad, good sir? be not dismay'd.

Nano. I'll lay my life, this man would be a maid.

Q. Dor. [*aside.*] Fain would I show myself, and change my tire.

Lady An. Whereon divine you, sir?

Nano. Upon desire.
Madam, mark but my skill, I'll lay my life,
My master here will prove a married wife.

Q. Dor. [*aside to* N.] Wilt thou bewray me, Nano?

Nano. [*aside to* Q. D.] Madam, no:
You are a man, and like a man you go:
But I that am in speculation seen ‡
Know you would change your state and be a queen.

Q. Dor. [*aside to* N.] Thou art not, dwarf, to learn thy mistress' mind:
Fain would I with § thyself disclose my kind,
But yet I blush.

Nano. [*aside to* Q. D.] What blush you, madam, than,‖
To be yourself, who are a feignèd man?
Let me alone.

Lady An. Deceitful beauty, hast thou scorn'd me so?

Nano. Nay, muse not, madam, for he¶ tells you true.

* *lads*] The 4to. "Lords." Corrected by Mr. Collier, Introd. to *The Tempest*, p. 11, *Shakespeare*, ed. 1858.
† *The king*] The 4to. "Thinking."
‡ *seen*] i. e. skilled.
§ *with*] Qy. "wish"?
‖ *than*] i. e. then. See note *, p. 206, sec. col.
¶ *madam, for he*] The 4to. "maiden, *for* she."—I hardly

Lady An. Beauty bred love, and love hath bred my shame.
Nano. And women's faces work more wrongs than these:
Take comfort, madam, to cure your* disease.
And yet he loves a man as well as you,
Only this difference, he† cannot fancy two.
Lady An. Blush, grieve, and die in thine insatiate lust.
Q. Dor. Nay, live, and joy that thou hast won a friend,
That loves thee as his life by good desert.
Lady An. I joy, my lord, more than my tongue can tell:
Though‡ not as I desir'd, I love you well.
But modesty, that never blush'd before,
Discover my false heart: I say no more.
Let me alone.
Q. Dor. Good Nano, stay awhile.
Were I not sad, how kindly could I smile,
To see how fain I am to leave this weed!
And yet I faint to show myself indeed:
But danger hates delay, I will be bold.—
Fair lady, I am not, [as you] suppose,
A man, but even that queen, more hapless I,
Whom Scottish King appointed hath to die;
I am the hapless princess for whose right
These kings in bloody wars revenge despite;
I am that Dorothea whom they seek,
Yours bounden for your kindness and relief;
And since you are the means that save my life,
Yourself and I will to the camp repair,
Whereas§ your husband shall enjoy reward,
And bring me to his highness once again.
Lady An. Pardon, most gracious princess, if you please,
My rude discourse and homely entertain;
And if my words may savour any worth,
Vouchsafe my counsel in this weighty cause:
Since that our liege hath so unkindly dealt,
Give him no trust, return unto your sire;
There may you safely live in spite of him.
Q. Dor. Ah lady, so would worldly counsel work;
But constancy, obedience, and my love,
In that my husband is my lord and chief,
These call me to compassion of his state: ||
Dissuade me not, for virtue will not change.
Lady An. What wondrous constancy is this I hear!
If English dames their husbands love so dear,
I fear me, in the world they have no peer.
Nano. Come, princess, wend, and let us change your weed:
I long to see you now a queen indeed. [*Exeunt.*

understand this; and perhaps the text here is somewhat mutilated: but it is evident that Lady Anderson has not yet learned the sex of her guest.

* *your*] The 4to. "our."
† *he*] The 4to. "she."
‡ *Though*] The 4to. "Alhough."
§ *Whereas*] i. e. Where.
|| *state*] The 4to. "estate."

SCENE VI.

Enter the KING OF SCOTS, *the* English Herald, *and* Lords.

K. of Scots. He would have parley, lords:—herald, say he shall,
And get thee gone: go, leave me to myself.
[*Exit* Herald.—*Lords retire.*
'Twixt love and fear continual are the wars;
The one assures me of my Ida's love,
The other moves me for my murder'd queen:
Thus find I grief of that whereon I joy,
And doubt in greatest hope, and death in weal.
Alas, what hell may be compar'd with mine,
Since in extremes my comforts do consist!
War then will cease when dead ones are reviv'd;
Some then will yield when I am dead for hope.—
Who doth disturb me? Andrew?

Enter ANDREW *and* SLIPPER.

And. Ay, my liege.
K. of Scots. What news?
And. I think my mouth was made at first
To tell these tragic tales, my liefest lord.
K. of Scots. What, is Ateukin dead? tell me the worst.
And. No, but your Ida—shall I tell him all?—
Is married late—ah, shall I say to whom?—
My master sad—for why* he shames the court—
Is fled away; ah most unhappy flight!
Only myself—ah, who can love you more!—
To show my duty, duty past belief,
Am come unto your grace, O gracious liege,
To let you know- -O, would it were not thus!—
That love is vain and maids soon lost and won.
K. of Scots. How have the partial heavens, then, dealt with me,
Boding my weal for to abase my power!
Alas, what thronging thoughts do me oppress!
Injurious love is partial in my right,
And flattering tongues, by whom I was misled,
Have laid a snare to spoil my state and me.
Methinks I hear my Dorothea's ghost
Howling revenge for my accursèd hate:

* *for why*] i. e. because.

The ghosts* of those my subjects that are slain
Pursue me, crying out, "Woe, woe to lust!"
The foe pursues me at my palace-door,
He breaks my rest, and spoils me in my camp.
Ah, flattering brood of sycophants, my foes!
First shall my dire revenge begin on you.
I will reward thee, Andrew.

Slip. Nay, sir, if you be in your deeds of charity, remember me. I rubbed Master Ateukin's horse-heels when he rid to the meadows.

K. of Scots. And thou shalt have thy recompense for that.—
Lords, bear them to the prison, chain them fast,
Until we take some order for their deaths.

And. If so your grace in such sort give rewards,
Let me have naught; I am content to want.

Slip. Then, I pray, sir, give me all; I am as ready for a reward as an oyster for a fresh tide; spare not me, sir.

K. of Scots. Then hang them both as traitors to the king.

Slip. The case is altered, sir: I'll none of your gifts. What, I take a reward at your hands, master! faith, sir, no; I am a man of a better conscience.

K. of Scots. Why dally you? go draw them hence away.

Slip. Why, alas, sir, I will go away.— I thank you, gentle friends; I pray you spare your pains: I will not trouble his honour's mastership; I'll run away.

K. of Scots. Why stay you? move me not. Let search be made
For vile Ateukin: whoso finds him out
Shall have five hundred marks for his reward.
Away with them!†

Enter OBERON‡ *and* Antics, *and carry away* SLIPPER; *he makes mops,*§ *and sports, and scorns.* ANDREW *is removed.*

Lords, troop about my tent:
Let all our soldiers stand in battle 'ray,
For, lo, the English to their parley come.

March over bravely, first the English host, the sword carried before the King *by* PERCY; *the Scottish on the other side, with all their pomp, bravely.*

What seeks the King of England in this land?

K. of Eng. False, traitorous Scot, I come for to revenge
My daughter's death; I come to spoil thy wealth,
Since thou hast spoil'd me of my marriage-joy;
I come to heap thy land with carcases,
That this thy thirsty soil, chok'd up with blood,
May thunder forth revenge upon thy head;
I come to quit thy lawless love* with death:
In brief, no means of peace shall e'er be found,
Except I have my daughter or thy head.

K. of Scots. My head, proud king! abase thy pranking plumes:†
So striving fondly mayst thou catch thy grave.
But if true judgment do direct thy course,
These lawful reasons should divide the war:‡
Faith, not by my consent thy daughter died.

K. of Eng. Thou liest, false Scot! thy agents have confess'd it.
These are but fond delays: thou canst not think
A means to § reconcile me for thy friend.
I have thy parasite's confession penn'd;
What, then, canst thou allege in thy excuse?

K. of Scots. I will repay the ransom for her blood. [sell my child?

K. of Eng. What, think'st thou, caitiff, I will
No, if thou be a prince and man-at-arms,
In single combat come and try thy right,
Else will I prove thee recreant to thy face.

K. of Scots. I brook‖ no combat, false injurious king.
But since thou needless art inclin'd to war,
Do what thou dar'st; we are in open field;
Arming my battle,¶ I will fight with thee.

K. of Eng. Agreed.—Now, trumpets, sound a dreadful charge.
Fight for your princess, [my] brave Englishmen!

K. of Scots. Now** for your lands, your children, and your wives,
My Scottish peers, and lastly for your king!

---

* *ghosts*] The 4to. "gifts."

† *Away with them!* &c.] The 4to. has;
"*Away with* the *Lords* troupes *about my tent*";
and it makes Oberon and the Antics enter too soon (the stage-directions in our old dramas—which were generally printed from prompters' copies—being often prematurely marked in order to give the players notice to be in readiness).

Oberon (see p. 212, sec. col.) had told Bohan that he would save his son on this critical occasion:
"*Ober.* Yea, and yon laddy, for the sport he made,
Shall see, when least he hopes, I'll stand his friend,
Or else he capers in a halter's end.
Boh. What, hang my son," &c.

‡ *Oberon*] The 4to. "Adam."

§ *mops*] i. e. grimaces.—The 4to. "pots."—I once conjectured "pouts."

* *quit thy lawless love*]—*quit*, i.e. requite.—The 4to. "*quit thy* louelesse *love.*"—Corrected by Mr. Collier, Preface to *Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, &c., p. cxvi.

† *plumes*] The 4to. "plaines."

‡ *These lawful reasons should divide the war*] Qy. "This *lawful* reason *should* divert *the war*"?

§ *to*] The 4to. "for *to.*"

‖ *brook*] The 4to. "tooke."

¶ *my battle*] The 4to. "thy battles."

** *Now*, &c.] The 4to. gives these two lines to the King of England.

Alarum sounded; both the battles offer to meet, and, just as they are joining, enter SIR CUTHBERT ANDERSON *and* LADY ANDERSON, *with* QUEEN DOROTHEA *richly attired, and* NANO.

Sir Cuth. Stay, princes, wage not war: a privy grudge
'Twixt such as you, most high in majesty,
Afflicts both nocent and the innocent.
How many swords, dear princes, see I drawn!
The friend against his friend, a deadly fiend;*
A desperate division in those lands
Which, if they join in one, command the world.
O, stay! with reason mitigate your rage;
And let an old man, humbled on his knees,
Entreat a boon, good princes, of you both.

K. of Eng. I condescend, for why† thy reverend years
Import some news of truth and consequence.

K. of Scots. I am content,‡ for, Anderson, I know
Thou art my subject and dost mean me good.

Sir Cuth. But by your gracious favours grant me this,
To swear upon your sword[s] to do me right.

K. of Eng. See, by my sword and by a prince's faith,
In every lawful sort I am thine own.

K. of Scots. And, by my sceptre and the Scottish crown,
I am resolv'd to grant thee thy request.

Sir Cuth. I see you trust me, princes, who repose
The weight of such a war upon my will.
Now mark my suit. A tender lion's whelp,
This other day, came straggling in the woods,
Attended by a young and tender hind,
In courage haught,§ yet 'tirèd like a lamb.
The prince of beasts had left this young in keep,
To foster up as love-mate and compeer,
Unto the lion's mate, a ‖ neighbour-friend:
This stately guide, seducèd by the fox,
Sent forth an eager wolf, bred up in France,
That grip'd the tender whelp and wounded it.
By chance, as I was hunting in the woods,
I heard the moan the hind made for the whelp:
I took them both and brought them to my house.
With chary care I have recur'd ¶ the one;
And since I know the lions are at strife
About the loss and damage of the young,
I bring her home; make claim to her who list.

[*Discovers* QUEEN DOROTHEA.

Q. Dor. I am the whelp, bred by this lion up,
This royal English King, my happy sire:
Poor Nano is the hind that tended me.
My father, Scottish King, gave me to thee,
A hapless wife: thou, quite misled by youth,
Hast sought sinister loves and foreign joys.
The fox Ateukin, curséd parasite,
Incens'd your grace to send the wolf abroad,
The French-born Jaques, for to end my days:
He, traitorous man, pursu'd me in the woods,
And left me wounded; where this noble knight
Both rescu'd me and mine, and sav'd my life.
Now keep thy promise: Dorothea lives;
Give Anderson his due and just reward:
And since, you kings, your wars began by me,
Since I am safe, return, surcease your fight.

K. of Scots. Durst I presume to look upon those eyes
Which I have tirèd with a world of woes,
Or did I think submission were enough,
Or sighs might make an entrance to my soul,
You heavens, you know how willing I would weep;
You heavens can tell how glad I would submit;
You heavens can say how firmly I would sigh.

Q. Dor. Shame me not, prince, companion in thy bed:
Youth hath misled,—tut, but a little fault:
'Tis kingly to amend what is amiss.
Might I with twice as many pains as these
Unite our hearts, then should my wedded lord
See how incessant labours I would take.—
My gracious father, govern your affects:
Give me that hand, that oft hath blest this head,
And clasp thine arms, that have embrac'd this [neck],
About the shoulders of my wedded spouse.
Ah, mighty prince, this king and I am one!
Spoil thou his subjects, thou despoilest me;
Touch thou his breast, thou dost attaint this heart:
O, be my father, then, in loving him!

K. of Eng. Thou provident kind mother of increase,
Thou must prevail, ah, Nature, thou must rule!
Hold, daughter, join my hand and his in one;
I will embrace him for to favour thee:
I call him friend, and take him for my son.

Q. Dor. Ah, royal husband, see what God hath wrought!
Thy foe is now thy friend.—Good men-at-arms,
Do you the like.—These nations if they join,
What monarch, with his liege-men, in this world,
Dare but encounter you in open field?

* *fiend*] The 4to. "friend."

† *for why*] i. e. because.

‡ *I am content*, &c.] The 4to. gives this line to the King of England.

§ *haught*] The 4to. "hautie."—See note ‡, p. 117, sec. col.

‖ *a*] Qy. "and"?

¶ *recur'd*] i. e. recovered.

K. of Scots. All wisdom, join'd with godly piety!—
Thou English king, pardon my former youth;
And pardon, courteous queen, my great misdeed;
And, for assurance of mine after-life,
I take religious vows before my God,
To honour thee for father,* her for wife.
Sir Cuth. But yet† my boons, good princes, are not pass'd.
First, English king, I humbly do request,
That by your means our princess may unite
Her love unto mine aldertruest‡ love,
Now you will love, maintain, and help them both.
K. of Eng. Good Anderson, I grant thee thy request.
Sir. Cuth. But you, my prince, must yield me mickle more.
You know your nobles are your chiefest stays,
And long time have been banish'd from your court:
Embrace and reconcile them to yourself;
They are your hands, whereby you ought to work.
As for Ateukin and his lewd compeers,
That sooth'd you in your sins and youthly pomp,
Exile, torment, and punish such as they;
For greater vipers never may be found
Within a state than such aspiring heads,
That reck not how they climb, so that they climb.
K. of Scots. Guid knight, I grant thy suit.—
First I submit,
And humbly§ crave a pardon of your grace.—
Next, courteous queen, I pray thee by thy loves
Forgive mine errors past and pardon me.—
My lords and princes, if I have misdone
(As I have wrong'd indeed both you and yours),
Hereafter, trust me, you are dear to me.
As for Ateukin, whoso finds the man,
Let him have martial law, and straight be hang'd,
As all his vain abettors now are dead.*
And Anderson our treasurer shall pay
Three thousand marks for friendly recompense.
Nano.† But, princes, whilst you friend it thus in one,
Methinks of friendship Nano shall have none.
Q. Dor. What would my dwarf, that I will not bestow?
Nano. My boon, fair queen, is this,—that you would go:
Although my body is but small and neat,
My stomach, after toil, requireth meat:
An easy suit, dread princess; will you wend?
K. of Scots. Art thou a pigmy-born, my pretty friend?
Nano. Not so, great king, but nature, when she fram'd me,
Was scant of earth, and Nano therefore nam'd me;
And, when she saw my body was so small,
She gave me wit to make it big withal.
K. of Scots. Till time when.‡
Q. Dor. Eat, then.
K. of Scots. My friend, it stands with wit,
To take repast when stomach serveth it.
Q. Dor. Thy policy, my Nano, shall prevail.—
Come, royal father, enter we my tent:—
And, soldiers, feast it, frolic it, like friends:—
My princes, bid this kind and courteous train
Partake some favours of our late accord.
Thus wars have end, and, after dreadful hate,
Men learn at last to know their good estate.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

* *father*] The 4to. "fauour."

† *But yet*, &c.] The 4to. gives to Lady Anderson this and the next speech of Sir Cuthbert Anderson.

‡ *aldertruest*] i. e. truest of all,—*alder* being used as the genitive of *all*. So Chaucer has "*alderfirst*"; and Shakespeare, and our author in a poem in his *Mourning Garment* (see *post*), have "*alderliefest*."

§ *humbly*] The 4to. "humble."

* *As all his vain abettors now are dead*] The 4to.; "*As (all his vaine* arbetters *now are* diuided).'

† *Nano*] The 4to. "L. Andr."

‡ *Till time when*] To this and the next speech of the King of Scots the 4to. prefixes merely "*K.*" Part of the text appears to be wanting here.

ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON.

The Comicall Historie of Alphonsus, King of Aragon. As it hath bene sundrie times Acted. Made by R.G. London Brinted (sic) *by Thomas Creede.* 1599. 4to.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Carinus, the rightful heir to the crown of Arragon.
Alphonsus, his son.
Flaminius, King of Arragon.
Belinus, King of Naples.
Duke of Milan.
Albinius.
Fabius.
Lælius.
Miles.

Amurack, the Great Turk.
Arcastus, King of the Moors.
Claramont, King of Barbary.
Crocon, King of Arabia.
Faustus, King of Babylon.
Bajazet, a lord.
Two Priests of Mahomet.
Provost, Soldiers, Janissaries, &c.

Fausta, wife to Amurack.
Iphigena, her daughter.
Medea,* an enchantress.

Mahomet (speaking from the Brazen Head).

Venus.
The Nine Muses.

---

* *Medea*] Greene is not the only modern poet who has introduced an enchantress of this name, distinct from the ancient one: see Tasso's *Rinaldo*, Canto. x.

THE COMICAL HISTORY OF ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON.

ACT I.

After you have sounded thrice, let* VENUS *be let down from the top of the stage.*

Venus. Poets are scarce, when goddesses themselves
Are forc'd to leave their high and stately seats,
Plac'd on the top of high Olympus' Mount,
To seek them out, to pen their champions' praise.
The time hath been when Homer's sugar'd Muse
Did make each echo to repeat his verse,
That every coward that durst crack a spear,
And tilt and tournay for his lady's sake,
Was painted out in colours of such price
As might become the proudest potentate.
But now-a-days so irksome idless' † sleights,
And cursèd charms have witch'd each student's mind,
That death it is to any of them all,
If that their hands to penning you do call.
O Virgil, Virgil! wert thou now alive,
Whose painful pen, in stout Augustus' days,
Did dain‡ to let the base and silly fly§
To scape away without thy praise of her,
I do not doubt but long or ere this time
Alphonsus' fame unto the heavens should climb;
Alphonsus' fame, that man of Jove his seed,
Sprung from the loins of the immortal gods,
Whose sire, although he habit on the earth,
May claim a portion in the fiery pole,
As well as any one whate'er he be.
But setting by Alphonsus' power divine,
What man alive, or now amongst the ghosts,
Could countervail his courage and his strength?
But thou art dead, yea, Virgil, thou art gone,
And all his acts drown'd in oblivion.*
No, Venus, no, though poets prove unkind,
And loth to stand in penning of his deeds,
Yet rather than they shall be clean forgot,
I, which was wont to follow Cupid's games,
Will put in ure† Minerva's sacred art;
And this my hand, which usèd for to pen
The praise of love and Cupid's peerless power,
Will now begin to treat of bloody Mars,
Of doughty deeds and valiant victories.

Enter MELPOMENE, CLIO, ERATO, *with their* Sisters, *playing all upon sundry instruments,* CALLIOPE *only excepted, who coming last, hangeth down the head, and plays not of her instrument.*

But see whereas‡ the stately Muses come,
Whose harmony doth very far surpass
The heavenly music of Apollo's pipe!
But what means this? Melpomene herself
With all her sisters sound their instruments,
Only excepted fair Calliope,
Who, coming last and hanging down her head,
Doth plainly show by outward actions
What secret sorrow doth torment her heart.
[*Stands aside.*

Mel. Calliope, thou which so oft didst crake§
How that such clients cluster'd to thy court,
By thick and threefold, as not any one

* *sounded thrice*] In our early theatres the performance was preceded by three *soundings* or flourishes of trumpets. At the *third sounding* the curtain which concealed the stage from the audience was drawn (opening in the middle and running upon iron rods), and the play began.

† *idless'*] The 4to. "Idels."

‡ *dain*] i. e. disdain.

§ *fly*] The 4to. "flea."—The *Culex* is the poem alluded to.

* *And all his acts*, &c.] This line is printed twice over in the 4to.

† *ure*] i. e. use.

‡ *whereas*] i. e. where.

§ *croke*] i. e. *crack*,—boast. "Children and fooles vse to *crake*." G. Harvey's *Pierce's Supererogation*, 1593, p. 104.

Of all thy sisters might compare with thee,
Where be thy scholars now become, I trow?
Where are they vanish'd in such sudden sort,
That, while as we do play upon our strings,
You stand still lazing and have naught to do?

Clio. Melpomene, make you a why of that?
I know full oft you have [in] authors read,
The higher tree, the sooner is his fall,
And they which first do flourish and bear sway,
Upon the sudden vanish clean away.

Cal. Mock on apace; my back is broad enough
To bear your flouts as many as they be.
That year is rare that ne'er feels winter's storms;
That tree is fertile which ne'er wanteth fruit;
And that same Muse hath heapèd well in store,
Which never wanteth clients at her door.
But yet, my sisters, when the surgent seas
Have ebb'd their fill, their waves do rise again,
And fill their banks up to the very brims;
And when my pipe hath eas'd herself a while,
Such store of suitors shall my seat frequent,
That you shall see my scholars be not spent.

Erato. Spent, quoth you, sister? then we were to blame,
If we should say your scholars all were spent.
But pray now tell me when your painful pen
Will rest enough?

Mel. When husbandmen shear hogs.

Ven. [*coming forward.*] Melpomene, Erato,* and the rest,
From thickest shrubs Dame Venus did espy
The mortal hatred which you jointly bear
Unto your sister high Calliope.
What, do you think if that the tree do bend,
It follows therefore that it needs must break?
And since her pipe a little while doth rest,
It never shall be able for to sound?
Yes, Muses, yes, if that she will vouchsafe
To entertain Dame Venus in her school,
And further me with her instructions,
She shall have scholars which will dain† to be
In any other Muse's company.

Cal. Most sacred Venus, do you doubt of that?
Calliope would think her three times blest
For to receive a goddess in her school,
Especially so high an one as you,
Which rules the earth, and guides the heavens too.

Ven. Then sound your pipes, and let us bend our steps
Unto the top of high Parnassus Hill,
And there together do our best devoir
For to describe Alphonsus' warlike fame,
And, in the manner of a comedy,
Set down his noble valour presently.

Cal. As Venus wills, so bids Calliope.

Mel. And as you bid, your sisters do agree.

[*Exeunt.*

Erato] Wrong quantity.

† *dain*] i. e. disdain.

Enter CARINUS *and* ALPHONSUS.

Cari. My noble son, since first I did recount
The noble acts your predecessors did
In Arragon against their warlike foes,
I never yet could see thee joy at all,
But hanging down thy head as malcontent,
Thy youthful days in mourning have been spent.
Tell me, Alphonsus, what might be the cause
That makes thee thus to pine away with care?
Hath old Carinus done thee any offence
In reckoning up these stories unto thee?
What, ne'er a word but mum?* Alphonsus, speak,
Unless your father's fatal day you seek.

Alphon. Although, dear father, I have often vow'd
Ne'er to unfold the secrets of my heart
To any man or woman, whosome'er
Dwells underneath the circle of the sky;
Yet do your words so cónjure me, dear sire,
That needs I must fulfil that you require.
Then so it is. Amongst the famous tales
Which you rehears'd done by our sires in war,
Whenas you came unto your father's days,
With sobbing notes, with sighs and blubbering tears,
And much ado, at length you thus began;
"Next to Alphonsus should my father come
For to possess the diadem by right
Of Arragon, but that the wicked wretch,
His younger brother, with aspiring mind,
By secret treason robb'd him of his life,
And me his son of that which was my due."
These words, my sire, did so torment my mind,
As, had I been with Ixion† in hell,
The ravening bird could never plague me worse;
For ever since my mind hath troubled been
Which way I might revenge this traitorous fact,
And that recover which is ours by right.

Cari. Ah, my Alphonsus, never think on that!
In vain it is to strive against the stream:
The crown is lost, and now in hucksters' hands,
And all our hope is cast into‡ the dust.

---

* *What, ne'er a word but mum?*] So, towards the end of Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, Sacrapant says;

"*What*, not *a word but mum?*
Then, Sacrapant, thou art betray'd."

† *Ixion*] Wrong quantity again. And here Greene confounds the punishment of Tityus with that of Ixion.

‡ *into*] Equivalent to "*unto*": see note †, p. 111, sec. col.

Bridle these thoughts, and learn the same of me,—
A quiet life doth pass an empery.

Alphon. Yet, noble father, ere Carinus' brood
Shall brook his foe for to usurp his seat,
He'll die the death with honour in the field,
And so his life and sorrows briefly end.
But did I know my froward fate were such
As I should fail in this my just attempt,
This sword, dear father, should the author be
To make an end of this my tragedy.
Therefore, sweet sire, remain you here a while,
And let me walk my fortune for to try.
I do not doubt but, ere the time be long,
I'll quite his cost, or else myself will die.

Cari. My noble son, since that thy mind is such
For to revenge thy father's foul abuse,
As that my words may not a whit prevail
To stay thy journey, go with happy fate,
And soon return unto thy father's cell,
With such a train as Julius Cæsar came
To noble Rome, whenas he had achiev'd
The mighty monarch of the triple world.
Meantime Carinus in this silly grove
Will spend his days with prayers and orisons
To mighty Jove to further thine intent.
Farewell, dear son, Alphonsus, fare you well.
[*Exit.*

Alphon. And is he gone? then hie, Alphonsus, hie,
To try thy fortune where thy fates do call.
A noble mind disdains to hide his head,
And let his foes triumph in his overthrow.

As ALPHONSUS *is about to go out, enter* ALBINIUS.

Albi. What loitering fellow have we spièd here?
Presume not, villain, further for to go,
Unless* you do at length the same repent.

Alphon. [*coming towards* ALBINIUS.] "Villain," say'st thou? nay, "villain" in thy throat!
What, know'st thou, skipjack, whom thou villain call'st?

Albi. A common vassal I do villain call.

Alphon. That shalt thou soon approve,† persuade thyself,
Or else I'll die, or thou shalt die for me.

Albi. What, do I dream, or do my dazzling eyes
Deceive me? Is't Alphonsus that I see?
Doth now Medea use her wonted charms
For to delude Albinius' fantasy?
Or doth black Pluto, king of dark Avern,
Seek to‡ flout me with his counterfeit?
His body like to Alphonsus' framèd is,
His face resembles much Alphonsus' hue,
His noble mind declares him for no less;
'Tis he indeed. Woe worth Albinius,
Whose babbling tongue hath caus'd his own annoy!
Why doth not Jove send from the glittering skies
His thunderbolts to châstise this offence?
Why doth Dame Terra cease with greedy jaws
To swallow up Albinius presently?
What, shall I fly and hide my traitorous head
From stout Alphonsus whom I so misus'd?
Or shall I yield? Tush, yielding is in vain,
Nor can I fly but he will follow me.
Then cast thyself down at his grace's feet,
Confess thy fault, and ready make thy breast
To entertain thy well-deservèd death. [*Kneels.*

Alphon. What news, my friend? why are you so blank,*
That erst before did vaunt it to the skies?

Albi. Pardon, dear lord! Albinius pardon craves
For this offence, which, by the heavens I vow,
Unwittingly I did unto your grace;
For had I known Alphonsus had been here,
Ere that my tongue had spoke so traitorously,
This hand should make my very soul to die.

Alphon. Rise up, my friend, thy pardon soon is got: [ALBINIUS *rises up.*
But, prithee, tell me, what the cause might be
That in such sort thou erst upbraided'st me?

Albi. Most mighty prince, since first your father's sire
Did yield his ghost unto the Sisters Three,
And old Carinus forcèd was to fly
His native soil and royal diadem;
I, for because I seemèd to complain
Against their treason, shortly was forewarn'd
Ne'er more to haunt the bounds of Arragon
On pain of death. Then, like a man forlorn,
I sought about to find some resting-place;
And at the length did hap upon this shore,
Where showing forth my cruel banishment,
By King Belinus I am succourèd.
But now, my lord, to answer your demand:
It happens so, that the usurping king
Of Arragon makes war upon this land
For certain tribute which he claimeth here;
Wherefore Belinus sent me round about
His country,† for to gather up men
For to withstand this most injurious foe;
Which being done, returning with the king,

* *Unless*] i. e. Lest (as afterwards).
† *approve*] i. e. prove.
‡ *to*] Qy. "for *to*" (as in the preceding line but one)?

* *you so blank*] Qy. "*you* now *so blank*"?
† *His country*, &c.] Something has dropt out from this line.

Dispitefully I did so taunt your grace,
Imagining you had some soldier been,
The which, for fear, had sneakèd from the camp.

Alphon. Enough, Albinius, I do know thy mind:
But may it be that these thy happy news
Should be of truth, or have you forgèd them?

Albi. The gods forbid that e'er Albinius' tongue
Should once be found to forge a feignèd tale,
Especially unto his sovereign lord:
But if Alphonsus think that I do feign,
Stay here a while, and you shall plainly see
My words be true, whenas you do perceive
Our royal army march before your face.
The which, if't please my noble lord to stay,
I'll hasten on with all the speed I may.

Alphon. Make haste, Albinius, if you love my life;
But yet beware, whenas your army comes,
You do not make as though you do me know,
For I a while a soldier base will be,
Until I find time more convenient
To show, Albinius, what is mine intent.

Albi. Whate'er Alphonsus fittest doth esteem,
Albinius for his profit best will deem. [*Exit.*

Alphon. Now do I see both gods and fortune too
Do join their powers to raise Alphonsus' fame;
For in this broil I do not greatly doubt
But that I shall my cousin's courage tame.
But see whereas Belinus' army comes,
And he himself, unless I guess awry:
Whoe'er it be, I do not pass * a pin;
Alphonsus means his soldier for to be.

Enter BELINUS, A BINIUS, FABIUS, *marching, with their* Soldiers.

Beli. Thus far, my lords, we trainèd have our camp
For to encounter haughty Arragon,
Who with a mighty power of straggling mates
Hath traitorously assailèd this our land,
And burning towns, and sacking cities fair,
Doth play the devil wheresome'er he comes.
Now, as we are informèd by our scouts,
He marcheth on unto our chiefest seat,
Naples, I mean, that city of renowm,†
For to begirt it with his bands about,
And so at length, the which high Jove forbid,
To sack the same, as erst he other did.
If which should hap, Belinus were undone,
His country spoil'd and all his subject[s] slain:
Wherefore your sovereign thinketh it most meet
For to prevent the fury of the foe,
And Naples succour, that distressèd town,
By entering in, ere Arragon doth come,
With all our men, which will sufficient be
For to withstand their cruel battery.

Albi. The silly serpent, found by country-swain,
And cut in pieces by his furious blows,
Yet if her * head do scape away untouch'd,
As many write, it very strangely goes
To fetch an herb, with which in little time
Her batter'd corpse again she doth conjoin:
But if by chance the ploughman's sturdy staff
Do hap to hit upon the serpent's head,
And bruise the same, though all the rest be sound,
Yet doth the silly serpent lie for dead,
Nor can the rest of all her body serve
To find a salve which may her life preserve.
Even so, my lord, if Naples once be lost,
Which is the head of all your grace's land,
Easy it were for the malicious foe
To get the other cities in their hand:
But if from them that Naples town be free,
I do not doubt but safe the rest shall be;
And therefore, mighty king, I think it best,
To succour Naples rather than the rest.

Beli. 'Tis bravely spoken: by my crown I swear,
I like thy counsel, and will follow it.
But hark, Albinius, dost thou know the man
That doth so closely overthwart us stand?

[*Pointing towards* ALPHONSUS.

Albi. Not I, my lord, nor never saw him yet.

Beli. Then, prithee, go and ask him presently,
What countryman he is, and why he comes
Into this place? perhaps he is some one
That is sent hither as a secret spy
To hear and see in secret what we do.

[ALBINIUS *and* FABIUS *go toward* ALPHONSUS.

Albi. My friend, what art thou, that so like a spy
Dost sneak about Belinus' royal camp?

Alphon. I am a man.

Fabi. A man! we know the same:
But prithee, tell me, and set scoffing by,
What countryman thou art, and why you come,
That we may soon resolve the king thereof?

Alphon. Why, say I am a soldier.

Fabi. Of whose band?

Alphon. Of his that will most wages to me give.

Fabi. But will you be
Content to serve Belinus in his wars?

* *pass*] i. e. care.

† *renowm*] i. e. renown (Fr. *renom*).

* *her*] The 4to. "his": but see what follows.

Alphon. Ay,
If he'll reward me as I do deserve,
And grant whate'er I win, it shall be mine
Incontinent.

Albi. Believe me, sir, your service costly is:
But stay a while, and I will bring you word
What King Belinus says unto the same.
[*Goes towards* BELINUS.*

Beli. What news, Albinius? who is that we see?

Albi. It is, my lord, a soldier that you see,
Who fain would serve your grace in these your wars,
But that, I fear, his service is too dear.

Beli. Too dear! why so? what doth the soldier crave?

Albi. He craves, my lord, all things that with his sword
He doth obtain, whatever that they be.

Beli. Content, my friend: if thou wilt succour me,
Whate'er you get, that challenge as thine own;
Belinus gives it frankly unto thee,
Although it be the crown of Arragon.
Come on therefóre, and let us hie apace
To Naples town, whereas by this, I know,
Our foes have pitch'd their tents against our walls.

Alphon. March on,* my lord, for I will follow you;
And do not doubt but, ere the time be long,
I shall obtain the crown of Arragon. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Alarum; and then enter VENUS.

Venus. Thus from the pit of pilgrim's poverty
Alphonsus gins by step and step to climb
Unto the top of friendly Fortune's wheel.
From banish'd state, as you have plainly seen,
He is transform'd into a soldier's life,
And marcheth in the ensign of the king
Of worthy Naples, which Belinus hight;†
Not for because that he doth love him so,
But that he may revenge him on his foe.
Now on the top of lusty barbèd steed
He mounted is, in glittering armour clad,
Seeking about the troops of Arragon,
For to encounter with his traitorous niece.‡
How he doth speed, and what doth him befall,
Mark this our act, for it doth show it all. [*Exit.*

Alarum. Enter FLAMINIUS *on one side,* ALPHONSUS *on the other. They fight, and* ALPHONSUS *kills* FLAMINIUS.

Alphon. Go pack thou hence § unto the Stygian lake,
And make report unto thy traitorous sire
How well thou hast enjoy'd the diadem
Which he by treason set upon thy head;
And if he ask thee who did send thee down,
Alphonsus say, who now must wear thy crown.

Alarum. Enter LÆLIUS.

Læli. Traitor, how dar'st thou look me in the face,
Whose mighty king thou traitorously hast slain?
What, dost thou think Flaminius hath no friends
For to revenge his death on thee again?
Yes, be you sure that, ere you scape from hence,
Thy gasping ghost shall bear him company,
Or else myself, fighting for his defence,
Will be content by those thy hands to die.

Alphon. Lælius, few words would better thee become,
Especially as now the case doth stand;
And didst thou know whom thou dost threaten thus,
We should you have more calmer out of hand.
For, Lælius, know, that I Alphonsus am,
The son and heir to old Carinus, whom
The traitorous father of Flaminius
Did secretly bereave of his diadem.
But see the just revenge of mighty Jove!

---

* *Belinus*] The 4to. "Alphonsus."

† *hight*] i. e. is called.

‡ *niece*] Is here used for a relation in general: so afterwards in the present play, p. 236, first col.,
"Unto Belinus, my most friendly *niece*."

§ *Go pack thou hence*, &c.] With this passage compare the following lines in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c., where Gloster stabs the dead King Henry;
"If anie sparke of life remaine in thee,
Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither,"—
which Shakespeare retained in *The Third Part of Henry VI.*, act v. sc. 6, merely altering "*remaine in thee*" to "be yet remaining." Concerning *The True Tragedie*, &c. see the *Account of Greene and his Writings*, p. 60, note §.

* *March on*, &c.] These three lines in the 4to. form a part of Belinus' speech.

The father dead, the son is likewise slain
By that man's hand who they did count as dead,
Yet doth survive to wear the diadem,
When they themselves accompany the ghosts
Which wander round about the Stygian fields.
[LÆLIUS *gazes upon* ALPHONSUS.
Muse not hereat, for it is true I say;
I am Alphonsus whom thou hast misus'd.
Læli. The man whose death* I did so oft lament! [*Kneels.*
Then pardon me for these† uncourteous words,
The which I in my rage did utter forth,
Prick'd by the duty of a loyal mind;
Pardon, Alphonsus, this my first offence,
And let me die if e'er I flight again.
Alphon. Lælius, I fain would pardon this offence,
And eke accept thee to my grace again,
But that I fear that, when I stand in need
And want your help, you will your lord betray.
How say you, Lælius, may I trust to thee?
Læli. Ay, noble lord, by all the gods I vow;
For first shall heavens want stars, and foaming seas
Want watery drops, before I'll traitor be
Unto Alphonsus, whom I honour so.
Alphon. Well, then, arise; and for because I'll try [LÆLIUS *rises.*
If that thy words and deeds be both alike,
Go haste and fetch the youths of Arragon,
Which now I hear have turn'd their heels and fled:
Tell them your chance, and bring them back again
Into this wood; where in ambushment lie
Until I come or send for you myself.
Læli. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Alphon. Full little think Belinus and his peers
What thoughts Alphonsus casteth in his mind;
For if they did, they would not greatly haste
To pay the same the which they promis'd me.

Enter BELINUS, ALBINIUS, FABIUS, *with their* Soldiers, *marching.*

Beli. Like simple sheep, when shepherd absent is
Far from his flock, assail'd by greedy wolves,‡
Do scattering fly about, some here, some there,
To keep their bodies from their ravening jaws,
So do the fearful youths of Arragon
Run round about the green and pleasant plains,
And hide their heads from Neapolitans;
Such terror have their strong and sturdy blows
Struck to their hearts, as for a world of gold,
I warrant you, they will not come again.
But, noble lords, where is the knight become
Which made the blood be-sprinkle all the place
Whereas* he did encounter with his foe?
My friend, Albinius, know you where he is?
Albi. Not I, my lord, for since in thickest ranks
I saw him chase Flaminius at the heels,
I never yet could set mine eyes on him.
But see, my lord, whereas the warrior stands,
Or else my sight doth fail me at this time.
[*Spies out* ALPHONSUS, *and shows him to* BELINUS.
Beli. 'Tis he indeed, who, as I do suppose,
Hath slain the king or else some other lord,
For well I wot a carcass I do see
Hard at his feet lie struggling on the ground.
Come on, Albinius, we will try the truth.
[*Goes with* ALBINIUS *towards* ALPHONSUS.
Hail to the noble victor of our foes!
Alphon. Thanks, mighty prince; but yet I seek not this:
It is not words must recompense my pain,
But deeds. When first I took up arms for you,
Your promise was, whate'er my sword did win
In fight, as his Alphonsus should it crave.
See, then, where lies thy foe Flaminius,
Whose crown my sword hath conquer'd in the field;
Therefore, Belinus, make no long delay,
But that discharge you promis'd for to pay.
Beli. Will naught† else satisfy thy conquering mind
Besides the crown? Well, since thou hast it won,
Thou shalt it have, though far against my will.
ALPHONSUS *sits in the chair;* BELINUS *takes the crown off* FLAMINIUS' *head, and puts it on that of* ALPHONSUS.
Here doth Belinus crown thee with his hand
The King of Arragon.
[*Trumpets and drums sounded within.*
What, are you pleas'd?
Alphon. Not so, Belinus, till you promise me
All things belonging to the royal crown
Of Arragon, and make your lordings swear
For to defend me to their utmost power
Against all men that shall gainsay the same.
Beli. Mark, what belongèd erst unto the crown
Of Arragon, that challenge as thine own;
Belinus gives it frankly unto thee,
And swear[s] by all the powers of glittering skies

* *The man whose death*, &c.] In the 4to. the prefix to this speech is omitted.
† *these*] Qy. "those"? but see note *, p. 179, first col.
‡ *wolves*] The 4to. "wolfe."

* *Whereas*] i. e. Where.
† *naught*] The to. "nothing."

To do my best for to maintain the same,
So that it be not prejudicial
Unto mine honour or my country-soil.
Albi. And by the sacred seat of mighty Jove
Albinius swears that first he'll die the death
Before he'll see Alphonsus suffer wrong.
Fabi. What erst Albinius vow'd we jointly vow.
Alphon. Thanks, mighty lords; but yet I greatly fear
That very few will keep the oaths they swear.
But, what, Belinus, why stand you so long,
And cease from offering homage unto me?
What, know you not that I thy sovereign am,
Crownèd by thee and all thy other lords,
And now confirmèd by your solemn oaths?
Feed not thyself with fond persuasions,
But presently come yield thy crown to me,
And do me homage, or by heavens I swear
I'll force thee do it maugre all thy train.
Beli. How now, base brat! what, are thy wits thine own,
That thou dar'st thus abraid * me in my land?
'Tis best for thee these speeches to recall,
Or else, by Jove, I'll make thee to repent
That e'er thou sett'st thy foot in Naples' soil.
Alphon. "Base brat," say'st thou? as good a man as thou:
But say I came but of a base descent,
My deeds shall make my glory for to shine
As clear as Luna in a winter's night.
But for because thou bragg'st so of thy birth,
I'll see how it shall profit thee anon.
Fabi. Alphonsus, cease from these thy threatening words,
And lay aside this thy presumptuous mind,
Or else be sure thou shalt the same repent.
Alphon. How now, sir boy! will you be prattling too?
'Tis best for thee to hold thy tattling tongue,
Unless† I send some one to scourge thy breech.
Why, then, I see 'tis time to look about
When every boy Alphonsus dares control:
But be they sure, ere Phœbus' golden beams
Have compassèd the circle of the sky, [serve
I'll clog their tongues, since nothing else will
To keep those vile‡ and threatening speeches in.
Farewell, Belinus, look thou to thyself:
Alphonsus means to have thy crown ere night.
[*Exit.*

Beli. What, is he gone? the devil break his neck,
The fiends of hell torment his traitorous corpse!
Is this the quittance* of Belinus' grace,
Which he did show unto that thankless wretch,
That runagate, that rakehell, yea, that thief?
For, well I wot, he hath robb'd me of a crown.
If ever he had sprung from gentle blood,
He would not thus misuse his favourer.
Albi. "That runagate, that rakehell, yea, that thief"!
Stay there, sir king, your mouth runs over-much;
It ill becomes the subject for to use
Such traitorous terms against his sovereign.
Know thou, Belinus, that Carinus' son
Is neither rakehell nor runagate:†
But be thou sure that, ere the darksome night
Do drive God Phœbus to his Thetis' lap,
Both thou, and all the rest of this thy train,
Shall well repent the words which you have sain.‡
Beli. What, traitorous villain, dost thou threaten me?—
Lay hold on him, and see he do not scape:
I'll teach the slave to know to whom he speaks.
Albi. To thee I speak,§ and to thy fellows all;
And though as now you have me in your power,
Yet doubt I not but that in little space
These eyes shall see thy treason recompens'd,
And then I mean to vaunt‖ our victory.
Beli. Nay, proud Albinius, never build on that;
For though the gods do chance for to appoint
Alphonsus victor of Belinus' land,
Yet shalt thou never live to see that day:—
And therefore, Fabius, stand not lingering,
But presently slash off his traitorous head.
Albi. Slash off his head! as though Albinius' head
Were then so easy to be slashèd off:
In faith, sir, no; when you are gone and dead,
I hope to flourish like the pleasant spring.
Beli. Why, how now, Fabius! what, do you stand in doubt
To do the deed? what fear you? who dares seek
For to revenge his death on thee again,
Since that Belinus did command it so?
Or are you wax'd so dainty that you dare
Not use your sword for staining of your hands?
If it be so, then let me see thy sword,

* *abraid*] i. e. upbraid.
† *Unless*] See note †, p. 227, first col.
‡ *vile*] Here the 4to. has "vilde": but in a later part of the play it has "so *vile* a massacre", p. 238, third line, sec. col. And see note †, p. 167, sec. col.

* *quittance*] i. e. requital.
† *nor runagate*] Qy. "*nor* a *runagate*"?
‡ *sain*] i. e. said.
§ *To thee I speak*, &c.] The 4to. gives these five lines to Belinus.
‖ *vaunt*] The 4to. "*vaunt of*."

And I will be his butcher for this time.

[FABIUS *gives* BELINUS *his sword drawn.*

Now, Sir Albinius, are you of the mind
That erst you were? what, do you look to see,
And triumph in, Belinus' overthrow?
I hope the very sight of this my blade
Hath chang'd your mind into another tune.

Albi. Not so, Belinus, I am constant still.
My mind is like to the asbeston-stone,
Which, if it once be heat in flames of fire,
Denieth to becomen cold again:
Even so am I, and shall be till I die.
And though I should see Atropos appear
With knife in hand, to slit my thread in twain,
Yet ne'er Albinius should persuaded be
But that Belinus he should vanquish'd see.

Beli. Nay, then, Albinius, since that words are vain
For to persuade you from this heresy,
This sword shall sure put you out of doubt.*

BELINUS *offers to strike off* ALBINIUS' *head; alarum; enter* ALPHONSUS *and his* Men; BELINUS *and* FABIUS *fly, followed by* ALPHONSUS *and* ALBINIUS. *Enter* LÆLIUS, MILES,† *and others.*

Læli. My noble lords of Arragon, I know
You wonder much what might the occasion be
That Lælius, which erst did fly the field,
Doth egg you forwards now unto the wars;
But when you hear my reason, out of doubt
You'll be content with this my rash attempt.
When first our king, Flaminius I do mean,
Did set upon the Neapolitans,
The worst of you did know and plainly see
How far they were unable to withstand
The mighty forces of our royal camp,
Until such time as froward fates we thought,
Although the fates ordain'd it for our gain,
Did send a stranger stout, whose sturdy blows
And force alone did cause our overthrow.
But to our purpose: this same martial knight
Did hap to hit upon Flaminius,
And lent our king then such a friendly blow
As that his gasping ghost to Limbo went.
Which when I saw, and seeking to revenge,
My noble lords, did hap on such a prize,
As never king nor keisar got the like.

Miles. Lælius, of force we must confess to thee,
We wonder'd all whenas you did persuade
Us to return unto the wars again;
But since our marvel is increasèd much
By these your words which sound of happiness:
Therefore, good Lælius, make no tarrying,
But soon unfold thy happy chance to us.

Læli. Then, friends and fellow soldiers, hark to me;
When Lælius thought for to revenge his king
On that same knight, instead of mortal foe,
I found him for to be our chiefest friend.

Miles. Our chiefest friend! I hardly can believe
That he, which made such bloody massacres
Of stout Italians, can in any point
Bear friendship to the country or the king.

Læli. As for your king, Miles, I hold with you,
He bare no friendship to Flaminius,
But hated him as bloody Atropos;
But for your country, Lælius doth avow,
He loves as well as any other land,
Yea, sure, he loves it best of all the world.
And for because you shall not think that I
Do say the same without a reason why,
Know that the knight Alphonsus hath to name,
Both son and heir to old Carinus, whom
Flaminius' sire bereavèd of his crown;
Who did not seek the ruin of our host
For any envy he did bear to us,
But to revenge him on his mortal foe;
Which by the help of high celestial Jove
He hath achiev'd with honour in the field.

Miles. Alphonsus, man! I'll ne'er persuaded be
That e'er Alphonsus may survive again,
Who with Carinus, many years ago,
Was said to wander in the Stygian fields.

Læli. Truth, noble Miles: these mine ears have heard,
For certainty reported unto me,
That old Carinus, with his peerless son,
Had felt the sharpness of the Sisters' shears;
And had I not of late Alphonsus seen
In good estate, though all the world should say
He is alive, I would not credit them.
But, fellow soldiers, wend you back with me,
And let us lurk within the secret shade
Which he himself appointed unto us;
And if you find my words to be untroth,
Then let me die to recompense the wrong.

Alarum; re-enter ALBINIUS *with his sword drawn.*

Albi. Lælius, make haste: soldiers of Arragon,
Set lingering by, and come and help your king,
I mean Alphonsus, who, whilst that he did
Pursue Belinus at the very heels,
Was suddenly environèd about
With all the troops of mighty Milan-land.

---

* *This sword shall sure put you out of doubt*] Here "sure" is a dissyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 146.

† MILES] Here, but only here, the 4to. "MILOS."

Miles. What news is this! and is it very so?
Is our Alphonsus yet in human state,
Whom all the world did judge for to be dead?
Yet can I scarce give credit to the same:
Give credit! yes, and since the Milan Duke
Hath broke his league of friendship, be he sure,
Ere Cynthia, the shining lamp of night,
Doth scale the heavens with her hornèd head,
Both he and his shall very plainly see
The league is burst that causèd long the glee.

Læli. And could the traitor harbour in his breast
Such mortal treason 'gainst his sovereign,
As when he should with fire and sword defend
Him from his foes, he seeks his overthrow?
March on, my friends: I ne'er shall joy at all,
Until I see that bloody traitor's fall. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum: BELINUS *flies, followed by* LÆLIUS; FABIUS *flies, followed by* ALBINIUS; *the* DUKE OF MILAN *flies, followed by* MILES.

ACT III.

Alarum; and then enter VENUS.

Venus. No sooner did Alphonsus with his troop
Set on the soldiers of Belinus' band,
But that the fury of his sturdy blows
Did strike such terror to their daunted minds
That glad was he which could escape away,
With life and limb, forth of that bloody fray.
Belinus flies unto the Turkish soil,
To crave the aid of Amurack their king;
Unto the which he willingly did consent,
And sends Belinus, with two other kings,
To know God Mahomet's pleasure in the same.
Meantime the empress by Medea's help
Did use such charms that Amurack did see,
In soundest sleep, what afterward should hap.
How Amurack did recompense her pain,
With mickle more, this act shall show you plain.
[*Exit.*

Enter one, carrying two crowns upon a crest; ALPHONSUS, ALBINIUS, LÆLIUS, *and* MILES, *with their* Soldiers.

Alphon. Welcome, brave youths of Arragon, to me,
Yea, welcome, Miles, Lælius, and the rest,
Whose prowess alone hath been the only cause
That we, like victors, have subdu'd our foes.
Lord, what a pleasure was it to my mind,
To see Belinus, which not long before
Did with his threatenings terrify the gods,
Now scud apace from warlike Lælius' blows!
The Duke of Milan, he increas'd our sport,
When* doubting that his force was over-weak
For to withstand, Miles, thy sturdy arm,
Did give more credence to his frisking skips
Than to the sharpness of his cutting blade.
What Fabius did to pleasure us withal,
Albinius knows as well as I myself;
For, well I wot, if that thy tirèd steed
Had been as fresh and swift in foot as his,
He should have felt, yea, known for certainty,
To check Alphonsus did deserve to die.
Briefly, my friends and fellow-peers in arms,
The worst of you deserve * such mickle praise,
As that my tongue denies for to set forth
The demi-parcel of your valiant deeds;
So that perforce I must by duty be
Bound to you all for this your courtesy.

Miles. Not so, my lord; for if our willing arms
Have pleasur'd you so much as you do say,
We have done naught but that becometh us,
For to defend our mighty sovereign.
As for my part, I count my labour small,
Yea, though it had been twice as much again,
Since that Alphonsus doth accept thereof.

Alphon. Thanks, worthy Miles: lest † all the world
Should count Alphonsus thankless for to be,
Lælius, sit down, and, Miles, sit by him,
And that receive the which your swords have won.
[LÆLIUS *and* MILES *sit down.*
First, for because thou, Lælius, in these broils,
By martial might didst proud Belinus chase
From troop to troop, from side to side about,
And never ceas'd from this thy swift pursuit
Until thou hadst obtain'd his royal crown,
Therefore, I say, I'll do thee naught but right,
And give thee that which ‡ thou well hast won.
[*Sets the crown on his head.*
Here doth Alphonsus crown thee, Lælius, King
Of Naples' town, with all dominions

---

* *When*] Qy. "Who"?

* *deserve*] The 4to. "doo *deserue*."

† *lest*] Qy. "but *lest*"? Walker (*Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c., ii. 271) would read "*lest* that."

‡ *that which*] Walker (*ubi supra*) "*that* the *which*", as in the fourth line of this speech.

That erst belongèd to our traitorous foe,
That proud Belinus in his regiment.*
[*Trumpets and drums sounded.*
Miles, thy share the Milan Dukedom is,
For, well I wot, thy sword deserv'd no less;
[*Sets the crown on his head.*
The which Alphonsus frankly giveth thee,
In presence of his warlike men-at-arms;
And if that any stomach † this my deed,
Alphonsus can revenge thy wrong with speed.
[*Trumpets and drums sounded.*
Now to Albinius, which in all my toils
I have both faithful, yea, and friendly, found:
Since that the gods and friendly fates assign
This present time to me to recompense
The sundry pleasures thou hast done to me,
Sit down by them, and on thy faithful head
[*Takes the crown from his own head.*
Receive the crown of peerless Arragon.

Albi. Pardon, dear lord, Albinius at this time;
It ill becomes me for to wear a crown
Whenas my lord is destitute himself.
Why, high Alphonsus, if I should receive
This crown of you, the which high Jove forbid,
Where would yourself obtain a diadem?
Naples is gone, Milan possessèd is,
And naught is left for you but Arragon.

Alphon. And naught is left for me but Arragon!
Yes, surely, yes, my fates have so decreed,
That Arragon should be too base a thing
For to obtain Alphonsus for her king.
What, hear you not how that our scatter'd foes,
Belinus, Fabius, and the Milan Duke,
Are fled for succour to the Turkish court?
And think you not that Amurack their king
Will, with the mightiest power of all his land,
Seek to revenge Belinus' overthrow?
Then doubt I not but, ere these broils do end,
Alphonsus shall possess the diadem
That Amurack now wears upon his head.
Sit down therefóre, and that receive of me
The which the fates appointed unto thee.

Albi. Thou king of heaven, which by thy power divine
Dost see the secrets of each liver's heart,
Bear record now with what unwilling mind
I do receive the crown of Arragon!
[ALBINIUS *sits down by* LÆLIUS *and* MILES; *and* ALPHONSUS *sets the crown on his head.*

Alphon. Arise, Albinius, King of Arragon,
Crownèd by me, who, till my gasping ghost
Do part asunder from my breathless corpse,
Will be thy shield against all men alive
That for thy kingdom any way do strive.
[*Trumpets and drums sounded.*
Now since we have, in such an happy hour,
Confirm'd three kings, come, let us march with speed
Into the city, for to celebrate
With mirth and joy this blissful festival. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AMURACK, BELINUS, FABIUS, ARCASTUS, CLARAMONT, *and* BAJAZET, *with their train.*

Amu. Welcome, Belinus, to thy cousin's court,
Whose late arrival in such posting pace
Doth bring both joy and sorrow to us all;
Sorrow, because the fates have been so false
To let Alphonsus drive thee from thy land,
And joy, since that now mighty Mahomet
Hath given me cause to recompense at full
The sundry pleasures I receiv'd of thee.
Therefore, Belinus, do but ask and have,
For Amurack doth grant whate'er you crave.

Beli. Thou second sun, which with thy glimpsing beams
Dost clarify each corner of the earth,
Belinus comes not, as erst Midas did
To mighty Bacchus, to desire of him
That whatsoe'er at any time he touch'd
Might turnèd be to gold incontinent.
Nor do I come as Jupiter did erst
Unto the palace of Amphitryon,
For any fond or foul concupiscence
Which I do bear to Alcumena's * hue.†
But as poor Saturn, forc'd by mighty Jove
To fly his country, banish'd and forlorn,
Did crave the aid of Troos * King of Troy,
So comes Belinus to high Amurack;
And if he can but once your aid obtain,
He turns with speed to Naples back again.

Amu. My aid, Belinus! do you doubt of that?
If all the men-at-arms of Africa,
Of Asia likewise, will sufficient be
To press the pomp of that usurping mate,
Assure thyself thy kingdom shall be thine,
If Mahomet say ay unto the same;
For were I sure to vanquish all our foes,
And find such spoils in ransacking their tents
As never any keisar did obtain,
Yet would I not set foot forth of this land,
If Mahomet our journey did withstand.

---

* *regiment*] i. e. sway.

† *stomach*] i. e. be angry at, resent.

* *Alcumena's—Troos*] So spelt by Greene for the sake of the measure. In our author's *Orlando Furioso*, according to the Alleyn MS., is "*Alcumena's* child"; see note †, p. 107, first col.

† *hue*, i. e. beauty.

Beli. Nor would Belinus, for King Crœsus' trash,
Wish Amurack to displease* the gods
In pleasuring me in such a trifling toy.
Then, mighty monarch, if it be thy will,
Get their consents, and then the act fulfil.

Amu. You counsel well; therefore, Belinus, haste,
And, Claramont, go bear him company,
With King Arcastus, to the city-walls:
Then bend with speed unto the darksome grove
Where Mahomet, this many a hundred year,
Hath prophesied unto our ancestors.
Tell to his priests that Amurack, your king,
Is now selecting all his men-at-arms
To set upon that proud Alphonsus' troop
(The cause you know, and can inform them† well,
That makes me take these bloody broils in hand);
And say that I desire their sacred god,
That Mahomet which ruleth all the skies,
To send me word, and that most speedily,
Which of us shall obtain the victory.

[*Exeunt all except* BAJAZET *and* AMURACK.

You, Bajazet, go post away apace
To Syria, Scythia, and Albania,
To Babylon, with Mesopotamia,
Asia, Armenia, and all other lands
Which owe their homage to high Amurack:
Charge all their kings with expedition
To gather up the chiefest men-at-arms
Which now remain in their dominions,
And on the twentie[th] day of the same month
To come and wait on Amurack their king
At his chief city Constantinople.
Tell them, moreover, that, whoso doth fail,
Naught else but death from prison shall him bail.

[*Exit* BAJAZET. *Music within.*

What heavenly music soundeth in my ear?
Peace, Amurack, and hearken to the same.

[AMURACK *harkens to the music, and falls asleep.*

Enter MEDEA, FAUSTA, *and* IPHIGENA.

Medea. Now have our charms fulfill'd our minds full well:
High Amurack is lullèd fast asleep,
And doubt I not but, ere he wakes again,
You shall perceive Medea did not gibe
Whenas she put this practice‡ in your mind.
Sit, worthy Fausta, at thy spouse his feet.
Iphigena, sit thou on the other side.

[FAUSTA *and* IPHIGENA *sit down.*

Whate'er you see, be not aghast thereat,
But bear in mind what Amurack doth chat.

[*Does ceremonies belonging to conjuring.*

Thou, which wert wont, in Agamemnon's days,
To utter forth Apollo's oracles
At sacred Delphos, Calchas I do mean,
I charge thee come; all lingering set aside,
Unless the penance you thereof abide:
I cónjure thee, by Pluto's loathsome lake,
By all the hags which harbour in the same,
By stinking Styx and filthy Phlegethon,
To come with speed, and truly to fulfil
That which Medea to thee straight shall will!

CALCHAS *rises up, in a white surplice* and a cardinal's mitre.*

Calc. Thou wretched witch, when wilt thou make an end
Of troubling us with these thy cursèd charms?
What mean'st thou thus to call me from my grave?
Shall ne'er my ghost obtain his quiet rest?

Medea. Yes, Calchas, yes, your rest doth now approach;
Medea means to trouble thee no more,
Whenas thou hast fulfill'd her mind this once.
Go get thee hence to Pluto back again,
And there inquire of the Destinies†
How Amurack shall speed in these his wars?
Peruse their books, and mark what is decreed
By Jove himself and all his fellow-gods;
And when thou know'st the certainty thereof,
By fleshless visions show it presently
To Amurack, in pain of penalty.

Calc. Forc'd by thy charm, though with unwilling mind,
I haste to hell, the certainty to find.

[*Sinks down where he came up.*

Medea. Now, peerless princess, I must needs be gone;
My hasty business calls me from this place.
There resteth naught, but that you bear in mind
What Amurack, in this his fit, doth say;
For mark, what dreaming, madam, he doth prate,
Assure yourself that that shall be his fate.

Fausta. Though very loth to let thee so depart,
Farewell, Medea, easer of my heart. [*Exit* MEDEA.

[*Instruments sound within*

Amu. [*speaking in a dream.*] What, Amurack, dost thou begin to nod?
Is this the care that thou hast of thy wars?
As when thou shouldst be prancing of‡ thy steed,

* *to displease*] Qy. "so *to displease*"?
† *them*] The 4to. "him."
‡ *practice*] i. e. stratagem.

* *surplice*] The 4to. "*Cirples.*"
† *And there inquire of the Destinies*] In this line "inquire" is a trisyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 146.
‡ *of*] i. e. on.

To egg thy soldiers forward in thy wars,
Thou sittest moping by the fire-side?
See where thy viceroys grovel on the ground;
Look where Belinus breatheth forth his ghost;
Behold by millions how thy men do fall
Before Alphonsus, like to silly sheep;
And canst thou stand still lazing in this sort?
No, proud Alphonsus, Amurack doth fly
To quail thy courage, and that speedily.
[*Instruments sound within.*
And dost thou think, thou proud injurious god,
Mahound I mean, since thy vain prophecies
Led Amurack into this doleful case,
To have his princely feet in irons clapt,
Which erst the proudest kings were forc'd to kiss,
That thou shalt scape unpunish'd for the same?
No, no, as soon as by the help of Jove
I scape this bondage, down go all thy groves,
Thy altars tumble round about the streets,
And whereas erst we sacrific'd to thee,
Now all the Turks thy mortal foes shall be.
[*Instruments sound within.*
Behold the gem and jewel of mine age,
See where she comes, whose heavenly majesty
Doth far surpass the brave and gorgeous pace
Which Cytherea, daughter unto Jove,
Did put in ure* whenas she had obtain'd
The golden apple at the shepherd's hands.
See, worthy Fausta, where Alphonsus stands,
Whose valiant courage could not daunted be
With all the men-at-arms of Africa;
See now he stands as one that lately saw
Medusa's head or Gorgon's hoary hue.
[*Instruments sound within.*
And can it be that it may happen so?
Can fortune prove so friendly unto me
As that Alphonsus loves Iphigena?
The match is made, the wedding is decreed:
Sound trumpets, hah†! strike drums for mirth and glee!
And three times welcome son-in-law to me!
Fausta. [*rising up in a fury and waking* AMURACK.]
Fie, Amurack, what wicked words be these?
How canst thou look thy Fausta in her face,
Whom thou hast wrongèd in this shameful sort?
And are the vows so solemnly you sware
Unto Belinus, my most friendly niece,‡
Now wash'd so clearly§ from thy traitorous heart?
Is all the rancour which you erst did bear
Unto Alphonsus worn so out of mind
As, where* thou shouldst pursue him to death,†
You seek to give our daughter to his hands?
The gods forbid that such a heinous deed
With my consent should ever be decreed:
And rather than thou shouldst it bring to pass,
If all the army of Amazones
Will be sufficient to withhold the same,
Assure thyself that Fausta means to fight
'Gainst Amurack for to maintain the right.
Iphi. Yea, mother, say,—which Mahomet forbid,—
That in this conflict you should have the foil,
Ere that Alphonsus should be call'd my spouse,
This heart, this hand, yea, and this blade, should be
A readier means to finish that decree.
Amu. [*rising in a rage from his chair.*]
What threatening words thus thunder in mine ears?
Or who are they, amongst the mortal troops,
That dare presume to use such threats to me?
The proudest kings and keisars of the land
Are glad to feed me in my fantasy;
And shall I suffer, then, each prattling dame
For to upbraid me in this spiteful sort?
No, by the heavens, first will I lose my crown,
My wife, my children, yea, my life and all.
And therefore, Fausta, thou which Amurack
Did‡ tender erst as the apple of mine eye,
Avoid my court, and, if thou lov'st thy life,
Approach not nigh unto my regiment.§
As for this carping girl, Iphigena,
Take her with thee to bear thee company,
And in my land I rede‖ be seen no more,
For if you do, you both shall die therefóre. [*Exit.*
Fausta. Nay, then, I see 'tis time to look about,
Delay is dangerous, and procureth harm:
The wanton colt is tamèd in his youth;
Wounds must be cur'd when they be fresh and green;
And pleurisies, when they begin to breed,
With little care¶ are driven away with speed.
Had Fausta then when Amurack begun
With spiteful speeches to control and check,
Sought to prevent it by her martial force,
This banishment had never hapt to me.
But the echinus, fearing to be gor'd,

* *ure*] i. e. use.

† *hah*] The 4to. "haw" (perhaps an error for "how,' the old spelling of "ho").

‡ *niece*] See note ‡, p. 229, first col.

§ *clearly*] Qy. "cleanly"?

* *where*] i. e. whereas.

† *to death*] Qy. "*to* the *death*"? Compare "He'll die *the death*," &c., p. 227, first col., and "first he'll die *the death*," &c., p. 231, first col.

‡ *Did*] The 4to. "Didst."

§ *regiment*] i. e. government,—dominions.

‖ *rede*] i. e. advise.

¶ *care*] The 4to. "case."

Doth keep her younglings in her paunch so long,
Till, when their pricks be waxen long and sharp,
They put their dam at length to double pain:
And I, because I loath'd the broils of Mars,
Bridled my thoughts and pressèd down my rage;
In recompense of which my good intent,
I have receiv'd this woful banishment.
Woful, said I? nay, happy I did mean,
If that be happy which doth set one free;
For by this means I do not doubt ere long
But Fausta shall with ease revenge her wrong.
Come, daughter, come: my mind fortelleth me
That Amurack shall soon requited be.

As FAUSTA *and* IPHIGENA *are going out, enter* MEDEA, *meeting them.**

Medea. Fausta, what means this sudden flight of yours?
Why do you leave your husband's princely court,
And all alone pass through these thickest groves,
More fit to harbour brutish savage beasts
Than to receive so high a queen as you?
Although your credit would not stay your steps
From bending them into these darkish dens,
Yet should the danger, which is imminent
To every one which passeth by these paths,
Keep you at home with fair Iphigena.
What foolish toy hath tickled you to this?
I greatly fear some hap hath hit amiss.

Fausta. No toy, Medea, tickled Fausta's head,
Nor foolish fancy led me to these groves,
But earnest business eggs my trembling steps
To pass all dangers, whatsoe'er they be.
I banish'd am, Medea, I, which erst
Was empress over all the triple world,
Am banish'd now from palace and from pomp.
But if the gods be favourers to me,
Ere twenty days I will revengèd be.

Medea. I thought as much when first from thickest leaves
I saw you trudging in such posting pace.
But to the purpose: what may be the cause
Of this strange † and sudden banishment?

Fausta. The cause, ask you? A simple cause, God wot;
'Twas neither treason, nor yet felony,
But for because I blam'd his foolishness.

Medea. I hear you say so, but I greatly fear,
Ere that your tale be brought unto an end,
You'll prove yourself the author of the same.
But pray, be brief; what folly did your spouse?
And how will you revenge your wrong on him?

Fausta. What folly, quoth you? Such as never yet
Was heard or seen since Phœbus first gan shine.
You know how he was gathering in all haste
His men-at-arms, to set upon the troop
Of proud Alphonsus; yea, you well do know
How you and I did do the best we could
To make him show us in his drowsy dream
What afterward should happen in his wars.
Much talk he had, which now I have forgot;
But at the length this surely was decreed,
How that Alphonsus and Iphigena
Should be conjoin'd in Juno's sacred rites.
Which when I heard, as one that did despise
That such a traitor should be son to me,
I did rebuke my husband Amurack:
And since my words could take no better place,
My sword with help of all Amazone
Shall make him soon repent his foolishness.

Medea. This is the cause, then, of your banishment?
And now you go unto Amazone
To gather all your maidens in array,
To set upon the mighty Amurack?
O foolish queen, what meant you by this talk?
Those prattling speeches have undone you all.
Do you disdain to have that mighty prince,
I mean Alphonsus, counted for your son?
I tell you, Fausta, he is born to be
The ruler of a mighty monarchy.
I must confess the powers of Amurack
Be great, his confines stretch both far and near;
Yet are they not the third part of the lands
Which shall be rulèd by Alphonsus' hands:
And yet you dain * to call him son-in-law.
But when you see his sharp and cutting sword
Piercing the heart of this your gallant girl,
You'll curse the hour wherein you did denay †
To join Alphonsus with Iphigena.

Fausta. The gods forbid that e'er it happen so!

Medea. Nay, never pray, for it must happen so.

Fausta. And is there, then, no remedy for it?

Medea. No, none but one, and that you have forsworn.

Fausta. As though an oath can bridle so my mind
As that I dare not break a thousand oaths

---

* *enter Medea, meeting them*] Here a change of scene is supposed,—from the palace of Amurack to certain "groves": see the next speech. It must be remembered, that, in our author's days, the theatres had no painted moveable scenery.—And vide note *, p. 160, sec. col.

† *this strange*] Qy. "*this* so *strange*"? (Queried by me before the publication of Walker's *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c., where (ii. 268) the same correction is proposed.)

* *dain*] i. e. disdain.

† *denay*] i. e. deny, refuse.

For to eschew the danger imminent!
Speak, good Medea, tell that way to me,
And I will do it, whatsoe'er it be.
Medea. Then, as already you have well decreed,
Pack to your country, and in readiness
Select the army of Amazones:
When you have done, march with your female troop
To Naples' town, to succour Amurack:
And so, by marriage of Iphigena,
You soon shall drive the danger clean away.
Iphi. So shall we soon * eschew Charybdis' lake,
And headlong fall to Scylla's greedy gulf.
I vow'd before, and now do vow again,
Before I wed Alphonsus, I'll be slain.
Medea. In vain it is to strive against the stream;
Fates must be follow'd, and the gods' decree
Must needs take place in every kind of cause.
Therefore, fair maid, bridle these brutish thoughts,
And learn to follow what the fates assign.
When Saturn heard that Jupiter his son
Should drive him headlong from his heavenly seat
Down to the bottom of the dark Averu,
He did command his mother presently
To do to death the young and guiltless child:
But what of that? the mother loath'd in heart
For to commit so vile a massacre;
Yea, Jove did live, and, as the fates did say,
From heavenly seat drave Saturn clean away.
What did avail the castle all of steel,
The which Acrisius causèd to be made
To keep his daughter Danaë clogg'd in?
She was with child for all her castle's force;
And by that child Acrisius, her sire,
Was after slain, so did the fates require.
A thousand * examples I could bring hereof;
But marble stones need † no colouring,
And that which every one doth know for truth
Needs no examples to confirm the same.
That which the fates appoint must happen so,
Though heavenly Jove and all the gods say no.
Fausta. Iphigena, she sayeth naught but truth,
Fates must be follow'd in their just decrees;
And therefore, setting all delays aside,
Come, let us wend unto Amazone,
And gather up our forces out of hand.
Iphi. Since Fausta wills, and fates do so command,
Iphigena will never it withstand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter VENUS.

Ven. Thus have you seen how Amurack himself,
Fausta his wife, and every other king
Which holds their sceptres at the Turk his hands,
Are now in arms, intending to destroy,
And bring to naught, the Prince of Arragon.
Charms have been us'd by wise Medea's art,
To know before what afterward shall hap;
And King Belinus, with high Claramont,
Join'd to Arcastus, † which with princely pomp
Doth rule and govern all the warlike Moors,
Are sent as legates to God Mahomet,
To know his counsel in these high affairs.
Mahound, provok'd by Amurack's discourse,
Which, as you heard, he in his dream did use,
Denies to play the prophet any more;
But, by the long entreaty of his priests,
He prophesies in such a crafty sort
As that the hearers needs must laugh for sport.
Yet poor Belinus, with his fellow kings,
Did give such credence to that forgèd tale
As that they lost their dearest lives thereby,
And Amurack became a prisoner
Unto Alphonsus, as straight shall appear. [*Exit.*

Let there be a Brazen Head set in the middle of the place behind the stage. Enter two Priests.

First Pr. My fellow priest ‡ of Mahound's holy house,
What can you judge of these strange miracles
Which daily happen in this sacred seat?
[*Drums rumble within.*
Hark, what a rumbling rattleth in our ears!
[*Flakes of fire are cast forth of the Brazen Head.*
See flakes of fire proceeding from the mouth
Of Mahomet, that god of peerless power!
Nor can I tell, with all the wit I have,
What Mahomet, by these his signs, doth crave.

---

* *So shall we soon*, &c.] A recollection of the celebrated line in Gaultier's *Alexandreis*,—
"Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdin."

† *Arcastus*] Th 4to. "Alphonsus."

* *A thousand*] Qy. "Thousand"?

† *need*] Qy. "do *need*"?

‡ *priest*] The 4to. "priests."

Sec. Pr. Thrice ten times Phœbus with his golden beams
Hath compassèd the circle of the sky,
Thrice ten times Ceres hath her workmen hir'd,
And fill'd her barns with fruitful crops of corn,
Since first in priesthood I did lead my life;
Yet in this time I never heard before
Such fearful sounds, nor saw such wondrous sights;
Nor can I tell, with all the wit I have,
What Mahomet, by these his signs, doth crave.

Mahomet. [*speaking out of the Brazen Head.*]
You cannot tell, nor will you seek to know:
O perverse priest[s], how careless are you wax'd,
As when my foes approach unto my gates,
You stand still talking of "I cannot tell"!
Go pack you hence, and meet the Turkish kings,
Which now are drawing to my temple ward;
Tell them from me, God Mahomet is dispos'd
To prophesy no more to Amurack,
Since that his tongue is waxen now so free
As that it needs must chat and rail at me.

[*The* Priests *kneel.*

First Pr. O Mahomet, if all the solemn prayers
Which from our childhood we have offer'd thee,
Can make thee call this sentence back again,
Bring not thy priest[s] into this dangerous state!
For when the Turk doth hear of this repulse,
We shall be sure to die the death therefóre.

Mahomet. [*speaking out of the Brazen Head.*]
Thou sayest truth: go call the princes in:
I'll prophesy unto them for this once;
But in such wise as they shall neither boast,
Nor you be hurt in any kind of wise.

BELINUS, CLARAMONT, ARCASTUS, *and* FABIUS *are brought in by the* Priests.

First Pr. You kings of Turkey, Mahomet our god,
By sacred science having notice that
You were sent legates from high Amurack
Unto this place, commanded us, his priests,
That we should cause you make as mickle speed
As well you might, to hear for certainty
Of that shall happen to your king and ye.

Beli. For that intent we came into this place;
And sithens * that the mighty Mahomet
Is now at leisure for to tell the same,
Let us make haste and take time while we may,
For mickle danger happeneth through delay.

Sec. Pr. Truth, worthy king, and therefore you yourself,
With your companions, kneel before this place,
And listen well what Mahomet doth say.

Beli. As you do will, we jointly will obey.

[*All kneel down before the Brazen Head.*

Mahomet. [*speaking out of the Brazen Head.*]
Princes of Turkey, and ambassadors
Of Amurack to mighty Mahomet,
I needs must muse that you, which erst have been
The readiest soldiers of the triple world,
Are now become so slack in your affairs
As, when you should with bloody blade in hand
Be hacking helms in thickest of your foes,
You stand still loitering in the Turkish soil.
What, know you not how that it is decreed
By all the gods and chiefly by myself,
That you with triumph should all crownèd be?
Make haste, kings,* lest when the fates do see
How carelessly you do neglect their words,
They call a council, and force Mahomet
Against his will some other thing to set.
Send Fabius back to Amurack again,
To haste him forwards in his enterprize;
And march you on, with all the troops you have,
To Naples ward, to conquer Arragon,
For, if you stay, both you and all your men
Must needs be sent down straight to Limbo-den.

Sec. Pr. Muse not, brave kings, at Mahomet's discourse,
For mark what he forth of that mouth doth say,
Assure yourselves it needs must happen so.
Therefore make haste, go mount you on your steeds,
And set upon Alphonsus presently:
So shall you reap great honour for your pain,
And scape the scourge which else the fates ordain.

[*All rise up.*

Beli. Then, proud Alphonsus, look thou to thy crown:
Belinus comes, in glittering armour clad,
All ready prest † for to revenge the wrong
Which, not long since, you offer'd unto him;
And since we have God Mahound on our side,
The victory must needs to us betide.

Cla. Worthy Belinus, set such threats away,
And let us haste as fast as horse can trot
To set upon presumptuous Arragon.—
You, Fabius, haste, as Mahound did command,
To Amurack with all the speed you may.

Fabi. With willing mind I hasten on my way.

[*Exit.*

* *sithens*] i. e. since.

* *Make haste, kings,* &c.] Qy. "*Make haste,* then, *kings,*" &c.? Walker (*Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare,* &c., ii. 148) conjectures "*Make haste,* ye *kings,*" &c., and "*Make haste,* haste, *kings,*" &c.

† *prest*] i. e. prepared.

Beli. And thinking long till that we be in fight,
Belinus hastes to quail Alphonsus' might.

[*Exeunt.*

Alarum awhile. Enter CARINUS.

Cari. No sooner had God Phœbus' brightsome beams
Begun to dive within the western seas,
And darksome Nox had spread about the earth
Her blackish mantle, but a drowsy sleep
Did take possession of Carinus' sense,
And Morpheus* show'd me strange disguisèd shapes.
Methought I saw Alphonsus, my dear son,
Plac'd in a throne all glittering clear with gold,
Bedeck'd with diamonds, pearls, and precious stones,
Which shin'd so clear, and glitter'd all so bright,
Hyperion's coach† that well be term'd it might.
Above his head a canopy was set,
Not deck'd with plumes, as other princes use,
But all beset with heads of conquer'd kings,
Install'd with crowns, which made a gallant show,
And struck a terror to the viewers' hearts.
Under his feet lay grovelling on the ground
Thousand of princes, which he in his wars
By martial might did conquer and bring low:
Some lay as dead as either stock or stone,
Some other tumbled, wounded to the death;
But most of them, as to their sovereign king,
Did offer duly homage unto him.
As thus I stood beholding of this pomp,
Methought Alphonsus did espy me out,
And, at a trice, he leaving throne alone,
Came to embrace me in his blessèd arms.
Then noise of drums and sound of trumpets shrill
Did wake Carinus from this pleasant dream.
Something, I know, is now foreshown by this:
The Gods forfend that aught should hap amiss!

CARINUS *walks up and down. Enter the* DUKE OF MILAN *in pilgrim's apparel.*

Duke of M. This is the chance of fickle Fortune's wheel;
A prince at morn, a pilgrim ere't be night.
I, which erewhile did dain‡ for to possess
The proudest palace of the western world,
Would now be glad a cottage for to find,
To hide my head; so Fortune hath assign'd.
Thrice Hesperus with pomp and peerless pride
Hath heav'd his head forth of the eastern seas,
Thrice Cynthia, with Phœbus' borrow'd beams,
Hath shown her beauty through the darkish clouds,
Since that I, wretched duke, have tasted aught,
Or drunk a drop of any kind of drink.
Instead of beds set forth with ebony,
The greenish grass hath been my resting-place;
And, for my pillow stuffed with down,*
The hardish hillocks have suffic'd my turn.
Thus I, which erst had all things at my will,
A life more hard than death do follow still.

Cari. [*aside.*] Methinks I hear, not very far from hence,
Some woful wight lamenting his mischance:
I'll go and see if that I can espy
Him where he sits, or overhear his talk.

Duke of M. O Milan, Milan, little dost thou think
How that thy duke is now in such distress!
For if thou didst, I soon should be releas'd
Forth of this greedy gulf of misery.

Cari. [*aside.*] The Milan Duke! I thought as much before,
When first I glanc'd mine eyes upon his face.
This is the man which was the only cause
That I was forc'd to fly from Arragon:
High Jove be prais'd which hath allotted me
So fit a time to quite that injury.—
Pilgrim, God speed.

Duke of M. Welcome, grave sir, to me.

Cari. Methought as now I heard you for to speak
Of Milan land: pray, do you know the same?

Duke of M. Ay, agèd father,† I have cause to know
Both Milan land and all the parts thereof.

Cari. Why, then, I doubt not but you can resolve
Me of a question that I shall demand.

Duke of M. Ay, that I can, whatever that it be.

Cari. Then, to be brief: not twenty winters past,
When these my limbs, which wither'd are with age,
Were in the prime and spring of all their youth,
I still desirous, as young gallants be,
To see the fashions of Arabia,
My native soil, and in this pilgrim's weed,
Began to travel through unkennèd lands.

---

* *Morpheus*] The 4to. "Morphei.

† *coach*] The 4to. "couch."

‡ *dain*] i. e. disdain.

* *stuffed with down*] "'*Stuffed* soft *with down*,' I imagine." Walker's *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c., ii. 268.

† *Ay, agèd father*, &c.] The 4to. gives these two lines to Carinus.

Much ground I pass'd, and many soils I saw;
But when my feet in Milan-land I set,
Such sumptuous triumphs daily there I saw
As never in my life I found the like.
I pray, good sir, what might the occasion be,
That made the Milans make such mirth and glee?

Duke of M. This solemn joy whereof you now do speak
Was not solémnizèd, my friend, in vain,
For at that time there came into the land
The happiest tidings that they e'er did hear;
For news was brought upon that solemn day
Unto our court, that Ferdinandus proud
Was slain himself, Carinus and his son
Were banish'd both for e'er from Arragon;
And for these happy news that joy was made.

Cari. But what, I pray, did afterward become
Of old Carinus with his banish'd son?
What, hear you nothing of them all this while?

Duke of M. Yes, too-too much, the Milan Duke may say.
Alphonsus first by secret means did get
To be a soldier in Belinus' wars,
Wherein he did behave himself so well
As that he got the crown of Arragon;
Which being got, he dispossess'd also
The king Belinus which had foster'd him.
As for Carinus, he is dead and gone:
I would his son were his companion.

Cari. A blister build upon that traitor's tongue!
But, for thy friendship which thou showed'st me,
Take that of me, I frankly give it thee.

[*Stabs the* DUKE OF MILAN, *who dies.*

Now will I haste to Naples with all speed,
To see if fortune will so favour me
To view Alphonsus in his happy state. [*Exit.*

Enter AMURACK, CROCON, FAUSTUS, *and* FABIUS, *with the* Provost *and* Janissaries.

Amu. Fabius, come hither: what is that thou sayest?
What did God Mahound prophesy to us?
Why do our viceroys wend unto the wars
Before their king had notice of the same?
What, do they think to play bob-fool with me?
Or are they wax'd so frolic now of late,
Since that they had the leading of our bands,
As that they think that mighty Amurack
Dares do no other than to soothe them up?
Why speak'st thou not? what fond or frantic fit
Did make those careless kings to venture it?

Fabi. Pardon, dear lord; no frantic fit at all,
No frolic vein, nor no presumptuous mind
Did make your viceroys take these wars in hand;
But forc'd they were by Mahound's prophecy
To do the same, or else resolve to die.

Amu. So, sir, I hear you, but can scarce believe
That Mahomet would charge them go before,
Against Alphonsus, with so small a troop,
Whose number far exceeds King Xerxes' troop.*

Fabi. Yes, noble lord, and more than that, he said
That, ere that you, with these your warlike men,
Should come to bring your succour to the field,
Belinus, Claramont, and Arcastus too
Should all be crown'd with crowns of beaten gold,
And borne with triumph† round about their tents.

Amu. With triumph, man! did Mahound tell them so?—
Provost, go carry Fabius presently
Unto the Marshalsea: there let him rest,
Clapt sure and safe in fetters all of steel,
Till Amurack discharge him from the same;
For be he sure, unless it happen so
As he did say Mahound did prophesy,
By this my hand forthwith the slave shall die.

As FABIUS *is being carried out, enter a* Soldier.

Sold. Stay, Provost, stay, let Fabius alone:
More fitteth now that every lusty lad
Be buckling on his helmet, than to stand
In carrying soldiers to the Marshalsea.

Amu. Why, what art thou that darest once presume
For to gainsay that Amurack did bid?

Sold. I am, my lord, the wretched'st man alive,
Born underneath the planet of mishap;
Erewhile a soldier of Belinus' band,
But now—

Amu. What now?

Sold. The mirror of mishap;
Whose captain 's slain, and all his army dead,
Only excepted me, unhappy wretch.

Amu. What news is this! and is Belinus slain?
Is this the crown which Mahomet did say
He should with triumph wear upon his head?
Is this the honour which that cursèd god
Did prophesy should happen to them all?
O Dædalus, an wert thou now alive
To fasten wings upon high Amurack,
ahound should know, and that for certainty,
That Turkish kings can brook no injury!

Fabi. Tush, tush, my lord; I wonder what you mean,

* *troop*] Repeated, most probably, by a mistake of the transcriber or printer, from the preceding line. Qy. "host".

† *triumph*] The 4to. "triumphes."

Thus to exclaim against high Mahomet.
I'll lay my life that, ere this day be past,
You shall perceive his * tidings all be waste.
Amu. We shall perceive, accursed Fabius!
Suffice it not that thou hast been the man
That first didst beat those baubles in my brain,
But that, to help me forward in my grief,
Thou seekest to confirm so foul a lie?
Go get thee hence, and tell thy traitorous king
[*Stabs* FABIUS, *who dies.*
What gift you had which did such tidings bring.—
And now, my lords, since nothing else will serve,
Buckle your helms, clap on your steelèd coats,
Mount on your steeds, take lances in your hands;
For Amurack doth mean this very day
Proud Mahomet with weapons to assay.
Sold. Mercy, high monarch! it is no time now
To spend the day in such vain threatenings
Against our god, the mighty Mahomet.
More fitteth thee to place thy men-at-arms
In battle 'ray, for to withstand your foes,
Which now are drawing towards you with speed.
[*Drums sounded within.*
Hark, how their drums with dub-a-dub do come!
To arms, high lord, and set these trifles by,
That you may set upon them valiantly.
Amu. And do they come? You kings of Turkey,†
Now is the time in which your warlike arms
Must raise your names above the starry skies.
Call to your mind your predecessors' acts,
Whose martial might, this many a hundred year,
Did keep those fearful dogs in dread and awe,
And let your weapons show Alphonsus plain,
That though that they be clappèd up in clay,
Yet there be branches sprung up from these trees,
In Turkish land, which brook no injuries.
Besides the same, remember with yourselves
What foes we have; not mighty Tamburlaine,
Nor soldiers trainèd up amongst the wars,
But fearful boors,‡ pick'd from their rural flock,
Which, till this time, were wholly ignorant
What weapons meant, or bloody Mars doth crave.
More would I say, but horses that be free
Do need no spurs, and soldiers which themselves
Long and desire to buckle with the foe,
Do need no words to egg them to the same.

Enter ALPHONSUS, *with a canopy carried over him by three* Lords, *having over each corner a king's head crowned;* ALBINIUS, LÆLIUS, *and* MILES, *with crowns on their heads, and their* Soldiers.

Besides the same, behold whereas § our foes
Are marching towards us most speedily.
Courage, my lords, ours is the victory.
Alphon. Thou pagan dog, how dar'st thou be so bold
To set thy foot within Alphonsus' land?
What, art thou come to view thy wretched kings,
Whose traitorous heads bedeck my tent* so wall?
Or else, thou hearing that on top thereof
There is a place left vacant, art thou come
To have thy head possess the highest seat?
If it be so, lie down, and this my sword
Shall presently that honour thee afford.
If not, pack hence, or by the heavens I vow,
Both thou and thine shall very soon perceive
That he that seeks to move my patience
Must yield his life to me† for recompense.
Amu. Why, proud Alphonsus, think'st thou Amurack,
Whose mighty force doth terrify the gods,
Can e'er be found to turn his heels, and fly
Away for fear from such a boy as thou?
No, no, although that Mars this mickle while
Hath fortified thy weak and feeble arm,
And Fortune oft hath view'd with friendly face
Thy armies marching victors from the field,
Yet at the presence of high Amurack
Fortune shall change, and Mars, that god of might,
Shall succour me, and leave Alphonsus quite.
Alphon. Pagan, I say, thou greatly art deceiv'd.
I clap up Fortune in a cage of gold,
To make her turn her wheel as I think best;
And as for Mars whom you do say will change,
He moping sits behind the kitchen-door,
Prest‡ at command of every scullion's mouth,
Who dares not stir, nor once to move a whit,
For fear Alphonsus then should stomach § it.
Amu. Blasphémous dog, I wonder that the earth
Doth cease from renting underneath thy feet,
To swallow up that‖ canker'd corpse of thine.
I muse that Jove can bridle so his ire
As, when he hears his brother so misus'd,
He can refrain from sending thunderbolts
By thick and threefold, to revenge his wrong.
Mars fight for me, and Fortune be my guide!
And I'll be victor, whatsome'er betide.
Albi. Pray loud enough, lest that you pray in vain:
Perhaps God Mars and Fortune are asleep.

* *his*] Qy. "these"?
† *Turkey*] Qy. "*Turkey* land"?
‡ *boors*] The 4to. "bodies."
§ *whereas*] i. e. where.
* *bedeck my tent*] The 4to. "bedeckt *my* tents.
† *me*] The 4to. "thee."
‡ *Prest*] i. e. Ready.
§ *stomach*] i. e. be angry at, resent.
‖ *that*] The 4to. "those."

Amu. *An Mars lies slumbering on his downy bed,
Yet do not think but that the power we have,
Without the help of those celestial gods,
Will be sufficient, yea, with small ado,
Alphonsus' straggling army to subdue.

Læli. You had need as then to call for Mahomet,
With hellish hags to† perform the same.

Faustus. High Amurack, I wonder what you mean,
That, when you may with little toil or none
Compel these dogs to keep their tongues in peace,
You let them stand still barking in this sort:
Believe me, sovereign, I do blush to see
These beggars' brats to chat so frolicly.

Alphon. How now, sir boy! Let Amurack himself,
Or any he, the proudest of you all,
But offer once for to unsheath his sword,
If that he dares, for all the power you have.

Amu. What, dar'st thou us? Myself will venture it.—
To arms, my mates!

AMURACK *draws his sword;* ALPHONSUS *and all the other Kings draw theirs.* *Alarum:* AMURACK *and his company fly, followed by* ALPHONSUS *and his company.*

ACT V.

Alarum. *Enter* VENUS.

Ven. Fierce is the fight, and bloody is the broil.
No sooner had the roaring cannon shot‡
Spit forth the venom of their firèd paunch,
And with their pellets sent such troops of souls
Down to the bottom of the dark Avern,
As that it§ cover'd all the Stygian fields;
But, on a sudden, all the men-at-arms,
Which mounted were on lusty coursers' backs,
Did rush together with so great a noise
As that I thought the giants one time more
Did scale the heavens, as erst they did before.
Long time Dame Fortune temper'd so her wheel
As that there was no vantage to be seen
On any side, but equal was the gain;
But at the length, so God and Fates decreed,
Alphonsus was the victor of the field,
And Amurack became his prisoner;
Who so remain'd until his daughter came,
And by her marrying did his pardon frame. [*Exit.*

Alarum: AMURACK *flies, followed by* ALPHONSUS, *who takes him prisoner and carries him in.* *Alarum:* *as* CROCON *and* FAUSTUS *are flying, enter* FAUSTA *and* IPHIGENA, *with their army, meeting them.*

Fausta. You Turkish kings, what sudden flight is this? [prowess
What mean the men, which for their valiant
Were dreaded erst clean through the triple world,
Thus cowardly to turn their backs and fly?
What froward fortune happen'd on your side?
I hope your king in safety doth abide.

Cro. Ay, noble madam, Amurack doth live,
And long I hope he shall enjoy his life;
But yet I fear, unless more succour come,
We shall both lose our king and sovereign.

Fausta. How so, King Crocon? dost thou speak in jest,
To prove if Fausta would lament his death?
Or else hath any thing hapt him amiss?
Speak quickly, Crocon, what the cause might be,
That thou dost utter forth these words to me.

Cro. Then, worthy Fausta, know that Amurack,
Our mighty king and your approvèd spouse,
Prick'd with desire of everlasting fame,
As he was pressing in the thickest ranks
Of Arragonians, was, with much ado,
At length took prisoner by Alphonsus' hands.
So that, unless you succour soon do bring,
You lose your spouse, and we shall want our king.

Iphi. O hapless hap, O dire and cruel fate!
What injury hath Amurack, my sire,
Done to the gods, which now I know are wroth,
Although unjustly and without a cause?
For well I wot, not any other king,
Which now doth live, or since the world begun
Did sway a sceptre, had a greater care
To please the gods than mighty Amurack:
And for to quite our father's great good-will,
Seek they thus basely all his fame to spill?

Fausta. Iphigena, leave off these woful tunes:
It is not words can cure and ease this wound,
But warlike swords; not tears, but sturdy spears.
High Amurack is prisoner to our foes:

* *An Mars,* &c.] The 4to. gives these five lines to Albinius.

† *to*] Qy. "*for to*" (as elsewhere in this play more than once)?

‡ *cannon shot*] i. e. cannons shot off.

§ *it*] Is frequently applied by our early writers to plural nouns: but qy. "they"?

What then? Think you that our Amazones,
Join'd with the forces of the Turkish troop,
Are not sufficient for to set him free?
Yes, daughter, yes, I mean not for to sleep,
Until he 's free, or we him company keep.—
March on, my mates. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum: ALPHONSUS *flies, followed by* IPHIGENA.

Iphi. How now, Alphonsus! you which never yet
Could meet your equal in the feats of arms,
How haps it now that in such sudden sort
You fly the presence of a silly maid?
What, have you found mine arm of such a force
As that you think your body over-weak
For to withstand the fury of my blows?
Or do you else disdain to fight with me,
For staining of your high nobility?

Alphon. No, dainty dame, I would not have
That ever thou or any other wight [thee think
Shall live to see Alphonsus fly the field
From any king or keisar whosome'er:
First will I die in thickest of my foe,
Before I will disbase * mine honour so.
Nor do I scorn, thou goddess, for to stain
My prowess with thee, although it be a shame
For knights to combat with the female sect:†
But love, sweet mouse,‡ hath so benumb'd my wit,
That, though I would, I must refrain from it.

Iphi. I thought as much when first I came to
Your noble acts were fitter to be writ [wars;
Within the tables of Dame Venus' son
Than in God Mars his warlike registers:
Whenas your lords are hacking helms abroad,
And make their spears to shiver in the air,
Your mind is busied in fond Cupid's toys.
Come on, i'faith, I'll teach you for to know,
We came to fight, and not to love, I trow.

Alphon. Nay, virgin, stay. An if thou wilt vouchsafe
To entertain Alphonsus' simple suit,
Thou shalt ere long be monarch of the world:
All christen'd kings, with all your pagan dogs,
Shall bend their knees unto Iphigena;
The Indian soil shall be thine at command,
Where every step thou settest on the ground
Shall be receivèd on the golden mines;
Rich Pactolus §, that river of account,
Which doth descend from top of Tmolus* Mount,
Shall be thine own, and all the world beside,
If you will grant to be Alphonsus' bride.

Iphi. Alphonsus' bride! Nay, villain, do not think
That fame or riches can so rule my thoughts
As for to make me love and fancy him
Whom I do hate, and in such sort despise,
As if my death could bring to pass his bane,
I would not long from Pluto's port remain.

Alphon. Nay, then, proud peacock, since thou art so stout
As that entreaty will not move thy mind
For to consent to be my wedded spouse,
Thou shalt, in spite of gods and fortune too,
Serve high Alphonsus as a concubine.

Iphi. I'll rather die than ever that shall hap.

Alphon. And thou shalt die unless it come to pass.

ALPHONSUS *and* IPHIGENA *fight.* IPHIGENA *flies, followed by* ALPHONSUS. *Alarum: enter* ALPHONSUS *with his rapier,* ALBINIUS, LÆLIUS, MILES, *with their* Soldiers; AMURACK, FAUSTA, IPHIGENA, CROCON, *and* FAUSTUS, *all bound, with their hands behind them.* AMURACK *looks angrily on* FAUSTA.

Enter MEDEA.

Medea. Nay, Amurack, this is no time to jar:
Although thy wife did, in her frantic mood,
Use speeches which might better have been spar'd,
Yet do thou not judge this † same time to be
A season to requite that injury.
More fitteth thee, with all the wit thou hast,
To call to mind which way thou mayst release
Thyself, thy wife, and fair Iphigena,
Forth of the power of stout Alphonsus' hands;
For, well I wot, since first you breathèd breath,
You never were so nigh the snares of death.
Now, Amurack, your high and kingly seat,
Your royal sceptre, and your stately crown,
Your mighty country, and your men-at-arms,
Be conquer'd all, and can no succour bring.
Put, then, no trust in these same paltry toys,
But call to mind that thou a prisoner art,
Clapt up in chains, whose life and death depend‡
Upon the hands of thy most mortal foe.
Then take thou heed, that whatsome'er he say,
Thou dost not once presume for to gainsay.

Amu. Away, you fool! think you your cursèd
Can bridle so the mind of Amurack [charms
As that he will stand crouching to his foe?

---

* *disbase*] Qy. "debase"?

† *sect*] i. e. sex (as frequently in our early writers).

‡ *mouse*] Was formerly a very common term of endearment.

§ *Pactolus*] Another false quantity —like "Euphrātes." "Ērāto," and "Ixīon," *ante.*

* *Tmolus*] The 4to. "Tiuole."

† *this*] The 4to. "the."

‡ *death depend*] The 4to. "deaths depends."

No, no, be sure that, if that beggar's brat
Do dare but once to contrary my will,
I'll make him soon in heart for to repent
That e'er such words 'gainst Amurack he spent.
Medea. Then, since thou dost disdain my good
Look to thyself, and if you fare amiss, [advice,
Remember that Medea counsel gave
Which might you safe from all those perils save.*—
But, Fausta, you, as well you have begun,
Beware you follow still your friend's advice:
If that Alphonsus do desire of thee
To have your daughter for his wedded spouse,
Beware you do not once the same gainsay,
Unless† with death he do your rashness pay.
Fausta. No, worthy wight; first Fausta means
Before Alphonsus she will contrary. [to die
Medea. Why, then, farewell.—But you, Iphigena,
Beware you do not over-squeamish wax,
Whenas your mother giveth her consent.
Iphi. The gods forbid that e'er I should gainsay
That which Medea bids me to obey. [*Exit* MEDEA.

ALPHONSUS, *who all this while has been talking to* ALBINIUS, *rises up out of his chair.*

Alphon. Now, Amurack, the proud blasphémous dogs,
For so you term'd us, which did brawl and rail
Against God Mars and fickle Fortune's wheel,
Have got the goal for all your solemn prayers.
Yourself are prisoner, which as then did think
That all the forces of the triple world
Were insufficient to fulfil the same.
How like you this? Is Fortune of such might,
Or hath God Mars such force or power divine,
As that he can, with all the power he hath,
Set thee and thine forth of Alphonsus' hands?
I do not think but that your hope's so small
As that you would with very willing mind
Yield for my spouse the fair Iphigena,
On that condition, that without delay
Fausta and you may scot-free scape away.
Amu. What, think'st thou, villain, that high Amurack
Bears such a mind as, for the fear of death,
He'll yield his daughter, yea, his only joy,
Into the hands of such a dunghill-knight?
No, traitor, no; for [though] as now I lie
Clapt up in irons and with bolts of steel,
Yet do there lurk within the Turkish soil
Such troops of soldiers that, with small ado,
They'll set me scot-free from your men and you.
Alphon. "Villain," say'st thou? "traitor" and
"dunghill-knight"?
Now, by the heavens, since that thou dost deny
For to fulfil that which in gentle wise
Alphonsus craves, both thou and all thy train
Shall with your lives requite that injury.—
Albinius, lay hold of Amurack,
And carry him to prison presently,
There to remain until I do return
Into my tent; for by high Jove I vow,
Unless he wax more calmer out of hand,
His head amongst his fellow-kings shall stand.
Amu. No, villain, think not that the fear of death
Shall make me calmer while I draw my breath.
[*Exit in custody of* ALBINIUS.
Alphon. Now, Lælius, take you Iphigena,
Her mother Fausta, with these other kings,
And put them into prisons severally;
For Amurack's stout stomach shall undo
Both he himself and all his other crew.
Fausta. [*kneeling.*] O sacred prince, if that the salt-brine tears,
Distilling down poor Fausta's wither'd cheeks,
Can mollify the hardness of your heart,
Lessen this judgment, which thou in thy rage
Hast given on thy luckless prisoner-
Alphon. Woman, away! my word is gone and past;
Now, if I would, I cannot call it back.
You might have yielded at my first demand,
And then you needed* not to fear this hap.—
[FAUSTA *rises.*
Lælius, make haste, and go thou presently
For to fulfil that I commanded thee.
Iphi. [*kneeling.*] Mighty Alphonsus, since my mother's suit
Is so rejected that in any case
You will not grant us pardon for her sake,
I now will try if that my woful prayers
May plead for pity at your grace's feet.
When first you did, amongst the thickest ranks,
All clad in glittering arms encounter me,
You know yourself what love you did protest
You then did bear unto Iphigena.
Then for that love, if any love you had,
Revoke this sentence, which is too-too bad.
Alphon. No, damsel†; he that will not when he may,
When he desires shall surely purchase nay:
If that you had, when first I proffer made,
Yielded to me, mark, what I promis'd you

* *safe . . . . . save*] Qy. "sav'd . . . . . have"?
† *Unless*] See note †, p. 227, first col.

* *needed*] The 4to. "need."
† *damsel*] The 4to. "*damsel* damsel."

I would have done; but since you did deny,
Look for denial at Alphonsus' hands.

IPHIGENA *rises, and stands aside.* ALPHONSUS *talks with* ALBINIUS. *Enter* CARINUS *in pilgrim's apparel.*

Cari. [*aside.*] O friendly Fortune, now thou show'st thy power
In raising up my son from banish'd state
Unto the top of thy most mighty wheel!
But, what be these which at his sacred feet
Do seem to plead for mercy at his hands?
I'll go and sift this matter to the full.

[*Goes towards* ALPHONSUS, *and speaks to one of his soldiers.*

Sir knight, an may a pilgrim be so bold
To put your person to such mickle pain
For to inform me what great king is this,
And what these be, which, in such woful sort,
Do seem to seek for mercy at his hands?

Sol. Pilgrim, the king that sits on stately throne
Is call'd Alphonsus; and this matron hight *
Fausta, the wife to Amurack the Turk;
That is their daughter, fair Iphigena;
Both which, together with the Turk himself,
He did take prisoners in a battle fought.

Alphon. [*spying out* CARINUS.] And can the gods be found so kind to me
As that Carinus now I do espy?
'Tis he indeed.—Come on, Albinius:
The mighty conquest which I have achiev'd,
And victories the which I oft have won,
Bring not such pleasure to Alphonsus' heart
As now my father's presence doth impart.

ALPHONSUS *and* ALBINIUS *go toward* CARINUS; *and* ALPHONSUS *stands looking on him.*

Cari. What, ne'er a word, Alphonsus? art thou dumb?
Or doth my presence so perturb thy mind
That, for because I come in pilgrim's weed,
You think each word which you do spend to me
A great disgrace unto your name to be?
Why speak'st thou not? If that my place you crave,
I will be gone, and you my place shall have.

Alphon. Nay, father, stay; the gods of heaven forbid
That o'er Alphonsus should desire or wish
To have his absence whom he doth account
To be the loadstone † of his life!
What, though the Fates and Fortune, both in one,
Have been content to call your loving son
From beggar's state unto this princely seat,
Should I therefore disdain my aged sire?
No, first both crown and life I will detest,
Before such venom breed within my breast.
What erst I did, the sudden joy I took
To see Carinus in such happy state,
Did make me do, and nothing else at all,
High Jove himself do I to witness call.

Cari. These words are vain; I knew as much before.
But yet, Alphonsus, I must wonder needs
That you, whose years are prone * to Cupid's snares,
Can suffer such a goddess as this dame
Thus for to shed such store of crystal tears.
Believe me, son, although my years be spent,
Her sighs and sobs in twain my heart do rent.

Alphon. Like power, dear father, had she over me
Until for love I looking to receive
Love back again, not only was denied,
But also taunted in most spiteful sort:
Which made me loathe that which I erst did love,
As she herself, with all her friends, shall prove.

Cari. How now, Alphonsus! You which have so long
Been trained up in bloody broils of Mars,
What, know you not that castles are not won
At first assault, and women are not woo'd
When first their suitors proffer love to them?
As for my part, I should account that maid
A wanton wench, unconstant, lewd, and light,
That yields the field before she venture fight;
Especially unto her mortal foe,
As you were then unto Iphigena.
But, for because I see you fitter are
To enter lists and combat with your foes
Than court fair ladies in God Cupid's tents,
Carinus means your spokesman for to be,
And if that she consent, you shall agree.

Alphon. What you command Alphonsus must not fly,
Though otherwise perhaps he would deny.

Cari. Then, dainty damsel, stint these trickling tears,
Cease sighs and sobs, yea, make a merry cheer:
Your pardon is already purchased,
So that you be not over-curious †
In granting to Alphonsus' just demand.

Iphi. Thanks, mighty prince: no curiouser I'll be
Than doth become a maid of my degree.

* *hight*] i. e. is called.
† *the loadstone*] Qy. "*the* very loadstar"?

* *prone*] The 4to. "proue."
† *over-curious*] i. e. over-scrupulous.

Cari. The gods forbid that e'er Carinus tongue
Should go about to make a maid consent
Unto the thing which modesty denies.
That which I ask is neither hurt to thee,
Danger to parents, nor disgrace to friends,
But good and honest, and will profit bring
To thee and those which lean unto that thing.
And that is this: since first Alphonsus' eyes
Did hap to glance upon your heavenly hue,
And saw the rare perfection of the same,
He hath desirèd to become your spouse:
Now, if you will unto the same agree,
I dare assure you that you shall be free.

Iphi. Pardon, dear lord; the world goes very hard
When womenkind are forcèd for to woo.
If that your son had lovèd me so well,
Why did he not inform me of the same?

Cari. Why did he not! what, have you clean forgot
What ample proffers he did make to you
When, hand to hand, he did encounter you?

Iphi. No, worthy sir, I have not it forgot;
But Cupid cannot enter in the breast
Where Mars before had took possession.
That was no time to talk of Venus' games
When all our fellows were press'd in the wars.

Cari. Well, let that pass: now canst thou be content
To love Alphonsus and become his spouse?

Iphi. Ay, if the high Alphonsus could vouchsafe
To entertain me as his wedded spouse.

Alphon. If that he could! what, dost thou doubt of that?
Jason did jet* whenas he had obtain'd
The golden fleece by wise Medea's art;
The Greeks rejoicèd when they had subdu'd
The famous bulwarks of most stately Troy;
But all their mirth was nothing in respect
Of this my joy, since that I now have got
That which I long desirèd in my heart.

Cari. But what says Fausta to her daughter's choice?

Fausta. Fausta doth say, the gods have been her friends,
To let her live to see Iphigena
Bestowèd so unto her heart's content.

Alphon. Thanks, mighty empress, for your gentleness;
And, if Alphonsus can at any time
With all his power requite this courtesy,
You shall perceive how kindly he doth take
Your forwardness in this his happy chance.

Cari. Albinius, go call forth Amurack:
We'll see what he doth say unto this match.

ALBINIUS *brings forth* AMURACK.

Most mighty Turk, I, with my warlike son
Alphonsus, loathing that so great a prince
As you should live in such unseemly sort,
Have sent for you to proffer life or death;
Life, if you do consent to our demand,
And death, if that you dare gainsay the same.
Your wife, high Fausta, with Iphigena,
Have given consent that this my warlike son
Should have your daughter for his bedfellow:
Now resteth naught but that you do agree,
And so to * purchase sure tranquillity.

Amu. [*aside.*] Now, Amurack, advise thee what thou say'st;
Bethink thee well what answer thou wilt make:
Thy life and death dependeth on thy words.
If thou deny to be Alphonsus' sire,
Death is thy share; but if that thou consent,
Thy life is sav'd. Consent! nay, rather die:
Should I consent to give Iphigena
Into the hands of such a beggar's brat?
What, Amurack, thou dost deceive thyself;
Alphonsus is the son unto a king:
What then? the[n] worthy of thy daughter's love.
She is agreed, and Fausta is content;
Then Amurack will not be discontent.—

[*Takes* IPHIGENA *by the hand, and gives her to* ALPHONSUS.

Here, brave Alphonsus, take thou at my hand
Iphigena, I give her unto thee;
And for her dowry, when her father die[s],
Thou shalt possess the Turkish empery.
Take her, I say, and live King Nestor's years:
So would the Turk and all his noble peers.

Alphon. Immortal thanks I give unto your grace.

Cari. Now, worthy princes, since by help of [Jove
On either side the wedding is decreed,
Come, let us wend to Naples speedily
For to solémnize it with mirth and glee.

Amu. As you do will, we jointly do agree.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter VENUS *with the* Muses.

Ven. Now, worthy Muses, with unwilling mind
Venus is forc'd to trudge to heavens again,
For Jupiter, that god of peerless power,
Proclaimèd hath a solemn festival

---

* *jet*] i. e. strut,—exult.

* *to*] Qy "do"?

In honour of Dame Danaë's luckless death;
Unto the which, in pain of his displeasure,
He hath invited all the immortal gods
And goddesses, so that I must be there,
Unless I will his high displeasure bear.
You see Alphonsus hath, with much ado,
At length obtainèd fair Iphigena,
Of Amurack her father, for his wife;
Who now are going to the temple wards
For to perform Dame Juno's sacred rites;
Where we will leave them, till the feast be done,
Which, in the heavens, by this time is begun.
Meantime, dear Muses, wander you not far
Forth of the path of high Parnassus' hill,
That, when I come to finish up his life,*
You may be ready for to succour me:
Adieu, dear dames; farewell, Calliope.

Cal. Adieu, you sacred goddess of the sky.

[*Exit* VENUS; *or, if you can conveniently, let a chair come down from the top of the stage, and draw her up.*

Well, loving sisters, since that she is gone,
Come, let us haste unto Parnassus' hill,
As Cytherea did lately will.*

Melpom. Then make you haste her mind for to fulfill.

[*Exeunt omnes, playing on their instruments.*

* *That, when I come to finish up his life*, &c.] This proves that Greene intended to write a *Second Part of Alphonsus.* Perhaps, indeed, he did write one: "possibly," observes Mr. Collier (*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 171), "the continuation has perished."

* *did lately will*] Qy. "*did* us *lately will*"? (i. e., according to the phraseology of Greene's time, "did lately *desire* us.")

GEORGE-A-GREENE, THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD.

A Pleasant conceyted comedie of George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield. As it was sundry times acted by the seruants of the right Honourable the Earle of Sussex. Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop neere the Royall Exchange. 1599. 4to.

Reprinted in the different editions of Dodsley's *Old Plays.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDWARD, King of England.
JAMES, King of Scotland.
EARL OF KENDAL.
EARL OF WARWICK.
LORD BONFIELD.
LORD HUMFS.
SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG.
SIR NICHOLAS MANNERING.
GEORGE-A-GREENE.
MUSGROVE.
CUDDY, his son.
NED-A-BARLEY.
GRIME.
ROBIN HOOD.
MUCH, the Miller's son.
SCARLET.
JENKIN, George-a-Greene's man.
WILY, George-a-Greene's boy.
JOHN.
Justice.
Townsmen, Shoemakers, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

JANE-A-BARLEY.
BETTRIS, daughter to Grime.
MAID MARIAN.

THE PINNER* OF WAKEFIELD.

Enter the EARL OF KENDAL; *with him* LORD BONFIELD, SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG, SIR NICHOLAS MANNERING, *and* JOHN.

Ken. Welcome to Bradford, martial gentlemen,
Lord Bonfield, and Sir Gilbert Armstrong both;
And all my troops, even to my basest groom,
Courage and welcome! for the day is ours.
Our cause is good, 'tis for the land's avail:
Then let us fight, and die for England's good.

All. We will, my lord.

Ken. As I am Henry Momford, Kendal's earl,
You honour me with this assent of yours;
And here upon my sword I make protest
For† to relieve the poor or die myself.
And know, my lords, that James, the King of Scots,
Wars hard upon the borders of this land:
Here is his post.—
Say, John Taylor, what news with King James?

John. War, my lord, [I] tell, and good news, I trow; for King Jamy vows to meet you the twenty-sixth of this month, God willing; marry, doth he, sir.

Ken. My friends, you see what we have to win.—
Well, John, commend me to King James, and tell him,
I will meet him the twenty-sixth of this month,
And all the rest; and so, farewell. [*Exit* JOHN.
Bonfield, why stand'st thou as a man in dumps?
Courage! for, if I win, I'll make thee duke:
I Henry Momford will be king myself;
And I will make thee Duke of Lancaster,
And Gilbert Armstrong Lord of Doncaster.

Bon. Nothing, my lord, makes me amaz'd at all,
But that our soldiers find our victuals scant.
We must make havoc of those country-swains;
For so will the rest tremble and be afraid,
And humbly send provision to your camp.

Arm. My lord Bonfield gives good advice:
They make a scorn, and stand upon the king;
So what is brought is sent from them perforce;
Ask Mannering else.

Ken. What say'st thou, Mannering?

Man. Whenas I show'd your high commission,
They made this answer,
Only to send provision for your horses.

Ken. Well, hie thee to Wakefield, bid the town
To send me all provision that I want,
Lest I, like martial Tamburlaine, lay waste
Their bordering countries, leaving * none alive
That contradicts my commission.

Man. Let me alone, my lord, I'll make them
Their plumes; [vail†
For whatsoe'er he be, the proudest knight,
Justice, or other, that gainsay'th your word,
I'll clap him fast, to make the rest to fear.

Ken. Do so, Nick: hie thee thither presently,
And let us hear of thee again to-morrow.

Man. Will you not remove, my lord?

Ken. No, I will lie at Bradford all this night
And all the next.—Come, Bonfield, let us go,
And listen out some bonny lasses here. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Justice, Townsmen,‡ GEORGE-A-GREENE, *and* SIR NICHOLAS MANNERING *with his commission.*

Jus. Master Mannering, stand aside, whilst we confer

---

* *Pinner*] "Or *Pinder;* the keeper of the Pinfolds belonging to the common fields about Wakefield. Junius, in his *Etymologicon*, voce *Pende*, says: '*Pende* Includere. Ch. ab A. S. pennan pyndan idem significante. Hinc *pinder, pinner*, Qui pecora ultra fines vagantia septo includit.' Mr. Steevens observes, that the figure of this rustic hero is still preserved on a sign at the bottom of Gray's-Inn-Lane."—*Reed.*

† *For*] Qy. "Or"?

* *leaving*] The 4to. "and *leauing.*"

† *vail*] i. e. lower.

‡ *Townsmen*] The 4to. has only "a Townesman" (i. e. t' e spokesman of the body of townsmen who are on the stage during this scene).

What is best to do.—Townsmen of Wakefield,
The Earl of Kendal here hath sent for victuals;
And in aiding him we show ourselves no less
Than traitors to the king; therefore
Let me hear, townsmen, what is your consents.

First Towns. Even as you please, we are all content.

Jus. Then, Master Mannering, we are resolv'd—

Man. As how?

Jus. Marry, sir, thus.
We will send the Earl of Kendal no victuals,
Because he is a traitor to the king;
And in aiding him we show ourselves no less.

Man. Why, men of Wakefield, are you waxen
That present danger cannot whet your wits, [mad,
Wisely to make provision of yourselves?
The earl is thirty thousand men strong in power,
And what town soever him resist,
He lays it flat and level with the ground.
Ye silly men, you seek your own decay:
Therefore
Send my lord such provision as he wants,
So he will spare your town,
And come no nearer Wakefield than he is.

Jus. Master Mannering, you have your answer;
You may be gone.

Man. Well, Woodroffe, for so I guess is thy name,
I'll make thee curse thy overthwart denial;
And all that sit upon the bench this day
Shall rue the hour they have withstood my lord's
Commission.

Jus. Do thy worst, we fear thee not.

Man. See you these seals? before you pass the
I will have all things my lord doth want, [town,
In spite of you.

Geo. Proud dapper Jack, vail * bonnet to the
That represents the person of the king; [bench
Or, sirrah, I'll lay thy head before thy feet.

Man. Why, who art thou?

Geo. Why, I am George-a-Greene,
True liegeman to my king,
Who scorns that men of such esteem as these
Should brook the braves of any traitorous squire.
You † of the bench, and you, my fellow-friends,
Neighbours, we subjects all unto the king;
We are English born, and therefore Edward's friends,
Vow'd unto him even in our mothers' womb,
Our minds to God, our hearts unto our king;
Our wealth, our homage, and our carcasses,
Be all King Edward's. Then, sirrah, we
Have nothing left for traitors, but our swords,
Whetted to bathe them in your bloods, and die
'Gainst you, before we send you any victuals.

Jus. Well spoken, George-a-Greene!

First Towns. Pray let George-a-Greene speak for us.

Geo. Sirrah, you get no victuals here,
Not if a hoof of beef would save your lives.

Man. Fellow, I stand amaz'd at thy presumption.
Why, what art thou that dar'st gainsay my lord,
Knowing his mighty puissance and his stroke?
Why, my friend, I come not barely of myself;
For, see, I have a large commission.

Geo. Let me see it, sirrah. [*Takes the commission.*] Whose seals be these?

Man. This is the Earl of Kendal's seal-at-arms;
This Lord Charnel Bonfield's;
And this Sir Gilbert Armstrong's.

Geo. I tell thee, sirrah, did good King Edward's son
Seal a commission 'gainst the king his father,
Thus would I tear it in despite of him,
Tears the commission
Being traitor to my sovereign.

Man. What, hast thou torn my lord's commission?
Thou shalt rue it, and so shall all Wakefield.

Geo. What, are you in choler? I will give you pills
To cool your stomach. Seest thou these seals?
Now, by my father's soul,
Which was a yeoman when he was alive,
Eat them,* or eat my dagger's point, proud squire.

Man. But thou dost but jest, I hope.

Geo. Sure that shall you see before we two part.

Man. Well, an there be no remedy, so, George:
[*Swallows one of the seals.*
One is gone; I pray thee, no more now.

Geo. O, sir,
If one be good, the others cannot hurt.
So, sir; [MANNERING *swallows the other two seals.*
Now you may go tell the Earl of Kendal,
Although I have rent his large commission,
Yet of courtesy I have sent all his seals
Back again by you.

---

* *vail!*] i. e. lower.

† *You*, &c.] Here "*You*" seems to be a misprint for "Yon": but the whole passage is corrupted.

* *Eat them*, &c.] The resemblance between this incident and an adventure in which our author was concerned is pointed out in my remarks on *The Pinner of Wakefield* in the *Account of Greene and his Writings*, p. 33: see also the extract from the prose *History of George-a-Greene* at the end of this play.

Man. Well, sir, I will do your errand. [*Exit.*

Geo. Now let him tell his lord that he hath spoke
With George-a-Greene,
Hight* Pinner of merry Wakefield town,
That hath physic for a fool,
Pills for a traitor that doth wrong his sovereign.
Are you content with this that I have done?

Just. Ay, content, George;
For highly hast thou honour'd Wakefield town
In cutting off proud Mannering so short.
Come, thou shalt be my welcome guest to-day;
For well thou hast deserv'd reward and favour.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MUSGROVE *and* CUDDY.

Cud. Now, gentle father, list unto thy son,
And for my mother's love,
That erst was blithe and bonny in thine eye,
Grant one petition that I shall demand.

Mus. What is that, my Cuddy?

Cud. Father, you know
The ancient enmity of late†
Between the Musgroves and the wily Scots,
Whereof they have oath,
Not to leave one alive that strides a lance.‡
O father,
You are old, and waning age§ unto the grave:
Old William Musgrove, which whilom was thought
The bravest horseman in all Westmoreland,
Is weak,
And fore'd to stay his arm upon a staff,
That erst could wield a lance.
Then, gentle father, resign the hold to me;
Give arms to youth, and honour unto age.

Mus. Avaunt, false-hearted boy! my joints do quake
Even with anguish of thy very words.
Hath William Musgrove seen an hundred years?
Have I been fear'd and dreaded of the Scots,
That, when they heard my name in any road,‖
They fled away and posted thence amain,
And shall I die with shame now in mine age?
No, Cuddy, no: thus resolve I,
Here have I liv'd, and here will Musgrove die.

[*Exeunt.*

* *Hight*] i. e. Called. The 4to. "Right."

† *enmity of late*] Qy. "*enmity of late* reviv'd"?

‡ *strides a lance*] "i.e. not to leave even a child of them alive, one who *equitat in arundine longa*. ["Equitare in arundine longa" Horace, *Sat.* ii. 3. 248.]" *Steevens.*

§ *age*] In my former edition I conjectured "aye": but, though this speech is mutilated, "*age*" is doubtless the true reading.

‖ *road*] i. e. inroad.

Enter LORD BONFIELD, SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG, GRIME, *and* BETTRIS.

Bon. Now, gentle Grime, god-a-mercy for our good cheer;
Our fare was royal, and our welcome great:
And sith so kindly thou hast entertain'd us,
If we return with happy victory,
We will deal as friendly with thee in recompense.

Grime. Your welcome was but duty, gentle lord;
For wherefore have we given us our wealth,
But to make our betters welcome when they come?
[*Aside.*] O, this goes hard when traitors must be flatter'd!
But life is sweet, and I cannot withstand it:
God, I hope, will revenge the quarrel of my king.

Arm. What said you, Grime?

Grime. I say, Sir Gilbert, looking on my daughter,
I curse the hour that e'er I got the girl;
For, sir, she may have many wealthy suitors,
And yet she disdains them all,
To have poor George-a-Greene unto her husband.

Bon. On that, good Grime, I am talking with thy daughter;
But she, in quirks and quiddities of love,
Sets me to school, she is so over-wise.—
But, gentle girl, if thou wilt forsake the Pinner
And be my love, I will advance thee high;
To dignify those hairs of amber hue,
I'll grace them with a chaplet made of pearl,
Set with choice rubies, sparks,* and diamonds,
Planted upon a velvet hood, to hide that head
Wherein two sapphires burn like sparkling fire:
This will I do, fair Bettris, and far more,
If thou wilt love the Lord of Doncaster.

Bet. Heigh-ho! my heart is in a higher place,
Perhaps† on the earl, if that be he.
See where he comes, or angry, or in love,
For why his colour looketh discontent.

Enter the EARL OF KENDAL *and* SIR NICHOLAS MANNERING.

Ken. Come, Nick, follow me.

Bon. How now, my lord! what news?

Ken. Such news, Bonfield, as will make thee laugh,
And fret thy fill, to hear how Nick was us'd.
Why, the Justices stand on their terms:
Nick, as you know, is haughty in his words;
He laid the law unto the Justices

* *rubies, sparks*] Qy. "ruby-*sparks*"?

† *Perhaps*, &c.] Ought this line (which is imperfect) and the two following lines to be given to Bonfield?

With threatening braves, that one look'd on another,
Ready to stoop; but that a churl came in,
One George-a-Greene, the Pinner of the town,
And with his dagger drawn laid hands on Nick,
And by no beggars swore that we were traitors,
Rent our commission, and upon a brave
Made Nick to eat the seals or brook the stab:
Poor Mannering, afraid, came posting hither straight.

Bet. O lovely George, fortune be still thy friend!
And as thy thoughts be high, so be thy mind*
In all accords, even to thy heart's desire!

Bon. What says fair Bettris?

Grime. My lord, she is praying for George-a-Greene:
He is the man, and she will none but him.

Bon. But him! why, look on me, my girl:
Thou know'st that yesternight I courted thee,
And swore at my return to wed with thee.
Then tell me, love, shall I have all thy fair?†

Bet. I care not for earl, nor yet for knight,
Nor baron that is so bold;
For George-a-Greene, the merry Pinner,
He hath my heart in hold.

Bon. Bootless, my lord, are many vain replies:
Let us hie us to Wakefield, and send her the Pinner's head.

Ken. It shall be so.—Grime, gramercy,
Shut up thy daughter, bridle her affects‡
Let me not miss her when I make return;
Therefore look to her, as to thy life, good Grime.

Grime. I warrant you, my lord.

Ken. And, Bettris,
Leave a base Pinner, for to love an earl.

[*Exeunt* GRIME *and* BETTRIS.

Fain would I see this Pinner George-a-Greene.
It shall be thus;
Nick Mannering shall lead on the battle,
And we three will go to Wakefield in some disguise:
But howsoever, I'll have his head to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter JAMES KING OF SCOTS, LORD HUMES, *with* Soldiers, *and* JOHN.

K. James. Why, Johnny, then the Earl of Kendal is blithe,
And hath brave men that troop along with him?

John. Ay, marry, my liege,
And hath good men that come along with him,
And vows to meet you at Scrasblesea,* God willing.

K. James. If good Saint Andrew lend King Jamy leave,
I will be with him at the 'pointed day.

Enter NED.

But, soft!—Whose pretty boy art thou?

Ned. Sir, I am son unto Sir John-a-Barley,
Eldest, and all that e'er my mother had;
Edward my name.

K. James. And whither art thou going, pretty Ned?

Ned. To seek some birds, and kill them, if I can:
And now my schoolmaster is also gone,
So have I liberty to ply my bow;
For when he comes, I stir not from my book.

K. James. Lord Humes, but mark the visage of this child:
By him I guess the beauty of his mother;
None but Leda could breed Helena.—
Tell me, Ned, who is within with thy mother?

Ned. None† but herself and household-servants, sir:
If you would speak with her, knock at this gate.

K. James. Johnny, knock at that gate.

[JOHN *knocks at the gate.*

Enter JANE-A-BARLEY *upon the walls.*

Jane. O, I'm betray'd! What multitudes be these?

K. James. Fear not, fair Jane, for all these men are mine,
And all thy friends, if thou be friend to me:
I am thy lover, James the King of Scots,
That oft have su'd and woo'd with many letters,
Painting my outward passions with my pen,
Whenas my inward soul did bleed for woe.
Little regard was given to my suit;
But haply thy husband's presence wrought it:
Therefore, sweet Jane, I fitted me to time,
And, hearing that thy husband was from home,
Am come to crave what long I have desir'd.

Ned. Nay, soft you, sir! you get no entrance here,
That seek to wrong Sir John-a-Barley so,
And offer such dishonour to my mother.

K. James. Why, what dishonour, Ned?

Ned. Though young,
Yet often have I heard my father say,
No greater wrong than to be made [a] cuckold.

---

* *so be thy mind, &c.*] Corrupted.
† *fair* i. e. beauty.
‡ *affects*] i. e. affections.

* *Scrasblesea*] Qy. "*Scrivelsby*" or "*Scamblesby*"?
† *None*] The 4tc. "Not."

Were I of age, or were my body strong,
Were he ten kings, I would shoot him to the heart
That should attempt to give Sir John the horn.—
Mother, let him not come in:
I will go lie at Jocky Miller's house.

K. James. Stay him.

Jane. Ay, well said, Ned, thou hast given the king his answer;
For were the ghost of Cæsar on the earth,
Wrapp'd in the wonted glory of his honour,
He should not make me wrong my husband so.
But good King James is pleasant, as I guess,
And means to try what humour I am in;
Else would he never have brought an host of men,
To have them witness of his Scottish lust.

K. James. Jane, in faith, Jane,—

Jane. Never reply,
For I protest by the highest holy God,
That doometh just revenge for things amiss,
King James, of all men, shall not have my love.

K. James. Then list to me; Saint Andrew be my boot,
But I'll raze thy castle to the very ground,
Unless thou open the gate and let me in.

Jane. I fear thee not, King Jamy: do thy worst.
This castle is too strong for thee to scale;
Besides, to-morrow will Sir John come home.

K. James. Well, Jane, since thou disdain'st King James's love,
I'll draw thee on with sharp and deep extremes;
For, by my father's soul, this brat of thine
Shall perish here before thine eyes,
Unless thou open the gate and let me in.

Jane. O deep extremes! my heart begins to break:
My little Ned looks pale for fear.—
Cheer thee, my boy, I will do much for thee.

Ned. But not so much as to dishonour me.

Jane. An if thou diest, I cannot live, sweet Ned.

Ned. Then die with honour, mother, dying chaste.

Jane. I am arm'd:
My husband's love, his honour, and his fame,
Join* victory by virtue. Now, King James,
If mother's tears cannot allay thine ire,
Then butcher him, for I will never yield:
The son shall die before I wrong the father.

K. James. Why, then, he dies.

Alarum within. Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, Musgrove is at hand.

K. James. Who, Musgrove? The devil he is! Come, my horse! [*Exeunt*

Enter Musgrove *with* King James *prisoner.*

Mus. Now, King James, thou art my prisoner.

K. James. Not thine, but fortune's prisoner.

Enter Cuddy.

Cud. Father, the field is ours:
Their colours we have seiz'd, and Humes is slain;
I slew him hand to hand.

Mus. God and Saint George!

Cud. O father, I am sore athirst!

Jane. Come in, young Cuddy, come and drink thy fill:
Bring in King Jamy with you as a guest;
For all this broil was 'cause he could not enter.
[*Exit above.—Exeunt, below, the others.*

Enter George-a-Greene.

Geo. The sweet content of men that live in love
Breeds fretting humours in a restless mind;
And fancy, being check'd by fortune's spite,
Grows too impatient in her sweet desires;
Sweet to those men whom love leads on to bliss,
But sour to me whose hap is still amiss.

Enter Jenkin.

Jen. Marry, amen, sir.

Geo. Sir, what do you cry "amen" at?

Jen. Why, did not you talk of love?

Geo. How do you know that?

Jen. Well, though I say it that should not say it, there are few fellows in our parish so nettled with love as I have been of late.

Geo. Sirrah, I thought no less, when the other morning you rose so early to go to your wenches. Sir, I had thought you had gone about my honest business.

Jen. Trow, you have hit it; for, master, be it known to you, there is some good-will betwixt Madge the souce-wife* and I: marry, she hath another lover.

Geo. Canst thou brook any rivals in thy love?

Jen. A rider! no, he is a sow-gelder and goes afoot. But Madge 'pointed to meet me in your wheat-close.

Geo. Well, did she meet you there?

* *Join*] Qy. "Gain" or "Win"? (The 4to. has "Ioynes.")

* *souce-wife*] i. e. woman who sells souce,—which, I believe, meant, properly, the head, feet, and ears of swine, boiled and pickled.

Jen. Never make question of that. And first I saluted her with a green gown, and after fell as hard a-wooing as if the priest had been at our backs to have married us.

Geo. What, did she grant?

Jen. Did she grant! never make question of that. And she gave me a shirt-collar wrought over with no counterfeit stuff.

Geo. What, was it gold?

Jen. Nay, 'twas better than gold.

Geo. What was it?

Jen. Right Coventry blue. We* had no sooner come there but wot you who came by?

Geo. No: who?

Jen. Clim the sow-gelder.

Geo. Came he by?

Jen. He spied Madge and I sit together: he leapt from his horse, laid his hand on his dagger, and began to swear. Now I seeing he had a dagger, and I nothing but this twig in my hand, I gave him fair words and said nothing. He comes to me, and takes me by the bosom. "You whoreson slave," said he, "hold my horse, and look he take no cold in his feet." "No, marry, shall he, sir," quoth I; "I'll lay my cloak underneath him." I took my cloak, spread it all along, and [set] his horse on the midst of it.

Geo. Thou clown, didst thou set his horse upon thy cloak?

Jen. Ay, but mark how I served him. Madge and he were no sooner gone down into the ditch, but I plucked out my knife, cut four holes in my cloak, and made his horse stand on the bare ground.

Geo. 'Twas well done. Now, sir, go and survey my fields: if you find any cattle in the corn, to pound with them.

Jen. And if I find any in the pound, I shall turn them out. [*Exit.*

Enter the Earl of Kendal, Lord Bonfield, Sir Gilbert Armstrong, *all disguised, with a train of men.*

Ken. Now we have put the horses in the corn,
Let us stand in some corner for to hear
What braving terms the Pinner will breathe
When he spies our horses in the corn.

[*Retires with the others.*

Re-enter Jenkin† *blowing his horn.*

Jen. O master, where are you? we have a prize.

Geo. A prize! what is it?

Jen. Three goodly horses in our wheat-close.

Geo. Three horses in our wheat-close! whose be they?

Jen. Marry, that's a riddle to me; but they are there; velvet horses, and I never saw such horses before. As my duty was, I put off my cap, and said as followeth: "My masters, what do you make in our close?" One of them, hearing me ask what he made there, held up his head and neighed, and after his manner laughed as heartily as if a mare had been tied to his girdle. "My masters," said I, "it is no laughing matter; for, if my master take you here, you go as round as a top to the pound." Another untoward jade, hearing me threaten him to the pound and to tell you of them, cast up both his heels, and let such a monstrous great fart, that was as much as in his language to say, "A fart for the pound, and a fart for George-a-Greene." Now I, hearing this, put on my cap, blew my horn, called them all jades, and came to tell you.

Geo. Now, sir, go and drive me those three horses to the pound.

Jen. Do you hear? I were best take a constable with me.

Geo. Why so?

Jen. Why, they,* being gentlemen's horses, may stand on their reputation, and will not obey me.

Geo. Go, do as I bid you, sir.

Jen. Well, I may go.

The Earl of Kendal, Lord Bonfield, *and* Sir Gilbert Armstrong, *come forward.*

Ken. Whither away, sir?

Jen. Whither away! I am going to put the horses in the pound.

Ken. Sirrah, those three horses belong to us,
And we put them in,
And they must tarry there and eat their fill.

Jen. Stay, I will go tell my master.—Hear you, master? we have another prize: those three horses be in your wheat-close still, and here be three geldings more.

Geo. What be these?

Jen. These are the masters of the horses.

Geo. Now, gentlemen, (I know not your degrees,
But more you cannot be, unless† you be kings,)
Why wrong you us of Wakefield with your horses?
I am the Pinner, and, before you pass,
You shall make good the trespass they have done.

Ken. Peace, saucy mate, prate not to us:
I tell thee, Pinner, we are gentlemen.

---

* *We*] The 4to. "Who."
† *Jenkin*] The 4to. "Iacke."

* *Why, they,* &c.] Given in the 4to. to George.
† *unless*] Qy. "'less"?

Geo. Why, sir,
So may I, sir, although I give no arms.

Ken. Thou! how art thou a gentleman?

Jen. And* such is my master, and he may give as good arms as ever your great grandfather could give.

Ken. Pray thee, let me hear how.

Jen. Marry, my master may give for his arms the picture of April in a green jerkin, with a rook on one fist and an horn on the other: but my master gives his arms the wrong way, for he gives the horn on his fist; and your grandfather, because he would not lose his arms, wears the horn on his own head.

Ken. Well, Pinner, sith our horses be in,
In spite of thee they now shall feed their fill,
And eat until our leisures serve to go.

Geo. Now, by my father's soul,
Were good King Edward's horses in the corn,
They shall† amend the scath, or kiss the pound;
Much more yours, sir, whatsoe'er you be.

Ken. Why, man, thou knowest not us:
We do belong to Henry Momford, Earl of Kendal;
Men that, before a month be full expir'd,
Will be King Edward's betters in the land.

Geo. King Edward's better[s]! rebel, thou liest.
[*Strikes him.*

Bon. Villain, what hast thou done? thou hast struck an earl.

Geo. Why, what care I? a poor man that is true,
Is better than an earl, if he be false.
Traitors reap no better favours at my hands.

Ken. Ay, so methinks; but thou shalt dear aby this blow.—
Now or never lay hold on the Pinner!

All the train comes forward.

Geo. Stay, my lord,‡ let us parley on these broils:
Not Hercules against two, the proverb is,
Nor I against so great a multitude.—
[*Aside.*] Had not your troops come marching as they did,
I would have stopt your passage unto London:
But now I'll fly to secret policy.

Ken. What dost thou murmur, George?

Geo. Marry, this, my lord; I muse,
If thou be Henry Momford, Kendal's earl,
That thou wilt do poor George-a-Greene this
Ever to match me with a troop of men. [wrong,

Ken. Why didst* thou strike me, then?

Geo. Why, my lord, measure me but by your-
Had you a man had serv'd you long, [self:
And heard your foe misuse you behind your back,
And would not draw his sword in your defence,
You would cashier him.†
Much more, King Edward is my king:
And before I'll hear him so wrong'd,
I'll die within this place,
And maintain good whatsoever I have said.
And, if I speak not reason in this case,
What I have said I'll maintain in this place.

Bon. A pardon, my lord, for this Pinner;
For, trust me, he speaketh like a man of worth.

Ken. Well, George,
Wilt thou leave Wakefield and wend with me,
I'll freely put up all and pardon thee.

Geo. Ay, my lord, considering‡ me one thing,
You will leave these arms and follow your good king.

Ken. Why, George, I rise not against King Edward,
But for the poor that is oppress'd by wrong;
And, if King Edward will redress the same,
I will not offer him disparagement,
But otherwise; and so let this suffice.
Thou hear'st the reason why I rise in arms:
Now, wilt thou leave Wakefield and wend with me,
I'll make thee captain of a hardy band,
And, when I have my will, dub thee a knight.

Geo. Why, my lord, have you any hope to win?

Ken. Why, there is a prophecy doth say,
That King James and I shall meet at London,
And make the king vail§ bonnet to us both.

Geo. If this were true, my lord,
This were a mighty reason.

Ken. Why, it is
A miraculous prophecy, and cannot fail.

Geo. Well, my lord, you have almost turn'd me.—
Jenkin, come hither.

Jen. Sir?

Geo. Go your ways home, sir,
And drive me those three horses home unto my house,
And pour them down a bushel of good oats.

---

* *And*] Qy. "Ay"?

† *Were good King Edward's horses in the corn, They shall*, &c.] In passages like this our old writers often prefer "shall" to "should." And see note †, p. 123, sec. col.

‡ *lord*] The 4to. "Lords."

* *didst*] The 4to. "doest".

† *You would cashier him*, &c.] In Dodsley's *Old Plays* a vain attempt is made to restore the metre of this corrupted passage by arranging it as follows,—

"You would cashier him. Much more,
King Edward is my king: and before I'll hear him
So wrong'd, I'll die within this place,
And maintain," &c.

‡ *considering*] Qy. "conceding"?

§ *vail*] i. e. lower.

Jen. Well, I will.—[*Aside.*] Must I give these scurvy horses oats? [*Exit.*

Geo. Will it please you to command your train aside?

Ken. Stand aside. [*The train retires.*

Geo. Now list to me:
Here in a wood, not far from hence,
There dwells an old man in a cave alone,
That can foretel what fortunes shall befall you,
For he is greatly skilful in magic art.
Go you three to him early in the morning,
And question him: if he says good,
Why, then, my lord, I am the foremost man
Who* will march up with your camp to London.

Ken. George, thou honourest me in this.
But where shall we find him out?

Geo. My man shall conduct you to the place:
But, good my lord,† tell me true what the wise man saith.

Ken. That will I, as I am Earl of Kendal.

Geo. Why, then, to honour George-a-Greene the more,
Vouchsafe a piece of beef at my poor house;
You shall have wafer-cakes your fill,
A piece of beef hung up since Martlemas:‡
If that like you not, take what you bring, for me.

Ken. Gramercies, George. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WILY *disguised as a woman.*

Wily. O, what is love! it is some mighty power,
Else could it never conquer George-a-Greene.
Here dwells a churl that keeps away his love:
I know the worst, an if I be espied,
'Tis but a beating; and if I by this means
Can get fair Bettris forth her father's door,
It is enough.
Venus, for me, of all the gods alone,§
Be aiding to my wily enterprize!
[*Knocks at the door.*

Enter GRIME.

Grime. How now! who knocks there? what would you have?
From whence came you? where do you dwell?

Wily. I am, forsooth, a sempster's maid hard-by,
That hath brought work home to your daughter.‖

Grime. Nay, are you not
Some crafty quean that comes from George-a-Greene,
That rascal, with some letters to my daughter?
I will have you search'd.

Wily. Alas, sir, it is Hebrew unto me,
To tell me of George-a-Greene or any other.
Search me, good sir, and if you find a letter
About me, let me have the punishment that's due.

Grime. Why are you muffled? I like you the worse for that.

Wily. I am not, sir, asham'd to show my face;
Yet loth I am my cheeks should take the air:
Not that I'm chary of my beauty's hue,
But that I'm troubled with the tooth-ache sore.
[*Unmuffles.*

Grime. [*aside.*] A pretty wench, of smiling countenance!
Old men can like, although they cannot love;
Ay,
And love, though not so brief as young men can.—
Well,
Go in, my wench, and speak with my daughter.
[*Exit* WILY *into the house.*
I wonder much at the Earl of Kendal,
Being a mighty man, as still he is,
Yet for to be a traitor to his king,
Is more than God or man will well allow.
But what a fool am I to talk of him!
My mind is more here of the pretty lass.
Had she brought some forty pounds to town,*
I could be content to make her my wife:
Yet I have heard it in a proverb said,
He that is old and marries with a lass,
Lies but at home and proves himself an ass.

Enter, from the house, BETTRIS *in* WILY'S *apparel.*

How now, my wench! how is't? what, not a word?—
Alas, poor soul, the tooth-ache plagues her sore.—
Well, my wench, [*Gives money.*
Here is an angel for to buy thee pins,
And I pray thee use mine house;
The oftener, the more welcome: farewell. [*Exit.*

Bet. O blessèd love, and blessèd fortune both!
But, Bettris, stand not here to talk of love,
But hie thee straight unto thy George-a-Greene.
Never went roe-buck swifter on the downs
Than I will trip it till I see my George. [*Exit.*

Enter the EARL OF KENDAL, LORD BONFIELD, SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG, *and* JENKIN.

Ken. Come away, Jenkin.

---

* *Who*] The 4to. "We."

† *lord*] The 4to. "Lords."

‡ *Martlemas*] A form of "*Martinmas.*"—This passage, somewhat varied, and without its present ridiculous repetition, occurs again, p. 266, first col.

§ *Venus, for me, of all the gods alone*] The 4to.; "*Venus for me,* and *all* goes *alone.*" Reed, apud Dodsley's *Old Plays*, printed; "*Venus* be *for me* and she *alone.*"

‖ *That hath brought work home to your daughter*] Here "daughter" is a trisyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 208.

* *town*] Qy. "dower"?

Jen. Come, here is his house [*Knocks at the door*].—Where be you, ho?

Geo. [*within.*] Who knocks there?

Ken. Here are two or three poor men, father,
Would speak with you.

Geo. [*within.*] Pray, give your man leave to lead me forth.

Ken. Go, Jenkin, fetch him forth.

JENKIN *brings forth* GEORGE-A-GREENE *disguised.*

Jen. Come, old man.

Ken. Father,
Here are three poor men come to question thee
A word in secret that concerns their lives.

Geo. Say on, my son.*

Ken. Father, I am sure you hear the news, how that
The Earl of Kendal wars against the king.
Now, father, we three are gentlemen by birth,
But younger brethren that want revenues,
And for the hope we have to be preferr'd,
If that we knew that we shall win,
We will march with him: if not,
We will not march a foot to London more.
Therefore, good father, tell us what shall happen,
Whether the king or the Earl of Kendal shall [win.

Geo. The king, my son.

Ken. Art thou sure of that?

Geo. Ay, as sure as thou art Henry Momford,
The one Lord Bonfield, the other Sir Gilbert [Armstrong].

Ken. Why, this is wondrous, being blind of sight,
His deep perceiverance† should be such to know us.

Arm. Magic is mighty and fortelleth great matters.—
Indeed, father, here is the earl come to see thee,
And therefore, good father, fable not with him.

Geo. Welcome is the earl to my poor cell, and so
Are you, my lords; but let me counsel you
To leave these wars against your king, and live
In quiet.

Ken. Father, we come not for advice in war,
But to know whether we shall win or leese.*

Geo. Lose, gentle lords, but not by good King Edward;
A baser man shall give you all the foil.

Ken. Ay, marry, father, what man is that?

Geo. Poor George-a-Greene, the Pinner.

Ken. What shall he?

Geo. Pull all your plumes and sore dishonour you.

Ken. He! as how?

Geo. Nay, the end tries all; but so it will fall out.

Ken. But so it shall not, by my honour† Christ.
I'll raise my camp, and fire Wakefield town,
And take that servile Pinner George-a-Greene,
And butcher him before King Edward's face.

Geo. Good my lord, be not offended,
For I speak no more than art reveals to me:
And for greater proof,
Give your man leave to fetch me my staff.

Ken. Jenkin, feteh him his walking-staff.

Jen. [*giving it.*] Here is your walking-staff.

Geo. I'll prove it good upon your carcasses,
A wiser wizard never met you yet,
Nor one that better could foredoom your fall.
Now I have singled you here alone,
I care not though you be three to one.

Ken. Villain, hast thou‡ betray'd us?

Geo. Momford, thou liest, ne'er was I traitor yet;
Only devis'd this guile to draw you on
For to be combatants.
Now conquer me, and then march on to London:
But shall go hard but I will hold you task.

Arm. Come, my lord, cheerly, I'll kill him hand to hand.

Ken. A thousand pound to him that strikes that stroke!

Geo. Then give it me, for I will have the first.

[*Here they fight:* GEORGE *kills* SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG, *and takes the other two prisoners.*

Bon. Stay, George, we do appeal.

Geo. To whom?

Bon. Why, to the king:
For rather had we bide what he appoints,
Than here be murder'd by a servile groom.

Ken. What wilt thou do with us?

Geo. Even as Lord Bonfield wist,
You shall unto the king; and, for that purpose,
See where the Justice is plac'd.

---

* *son*] The 4to. "sonnes."

† *perceiverance*] Spelt in the 4to. "perseuerance," i. e. power of perceiving, discernment. Compare *The Widow* (a play attributed to Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton); "methinks the words
Themselves should make him do't, had he but the *perceiverance*
Of a cock-sparrow," &c.
Act iii. sc. 2,—Middleton's *Works*, iii. 388, ed. Dyce. (Compare, too, Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, "yet this *imperceiverant* thing," &c., act iv. sc. 1, and see my note on that passage.)

* *leese*] i. e. lose.

† *honour*] Qy. "honour'd"?

‡ *hast thou*] Qy. "thou hast"?

Enter Justice.

Jus. Now, my Lord of Kendal, where be all your threats?
Even as the cause, so is the combat fallen,
Else one could never have conquer'd three.

Ken. I pray thee, Woodroffe, do not twit me;
If I have faulted, I must make amends.

Geo. Master Woodroffe, here is not a place for many words:
I beseech ye, sir, discharge all his soldiers,
That every man may go home unto his own house.

Jus. It shall be so. What wilt thou do, George?

Geo. Master Woodroffe, look to your charge;
Leave me to myself.

Jus. Come, my lords.

[*Exeunt all except* George.*

Geo. Here sit thou, George, wearing a willow-wreath,
As one despairing of thy beauteous love.
Fie, George! no more;
Pine not away for that which cannot be.
I cannot joy in any earthly bliss,
So long as I do want my Bettris.†

Enter Jenkin.

Jen. Who see a master of mine?

Geo. How now, sirrah! whither away?

Jen. Whither away! why, who do you take me to be?

Geo. Why, Jenkin, my man.

Jen. I was so once indeed, but now the case is

Geo. I pray thee, as how? [altered.

Jen. Were not you a fortune-teller to-day?

Geo. Well, what of that?

Jen. So sure am I become a juggler. What will you say if I juggle your sweet-heart?

Geo. Peace. prating losel! her jealous father
Doth wait o'er her with such suspicious eyes,
That, if a man but dally by her feet,
He thinks it straight a witch‡ to charm his daughter.

Jen. Well, what will you give me, if I bring her hither?

Geo. A suit of green, and twenty crowns besides.

Jen. Well, by your leave, give me room. You must give me something that you have lately worn.

Geo. Here is a gown, will that serve you?

[*Gives gown.*

Jen. Ay, this will serve me. Keep out of my circle,
Lest you be torn in pieces with she-devils.—
Mistress Bettris, once, twice, thrice!

Jenkin *throws the gown in, and* Bettris *comes out.*

O, is this no cunning?*

Geo. Is this my love, or is it but her shadow?

Jen. Ay, this is the shadow, but here is the substance.

Geo. Tell me,† sweet love, what good fortune brought thee hither?
For one it was that favour'd George-a-Greene.

Bet. Both love and fortune brought me to my George,
In whose sweet sight is all my heart's content.

Geo. Tell me, sweet love, how cam'st thou from thy father's?

Bet. A willing mind hath many slips in love:
It was not I, but Wily, thy sweet boy.

Geo. And where is Wily now?

Bet. In my apparel, in my chamber still.

Geo. Jenkin, come hither: go to Bradford,
And listen out your fellow Wily.—
Come, Bettris, let us in,
And in my cottage we will sit and talk.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward, James King of Scots, Lord Warwick, Cuddy, *and* Train.

K. Edw. Brother of Scotland, I do hold it hard,
Seeing a league of truce was late confirm'd
'Twixt you and me, without displeasure offer'd
You should make such invasion in my land.
The vows of kings should be as oracles,
Not blemish'd with the stain of any breach;
Chiefly where fealty and homage will‡ it.

K. James. Brother of England, rub not the sore afresh;
My conscience grieves me for my deep misdeed.
I have the worst; of thirty thousand men,
There scap'd not full five thousand from the field.

---

* *Exeunt all except George*] Here a change of scene is supposed.—See note *, p. 160, sec. col., note *, p. 237, first col., and note ‡, p. 265, first col.

† *Bettris*] A trisyllable here,—*Betteris* = *Beatrice*.

‡ *a witch*] i. e. a sorcerer,—as is remarked by Walker (*Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c. ii. 89), who arranges the passage thus;

"Her jealous father doth wait over her
With such suspicious eyes, that, if a man
But dally by her feet, he thinks it straight
A witch to charm his daughter."

* *is this no cunning?*] Qy. "this is *no cunning!*"?

† *Tell me*, &c.] It is plain from Bettris's answer that something has dropt out here.

‡ *will*] The 4to. "willeth."

K. Edw. Gramercy, Musgrove, else it had gone hard:
Cuddy, I'll quite thee well ere we two part.
K. James. But had not his old father, William Musgrove,
Play'd twice the man, I had not now been here.
A stronger man I seldom felt before;
But one * of more resolute valiance
Treads not, I think, upon the English ground.
K. Edw. I wot well, Musgrove shall not lose his hire.
Cud. An it please your grace, my father was
Five-score and three at Midsummer last past:
Yet † had King Jamy been as good as George-a-Greene,
Yet Billy Musgrove would have fought with him.
K. Edw. As George-a-Greene!
I pray thee, Cuddy, let me question thee.
Much have I heard, since I came to my crown,
Many in manner of a proverb say,
"Were he as good as George-a-Greene, I would strike him sure."
I pray thee tell me, Cuddy, canst thou inform me,
What is that George-a-Greene?
Cud. Know, my lord, I never saw the man,
But mickle talk is of him in the country:
They say he is the Pinner of Wakefield town:
But for his other qualities, I let alone.
War. May it please your grace, I know the man too well.
K. Edw. Too well! why so, Warwick?
War. For once he swing'd me till my bones did ache.
K. Edw. Why, dares he strike an earl?
War. An earl, my lord! nay, he will strike a king,
Be it not King Edward. For stature he is fram'd
Like to the picture of stout Hercules,
And for his carriage passeth Robin Hood.
The boldest earl or baron of your land,
That offereth scath unto the town of Wakefield,
George will arrest his pledge unto the pound;
And whoso resisteth bears away the blows,
For he himself is good enough for three.
K. Edw. Why, this is wondrous. My lord of Warwick,
Sore do I long to see this George-a-Greene.
But leaving him, what shall we do, my lord,
For to subdue the rebels in the north?

* *But one*, &c.] Qy.
"And *one of* valiance more resolute
Treads not," &c.
† *Yet . . . Yet*] Some corruption, of course.

They * are now marching up to Doncaster.—
Soft! who have we there?

Enter one with the EARL OF KENDAL *prisoner.*

Cud. Here is a traitor, the Earl of Kendal.
K. Edw. Aspiring traitor! how darest thou
Once cast thine eyes upon thy sovereign
That honour'd thee with kindness and with favour?
But I will make thee by † this treason dear.
Ken. Good my lord,—
K. Edw. Reply not, traitor.—
Tell me, Cuddy, whose deed of honour
Won the victory against this rebel?
Cud. George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield.
K. Edw. George-a-Greene! now shall I hear
Certain, what this Pinner is. [news
Discourse it briefly, Cuddy, how it befell.
Cud. Kendal and Bonfield, with Sir Gilbert Armstrong,
Came to Wakefield town disguis'd,
And there spoke ill of your grace;
Which George but hearing, fell'd them at his feet,
And, had not rescue come into ‡ the place,
George had slain them § in his close of wheat.
K. Edw. But, Cuddy,
Canst thou not tell where I might give and grant
Some thing that might please
And highly gratify the Pinner's thoughts?
Cud. This at their parting George did say to me ‖;
"If the king vouchsafe of this my service,
Then, gentle Cuddy, kneel upon thy knee,
And humbly crave a boon of him for me."
K. Edw. Cuddy, what is it?
Cud. It is his will your grace would pardon them,
And let them live, although they have offended.
K. Edw. I think the man striveth to be glorious.
Well, George hath crav'd it, and it shall be granted,
Which none but he in England should have gotten.—
Live, Kendal, but as prisoner,
So shalt thou end thy days within the Tower.

* *They*] Qy. "That"?
† *by*] i. e. aby. (In p. 259, first col., we have had "but thou shalt dear *aby* this blow.")
‡ *into*] For "*unto*": see note †, p. 111, sec. col.
§ *them*] The 4to. "him." This account is at variance with what has occurred in p. 261, sec. col.
‖ *This at their parting George did say to me*, &c.] Yet Cuddy a little before has told the king he never saw George-a-Greene

Ken. Gracious is Edward to offending subjects.
K. James. My Lord of Kendal, you are welcome to the court.
K. Edw. Nay, but ill-come as it falls out now; Ay,
Ill-come indeed, were't not for George-a-Greene.
But, gentle king, for so you would aver,
And Edward's betters, I salute you both,
And here I vow by good Saint George,
You'll gain but little when your sums are counted.
I sore do long to see this George-a-Greene:
And for because I never saw the north,
I will forthwith go see it;
And for that to none I will be known, we will
Disguise ourselves and steal down secretly,
Thou and I, King James, Cuddy, and two or three,
And make a merry journey for a month.—
Away, then, conduct him to the Tower.—
Come on, King James, my heart must needs be merry,
If fortune make such havock of our foes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBIN HOOD, MAID MARIAN, SCARLET, *and* MUCH.

Rob. Why is not lovely Marian blithe of cheer?
What ails my leman,* that she gins to lour?
Say, good Marian, why art thou so sad?
Mar. Nothing, my Robin, grieves me to the heart
But, whensoever I do walk abroad,
I hear no songs but all of George-a-Greene;
Bettris, his fair leman, passeth mé:
And this, my Robin, galls my very soul.
Rob. Content thee†:
What recks it us, though George-a-Greene be stout,
So long as he doth proffer us no scath?
Envy doth seldom hurt but to itself;
And therefore, Marian, smile upon thy Robin.
Mar. Never will Marian smile upon her Robin,
Nor lie with him under the green-wood shade,
Till that thou go to Wakefield on a green,
And beat the Pinner for the love of me.
Rob. Content thee, Marian, I will ease thy grief,
My merry men and I will thither stray;
And here I vow that, for the love of thee,
I will beat George-a-Greene, or he shall beat me.
Scar. As I am Scarlet, next to Little John,
One of the boldest yeomen of the crew,
So will I wend with Robin all along,
And try this Pinner what he dares do. *
Much. As I am Much, the miller's son,
That left my mill to go with thee,
And nill† repent that I have done,
This pleasant life contenteth me;
In aught I may, to do thee good,
I'll live and die with Robin Hood.
Mar. And, Robin, Marian she will go with thee,
To see fair Bettris how bright she is of blee.‡
Rob. Marian, thou shalt go with thy Robin.—
Bend up your bows, and see your strings be tight,
The arrows keen, and every thing be ready,
And each of you a good bat on his neck,
Able to lay a good man on the ground.
Scar. I will have Friar Tuck's.
Much. I will have Little John's.
Rob. I will have one made of an ashen plank,§
Able to bear a bout or two.—
Then come on, Marian, let us go;
For before the sun doth show the morning day,‖
I will be at Wakefield to see this Pinner, George-a-Greene. [*Exeunt.*

A Shoemaker¶ *at work: enter* JENKIN, *carrying a staff.*

Jen. My masters,** he that hath neither meat nor money, and hath lost his credit with the ale-wife, for anything I know, may go supperless to bed.—But, soft! who is here? here is a shoemaker; he knows where is the best ale.—Shoemaker, I pray thee tell me, where is the best ale in the town?
Shoe. Afore, afore, follow thy nose; at the sign of the Egg-shell.
Jen. Come, shoemaker, if thou wilt, and take thy part of a pot.
Shoe. [*coming forward.*] Sirrah, down with your staff, down with your staff.
Jen. Why, how now! is the fellow mad? I

* *leman*] i. e. mistress, love.
† *thee*] Not in the 4to. But compare Robin's next speech.

* *And try this Pinner what he dares do*] Here "dares" is a dissyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 146.
† *nill*] i. e. will not.
‡ *how bright she is of blee*] *Bright of blee* is an expression frequent in old ballads: *blee* is colour, complexion (Sax. *bleo*).
§ *plank*] The 4to. "*plunke.*" Qy. "plant"?—"The editor suggests '*plant*'; but *plank* is surely right, out of which the bat is to be cut." *Rev. J. Mitford,—Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 218.
‖ *the morning day*] Qy. "his *morning* ray"?
¶ *A Shoemaker*, &c.] The 4to. has "Enter *a Shoomaker* sitting vpon the stage *at worke, Ienkin* to him."
** *My masters*, &c.] See note *, p. 201, sec. col.

pray thee tell me, why should I hold down my staff?

Shoe. You will down with him, will you not, sir?

Jen. Why, tell me wherefore?

Shoe. My friend, this is the town of merry Wakefield, and here is a custom held, that none shall pass with his staff on his shoulders but he must have a bout with me; and so shall you, sir.

Jen. And so will not I,* sir.

Shoe. That will I try. Barking dogs bite not the sorest.

Jen. [*aside.*] I would to God I were once well rid of him.

Shoe. Now, what, will you down with your staff?

Jen. Why, you are not in earnest, are you?

Shoe. If I am not, take that. [*Strikes him.*

Jen. You whoreson cowardly scab, it is but the part of a clapperdudgeon† to strike a man in the street. But darest thou walk to the town's end with me?

Shoe. Ay, that I dare do: but stay till I lay in my tools, and I will go with thee to the town's end presently.

Jen. [*aside.*] I would I knew how to be rid of this fellow.

Shoe. Come, sir, will you go to the town's end now, sir?

Jen. Ay, sir, come.—Now we are at the town's end,‡ what say you now?

Shoe. Marry, come, let us even have a bout.

Jen. Ha, stay a little; hold thy hands, I pray thee.

Shoe. Why, what's the matter?

Jen. Faith, I am Under-pinner of the§ town, and there is an order, which if I do not keep, I shall be turned out of mine office.

Shoe. What is that, sir?

Jen. Whensoever I go to fight with anybody, I use to flourish my staff thrice about my head before I strike, and then show no favour.

Shoe. Well, sir, and till then I will not strike thee.

Jen. Well, sir, here is once, twice:—here is my hand, I will never do it the third time.

Shoe. Why, then, I see we shall not fight.

* *will not I*] i. e. will not I down with my staff.

† *clapperdudgeon*] i. e. beggar. (A clap-dish,—a wooden dish with a moveable lid, which they *clapped* to show that it was empty,—used to be carried by beggars.)

‡ *Now we are at the town's end*, &c.] Here, after Jenkin had said "Ay, sir, come," and had walked round the stage with the Shoemaker, the audience were to suppose that the scene was changed to "the town's end." See note *, p. 262, first col.

§ *the*] The 4to. "a."

Jen. Faith, no: come, I will give thee two pots of the best ale, and be friends.

Shoe. [*aside.*] Faith, I see it is as hard to get water out of a flint as to get him to have a bout with me: therefore I will enter into him for some good cheer.—My friend, I see thou art a faint-hearted fellow, thou hast no stomach to fight, therefore let us go to the ale-house and drink.

Jen. Well, content: go thy ways, and say thy prayers, thou scapest my hands to-day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GEORGE-A-GREENE *and* BETTRIS.

Geo. Tell me, sweet love, how is thy mind content?
What, canst thou brook to live with George-a-Greene?

Bet. O, George, how little pleasing are these words!
Came I from Bradford for the love of thee,
And left my father for so sweet a friend?
Here will I live until my life do end.

Geo. Happy am I to have so sweet a love.—
But what are these come tracing here along?

Bet. Three men come striking through the corn, my love.

Enter ROBIN HOOD, SCARLET, MUCH, *and* MAID MARIAN.

Geo. Back again, you foolish travellers,
For you are wrong, and may not wend this way.

Rob. That were great shame. Now, by my soul, proud sir,
We be three tall* yeomen, and thou art but one.—
Come, we will forward in despite of him.

Geo. Leap the ditch, or I will make you skip.
What, cannot the highway serve your turn,
But you must make a path over the corn?

Rob. Why, art thou mad? dar'st thou encounter three?
We are no babes, man, look upon our limbs.

Geo. Sirrah,
The biggest limbs have not the stoutest hearts.
Were ye as good as Robin Hood and his three merry men,
I'll † drive you back the same way that ye came.
Be ye men, ye scorn to encounter me all at once;
But be ye cowards, set upon me all three,
And try the Pinner what he dares perform.

Scar. Were thou as high in deeds
As thou art haughty in words,
Thou well mightst be a champion for a king:

* *tall*] i. e. bold, brave.

† *Were ye . . . .*
I'll, &c.] See note †, p. 123, sec. col., and note †, p. 259, first col.

But empty vessels have the loudest sounds,
And cowards prattle more than men of worth.
Geo. Sirrah, darest thou try me?
Scar. Ay, sirrah, that I dare.
[*They fight, and* GEORGE-A-GREENE *beats him.*
Much. How now! what, art thou down?—
Come, sir, I am next.
[*They fight, and* GEORGE-A-GREENE *beats him.*
Rob. Come, sirrah, now to me: spare me not,
For I'll not spare thee.
Geo. Make no doubt I will be as liberal to thee.
[*They fight;* ROBIN HOOD *stays.*
Rob. Stay, George, for here I do protest,
Thou art the stoutest champion that ever I
Laid hands upon.
Geo. Soft, you sir! by your leave, you lie;
You never yet laid hands on me.
Rob. George, wilt thou* forsake Wakefield,
And go with me?
Two liveries will I give thee every year,
And forty crowns shall be thy fee.
Geo. Why, who art thou?
Rob. Why, Robin Hood:
I am come hither with my Marian
And these my yeomen for to visit thee.
Geo. Robin Hood!
Next to King Edward art thou lief† to me.
Welcome, sweet Robin; welcome, Maid Marian;
And welcome, you my friends. Will you to my
poor house?
You shall have wafer-cakes your fill,
A piece of beef hung up since Martlemas,‡
Mutton and veal: if this like you not,
Take that you find, or that you bring, for me.
Rob. Godamercies, good George,
I'll be thy guest to-day.
Geo. Robin, therein thou honourest me.
I'll lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

Several Shoemakers *at work: enter* KING EDWARD *and* JAMES KING OF SCOTS *disguised, each carrying a staff.*

K. Edw. Come on, King James; now we are
thus disguis'd,
There is none, I know, will take us to be kings:
I think we are now in Bradford,
Where all the merry shoemakers dwell.
First Shoe. [*coming forward.*] Down with your
staves, my friends,
Down with them.
K. Edw. Down with our staves! I pray thee,
why so?
First Shoe. My friend, I see thou art a stranger
here,
Else wouldst thou not have question'd of the
This is the town of merry Bradford, [thing.
And here hath been a custom kept of old,
That none may bear his staff upon his neck,
But trail it all along throughout the town,
Unless they mean to have a bout with me.
K. Edw. But hear you, sir, hath the king
granted you
This custom?
First Shoe. King or kaisar, none shall pass this
way,
Except King Edward;
No, not the stoutest groom that haunts his court:
Therefore down with your staves.
K. Edw. What were we best to do?
K. James. Faith, my lord, they are stout
fellows;
And, because we will see some sport,
We will trail our staves.
K. Edw. Hear'st thou, my friend?
Because we are men of peace and travellers,
We are content to trail our staves.
First Shoe. The way lies before you, go along.

Enter ROBIN HOOD *and* GEORGE-A-GREENE, *disguised.*

Rob. See, George, two men are passing through
the town,
Two lusty men, and yet they trail their staves.
Geo. Robin,
They are some peasants trick'd in yeoman's
weeds.—
Hollo, you two travellers!
K. Edw. Call you us, sir?
Geo. Ay, you. Are ye not big enough to bear
Your bats upon your necks, but you must trail
them
Along the streets?
K. Edw. Yes, sir, we are big enough;
But here is a custom kept,
That none may pass, his staff upon his neck,
Unless he trail it at the weapon's point.
Sir, we are men of peace, and love to sleep
In our whole skins, and therefore quietness is best.
Geo. Base-minded peasants, worthless to be
men!
What, have you bones and limbs to strike a blow,
And be your hearts so faint you cannot fight?
Were't not for shame, I would drub* your shoul-
ders well,

* *George, wilt thou,* &c.] See the Ballad at the end of this play.
† *lief*] i. e. dear.
‡ *Martlemas*] See note ‡, p. 260, first col.

* *drub*] The 4to. "shrub."

And teach you manhood 'gainst another time.
First Shoe. Well preach'd, Sir Jack! down with your staff! [wise, keep down
K. Edw. Do you hear, my friends? an you be
Your staves, for all the town will rise upon you.
Geo. Thou speakest like an honest quiet fellow:
But hear you me; in spite of all the swains
Of Bradford town, bear me your staves upon your necks,
Or, to begin withal, I'll baste you both so well,
You were never better basted in your lives.
K. Edw. We will hold up our staves.

GEORGE-A-GREENE *fights with the* Shoemakers, *and beats them all down.*

Geo. What, have you any more?
Call all your town forth, cut and longtail.*

The Shoemakers *discover* GEORGE-A-GREENE.

First Shoe. What, George-a-Greene, is it you? A plague found† you!
I think you long'd to swinge me well.
Come, George, we will crush a pot before we part.
Geo. A pot, you slave! we will have an hundred.—
Here, Will Perkins, take my purse, fetch me
A stand of ale, and set [it] in the market-place,
That all may drink that are athirst this day;
For this is for a fee to welcome Robin Hood
To Bradford town.

The stand of ale is brought out, and they fall a drinking.

Here, Robin, sit thou here;
For thou art the best man at the board this day.
You that are strangers, place yourselves where [you will.
Robin,
Here's a carouse to good King Edward's self;
And they that love him not, I would we had
The basting of them a little.

* *cut and longtail*] This expression, it would seem, was originally applied to dogs: "Yea, even their verie *dogs*, Rug, Rig, and Risbie, yea, *cut and long-taile*, they shall be welcome." Ulpian Fulwell's *Art of Flattery*, 1576, sig. G 3. (In his note on "call me cut," *Twelfth-Night*, act ii. sc. 3, *Shakespeare*, ii. 671, ed. 1858, Mr. Collier writes; "'Cut' (as Steevens suggests) was probably abbreviated from *curtal*, a horse whose tail has been docked; and hence the frequent opposition, in old comic writers, of *cut* and *long tail*. The Rev. Mr. Dyce in a note on 'Wit at several Weapons' (B. and F. iv. 39) says that *cut and longtail* means 'dogs of all kinds.' What marks of admiration would he not have placed after it, if any other editor had committed such a mistake!" But Mr. Collier's memory must be sadly impaired; for his note on "come cut and long-tail", *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 4, *Shakespeare*, i. 222, ed. 1858, runs thus; "A phrase expressive of dogs of every kind; which Slender applies to persons precisely in the same way as by [*sic*] Pompey in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Wit at several Weapons' (edit. Dyce, iv. p. 39)," &c.)

† *found*] i. e. confound.

Enter the EARL OF WARWICK *with other* Noblemen, *bringing out the* King's *garments; then* GEORGE-A-GREENE *and the rest kneel down to the* King.

K. Edw. Come, masters, all fellows.—Nay, Robin,
You are the best man at the board to-day.—
Rise up, George.
Geo. Nay, good my liege, ill-nurtur'd we were, then:
Though we Yorkshire men be blunt of speech,
And little skill'd in court or such quaint fashions,
Yet nature teacheth us duty to our king;
Therefore I
Humbly beseech you pardon George-a-Greene.
Rob. And, good my lord, a pardon for poor Robin;
And for us all a pardon, good King Edward.
First Shoe. I pray you, a pardon for the shoemakers.
K. Edw. I frankly grant a pardon to you all: [*They rise.*
And, George-a-Greene,* give me thy hand;
There's none in England that shall do thee wrong.
Even from my court I came to see thyself;
And now I see that fame speaks naught but truth.
Geo. I humbly thank your royal majesty.
That which I did against the Earl of Kendal,
'Twas but a subject's duty to his sovereign,
And therefore little merit[s] such good words.
K. Edw. But ere I go, I'll grace thee with good deeds.
Say what King Edward may perform,
And thou shalt have it, being in England's bounds.
Geo. I have a lovely leman,†
As bright of blee‡ as is the silver moon,
And old Grime her father will not let her match
With me, because I am a Pinner,
Although I love her, and she me, dearly.
K. Edw. Where is she?
Geo. At home at my poor house,
And vows never to marry unless her father
Give consent; which is my great grief, my lord.
K. Edw. If this be all, I will despatch it straight;

* *And, George-a-Greene*, &c.] Mr. Collier (*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 167) cites this passage with the following regulation;

"And George-a-Greene, give me thy hand: there is
None in England that shall do thee wrong,"—

observing that "the word 'England' is to be pronounced as a trisyllable." But though our early poets occasionally use "England" as a trisyllable, they certainly never intended it to be accented "Engéland."

† *leman*] i. e. mistress, love.

‡ *bright of blee*] See note ‡, p. 264, sec. col.

I'll send for Grime and force him give his grant:
He will not deny King Edward such a suit.

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. Ho, who saw a master of mine? O, he is gotten into company, an a body should rake hell for company.

Geo. Peace, ye slave! see where King Edward is.

K. Edw. George, what is he?

Geo. I beseech your grace pardon him; he is my man.

First Shoe. Sirrah, the king hath been drinking with us, and did pledge us too.

Jen. Hath he so? kneel; I dub you gentlemen.

First Shoe. Beg it of the king, Jenkin.

Jen. I will.—I beseech your worship grant me one thing.

K. Edw. What is that?

Jen. Hark in your ear.

[*Whispers* K. EDW. *in the ear.*

K. Edw. Go your ways, and do it.

Jen. Come, down on your knees, I have got it.

First Shoe. Let us hear what it is first.

Jen. Marry, because you have drunk with the king, and the king hath so graciously pledged you, you shall be no more called Shoemakers; but you and yours, to the world's end, shall be called the trade of the Gentle Craft.

First Shoe. I beseech your majesty reform this which he hath spoken.

Jen. I beseech your worship consume this which he hath spoken.

K. Edw. Confirm it, you would say.—
Well, he hath done it for you, it is sufficient.—
Come, George, we will go to Grime, and have thy love.

Jen. I am sure your worship will abide; for yonder is coming old Musgrove and mad Cuddy his son.—Master, my fellow Wily comes drest like a woman, and Master Grime will marry Wily. Here they come.

Enter MUSGROVE *and* CUDDY; GRIME, WILY *disguised as a woman*, MAID MARIAN, *and* BETTRIS.

K. Edw. Which is thy old father, Cuddy?

Cud. This, if it please your majesty.

[MUSGROVE *kneels.*

K. Edw. Ah old Musgrove, stand up;
It fits not such grey hairs to kneel.

Mus. [*rising.*] Long live
My sovereign! long and happy be his days!
Vouchsafe, my gracious lord, a simple gift
At Billy Musgrove's hand.
King James at Middleham-castle gave me this;
This won the honour, and this give I thee.

[*Gives sword to* K. EDW.

K. Edw. Godamercy, Musgrove, for this friendly gift;
And for thou fell'dst a king with this same weapon,
This blade shall here dub valiant Musgrove knight.

Mus. Alas, what hath your highness done? I am poor.

K. Edw. To mend thy living take thou Middleham-castle,*
The hold of both†; and if thou want living, complain,
Thou shalt have more to maintain thine estate.—
George, which is thy love?

Geo. This, if please your majesty.

K. Edw. Art thou her aged father?

Grime. I am, an it like your majesty.

K. Edw. And wilt not give thy daughter unto George?

Grime. Yes, my lord, if he will let me marry
With this lovely lass.

K. Edw. What say'st thou, George?

Geo. With all my heart, my lord, I give consent.

Grime. Then do I give my daughter unto George.

Wily. Then shall the marriage soon be at an end.
Witness, my lord, if that I be a woman;

[*Throws off his disguise.*

For I am Wily, boy to George-a-Greene,
Who for my master wrought this subtle shift.

K. Edw. What, is it a boy?—What say'st thou to this, Grime?

Grime. Marry, my lord, I think this boy hath
More knavery than all the world besides.
Yet am I content that George shall both have
My daughter and my lands.

K. Edw. Now, George, it rests I gratify thy worth:
And therefore here I do bequeath to thee,
In full possession, half that Kendal hath;
And what as Bradford holds of me in chief,
I give it frankly unto thee for ever.
Kneel down, George.

Geo. What will your majesty do?

K. Edw. Dub thee a knight, George.

Geo. I beseech your grace, grant me one thing.

K. Edw. What is that?

---

* *Middleham-castle*] Grose in his *Antiq. of England and Wales*, vol. iv. gives two views of this castle, and is at the trouble to inquire what foundation the present play has on history: well might Ritson (*Robin Hood*, vol. i. p. xxix.) sneer at "his very gravely sitting down and debating his opinion in form."

† *The hold of both*, &c.] Corrupted.

Geo. Then let me live and die a yeoman still:
So was my father, so must live his son.
For 'tis more credit to men of base degree,
To do great deeds, than men of dignity.
K. Edw. Well, be it so, George.
K. James. I beseech your grace despatch with me,
And set down my ransom.
K. Edw. George-a-Greene, set down the King of Scots
His ransom.
Geo. I beseech your grace pardon me;
It passeth my skill.
K. Edw. Do it, the honour's thine.
Geo. Then let King James make good
Those towns which he hath burnt upon the borders;
Give a small pension to the fatherless,
Whose fathers he caus'd murder'd in those wars;
Put in pledge for these things to your grace,
And so return.
K. Edw. King James, are you content?*
K. James. I am content, an like your majesty,
And will leave good castles in security.
K. Edw. I crave no more.—Now, George-a-Greene,
I'll to thy house; and when I have supt,
I'll go to Ask,
And see if Jane-a-Barley be so fair
As good King James reports her for to be.
And for the ancient custom of *Vail staff*,
Keep it still, claim privilege from me:
If any ask a reason why or how,
Say, English Edward vail'd his staff to you.
[*Exeunt.*

Specimen of *The History of George-a-Greene*, on which the preceding play is founded: see p. 254; and the Account of our author and his writings, p. 33.

"Richard having settled his affairs, he prepar'd for a voyage to the Holy Land, in conjunction with Philip the Second, then king of France. During his absence he constituted the bishop of Ely, then chancellor of England, vicegerent of the kingdom. This bishop being on the one side covetous, and by many unjust impositions oppressing the nation, and the king's brother ambitious on the other, as presuming much upon his royal birth and his great possessions, some persons fomented great factions and combinations against the tyranizing prelate; so that all things grew out of frame and order; and great distractions ensued; nay, a third ulcer, worse than the former, broke into open rebellion, namely, an insurrection was raised by the Earl of Kendal, with divers of his adherents, as, the Lord Bouteil, Sir Gilbert Armestrong, and others. These having gather'd an army of some twenty thousand malecontents, made publick proclamation, that they came into the field for no other cause, but to purchase their country-men's liberty, and to free them from the great and insufferable oppression which they then liv'd under by the prince and prelate. This drew to the earl many followers for the present, so that he seemed to have got together a very potent army. But the main reason of this rebellion was, that when the earl was but a child, a wizard had prophesy'd of him, That Richard and he should meet in London, and the king should there vail his bonnet unto him: and this prediction of the sooth-sayer prov'd afterwards to be true, but not as he vainly had expounded it. The earl having led his army into the north, struck a great terror into all those honest subjects, that tender'd their allegiance to their absent king and sovereign, and wish'd well to the good of the commonwealth and the safety of the kingdom; yet many were forced through fear to supply his men with necessary provisions, lest otherwise they should have made spoil and havock of all they had. Now, the earl being for some time destitute of many things that are useful and commodious for an army, and encamping some five miles from the town of Wakefield, the three confederates drew a commission, and, having sign'd it with their own seals, sent it by one Mannering, a servant of the earl's, to the bailiff and towns-men of Wakefield, requiring seemingly, by way of intreaty, to send unto his host such a quantity of provision, of corn and, cattle, with other necessaries (of which he was then in great want), and withal, such a sum of money as he demanded for the payment of so many soldiers; to which this Mannering was to perswade them by all fair means possible; but, if they should deny his request, he was to threaten them with fire and sword, with all the violence that could be suggested to them. The news of this commission coming to their knowledge, the bailiff sent abroad to the neighbouring justices, as, to Mr. Grymes and others; so that he and his brethren appointed to give them a meeting in the town-house, where many of the commons were

* *King James, are you content?*] The 4to. gives these words to George-a-Greene.

to be present, and, amongst others, George A Green purposed to be there, to hear what would become of the business. The summons being made, the assembly met, and the messenger appear'd, show'd his warrant, and, according to his orders, told them what great conveniencies would grow in supplying the army, and withal entreated from the lords their love and favour. The bailiff and the justices were loth, it being contrary to their allegiance to grant their request: yet they were fearful withal peremptorily to deny it, and stood wavering long and debating amongst themselves what they had best do for their own safeties; which Mannering seeing, without doing any reverence at all unto the bench, he began to alter his phrases, and changed the copy of his countenance, first taunting and deriding their faint-hearted cowardize, and afterward threatening them, that if they gave not present satisfaction to his demand, the army would instantly remove, make havock and spoil of their goods and chattels, ravish their daughters, and deflower their wives before their faces, and make a bonfire of the town, to the terrifying of others, whose insolence durst oppose the earl his master's commission. At this [these] haughty and insufferable menaces, whilst the bench sate quaking, George presseth forward in the face of the court, and desireth, by the favour of the bench, to have the liberty, according to his plain and weak understanding, to give the messenger an answer; which being granted him, he boldly stept up to him, and demanded his name; who made him answer, that his name was Mannering. Mannering (saith he); that name was ill bestow'd on one who can so forget all manners, as to stand cover'd before a bench upon which the majesty of his sovereign was represented: which manners (saith he) since thou wantest, I will teach thee; and withal, first snatching his bonnet from his head, trod upon it, then spurn'd it before him. At which the other being inraged, ask'd him, How he durst to offer that violence to one who brought so strong a commission? Your commission (saith George), I cry your [you] mercy, sir; and withal, desired the favour of the bench, that he might have the liberty to peruse it; which being granted, I, marry, (saith he, having read it,) I cannot chuse but submit myself to this authority; and making an offer as if he meant to kiss it, tore it in pieces. Mannering seeing this, began to stamp, stare, and swear; but George taking him fast by the collar, so shook him as if he had purposed to have made all his bones loose in his skin, and drawing his dagger, and pointing it to his bosom, told him, He had devised physick to purge his cholerick blood; and gathering up the three seals, told him, It was these three pills which he must instantly take and swallow, and [or] never more expect to return to his master; nor did he leave him, or take the dagger from his breast, till he had seen it down, and afterwards, when he had perceiv'd that they had almost choak'd him, he call'd for a bottle of ale, and said these words: It shall never be said, that a messenger shall be sent by such great persons to the town of Wakefield, and that none would be so kind as to make him drink; therefore here (saith he), Mannering, is a health to the confusion of the traitor thy master, and all his rebellious army; and pledge it me without evasion or delay, or I vow, by the allegiance which I owe to my prince and sovereign, that thou hast drunk thy last already. Mannering, seeing there was no remedy, and feeling the wax still sticking in his throat, drank it off supernaculum; which the other seeing, Now (saith he) commend me to thy master and the rest, and tell them, one George A Green, no better man than the Pindar of the town of Wakefield, who tho' I have torn their commission, yet I have sent them their seals safe back again by their servant. Whatsoever Mannering thought, little was he heard to speak, but went away muttering the devil's Pater Noster, and so left them. Every body commended the resolution of George, and, by his sole encouragement, purposed henceforward to oppose themselves against the insurrection of the rebels."—Thoms's *Early Romances*, vol. ii. p. 174, ed. 1858.

BALLAD.—"*The Jolly Pinder of Wakefield, with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.*

"From an old black letter copy in A. à Wood's collection, compared with two other copies in the British Museum, one in black letter. It should be sung 'To an excellent tune,' which has not been recovered.

"Several lines of this ballad are quoted in the two old plays of the 'Downfall' and 'Death of Robert earle of Huntington,' 1601, 4to. b. l. but acted many years before. It is also alluded to in Shakspeare's Merry Wives of Windsor, Act. 1. sc. 1. and again in his Second part of K. Henry IV. Act. V. sc. 3.

"In Wakefield there lives a jolly pinder,
In Wakefield all on a green,
In Wakefield all on a green:
There is neither knight nor squire, said the pinder,

Nor baron that is so bold,
Nor baron that is so bold,
Dare make a trespàss to the town of Wakefield,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold, &c.

All this be heard three witty young men,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;
With that they espy'd the jolly pindèr,
As he sat under a thorn.

Now turn again, turn again, said the pindèr,
For a wrong way you have gone;
For you have forsaken the kings highway,
And made a path over the corn.

O that were a shame, said jolly Robìn,
We being three, and thou but one.
The pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,
'Twas thirty good foot and one.

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,
And his foot against a stone,
And there he fought a long summers day,
A summers day so long,
Till that their swords on their broad bucklèrs
Were broke fast into their hands.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin Hood,
And my merry men every one;
For this is one of the best pindèrs,
That ever I tryed with sword.

And wilt thou forsake thy pinders craft,
And live in the green-wood with me?
'At Michaelmas next my cov'nant comes out,
When every man gathers his fee;

Then I'le take my blew blade all in my hand,
And plod to the green-wood with thee.'
Hast thou either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,
For my merry men and me?

I have both bread and beef, said the pindèr,
And good ale of the best.
And that is meat good enough, said Robin Hood,
For such unbidden 'guests.'*

'O wilt thou forsake the pinder his craft,
And go to the green-wood with me?
Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,
The one green, the other brown.'

'If Michaelmas day was come and gone,
And my master had paid me my fee,
Then would I set as little by him
As my master doth by me.'"

Ritson's *Robin Hood*, vol. ii. p. 16.

* '*guests*'] Qy., rather, 'guest' [a plural]?

A MAIDEN'S DREAM.

A Maiden⁊ Dreame. Vpon the death of the Right Honorable Sir Christopher Hatton, Knight, late Lord Chancelor of England. By Robert Green, Master of Arts. Imprinted at London by Thomas Scarlet for Thomas Nelson. 1591. 4to.

A transcript of this poem was communicated to *The Shakespeare Society's Papers*, 1845, vol. ii. p. 127, by the possessor of the only copy known.—In the present reprint the text has been corrected throughout.

TO THE

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL, BOUNTIFUL, AND VIRTUOUS LADY, THE LADY ELIZABETH HATTON, WIFE TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL SIR WILLIAM HATTON,* KNIGHT, INCREASE OF ALL HONOURABLE VIRTUES.

Mourning as well as many, right worshipful lady, for the loss of the right honourable your deceased uncle, whose death, being the common prejudice of the† present age, was lamented of most, if not all, and I among the rest sorrowing that my country was deprived of him that lived not for himself but for his country, I began to call to mind what a subject was ministered to the excellent wits of both universities to work upon, when so worthy a knight and so virtuous a justiciar h a d by his death left many memorable actions performed in his life deserving highly by some rare pen‡ to be registered. Passing over many days in this muse, at last I perceived men's humours slept, that love of many followed friends§ no further than their graves, that art was grown idle, and either choice scholars feared to write of so high a subject as his virtues, or else they dated their devotions no further than his life. While thus I debated with myself, I might see, to the great disgrace of the poets of our time, some mechanical wits blow up mountains and bring forth mice, who with their follies did rather disparage his honours than decipher his virtues : beside, as *virtutis comes est invidia*, so base report, who hath her tongue blistered by slanderous envy, began, as far as she durst, now after his death, to murmur, who in his life-time durst not once mutter. Whereupon, touched with a zealous jealousy over his wonderful virtues, I could not, whatsoever discredit I reaped by my presumption, although I did *tenui avena meditari*, but discover the honourable qualities of so worthy a counsellor, not for any private benefit I ever had of him which should induce me favourably to flatter his worthy parts, but only that I shame[d] to let slip with silence the virtues and honours of so worthy a knight, whose deserts had been so many and so great towards all. Therefore, right worshipful lady, I drew a fiction called *A Maiden's Dream*, which as it was enigmatical, so it is not without some special and considerate reasons. Whose slender Muse I present unto your ladyship, induced thereunto, first, that I know you are partaker of your husband's sorrows for the death of his honourable uncle, and desire to hear his honours put in memory after his death, as you wished his advancement in virtues to be great in his life ; as also that I am your ladyship's poor countryman, and have long time desired to gratify your right worshipful father with something worthy of himself. Which because I could not to my content perform, I have now taken opportunity to show my duty to him in his daughter, although the gift be far too mean for so worshipful and virtuous a lady. Yet, hoping your ladyship will with courtesy favour my presuming follies, and in gracious acceptance vouch of my well-meant labours,

I humbly take my leave.

Your ladyship's humbly at command,

R. Greene, *Nordovicensis.*

---

* *the Lady Elizabth Hatton, wife to the right worshipful Sir William Hatton*] "Sir Christopher Hatton [who died Nov. 20th, 1591] did not leave a Will. He had settled his estates upon his nephew Sir William Newport, *alias* Hatton, and the heirs male of his body; failing which, on his Godson and collateral heir-male Sir Christopher Hatton. Sir William succeeded accordingly to Holdenby and Kirby, and all the Chancellor's other property. He married first in June 1589, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Gawdy, Justice of the King's Bench," &c. Sir H. Nicolas's *Memoirs of Sir C. Hatton*, p. 502.

† *the*] Old ed. "a."

‡ *pen*] Old ed. "men."

§ *followed friends*] Old ed. "friends followed."

A MAIDEN'S DREAM.

Methought, in slumber as I lay and dreamt,
I saw a silent spring rail'd in with jet,
From sunny shade or murmur quite exempt,
The glide whereof 'gainst weeping flints did beat;
And round about were leafless beeches set:
So dark it seem'd night's mantle for to borrow,
And well to be the gloomy den of sorrow.

About this spring, in mourning robes of black,
Were sundry nymphs or goddesses, methought,
That seemly sat in ranks, just back to back,
On mossy benches nature there had wrought;
And, 'cause the wind and spring no murmur brought,
They fill'd the air with such laments and groans
That echo sigh'd out their heart-breaking moans.

Elbow on knee, and head upon their hand,
As mourners sit, so sat these ladies all:
Garlands of eben-boughs, whereon did stand
A golden crown; their mantles were of pall;
And from their watery eyes warm tears did fall:
With wringing hands they sat and sigh'd, like those
That had more grief than well they could disclose.

I look'd about, and by the fount I spied
A knight lie dead, yet all in armour clad,
Booted and spurr'd; a falchion by his side,
A crown of olives on his helm he had;
As if in peace and war he were adrad *:
A golden hind was placèd at his feet,
Whose vailèd † ears bewray'd her inward greet.‡

She seemèd wounded by her panting breath;
Her beating breast with sighs did fall and rise:
Wounds were there none; it was her master's death
That drew electrum from her weeping eyes.
Like scalding smoke her braying throbs out-flies:
As deer do mourn when arrow hath them gall'd,
So was this hind with heart-sick pains enthrall'd.

Just at his head there sat a sumptuous queen;
I guess'd her so for why * she wore a crown:
Yet were her garments parted white and green,
'Tir'd like unto the picture of Renown.
Upon her lap she laid his head adown:
Unlike to all, she smilèd on his face;
Which made me long to know this dead man's case.

As thus I look'd, gan Justice to arise;
I knew the goddess by her equal beam;
And dewing on his face balm from her eyes,
She wet his visage with a yearnful † stream:
Sad, mournful looks did from her arches gleam;
And like to one whom sorrow deep attaints,
With heavèd hands she poureth forth these plaints.

The complaint of Justice.

"Untoward twins that temper human fate,
Who from your distaff draw the life of man,
Parcæ, impartial to the highest state,
Too soon you cut what Clotho erst began:
Your fatal dooms this present age may ban,
For you have robb'd the world of such a knight
As best could skill to balance justice right.

* *adrad*] i. e. dreaded.
† *vailèd*] i. e. lowered.
‡ *greet*] i. e. sorrow.

* *for why*] i. e. because.
† *yearnful*] i. e. mournful.

"His eyes were seats for mercy and for law,
Favour in one, and justice in the other:
The poor he smooth'd, the proud he kept in awe;
As just to strangers as unto his brother:
Bribes could not make him any wrong to smother,
For to a lord or to the lowest groom
Still conscience and the cause set down the doom.

"Delaying law, that picks the client's purse,
Ne could this knight abide to hear debated
From day to day (that claims the poor man's curse),
Nor might the pleas be over-long dilated*:
Much shifts of law there was by him abated:
With conscience carefully he heard the cause,
Then gave his doom with short despatch of laws.

"The poor man's cry he thought a holy knell:
No sooner gan their suits to pierce his ears
But fair-ey'd pity in his heart did dwell;
And like a father that affection bears,
So tender'd he the poor with inward tears,
And did redress their wrongs when they did call;
But, poor or rich, he still was just to all.

"O, woe is me!" saith Justice, "he is dead;
The knight is dead that was so just a man,
And in Astræa's lap low lies his head
Who whilom wonders in the world did scan:
Justice hath lost her chiefest limb, what than?"†
At this her sighs and sorrows were so sore,
And so she wept, that she could speak no more.

The complaint of Prudence.

A wreath of serpents 'bout her lily wrist
Did seemly Prudence wear; she then‡ arose;
A silver dove sat mourning on her fist;
Tears on her cheeks like dew upon a rose;
And thus began the goddess' grief-ful glose:
"Let England mourn for why§ his days are done
Whom Prudence nursèd like her dearest son.

"Hatton,"—at that I started in my dream,
But not awoke,—"Hatton is dead," quoth she:
"O, could I pour out tears like to a stream,
A sea of them would not sufficient be!
For why our age had few more wise than he:
Like oracles as were Apollo's saws,
So were his words accordant to the laws.

"Wisdom sat watching in his wary eyes,
His insight subtle, if unto a foe;
He could with counsels commonwealths comprise:
No foreign wit could Hatton's overgo:
Yet to a friend wise, simple, and no mo.*
His civil policy unto the state
Scarce left behind him now a second mate.

"For country's weal his counsel did exceed,
And eagle-ey'd he was to spy a fault:
For wars or peace right wisely could he rede†:
'Twas hard for treachours 'fore his looks to halt;
The smooth-fac'd traitor could not him assault.
As by his country's love his grees‡ did rise
So to his country was he simple-wise.

"This grave adviser of the commonweal,
This prudent counsellor unto his prince,
Whose wit was busied with his mistress' heal,§
Secret conspiracies could well convince;‖
Whose insight piercèd the sharp-eyèd lynce¶;
He is dead!" At this her sorrows were so sore,
And so she wept, that she could speak no more.

The complaint of Fortitude.

Next Fortitude arose unto this knight,
And by his side sat down with steadfast eye[s]:
A broken column 'twixt her arms was pight**:
She could not weep nor pour out yearnful†† cries;
From Fortitude such base affects nill‡‡ rise;
Brass-renting goddess, she can not lament:
Yet thus her plaints with breathing sighs were spent.

* *dilated*] i. e. delayed.
† *than*] i. e. then. See note *, p. 206, sec. col.
‡ *she then*] Qy. "who *then*"?
§ *for why*] i. e. because.

* *mo*] i. e. more.
† *rede*] i. e. advise.
‡ *grees*] i. e. degrees.
§ *heal*] i. e. health, welfare.
‖ *convince*] i. e. overpower.
¶ *lynce*] i. e. lynx.—Old ed. "Linx."
** *pight*] i. e. placed, fixed.
†† *yearnful*] i. e. mournful.
‡‡ *nill*] i. e. will not.

"Within the Maiden's Court, place of all places,
I did advance a man of high desert *,
Whom nature had made proud with all her graces,
Inserting courage in his noble heart:
No perils drad † could ever make him start;
But, like to Scævola, for country's good
He did not value for to spend his blood.

"His looks were stern, though in a life of peace;
Though not in wars, yet war hung in his brows:
His honour did by martial thoughts increase:
To martial men living this knight allows,
And by his sword he solemnly avows,‡
Though not in war, yet if that war were here,
As warriors do, to value honour dear.

"Captains he kept, and foster'd them with fee;
Soldiers were servants to this martial knight;
Men might his stable full of coursers see,
Trotters whose manag'd looks would some affright;
His armoury was rich and warlike dight;
And he himself, if any need had crav'd,
Would as stout Hector have himself behav'd.

"I lost a friend whenas I lost his life":
Thus plainèd Fortitude, and frown'd withal:
'Cursèd be Atropos, and curs'd her knife
That made the captain of my guard to fall,
Whose virtues did his honours high install."
At this she storm'd, and wrung out sighs so sore,
That what for grief her tongue could speak no more.

The complaint of Temperance.

Then Temperance, with bridle in her hand,
Did mildly look upon this lifeless lord, §
And like to weeping Niobe did stand:
Her sorrows and her tears did well accord;
Their diapason was in self-same cord.‖
"Here lies the man," quoth she, "that breath'd out this,—
'To shun fond pleasures is the sweetest bliss.'

"No choice delight could draw his eyes awry;
He was not bent to pleasure's fond conceits;
Inveigling pride, nor world's sweet vanity,
Love's luring follies with their strange deceits,
Could wrap this lord within their baleful sleights:
But he, despising all, said 'Man was grass,
His date a span, *et omnia vanitas*.'

"Temperate he was, and temper'd all his deeds:
He bridled those affects that might offend;
He gave his will no more the reins than needs;
He measur'd pleasures ever by the end:
His thoughts on virtue's censures * did depend:
What booteth pleasures that so quickly pass,
When such delights are brickle † like to glass?

"First pride of life, that subtle branch of sin,
And then the lusting humour of the eyes,
And base concupiscence which plies her gin;
These Sirens, that do worldlings still entice,
Could not allure his mind to think of vice;
For he said still, 'Pleasure's delight it is
That holdeth man from heaven's delightful bliss.'

"Temperate he was in every deep extreme,
And could well bridle his affects with reason.
What I have lost in losing him then deem:
Base Death, that took away a man so geason,‡
That measur'd every thought by time and season!"
At this her sighs and sorrows were so sore,
And so she wept, that she could speak no more.

The complaint of Bounty.

With open hands, and mourning locks § dependant,
Bounty stept forth to wail the dead man's loss:
On her were Love and Plenty both attendant:
Tears in her eyes, arms folded quite across,
Sitting by him upon a turf of moss,
She sigh'd, and said, "Here lies the knight deceas'd,
Whose bounty Bounty's glory much increas'd.

* *desert*] Old ed. "degree."
† *drad*] i. e. dread, dreadful.
‡ *avows*] Old ed. "auowed."
§ *lord*] Old ed. "Cord."
‖ *cord*] Old ed. "Lord."

* *censures*] i. e. judgments, opinions.
† *brickle*] i. e. brittle.—Old ed. "fickle."
‡ *geason*] i. e. rare, uncommon.
§ *locks*] Old ed. "lookes."

"His looks were liberal, and in his face
Sat frank magnificence with arms display'd;
His open hands discours'd his inward grace;
The poor were never at their need denay'd:*
His careless scorn of gold his deeds bewray'd:
And this he crav'd,—'no longer for to live
Than he had power and mind and will to give.'

"No man went empty from his frank dispose;
He was a purse-bearer unto the poor:
He well observ'd the meaning of this glose,—
'None lose reward that giveth of their store':
To all his bounty pass'd. Ay me, therefore,
That he should die!" With that she sigh'd so sore,
And so she wept, that she could speak no more.

The complaint of Hospitality.

Lame of a leg, as she had lost a limb,
Start† up kind Hospitality and wept:
She silent sat a while and sigh'd by him;
As one half-maimèd, to this knight she crept:
At last about his neck this nymph she lept,
And, with her cornucopia in her fist,
For very love his chilly lips she kiss'd.

"Ay me," quoth she, "my love is lorn by death;
My chiefest stay is crack'd, and I am lame:
He that his alms‡ frankly did bequeath,
And fed the poor with store of food, the same,
Even he, is dead, and vanish'd is his name,
Whose gates were open, and whose alms-deed
Supplied the fatherless' and widow's need.

"He kept no Christmas-house for once a year;
Each day his boards were fill'd with lordly fare:
He fed a rout§ of yeomen with his cheer,
Nor was his bread and beef kept in with care:
His wine and beer to strangers were not spare;
And yet beside to all that hunger griev'd
His gates were ope, and they were there reliev'd.

"Well could the poor tell where to fetch their bread:
As Baucis and Philemon were y-blest
For feasting Jupiter in stranger's stead,
So happy be his high immortal rest,
That was to hospitality addrest!

For few such live." And then she sigh'd so sore,
And so she wept, that she could speak no more.

Then Courtesy, whose face was full of smiles,
And Friendship, with her hand upon her heart,
And tender Charity, that loves no wiles,
And Clemency, their* passions did impart:
A thousand Virtues there did straight up-start,
And with their tears and sighs they did disclose
For Hatton's death their hearts were full of woes.

The complaint of Religion.

Next, from the furthest nook of all the place,
Weeping full sore, there rose a nymph in black,
Seemly and sober, with an angel's face,
And sigh'd as if her heart-strings straight should crack:
Her outward woes bewray'd her inward rack.
A golden book she carried in her hand:
It was Religion that thus meek did stand.

God wot, her garments were full loosely tuck'd,
As one that careless was in some despair;
To tatters were her robes and vestures pluck'd;
Her naked limbs were open to the air:
Yet, for all this, her looks were blithe and fair:
And wondering how Religion grew forlorn,
I spied her robes by Heresy were torn.

This holy creature sat her by this knight,
And sigh'd out this: "O, here he lies," quoth she,
"Lifeless, that did Religion's lamp still light;
Devout without dissembling, meek, and free
To such whose words and livings did agree:
Lip-holiness in clergymen† he could not brook,
Ne such as counted gold above their book.

"Upright he liv'd as Holy Writ him led:
His faith was not in ceremonies old;
Nor had he new-found toys within his head;
Ne was he luke-warm, neither hot nor cold:
But in religion he was constant, bold,
And still a sworn professèd foe to all
Whose looks were smooth, hearts pharisaical.

---

* *denay'd*] i. e. denied.

† *Start*] i. e. Started.

‡ *alms*] Is here, as in the sixth line of this stanza, a dissyllable;—the spelling of the old copy being "almes" and "almes *deede*."

§ *rout*] i. e. company, band.

* *their*] Old ed. "her" (a misprint for "ther":—in the next line but one the old ed. has "And with *ther* teares," &c.

† *Lip-holiness in clergymen*] Qy. "Lip-holy *clergymen*"?

"The brainsick and illiterate surmisers,
That like to saints would holy be in looks,
Of fond religions fabulous devisers,
Who scorn'd the académies and their books,
And yet could sin as others in close nooks;
To such wild-headed mates he was a foe,
That rent her robes and wrong'd Religion so.

"Ne was his faith in men's traditions;
He hated Antichrist and all his trash:
He was not led away by superstitions,
Nor was he in religion over-rash:
His hands from heresy he lov'd to wash.
Then, base Report, 'ware what thy tongue doth spread:
'Tis sin and shame for to belie the dead.

"Heart-holy men he still kept at his table,
Doctors that well could doom of Holy Writ:
By them he knew to sever faith from fable,
And how the text with judgment for to hit;
For Pharisees in Moses' chair did sit."
At this Religion sigh'd, and griev'[d] so sore,
And so she wept, that she could speak no more.

Primate[s].

Next might I see a rout * of noblemen,
Earls, barons, lords, in mourning weeds attir'd:
I cannot paint their passions with my pen,
Nor write so quaintly as their woes requir'd;
Their tears and sighs some Homer's quill desir'd:
But this I know, their grief was for his death
That there had yielded nature, life and breath.

Milites

Then came by soldiers trailing of their pikes:
Like men dismay'd, their beavers were adown;
Their warliko hearts his death with sorrow strikes:
Yea, War himself was in a sable gown;
For grief you might perceive his visage frown:
And scholars came by with lamenting cries,
Wetting their books with tears fell from their eyes.

Plebs.

The common people they did throng in flocks,
Dewing their bosoms with their yearnful † tears;
Their sighs were such as would have rent the rocks,
Their faces full of grief, dismay, and fears:
Their cries struck pity in my listening ears,
For why * the groans are less at hell's black gate
Than echo there did then reverberate.

Some came with scrolls and papers in their hand;
I guess'd them suitors that did rue his loss:
Some with their children in their hand did stand;
Some poor and hungry with their hands across.
A thousand there sat wailing on the moss:
"*O pater patriæ!*" still they crièd thus,
"Hatton is dead; what shall become of us?"

At all these cries my heart was sore amov'd,
Which made me long to see the dead man's face;
What he should be that was so dear-belov'd,
Whose worth so deep had won the people's grace.
As I came pressing near unto the place,
I look'd, and, though his face were pale and wan,
Yet by his visage did I know the man.

No sooner did I cast mine eye on him
But in his face there flash'd a ruddy hue;
And though before his looks by death were grim,
Yet seem'd he smiling to my gazing view
(As if, though dead, my presence still he knew):
Seeing this change within a dead man's face,
I could not stop my tears, but wept apace.

I call'd to mind how that it was a knight
That whilom liv'd in England's happy soil:
I thought upon his care and deep insight
For country's weal, his labour and his toil
He took, lest that the English state might foil;
And how his watchful thought from first had been
Vow'd to the honour of the Maiden Queen.

I call'd to mind again he was my friend,
And held my quiet as his heart's content:
What was so dear for me he would not spend?
Then thought I straight such friends are seldom hent.†
Thus still from love to love my humour went,
That pondering of his loyalty so free,
I wept him dead that living honour'd me.

At this Astræa, seeing me so sad,
Gan blithely comfort me with this reply:
"Virgin," quoth she, "no boot by tears is had,
Nor do laments aught pleasure them that die.
Souls must have change from this mortality;
For, living long, sin hath the larger space,
And, dying well, they find the greater grace.

* *rout*] i. e. company, band.
† *yearnful*] i. e. mournful.

* *For why*] i. e. Because.
† *hent*] i. e laid hold on,—gotten.

"And sith thy tears bewray thy love," quoth she,
"His soul with me shall wend unto the skies:
His lifeless body I will leave to thee;
Let that be earth'd and tomb'd in gorgeous wise:
I'll place his ghost among the hierarchies;
For as one star another far exceeds,
So souls in heaven are placèd by their deeds."

With that, methought, within her golden lap,
The sun-bright goddess, smiling with her eye,
The soul of Hatton curiously did wrap,
And in a cloud was taken up on high.

Vain dreams are fond *; but thus as then dreamt I,
And more, methought I heard the angels sing †
An alleluia for to welcome him.

As thus ascendant ‡ Astræa flew,
The nobles, commons, and every wight
That living in his time Hatton knew,
Did deep lament the loss of that good knight.
But when Astræa was quite out of sight,
For grief the people shouted such a scream
That I awoke and start out of my dream.

* *fond*] i. e. foolish, idle.

† *sing*] Qy. "hymn" (though the next line ends with "him")?

‡ *ascendant*] Old ed. "attendant."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

FROM

MORANDO, THE TRITAMERON OF LOVE.

(Ed. 1587.)

THE DESCRIPTION OF SILVESTRO'S LADY.

Her stature like the tall straight cedar-trees
Whose stately bulks do fame th' Arabian groves;
A pace like princely Juno when she brav'd
The Queen of Love 'fore Paris in the vale;
A front beset with love and courtesy;
A face like modest Pallas when she blush'd
A seely shepherd should be beauty's judge;
A lip sweet ruby-red, grac'd with delight;
A cheek wherein for interchange of hue
A wrangling strife 'twixt lily and the rose;
Her eyes two twinckling* stars in winter-nights
When chilling frost doth clear the azur'd sky;
Her hair of golden hue doth dim the beams
That proud Apollo giveth from his coach;
The Gnidian doves, whose white and snowy pens
Do stain the silver-streaming ivory,
May not compare with those two moving hills
Which, topp'd † with pretty teats, discover down a vale
Wherein the God of Love may deign to sleep;
A foot like Thetis when she tripp'd the sands
To steal Neptunus' favour with her ‡ steps;
In fine,§ a piece, despite of beauty, fram'd
To show what Nature's lineage could afford.

* *twinckling*] The 4to. "tinckling."

† *Which, topp'd,* &c.] Qy. did Greene intend an Alexandrine here, or is the line corrupted?

‡ *Neptunus'. . . . her*] The 4to. "Neptunes. . . . his."

§ *In fine*] Not in the 4to.; but found in the alteration of these verses *apud* our author's *Farewell to Folly:* see *post*, p. 309, first col.

LACENA'S RIDDLE.

The man whose method hangeth by the moon,
And rules his diet by geometry;
Whose restless mind rips up his mother's breast,
To part her bowels for his family;
And fetcheth Pluto's glee in from the grass
By careless cutting of a goddess' gifts;
That throws his gotten labour to the earth,
As trusting to content for others' shifts;
'Tis he, good sir, that Saturn best did please
When golden world set worldlings all at ease;
His name is Person, and his progeny,
Now tell me, of what ancient pedigree?

VERSES

UNDER THE PICTURE OF FORTUNE.

The fickle seat whereon proud Fortune sits,
The restless globe whereon the Fury stands,
Bewrays her fond and far inconstant fits;
The fruitful horn she handleth in her hands
Bids all beware to fear her flattering smiles,
That giveth most when most she meaneth guiles;
The wheel that, turning, never taketh rest,
The top whereof fond worldlings count their bliss,
Within a minute makes a black exchange,
And then the vile * and lowest better is:
Which emblem tells us the inconstant state
Of such as trust to Fortune or to Fate.

* *vile*] The 4to. "vild": but see note †, p. 167, sec. col.

FROM

MENAPHON.

(Ed. 1589, compared with Ed. 1616.)

—♦—

APOLLO'S ORACLE.

When Neptune, riding on the southern seas,
Shall from the bosom of his leman* yield
Th' Arcadian wonder, men and gods to please,
Plenty in pride shall march amidst the field;
Dead men shall war, and unborn babes shall frown,
And with their falchions hew their foemen down.

When lambs have lions for their surest guide,
And planets rest upon th' Arcadian hills,
When swelling seas have neither ebb nor tide,
When equal banks the ocean-margin fills;
Then look, Arcadians, for a happy time,
And sweet content within your troubled clime.

MENAPHON'S SONG.

Some say Love,
Foolish Love,
Doth rule and govern all the gods:
I say Love,
Inconstant Love,
Sets men's senses far at odds.
Some swear Love,
Smooth-fac'd † Love,
Is sweetest sweet that men can have:
I say Love,
Sour Love,
Makes virtue yield as beauty's slave:
A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all,
That forceth wisdom to be folly's thrall.

Love is sweet:
Wherein sweet?
In fading pleasures that do pain.
Beauty sweet:
Is that sweet,
That yieldeth sorrow for a gain?
If Love's sweet,
Herein sweet,
That minutes' joys are monthly woes:
'Tis not sweet,
That is sweet
Nowhere but where repentance grows.
Then love who list, if beauty be so sour;
Labour for me, Love rest in prince's bower.

* *leman*] i. e. mistress, love.
† *Smooth-fac'd*] Both 4tos. "Smooth'd face."

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changèd made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl-drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies;
Thus he griev'd in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smil'd, father wept,
Mother cried, baby lept;
More he crow'd, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bless,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

MENAPHON'S ROUNDELAY.

When tender ewes,* brought home with evening sun,
Wend to their folds,
And to their holds
The shepherds trudge when light of day is done,
Upon a tree
The eagle, Jove's fair bird, did perch;
There resteth † he:
A little fly his harbour then did search,

* *When tender ewes*, &c] The beginning of this roundelay bears some resemblance to the opening of Gray's *Elegy*.
† *resteth*] Qy. "rested"? but just before we have "trudge" and "wend."

And did presume, though others laugh'd thereat,
To perch whereas * the princely eagle sat.

The eagle frown'd, and shook his † royal wings,
And charg'd the fly
From thence to hie:
Afraid, in haste the little creature flings,
Yet seeks again,
Fearful, to perk him by the eagle's side:
With moody vein,
The speedy post of Ganymede replied,
"Vassal, avaunt, or with my wings you die:
Is't fit an eagle seat him with a fly?"

The fly crav'd pity, still the eagle frown'd:
The silly fly,
Ready to die,
Disgrac'd, displac'd, fell grovelling to the ground:
The eagle saw,
And with a royal mind said to the fly,
"Be not in awe,
I scorn by me the meanest creature die;
Then seat thee here." The joyful fly up flings,
And sat safe-shadow'd with the eagle's wings.

DORON'S DESCRIPTION OF SAMELA.

Like to Diana in her summer-weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela;
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When wash'd by Arethusa Fount ‡ they lie,
Is fair Samela;
As fair Aurora in her morning-grey,
Deck'd with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela;
Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day,
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
Shines fair Samela;
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela;
Her cheeks, like rose and lily, yield forth gleams,
Her brows bright arches fram'd of ebony:
Thus fair Samela
Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the show of majesty,
For she's Samela;
Pallas in wit, all three, if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela.

* *whereas*] i. e. where.
† *his*] The 4to. of 1589 "her."
‡ *Fount*] Walker's correction (*Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare, &c.*, ii. 268).—Both 4tos. "faint."

DORON'S JIG.

Through the shrubs as I can * crack
For my lambs, little ones,
'Mongst many pretty ones,
Nymphs I mean, whose hair was black
As the crow;
Like the snow
Her face and brows shin'd, I ween;
I saw a little one,
A bonny pretty one,
As bright, buxom, and as sheen,
As was she
On her knee
That lull'd the god whose arrow † warms
Such merry little ones,
Such fair-fac'd pretty ones,
As dally in love's chiefest harms:
Such was mine,
Whose grey eyne
Made me love. I gan to woo
This sweet little one,
This bonny pretty one;
I woo'd hard a day or two,
Till she bade
"Be not sad,
Woo no more, I am thine own,
Thy dearest little one,
Thy truest pretty one":
Thus was faith and firm love shown,
As behoves
Shepherds' loves.

MELICERTUS' DESCRIPTION OF HIS MISTRESS.

Tune on, my pipe, the praises of my love,
And, midst thy oaten harmony, recount
How fair she is that makes thy music mount,
And every string of thy heart's harp to move.

Shall I compare her form unto the sphere
Whence sun-bright Venus vaunts her silver shine?
Ah, more than that by just compare is thine,
Whose crystal looks the cloudy heavens do clear!

How oft have I descending Titan seen
His burning locks couch in the sea-queen's lap,
And beauteous Thetis his red body wrap
In watery robes, as he her lord had been!

* *can*] Which in my former edition I hastily altered to "'gan",—is often used by our early writers for *gan* or *began*: see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.
† *arrow*] Both 4tos. "arrowes."

Whenas my nymph, impatient of the night,
Bade bright Astræus* with his train give place,
Whiles she led forth the day with her fair face,
And lent each star a more than Delian light.

Not Jove or Nature, should they both agree
To make a woman of the firmament,
Of his mix'd purity could not invent
A sky-born form † so beautiful as she.

MELICERTUS' MADRIGAL.

What are my sheep without their wonted food?
What is my life except I gain my love?
My sheep consume and faint for want of blood,
My life is lost unless I grace approve:
No flower that sapless thrives,
No turtle without fere.‡

The day without the sun doth lour for woe,
Then woe mine eyes, unless they beauty see;
My sun Samela's eyes, by whom I know
Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be:
Naught more the heart revives
Than to embrace his dear.

The stars from earthly humours gain their light,
Our humours by their light possess their power;
Samela's eyes, fed by my weeping sight,
Infuse § my pain or joys by smile or lour:
So wends the source of love;
It feeds, it fails, it ends.

Kind looks, clear to your joy behold her eyes,
Admire her heart, desire to taste her kisses;
In them the heaven of joy and solace lies,
Without them every hope his succour misses:
O, how I love to prove
Whereto this solace tends!

MENAPHON'S SONG IN HIS BED.

You restless cares, companions of the night,
That wrap my joys in folds of endless woes,
Tire ‖ on my heart, and wound it with your spite,
Since love and fortune prove my equal foes:
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days;
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

Mourn heavens, mourn earth; your shepherd is forlorn;
Mourn times and hours, since bale invades my bower;
Curse every tongue the place where I was born,
Curse every thought the life which makes me lour:
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days;
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

Was I not free? was I not fancy's aim?
Fram'd not desire my face to front disdain?
I was; she did; but now one silly maim
Makes me to droop, as he whom love hath slain:
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days;
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

Yet drooping, and yet living to this death,
I sigh, I sue for pity at her shrine,
Whose fiery eyes exhale my vital breath,
And make my flocks with parching heat to pine:
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days;
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

Fade they, die I: long may she live to bliss,
That feeds * a wanton fire with fuel of her form,
And makes perpetual summer where she is;
Whiles I do cry, o'ertook with envy's storm,
"Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days;
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays."

SONG.

Fair fields, proud Flora's vaunt, why is't you smile
Whenas I languish?
You golden meads, why strive you to beguile
My weeping anguish?
I live to sorrow, you to pleasure spring:
Why do you spring thus?
What, will not Boreas, tempest's wrathful king,
Take some pity on us,
And send forth winter in her rusty weed,
To wail † my bemoanings, ‡
Whiles I distress'd do tune my country-reed
Unto my groanings?
But heaven, and earth, time, place, and every power
Have with her conspir'd
To turn my blissful sweets to baleful sour,
Since fond I desir'd

---

* *Astræus*] The father of the primeval stars: vide Aratus, ΦΑΙΝ. 98; and compare Marlowe's *Dido*, — *Works*, p. 252, ed. Dyce, 1858.

† *A sky-born form*, &c.] The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 218) remarks that this passage is borrowed, with some alterations, by the author of *The Thracian Wonder*, a play falsely ascribed to Webster (see Webster's *Works*, iv. 211, ed. Dyce, 1830); and that Collins (*Ode to Mercy*) has adopted from our text the expression "Gentlest of *sky-born forms*," &c.

‡ *fere*] i. e. mate.

§ *Infuse*] The 4to. of 1589 "Insues"; that of 1616 "Infudes."

‖ *Tire*] i. e. prey.

* *That feeds*, &c.] See note †, p. 285, first col.

† *wail*] The 4to. of 1589 "waite."

‡ *bemoanings*] Qy. "moanings"?

The heaven whereto my thoughts may not aspire.
Ay me, unhappy!
It was my fault t' embrace my bane, the fire
That forceth me die.
Mine be the pain, but her's the cruel cause
Of this strange torment;
Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause
Till proud she repent.

MENAPHON'S ECLOGUE.

Too weak the wit, too slender is the brain,
That means to mark the power and worth of love;
Not one that lives, except he hap to prove,
Can tell the sweet, or tell the secret pain.

Yet I that have been prentice to the grief,
Like to the cunning sea-man, from afar,
By guess will take * the beauty of that star
Whose influence must yield me chief relief.

You censors of the glory of my dear,
With reverence and lowly bent of knee,
Attend and mark what her perfections be;
For in my words my fancies shall appear.

Her locks are plighted like the fleece of wool
That Jason with his Grecian mates achiev'd;†
As pure as gold, yet not from gold deriv'd;
As full of sweets as sweet of sweets is full.

Her brows are pretty tables of conceit,
Where Love his records of delight doth quote;
On them her dallying locks do daily float,
As Love full oft doth feed upon the bait.

Her eyes, fair eyes, like to the purest lights
That animate the sun or cheer the day;
In whom the shining sunbeams brightly play,
Whiles Fancy doth on them divine delights.

Her cheeks like ripen'd lilies steep'd in wine,
Or fair pomegranate-kernels wash'd in milk,
Or snow-white threads in nets of crimson silk,
Or gorgeous clouds upon the sun's decline.

Her lips are roses over-wash'd with dew,
Or like the purple of Narcissus' flower;
No frost their fair,* no wind doth waste their power,
But by her breath her beauties do renew.

Her crystal chin like to the purest mould
Enchas'd with dainty daisies soft and white,
Where Fancy's fair pavilion once is pight,†
Whereas embrac'd his beauties he doth hold.

Her neck like to an ivory shining tower,
Wherethrough with azure veins sweet nectar runs,
Or like the down of swans where Senesse wons,‡
Or like delight that doth itself devour.

Her paps are like fair apples in the prime,
As round as orient pearls, as soft as down;
They never vail§ their fair through winter's frown,
But from their sweets Love sucks‖ his summer-time.

Her body Beauty's best-esteemèd bower,
Delicious, comely, dainty, without stain;
The thought whereof (not touch) hath wrought my pain;
Whose fair all fair and beauties doth devour.

Her maiden mount, the dwelling-house of Pleasure;
Not like, for why¶ no like surpasseth wonder:
O, blest is he may bring such beauties under,
Or search by suit the secrets of that treasure!

Devour'd in thought, how wanders my device!
What rests behind I must divine upon:
Who talks the best can say but "Fairer none";
Few words well-couch'd do most content the wise.

All you that hear, let not my silly style
Condemn my zeal; for what my tongue should say
Serves to enforce my thoughts to seek the way
Whereby my woes and cares I do beguile.

---

* *take*] The 4to. of 1589 "talke."

† *Her locks are plighted like the fleece of wool*
That Jason with his Grecian mates achiev'd]—*plighted*, i. e. plaited, braided.—It is possible that Shakespeare recollected these lines when he wrote the following;

"Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her."
The Merchant of Venice, act i. sc. 1.

* *fair*] i. e. beauty.

† *pight*] i. e. pitched.

‡ *wons*] i. e. dwells.

§ *vail*] i. e. lower, let fall,—diminish.

‖ *sucks*] Both 4tos. "suck'd."

¶ *for why*] i. e. because.

Seld speaketh Love, but sighs his * secret pains;
Tears are his truchmen,† words do make him tremble:
How sweet is Love to them that can dissemble
In thoughts and looks till they have reap'd the gains!

All lonely I complain,‡ and what I say
I think, yet what I think tongue cannot tell:
Sweet censors, take my silly worst for well;
My faith is firm, though homely be my lay.

MELICERTUS' ECLOGUE.

What need compare where sweet exceeds compare?
Who draws his thoughts of Love from senseless things,
Their pomp and greatest glories doth impair,
And mounts Love's heaven with over-laden wings.

Stones, herbs, and flowers, the foolish spoils of earth,
Floods, metals, colours, dalliance of the eye;
These show conceit is stain'd with too much dearth,
Such abstract fond compares make cunning die.

But he that hath the feeling taste of Love
Derives his essence from no earthly toy;
A weak conceit his power cannot approve,
For earthly thoughts are subject to annoy.

Be whist, be still, be silent, censors, now:
My fellow-swain has told a pretty tale,
Which modern poets may perhaps allow,
Yet I condemn the terms, for they are stale.

Apollo, when my mistress first was born,
Cut off his locks, and left them on her head,
And said, "I plant these wires in Nature's scorn,
Whose beauties shall appear when time is dead."

From forth the crystal heaven when she was made,
The purity thereof did taint § her brow,
On which the glistering sun that sought the shade
Gan set, and there his glories doth avow.

Those eyes, fair eyes, too fair to be describ'd,
Were those that erst the chaos did reform;
To whom the heavens their beauties have ascrib'd,
That fashion life in man, in beast, in worm.

When first her fair delicious cheeks were wrought,
Aurora brought her blush, the moon her white;
Both so combin'd as passèd Nature's thought,
Compil'd those pretty orbs of sweet delight.

When Love and Nature once were proud with play,
From both their lips her lips the coral drew;
On them doth Fancy sleep, and every day
Doth swallow joy, such sweet delights to view.

Whilom while Venus' son did seek a bower
To sport with Psyche, his desirèd dear,
He chose her chin, and from that happy stowre *
He never stints in glory to appear.

Desires and Joys, that long had servèd Love,
Besought a hold where pretty eyes might woo them:
Love made her neck, and for their best behove
Hath shut them there, whence no man can undo them.

Once Venus dream'd upon two pretty things,
Her thoughts they were † affection's chiefest nests;
She suck'd, and sigh'd, and bath'd her in the springs,
And when she wak'd, they were my mistress' breasts.

Once Cupid sought a hold to couch his kisses,
And found the body of my best-belov'd,
Wherein he clos'd the beauty of his blisses,
And from that bower can never be remov'd.

The Graces erst, when Acidalian springs
Were waxen dry, perhaps did find her fountain
Within the vale of bliss, where Cupid's wings
Do shield the nectar fleeting from the mountain.

No more, fond man: things infinite, I see,
Brook no dimension; hell a foolish speech;
For endless things may never talkèd be;
Then let me live to honour and beseech.

---

* *his*] Both 4tos. "her."

† *truchmen*] i. e. interpreters.

‡ *complain*] Both 4tos. "am plaine"

§ *taint*] Equivalent to "*tint*:" see note ‡, p. 154, first col.

* *stowre*] In old poetry frequently signifies tumult, disorder, battle, &c.: but here it means—time, moment; an interpretation of the word which is not given in any dictionary or glossary I have ever met with. Compare Lodge;

> "Whose dire disdaine (the god that kindles loue,
> And makes impressions straungly from aboue,
> Misliking) strake with fancie at that *stowre*."
>
> *Forbonius and Prisceria*, 1584, Sig. I 2.

† *Her thoughts they were*, &c.] Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 285), after quoting examples of "*methought*" and "*methoughts*" from our early poets, bids us "so understand Greene" in the present line.

Sweet Nature's pomp, if my deficient phrase
Hath stain'd thy glories by too little skill,
Yield pardon, though mine eye, that long did gaze,
Hath left no better pattern to my quill.

I will no more, no more will I detain
Your listening ears with dalliance of my tongue;
I speak my joys, but yet conceal my pain,
My pain too old, although my years be young.

DORON'S ECLOGUE, JOINED WITH CARMELA'S.

DORON.

Sit down, Carmela; here are cobs * for kings,
Sloes black as jet or like my Christmas shoes,
Sweet cider which my leathern bottle brings;
Sit down, Carmela, let me kiss thy toes.

CARMELA.

Ah Doron! ah my heart! thou art as white
As is my mother's calf or brinded cow;
Thine eyes are like the glow-worms † in the night;
Thine hairs resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deep and clear
Like to the furrows of my father's wain;
The ‡ sweat upon thy face doth oft appear
Like to my mother's fat and kitchen-gain.

Ah, leave my toe, and kiss my lips, my love!
My lips are thine, for I have given them thee; §
Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt wear my glove;
At foot-ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

DORON.

Carmela dear, even as the golden ball
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes;
When cherries' juice is jumbled therewithal,
Thy breath is like the steam of apple-pies.

Thy lips resemble two cucúmbers fair;
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine;
Thy speech is like the thunder in the air:
Would God, thy toes, thy lips, and all were mine!

* *cobs*] Does this word mean here cob-apples? or cob-nuts? or the loaves called *cobs*?—Both 4tos. "*cubbs.*"

† *glow-worms*] Both 4tos. "slow-*worms.*"

‡ *The*] Both 4tos. "Thy."

§ *My lips are thine, for I have given them thee*] The 4to. of 1589; "*My lippes* and *thine, for I haue giuen* it *thee.*"

CARMELA.

Doron, what thing doth move this wishing grief?

DORON.

'Tis Love, Carmela, ah, 'tis cruel Love!
That, like a slave and caitiff villain-thief,
Hath cut my throat of joy for thy behove.

CARMELA.

Where was he born?

DORON.

In faith, I know not where;
But I have heard * much talking of his dart:
Ay me, poor man! with many a trampling † tear
I feel him wound the fore-horse ‡ of my heart.

What, do I love? O, no, I do but talk:
What, shall I die for love? O, no, not so:
What, am I dead? O, no, my tongue doth walk:
Come, kiss, Carmela, and confound my woe.

CARMELA.

Even with this kiss, as once my father did,
I seal the sweet indentures of delight:
Before I break my vow the gods forbid,
No, not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

DORON.

Even with this garland made of hollyhocks
I cross thy brows from every shepherd's kiss:
Heigh-ho, how glad am I to touch thy locks!
My frolic heart even now a freeman is.

CARMELA.

I thank you, Doron, and will think on you;
I love you, Doron, and will wink on you.
I seal your charter-patent with my thumbs:
Come, kiss and part, for fear my mother comes.

SONNETTO.

What thing is Love? It is a power divine
That reigns in us, or else a wreakful law
That dooms our minds to beauty to incline:
It is a star whose influence doth draw
Our hearts to Love, dissembling of his might
Till he be master of our hearts and sight.

* *heard*] The 4to. of 1589 "had."

† *trampling*] The 4to. of 1616 "trickling."

‡ *fore-horse*] Both 4tos. "forehearse."

Love is a discord, and a strange divorce
Betwixt our sense and reason, by whose power,
As mad with reason, we admit that force
Which wit or labour never may devour:
It is a will that brooketh no consent;
It would refuse, yet never may repent.

Love's a desire which, for to wait a time,
Doth lose an age of years, and so doth pass,
As doth the shadow, sever'd from his prime,
Seeming as though it were, yet never was;
Leaving behind nought but repentant thoughts
Of days ill-spent, for that which profits noughts.

It's now a peace, and then a sudden war;
A hope consum'd before it is conceiv'd;
At hand it fears, and menaceth afar;
And he that gains is most of all deceiv'd:
It is a secret hidden and not known,
Which one may better feel than write upon.

FROM

PERIMEDES, THE BLACKSMITH.

(1588.)

MADRIGAL.

The swans, whose pens as white as ivory,
Eclipsing fair Endymion's silver love,
Floating like snow down by the banks of Po,
Ne'er tun'd their notes, like Leda once forlorn,
With more despairing sorts of madrigals,
Than I, whom wanton Love hath with his gad
Prick'd to the core* of deep and restless thoughts.
The frolic youngsters Bacchus' liquor mads
Run not about the wood[s] of Thessaly
With more enchanted fits of lunacy
Than I, whom Love, whom sweet and bitter Love
Fires, infects with sundry passions;
Now lorn with liking over-much my love,
Frozen with fearing if I step too far,
Fired with gazing at such glimmering stars
As, stealing light from Phœbus' brightest rays,
Sparkle and set a flame within my breast.
Rest, restless Love; fond baby, be content;
Child, hold thy darts within thy quiver close:
An if thou wilt be roving with thy bow,
Aim at those hearts that may attend on love:
Let country swains and silly swads† be still;
To court, young wag, and wanton there thy fill.

* *core*] The 4to. "court."
† *swads*] i. e. clowns, bumpkins.

DITTY.

Obscure and dark is all the gloomy air,
The curtain of the night is overspread;
The silent mistress of the lowest sphere
Puts on her sable-colour'd veil and lours.*
Nor star, nor milk-white circle of the sky,
Appears, where Discontent doth hold her lodge.
She sits shrin'd in a canopy of clouds,
Whose massy darkness mazeth every sense.
Wan are her looks, her cheeks of azure hue;
Her hairs as Gorgon's foul retorting snakes;
Envy the glass wherein the hag doth gaze;
Restless the clock that chimes her fast asleep;
Disquiet thoughts the minutes of her watch.
Forth from her cave the fiend full oft doth fly:
To kings she goes, and troubles them with crowns,
Setting those high-aspiring brands on fire,
That flame from earth unto the seat of Jove;
To such as Midas, men that dote on wealth,
And rent the bowels of the middle earth
For coin, who gape, as did fair Danaë,
For showers of gold,—there Discontent in black
Throws forth the vials of her restless cares;
To such as sit at Paphos for relief,
And offer Venus many solemn vows;
To such as Hymen in his saffron robe
Hath knit a Gordian knot of passions;
To these, to all, parting the gloomy air,
Black Discontent doth make her bad repair.

SONNET.

In Cyprus sat fair Venus by a fount,
Wanton Adonis toying on her knee:
She kiss'd the wag, her darling of account;
The boy gan blush; which when his lover see,
She smil'd, and told him love might challenge debt,
And he was young, and might be wanton yet.

The boy wax'd bold, fired by fond desire,
That woo he could and court her with conceit:
Reason spied this, and sought to quench the fire
With cold disdain; but wily Adon straight
Cheer'd up the flame, and said, "Good sir, what let?
I am but young, and may be wanton yet."

Reason replied, that beauty was a bane
To such as feed their fancy with fond love,
That when sweet youth with lust is overta'en,
It rues in age: this could not Adon move,

* *lours*] The 4to. "lower."

For Venus taught him still this rest to set,
That he was young, and might be wanton yet.

Where Venus strikes with beauty to the quick,
It little 'vails sage Reason to reply;
Few are the cares for such as are love-sick,
But love: then, though I wanton it awry,
And play the wag, from Adon this I get,—
I am but young, and may be wanton yet.

SONNET.

IN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

THE Siren Venus nouric'd * in her lap
Fair Adon, swearing whiles he was a youth
He might be wanton: note his after-hap,
The guerdon that such lawless lust ensu'th;
So long he follow'd flattering Venus' lore,
Till, seely lad, he perish'd by a boar.

Mars in his youth did court this lusty dame,
He won her love; what might his fancy let?
He was but young: at last, unto his shame,
Vulcan entrapp'd them slyly in a net,
And call'd the gods to witness as a truth,
A lecher's fault was not excus'd by youth.

If crookèd age accounteth youth his spring,
The spring, the fairest season of the year,
Enrich'd with flowers, and sweets, and many a thing,
That fair and gorgeous to the eyes appear;
It fits that youth, the spring of man, should be
'Rich'd with such flowers as virtue yieldeth thee.

SONNET.

FAIR is my love, for April in her face,
Her lovely breasts September claims his part,
And lordly July in her eyes takes place;
But cold December dwelleth in her heart:
Blest be the months that set my thoughts on fire,
Accurs'd that month that hindereth my desire!

Like Phœbus' fire, so sparkle both her eyes;
As air perfum'd with amber is her breath;
Like swelling waves her lovely teats do rise;
As earth her heart, cold, dateth me to death:
Ay me, poor man, that on the earth do live,
When unkind earth death and despair doth give!

In pomp sits Mercy seated in her face;
Love 'twixt her breasts his trophies doth imprint;
Her eyes shine favour, courtesy, and grace;
But touch her heart, ah, that is fram'd of flint!
Therefore my harvest in the grass bears grain;
The rock will wear, wash'd with a winter's rain.

SONNET.

PHILLIS kept sheep along the western plains,
And Coridon did feed his flocks hard by:
This shepherd was the flower of all the swains
That trac'd the downs of fruitful Thessaly;
And Phillis, that did far her flocks surpass
In silver hue, was thought a bonny lass.

A bonny lass, quaint in her country 'tire,
Was lovely Phillis, Coridon swore so;
Her locks, her looks, did set the swain on fire,
He left his lambs, and he began to woo;
He look'd, he sigh'd, he courted with a kiss,
No better could the silly swad* than this.

He little knew to paint a tale of love,
Shepherds can fancy, but they cannot say:
Phillis gan smile, and wily thought to prove
What uncouth grief poor Coridon did pay;
She ask'd him how his flocks or he did fare,
Yet pensive thus his sighs did tell his care.

The shepherd blush'd when Phillis question'd so,
And swore by Pan it was not for his flock[s];
"'Tis love, fair Phillis, breedeth all this woe,
My thoughts are trapt within thy lovely locks,
Thine eye hath pierc'd, thy face hath set on fire;
Fair Phillis kindleth Coridon's desire."

"Can shepherds love?" said Phillis to the swain.
"Such saints as Phillis," Coridon replied.
"Men when they lust can many fancies feign,"
Said Phillis. This not Coridon denied,
That lust had lies; "But love," quoth he, "says truth:
Thy shepherd loves, then, Phillis, what ensu'th?"

Phillis was won, she blush'd and hung the head;
The swain stept to, and cheer'd her with a kiss:
With faith, with troth, they struck the matter dead;
So usèd they when men thought not amiss:
This † love begun and ended both in one;
Phillis was lov'd, and she lik'd Coridon.

---

* *nouric'd*] i. e. nursed,—fondled.

* *swad*] i. e. clown, bumpkin.

† *This*] Qy "Thus"

FROM

PANDOSTO, THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

(Ed. 1694.)

—♦—

Dorastus * in love-passion writes these few lines in praise of his loving and best-beloved Fawnia.

Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt even with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land,
Under wide heavens, but yet [there is] not such.
So as she shows, she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower,
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows;
Compass'd she is with thorns and canker'd bower,†
Yet, were she willing to be pluck'd and worn,
She would be gather'd, though she grew on thorn.

Ah, when she sings, all music else be still,
For none must be compared to her note;
Ne'er breath'd such glee from Philomela's bill,
Nor from the morning-singer's swelling throat
Ah, when she riseth from her blissful bed,
She comforts all the world as doth the sun,
And at her sight the night's foul vapour's fled;
When she is set, the gladsome day is done.
O glorious sun, imagine me the west,
Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast!

BELLARIA'S EPITAPH.

Here lies entomb'd Bellaria fair,
Falsely accus'd to be unchaste;
Clear'd by Apollo's sacred doom,
Yet slain by jealousy at last.
Whate'er thou be that passeth by,
Curse him that caus'd this queen to die.

* *Dorastus*, &c.] I find this "love-passion" on the back of the title-page of some of the latest editions of this tract, when it was put forth under the name of *Dorastus and Fawnia:* in none of the earlier editions have I ever met with it.

Mr. Collier conjectures that "it may possibly have been taken from the earliest, and now lost, edition of *Pandosto*." Introd. to *Pandosto*, p. iii,—*Shakespeare's Library*.

† *bower*] The 4tos. "flower."—I adopt the conjecture of the Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March, 1833, p. 218), who compares a line in our author's *Radagon's Sonnet* (see *post*, p. 301, first col.),—

"Solemn and sad within a *wither'd bower*."

FROM

NEVER TOO LATE.

(Ed. 1590.)

—♦—

AN ODE.

Down the valley gan he track,
Bag and bottle at his back,
In a surcoat all of grey;
Such wear palmers on the way,
When with scrip and staff they see
Jesus' grave on Calvary:
A hat of straw, like a swain,
Shelter for the sun and rain,
With a scallop-shell before;
Sandals on his feet he wore;
Legs were bare, arms unclad:
Such attire this palmer had.
His face fair, like Titan's shine;
Grey and buxom were his eyne,
Whereout dropt pearls of sorrow;
Such sweet tears Love doth borrow,
When in outward dews he * plains
Heart's distress that lovers pains;
Ruby lips, cherry cheeks;
Such rare mixture Venus seeks,
When, to keep her damsels quiet,
Beauty sets them down their diet:
Adon was not thought more fair:
Curled locks of amber hair,
Locks where Love did sit and twine
Nets to snare the gazer's eyne.
Such a palmer ne'er was seen,
'Less Love himself had palmer been.
Yet, for all he was so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint:
Midst the riches of his face
Grief decipher'd high disgrace.
Every step strain'd a tear;
Sudden sighs show'd his fear;
And yet his fear by his sight
Ended in a strange delight;
That his passions did approve †
Weeds and sorrow were for love.

THE PALMER'S ODE.

Old Menalcas, on a day,
As in field this shepherd lay,
Tuning of his oaten pipe,
Which he hit with many a stripe,
Said to Coridon that he
Once was young and full of glee.

* *he*] The 4to. "she" (and our early poets sometimes make "Love" feminine—*the Queen of Love*): but presently we have "Love *himself*." † *approve*] i. e. prove.

"Blithe and wanton was I then:
Such desires follow men.
As I lay and kept my sheep,
Came the god that hateth sleep,
Clad in armour all of fire,
Hand in hand with Queen Desire,
And with a dart that wounded nigh
Pierc'd my heart as I did lie;
That, when I woke, I gan swear
Phillis' beauty palm did bear.
Up I start, forth went I,
With her face to feed mine eye:
There I saw Desire sit,
That my heart with love had hit,
Laying forth bright beauty's hooks
To entrap my gazing looks.
Love I did, and gan to woo,
Pray and sigh: all would not do;
Women, when they take the toy,
Covet to be counted coy.
Coy she was, and I gan court;
She thought love was but a sport;
Profound hell was in my thought;
Such a pain desire had wrought,
That I su'd with sighs and tears;
Still ingrate she stopp'd her ears,
Till my youth I had spent.
Last a passion of repent
Told me flat, that desire
Was a brand of love's fire,
Which consumeth men in thrall,
Virtue, youth, wit, and all.
At this saw back I start,
Bet desire from my heart,
Shook off love, and made an oath
To be enemy to both.
Old I was when thus I fled
Such fond toys as cloy'd my head;
But this I learn'd at Virtue's gate,—
The way to good is never late."

THE HERMIT'S VERSES.

Here look, my son, for no vain-glorious shows
Of royal apparition for the eye:
Humble and meek befitteth men of years.
Behold my cell, built in a silent shade,
Holding content for poverty and peace;
And in my lodge is fealty and faith,
Labour and love united in one league.
I want not, for my mind affordeth wealth;
I know not envy, for I climb not high:
Thus do I live, and thus I mean to die.
If that the world presents illusions,
Or Satan seeks to puff me up with pomp,
As man is frail and apt to follow pride;
Then see, my son, where I have in my cell
A dead man's scull, which calls this straight to mind,
That as this is, so must my ending be.
When, then, I see that earth to earth must pass,
I sigh, and say, "All flesh is like to grass."

If care to live, or sweet delight in life,
As man desires to see out many days,
Draws me to listen to the flattering world;
Then see my glass, which swiftly out doth run,
Compar'd to man, who dies ere he begins.
This tells me, time slacks not his posting course,
But as the glass runs out with every hour,
Some in their youth, some in their weakest age,
All sure to die, but no man knows his time.
By this I think, how vain a thing is man,
Whose longest life is liken'd to a span.

When Satan seeks to sift me with his wiles,
Or proudly dares to give a fierce assault,
To make a shipwreck of my faith with fears;
Then arm'd at all points, to withstand the foe,
With holy armour,—here's the martial sword,
This book, this bible, this two-edgèd blade,
Whose sweet content pierceth the gates of hell,
Deciphering laws and discipline of war,
To overthrow the strength of Satan's jar.

ISABEL'S ODE.

Sitting by a river-side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Bank'd about with choice flowers,
Such as spring from April-showers,
When fair Iris smiling shews
All her riches in her dews;
Thick-leav'd trees so were planted,
As nor art nor nature wanted,
Bordering all the brook with shade,
As if Venus there had made,
By Flora's wile, a curious bower,
To dally with her paramour;
At this current as I gaz'd,
Eyes entrapt, mind amaz'd,
I might see in my ken
Such a flame as fireth men,
Such a fire as doth fry
With one blaze both heart and eye,
Such a heat as doth prove
No heat like to heat of love.
Bright she was, for 'twas a she
That trac'd her steps towards me:

On her head she ware a bay,
To fence Phœbus' light away:
In her face one might descry
The curious beauty of the sky:
Her eyes carried darts of fire,
Feather'd all with swift desire;
Yet forth these fiery darts did pass
Pearlèd tears as bright as glass,
That wonder 'twas in her eyne
Fire and water should combine,
If the old saw did not borrow,*
Fire is love, and water sorrow.
Down she sat, pale and sad;
No mirth in her looks she had;
Face and eyes show'd distress,
Inward sighs discours'd no less:
Head on hand might I see,
Elbow leanèd on her knee.
Last she breathèd out this saw,
"O, that love hath no law!
Love enforceth with constraint,
Love delighteth in complaint.
Whoso loves hates his life,
For love's peace is mind's strife.
Love doth feed on beauty's fare,
Every dish sauc'd with care:
Chiefly women, reason why,
Love is hatchèd in their eye;
Thence it steppeth to the heart,
There it poisoneth every part,
Mind and heart, eye and thought,
Till sweet love their woes hath wrought:
Then repentant they gin† cry,
'O my heart that trow'd mine eye‡!'"
Thus she said, and then she rose,
Face and mind both full of woes;
Flinging thence with this saw,—
"Fie on love that hath no law!"

FRANCESCO'S ODE.

When I look about the place
Where sorrow nurseth up disgrace,
Wrapt within a fold of cares,
Whose distress no heart spares;
Eyes might look, but see no light,
Heart might think, but on despite;
Sun did shine, but not on me:
Sorrow said, it may not be
That heart or eye should once possess
Any salve to cure distress;
For men in prison must suppose
Their couches are the beds of woes.
Seeing this, I sighèd then
Fortune thus should punish men:
But when I call'd to mind her face,
For whose love I brook this place,
Starry eyes, whereat my sight
Did eclipse with much delight,
Eyes that lighten, and do shine*
Beams of love that are divine,
Lily cheeks, whereon beside
Buds of roses show their pride,
Cherry lips, which did speak
Words that made all hearts to break,
Words most sweet, for breath was sweet,
Such perfume for love is meet,
Precious words, as hard to tell
Which more pleasèd, wit or smell;
When I saw my greatest pains
Grow for her that beauty stains,
Fortune thus I did reprove,
"Nothing grief-full grows from love."

CANZONE.

As then the sun sat lordly in his pride,
Not shadow'd with the veil of any cloud,
The welkin had no rack that seem'd to glide,
No dusky vapour did bright Phœbus shroud;
No blemish did eclipse the beauteous sky
From setting forth heaven's secret-searching eye.
No blustering wind did shake the shady trees,
Each leaf lay still and silent in the wood;
The birds were musical; the labouring bees,
That in the summer heap their winter's good,
Plied to their hives sweet honey from those flowers
Whereout the serpent strengthens all his powers.
The lion laid and stretch'd him in the lawns;
No storm did hold the leopard from his prey;
The fallow-fields were full of wanton fawns;
The plough-swains never saw a fairer day;
For every beast and bird did take delight
To see the quiet heavens to shine so bright.
When thus the winds lay sleeping in the caves,
The air was silent in her concave sphere,
And Neptune with a calm did please his slaves,
Ready to wash the never-drenchèd bear;
Then did the change of my affects begin,
And wanton love assay'd to snare me in.

* *borrow*] i. e. give warrant,—assure us.
† *gin*] The 4to. "gan."
‡ *trow'd mine eye*] i. e. believed mine eye.

* *shine*, &c.] Compare, *ante*, p. 293, sec. col; "Her eyes *shine* favour, courtesy, and grace."

Leaning my back against a lofty pine,
Whose top did check the pride of all the air,
Fixing my thoughts, and with my thoughts mine eyne,
Upon the sun, the fairest of all fair;
"What thing made God so fair as this?" quoth I:
And thus I mus'd until I dark'd mine eye.
Finding the sun too glorious for my sight,
I glanc'd my look to shun so bright a lamp:
With that appear'd* an object twice as bright,
So gorgeous as my senses all were damp;†
In Ida richer beauty did not win,‡
When lovely Venus show'd her silver skin.
Her pace was like to Juno's pompous strains,
Whenas she sweeps through heaven's brass-pavèd way;
Her front was powder'd through with azur'd veins,
That 'twixt sweet roses and fair lilies lay,
Reflecting such a mixture from her face
As tainted Venus' beauty with disgrace.
Arctophylax, the brightest of the stars,
Was not so orient as her crystal eyes,
Wherein triumphant sat both peace and wars,
From out whose arches such sweet favour § flies
As might reclaim Mars in his highest rage,
At beauty's charge, his fury to assuage.
The diamond gleams not more reflecting lights,
Pointed‖ with fiery pyramids to shine,
Than are those flames that burnish in our sights,
Darting fire out the crystal of her eyne,
Able to set Narcissus' thoughts on fire,
Although he swore him foe to sweet desire.
Gazing upon this leman¶ with mine eye,
I felt my sight vail** bonnet to her looks;
So deep a passion to my heart did fly
As I was trapt within her luring hooks,††
Forc'd to confess, before that I had done,
Her beauty far more brighter than the sun.

---

* *appear'd*] The 4to. "appeare."
† *damp*] The 4to. "dampt."
‡ *win*] i. e. win the prize (the golden apple) from Paris.
§ *favour*] The 4to. "fauours."
‖ *Pointed*] The 4to. "Painted."
¶ *leman*] i. e. love, mistress.
** *vail*] i. e. lower.
†† *hooks*] The 4to. "lookes."

INFIDA'S SONG.

Sweet Adon, dar'st not glance thine eye—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Upon thy Venus that must die?
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

See how sad thy Venus lies,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Love in heart, and tears in eyes;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thy face as fair as Paphos' brooks,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Wherein fancy baits her hooks;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thy cheeks like cherries that do grow—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Amongst the western mounts of snow;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thy lips vermilion, full of love,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Thy neck as silver-white as dove;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thine eyes, like flames of holy fires,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Burn all my thoughts with sweet desires;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

All thy beauties sting my heart;—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
I must die through Cupid's dart;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Wilt thou let thy Venus die?
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Adon were unkind, say I,—
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—

To let fair Venus die for woe.—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
That doth love sweet Adon so;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

FRANCESCO'S ROUNDELAY.*

Sitting and sighing in my secret muse,
As once Apollo did surpris'd with love,
Noting the slippery ways young years do use,
What fond affects the prime of youth do move;
With bitter tears, despairing I do cry,
"Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!"

When wanton age, the blossom † of my time,
Drew me to gaze upon the gorgeous sight
That beauty, pompous in her highest prime,
Presents to tangle men with sweet delight;
Then with despairing tears my thoughts did‡ cry,
"Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!"

When I survey'd the riches of her looks,
Whereout flew flames of never-quench'd desire,
Wherein lay baits that Venus snares with hooks,
Or§ where proud Cupid sat all-arm'd with fire;
Then, touch'd with love, my inward soul did cry,
"Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!"

The milk-white galaxia of her brow,
Where Love doth dance lavoltas of his skill,
Like to the temple where true lovers vow
To follow what shall please their mistress' will;
Noting her ivory front, now do I cry,
"Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!"

Her face, like silver Luna in her shine,
All tainted‖ through with bright vermilion stains,¶
Like lilies dipt in Bacchus' choicest wine,
Powder'd and interseam'd with azur'd veins;
Delighting in their pride, now may I cry,
"Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!"

The golden wires that checker in the day
Inferior to the tresses of her hair,
Her amber trammels did my heart dismay,
That, when I look'd, I durst not over-dare;
Proud of her pride, now am I forc'd to cry,
"Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!"

These fading beauties drew me on to sin,
Nature's great riches fram'd my bitter ruth;
These were the traps that love did snare me in,
O, these, and none but these, have wreck'd my youth!
Misled by them, I may despairing cry,
"Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!"

By these I slipp'd from virtue's holy track,
That leads unto the highest crystal sphere;
By these I fell to vanity and wrack,
And as a man forlorn with sin and fear,
Despair and sorrow do constrain me cry,
"Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!"

THE PENITENT PALMER'S ODE.

Whilom in the winter's rage,
A palmer old and full of age
Sat and thought upon his youth,
With eyes' tears and heart's ruth;
Being all with cares y-blent,*
When he thought on years mispent.
When his follies came to mind,
How fond love had made him blind,
And wrapt him in a field of woes,
Shadowèd with pleasure's shows,
Then he sigh'd, and said, "Alas,
Man is sin, and flesh is grass!
I thought my mistress' hairs were gold,
And in their locks my heart I fold;
Her amber tresses were the sight
That wrappèd me in vain delight:
Her ivory front, her pretty chin
Were stales † that drew me on to sin:
Her starry looks, her crystal eyes,
Brighter than the sun's arise,
Sparkling pleasing flames of fire,
Yok'd my thoughts and my desire,
That I gan cry, ere I blin,‡
'O, her eyes are paths to sin!'
Her face was fair, her breath was sweet,
All her looks for love were meet;
But love is folly, this I know,
And beauty fadeth like to snow.
O, why should man delight in pride,
Whose blossom like a dew doth glide!
When these supposes touch'd my thought,
That world was vain and beauty nought,
I gan sigh, and say, 'Alas,
Man is sin, and flesh is grass!'"

---

* Inserted in Hynd's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606, p. 91, as "borrowed of a worthy writer."
† *blossom*] The 4to. "blossomes."
‡ *did*] The 4to. "do."
§ *Or*] The 4to. "Oh."
‖ *tainted*] Equivalent to *tinted*: see note §, p. 290, first col.
¶ *stains*] The 4to. "straines."

* *y-blent*] i. e. confounded: see note ‡, p. 124, first col
† *stales*] i. e. decoys.
‡ *blin*] i. e. cease,—ceased.

ISABEL'S SONNET,

THAT SHE MADE IN PRISON.

No storm so sharp to rent the little reed,
For seld it breaks, though every way it bend;
The fire may heat, but not consume the flint;
The gold in furnace purer is indeed;
Report, that seld to honour is a friend,
May many lies against true meaning mint,
But yet at last
'Gainst slander's blast
Truth doth the silly sackless * soul defend.

Though false reproach seeks honour to distain,
And envy bites the bud though ne'er so pure;
Though lust doth seek to blemish chaste desire,
Yet truth that brooks not falsehood's slanderous stain,
Nor can the spite of envy's wrath endure,
Will try true love from lust in justice' fire,
And, maugre all,
Will free from thrall
The guiltless soul that keeps his footing sure.

Where innocence triúmpheth in her prime,
And guilt cannot approach the honest mind;
Where chaste intent is free from any 'miss,†
Though envy strive, yet secret-searching ‡ time
With piercing insight will the truth outfind,
And make discovery who the guilty is;
For time still tries
The truth from lies,
And God makes open what the world doth blind.

FRANCESCO'S SONNET,

MADE IN THE PRIME OF HIS PENANCE.

With sweating brows I long have plough'd the sands;
My seed was youth, my crop was endless care;
Repent hath sent me home with empty hands
At last, to tell how rife our follies are;
And time hath left experience to approve, §
The ‖ gain is grief to those that traffic love.

The silent thoughts ¶ of my repentant years,
That fill my head, have call'd me home at last;
Now Love unmask'd a wanton wretch appears,
Begot by guileful thought with over-haste;
In prime of youth a rose, in age a weed,
That for a minute's joy pays endless need.

Dead to delights, a foe to fond conceit,
Allied to wit by want and sorrow bought,
Farewell, fond youth, long foster'd in deceit;
Forgive me, time, disguis'd in idle thought;
And, love, adieu: lo, hasting to mine end,
I find no time too late for to amend!

FRANCESCO'S SONNET,

CALLED HIS PARTING BLOW.

Reason, that long in prison of my will
Hast wept thy mistress' wants and loss of time,
Thy wonted siege * of honour safely climb;
To thee I yield as guilty of mine ill.
Lo, fetter'd in their tears, mine eyes are prest†
To pay due homage to their native guide:
My wretched heart, wounded with bad betide,
To crave his peace from reason is addrest.
My thoughts asham'd, since by themselves consum'd,
Have done their duty to repentant wit:
Asham'd of all, sweet guide, I sorry sit,
To see in youth how I too far presum'd.
Thus he whom love and error did betray,
Subscribes to thee, and takes the better way.

EURYMACHUS' FANCY IN THE PRIME OF HIS AFFECTION.

When lordly Saturn, in a sable robe,
Sat full of frowns and mourning in the west,
The evening-star scarce peep'd from out her lodge,
And Phœbus newly gallop'd to his rest;
Even then
Did I
Within my boat sit in the silent streams,
All void of cares as he that lies and dreams.

As Phao, so a ferryman I was;
The country-lasses said I was too fair:
With easy toil I labour'd at mine oar,
To pass from side to side who did repair;
And then
Did I
For pains take pence, and Charon-like transport
As soon the swain as men of high import.

---

* *sackless*] i. e. guiltless.

† *'miss*] For *amiss*, i. e. fault.

‡ *secret-searching*] The 4to. "scarching."—I adopt the certain correction of Walker (*Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, ii. 266), who compares "heaven's *secret-searching* eye" in our author's *Canzone*, p. 296, scc. col.

§ *approve*] i. e. prove.

‖ *The*] Qy. "That"?

¶ *thoughts*] The 4to. "thought."

* *siege*] i. e. seat.

† *prest*] i. e. ready.

When want of work did give me leave to rest,
My sport was catching of the wanton fish:
So did I wear the tedious time away,
And with my labour mended oft my dish;
For why*
I thought
That idle hours were calendars of ruth,
And time ill-spent was prejudice to youth.

I scorn'd to love; for were the nymph as fair
As she that lov'd the beauteous Latmian swain,
Her face, her eyes, her tresses, nor her brows
Like ivory, could my affection gain;
For why
I said
With high disdain, "Love is a base desire,
And Cupid's flames, why, they're but watery fire."

As thus I sat, disdaining of proud Love,
"Have over, ferryman," there cried a boy;
And with him was a paragon for hue,
A lovely damsel, beauteous and coy;
And there
With her
A maiden, cover'd with a tawny veil,
Her face unseen for breeding lovers' bale.

I stirr'd my boat, and when I came to shore,
The boy was wing'd; methought it was a wonder;
The dame had eyes like lightning, or the flash
That runs before the hot report of thunder;
Her smiles
Were sweet,
Lovely her face; was ne'er so fair a creature,
For earthly carcass had a heavenly feature.

"My friend," quoth she, "sweet ferryman, behold,
We three must pass, but not a farthing fare;
But I will give, for I am Queen of love,
The brightest lass thou lik'st unto thy share;
Choose where
Thou lov'st,
Be she as fair as Love's sweet lady is,
She shall be thine, if that will be thy bliss."

With that she smil'd with such a pleasing face
As might have made the marble rock relent;
But I, that triumph'd in disdain of love,
Bade fie on him that to fond love was bent,
And then
Said thus,
"So light the ferryman for love doth care,
As Venus pass not, if she pay no fare."

* *For why*] i. e. Because.

At this a frown sat on her angry brow;
She winks upon her wanton son hard by;
He from his quiver drew a bolt of fire,
And aim'd so right as that he pierc'd mine eye;
And then
Did she
Draw down the veil that hid the virgin's face,
Whose heavenly beauty lighten'd all the place.

Straight then I lean'd mine ear upon mine arm,*
And look'd upon the nymph (if so) was fair;
Her eyes were stars, and like Apollo's locks
Methought appear'd the trammels of her hair:
Thus did
I gaze
And suck'd in beauty, till that sweet desire
Cast fuel on, and set my thought on fire.

When I was lodg'd within the net of love,
And that they saw my heart was all on flame,
The nymph away, and with her trips along
The wingèd boy, and with her goes his dame:
O, then
I cried,
"Stay, ladies, stay, and take not any care,
You all shall pass, and pay no penny fare."

Away they fling, and looking coyly back,
They laugh at me, O, with a loud disdain!
I send out sighs to overtake the nymph,†
And tears, as lures, to call them back again;
But they
Fly thence;
But I sit in my boat, with hand on oar,
And feel a pain, but know not what's the sore.

At last I feel it is the flame of love,
I strive, but bootless, to express the pain;
It cools, it fires, it hopes, it fears, it frets,
And stirreth passions throughout every vein;
That down
I sat,
And sighing did fair Venus' laws approve,
And swore no thing so sweet and sour as love.

* *ear upon mine arm*] The 4to. "armo *vpon mine* eare."

† *nymph*] The 4to. "Nimphs": but see the two preceding stanzas

‡ *y-clepèd*] i.e. called.

RADAGON'S SONNET.

No clear appear'd upon the azur'd sky;
A veil of storms had shadow'd Phœbus' face,
And in a sable mantle of disgrace
Sat he that is y-clepèd ‡ heaven's bright eye,

As though that he,
Perplex'd for Clytie, meant to leave his place,
And wrapt in sorrows did resolve to die,
For death to lovers' woes is ever nigh:
Thus folded in a hard and mournful laze
Distress'd sat he.

A misty fog had thicken'd all the air;
Iris sat solemn and denied her showers;
Flora in tawny hid up all her flowers,
And would not diaper her meads with fair,*
As though that she
Were arm'd upon the barren earth to lour;
Unto the founts Diana nild † repair,
But sat, as overshadow'd with despair,
Solemn and sad within a wither'd bower,
Her nymphs and she.

Mars malcontent lay sick on Venus' knee;
Venus in dumps sat muffled with a frown;
Juno laid all her frolic humours down,
And Jove was all in dumps as well as she:
'Twas fate's decree;
For Neptune, as he meant the world to drown,
Heav'd up his surges to the highest tree,
And, leagu'd with Æol, marr'd the seaman's glee,
Beating the cedars with his billows down;
Thus wroth was he.

My mistress deigns to show her sun-bright face,
The air clear'd up, the clouds did fade away;
Phœbus was frolic when she did display
The gorgeous beauties that her front do grace:
So that when she
But walk'd abroad, the storms then fled away;
Flora did checker all her treading-place,
And Neptune calm'd the surges with his mace;
Diana and her nymphs were blithe and gay
When her they see.

Venus and Mars agreèd in a smile,
And jealous Juno ceasèd now to lour;
Jove saw her face, and sighèd in his bower;
Iris and Æol laugh['d] within a while
To see this glee.
Ah, born was she within a happy hour,
That makes heaven, earth, and gods, and all, to smile!
Such wonders can her beauteous looks compile
To clear the world from any froward lour;
Ah, blest be she!

* *fair*] i. e. beauty.—In the next line but one "arm'd" would seem to be the wrong word.
† *nild*] i. e. would not.

EURYMACHUS IN LAUDEM MIRIMIDÆ.

When Flora, proud in pomp of all her flowers,
Sat bright and gay,
And gloried in the dew of Iris' showers,
And did display
Her mantle checker'd all with gaudy green;
Then I
Alone
A mournful man in Erecyne was seen.

With folded arms I trampled through the grass,
Tracing as he
That held the throne of Fortune brittle glass,
And Love to be,
Like Fortune, fleeting as the restless wind,
Mixèd
With mists,
Whose damp doth make the clearest eyes grow blind.

Thus in a maze, I spied a hideous flame:
I cast my sight,
And saw where, blithely bathing in the same
With great delight,
A worm did lie, wrapt in a smoky sweat,
And yet
'Twas strange,
It careless lay and shrunk not at the heat.

I stood amaz'd and wondering at the sight,
While that a dame,
That shone like to the heaven's rich sparkling light,
Discours'd the same;
And said, "My friend, this worm within the fire
Which lies
Content,
Is Venus' worm, and represents desire.

"A salamander is this princely beast:
Deck'd with a crown,
Given him by Cupid as a gorgeous crest
'Gainst Fortune's frown,
Content he lies and bathes him in the flame,
And goes
Not forth,
For why he cannot live without the same.

"As he, so lovers lie within the fire
Of fervent love,
And shrink not from the flame of hot desire,
Nor will not move
From any heat that Venus' force imparts,
But lie
Content
Within a fire, and waste away their hearts.'

Up flew the dame, and vanish'd in a cloud:
But there stood I,
And many thoughts within my mind did shroud
Of love; for why
I felt within my heart a scorching fire,
And yet,
As did
The salamander, 'twas my whole desire.

RADAGON IN DIANAM.

It was a valley gaudy-green,
Where Dian at the fount was seen;
Green it was,
And did pass
All other of Diana's bowers
In the pride of Flora's flowers.

A fount it was that no sun sees,
Circled in with cypress-trees,
Set so nigh
As Phœbus' eye
Could not do the virgins scathe,
To see them naked when they bathe.

She sat there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight:
Virgins so
Ought to go,
For white in armory is plac'd
To be the colour that is chaste.

Her taff'ta cassock might you see
Tuckèd up above her knee,
Which did show
There below
Legs as white as whalés-bone;
So white and chaste were never none.

Hard by her, upon the ground,
Sat her virgins in a round,
Bathing their
Golden hair,
And singing all in notes high,
"Fie on Venus' flattering eye!

"Fie on love! it is a toy;
Cupid witless and a boy;
All his fires,
And desires,
Are plagues that God sent down from high
To pester men with misery."

As thus the virgins did disdain
Lovers' joy and lovers' pain,
Cupid nigh
Did espy,
Grieving at Diana's song,
Slyly stole these maids among.

His bow of steel, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweet desire,
Which straight flies
In their eyes,
And at the entrance made them start,
For it ran from eye to heart.

Calisto straight supposèd Jove
Was fair and frolic for to love;
Dian she
Scap'd not free,
For, well I wot, hereupon
She lov'd the swain Endymion;

Clytie Phœbus, and Chloris' eye
Thought none so fair as Mercury:
Venus thus
Did discuss
By her son in darts of fire,
None so chaste to check desire.

Dian rose with all her maids,
Blushing thus at love's braids:*
With sighs, all
Show their thrall;
And flinging hence pronounce this saw,
"What so strong as love's sweet law?"

MULLIDOR'S MADRIGAL.

Dildido, dildido,
O love, O love,
I feel thy rage rumble below and above!

In summer-time I saw a face,
Trop belle pour moi, hélas, hélas!
Like to a ston'd-horse was her pace:
Was ever young man so dismay'd?
Her eyes, like wax-torches, did make me afraid:
Trop belle pour moi, voilà mon trépas.

---

* *braids*] i. e., perhaps,—crafts, deceits (vide Steevens's note on "Since Frenchmen are so *braid*." Shakespeare's *All's well that ends well*, Act iv. sc. 2.).

Thy beauty, my love, exceedeth supposes;
Thy hair is a nettle for the nicest roses.
Mon dieu, aide moi!
That I with the primrose of my fresh wit
May tumble her tyranny under my feet:
Hé donc je serai un jeune roi!
Trop belle pour moi, hélas, hélas!
Trop belle pour moi, voilà mon trépas!

THE PALMER'S VERSES.

In greener years, whenas my greedy thoughts
Gan yield their homage to ambitious will,
My feeble wit, that then prevailèd noughts,
Perforce presented homage to his ill;
And I in folly's bonds fulfill'd with crime,
At last unloos'd, thus spied my loss of time.

As in his circular and ceaseless ray
The year begins, and in itself returns,
Refresh'd by presence of the eye of day,
That sometimes nigh and sometimes far sojourns;
So love in me, conspiring my decay,
With endless fire my heedless bosom burns,
And from the end of my aspiring sin
My paths of error hourly do begin.

ARIES.

When in the Ram the sun renews his beams,
Beholding mournful earth array'd in grief,
That waits relief from his refreshing gleams,
The tender flocks rejoicing their relief,
Do leap for joy and lap the silver streams:
So at my prime when youth in me was chief,
All heifer-like, with wanton horn I play'd,
And by my will my wit to love betray'd.

TAURUS.

When Phœbus with Europa's bearer bides,
The spring appears; impatient of delays,
The labourer to the fields his plough-swains guides,
He sows, he plants, he builds, at all assays:
When prime of years, that many errors hides,
By fancy's force did trace ungodly ways,
I blindfold walk'd, disdaining to behold
That life doth vade,* and young men must be old.

* *vade*] i. e. fade.

GEMINI.

When in the hold, whereas the Twins do rest,
Proud Phlegon, breathing fire, doth post amain,
The trees with leaves, the earth with flowers is drest:
When I in pride of years, with peevish brain,
Presum'd too far, and made fond love my guest,
With frosts of care my flowers were nipt amain:
In height of weal who bears a careless heart,
Repents too late his over-foolish part.

CANCER.

When in æstival Cancer's gloomy bower
The greater glory of the heavens doth shine,
The air is calm, the birds at every stowre *
Do † tempt the heavens with harmony divine:
When I was first enthrall'd in Cupid's power,
In vain I spent the May-month of my time,
Singing for joy to see me captive thrall
To him, whose gains are grief, whose comfort small.

LEO.

When, in the height of his meridian walk,
The Lion's hold contains the eye of day,
The riping corn grows yellow in the stalk:
When strength of years did bless me every way,
Mask'd with delights of folly was my talk,
Youth ripen'd all my thoughts to my decay;
In lust I sow'd, my fruit was loss of time;
My hopes were proud, and yet my body slime.

VIRGO.

When in the Virgin's lap earth's comfort sleeps,
Bating the fury of his burning eyes,
Both corn and fruits are firm'd, and comfort creeps
On every plant and flower that springing rise:
When age at last his chief dominion keeps,
And leads me on to see my vanities,
What love and scant foresight did make me sow
In youthful years, is ripen'd now in woe.

LIBRA.

When in the Balance Daphne's leman ‡ blins,§
The ploughman gathereth fruit for passèd pain:
When I at last consider'd on my sins,
And thought upon my youth and follies vain,
I cast my count, and reason now begins
To guide mine eyes with judgment, bought with pain,
Which weeping wish a better way to find,
Or else for ever to the world be blind.

* *stowre*] See note *, p. 290, sec. col.
† *Do*] The 4to. "To."
‡ *leman*] i. e. lover.
§ *blins*] i. e stops.

SCORPIO.

When with the Scorpion proud Apollo plays,
The vines are trod and carried to their press,
The woods are fell'd 'gainst winter's sharp affrays:
When graver years my judgment* did address,
I gan repair my ruins and decays,
Exchanging will to wit and soothfastness,
Claiming from time and age no good but this,
To see my sin, and sorrow for my 'miss.†

SAGITTARIUS.

Whenas the Archer in his winter hold,
The Delian harper tunes his wonted love,
The ploughman sows and tills his labour'd mould:
When with advice and judgment I approve
How love in youth hath grief for gladness sold,
The seeds of shame I from my heart remove,
And in their steads I set down plants of grace,
And with repent bewail‡ my youthful race.

CAPRICORNUS.

When he that in Eurotas' silver glide
Doth bain § his tress, beholdeth Capricorn,
The days grow short, then hastes the winter-tide;
The sun with sparing lights doth seem to mourn;
Grey is the green, the flowers their beauty hide:
Whenas I see that I to death was born,
My strength decay'd, my grave already drest,
I count my life my loss, my death my best.

AQUARIUS.

When with Aquarius Phœbe's brother stays,
The blithe and wanton winds are whist and still;
Cold frost and snow the pride of earth betrays:
When age my head with hoary hairs doth fill,
Reason sits down, and bids me count my days,
And pray for peace, and blame my froward will;
In depth of grief, in this distress I cry,
Peccavi, Domine, miserere mei!

PISCES.

When in the Fishes' mansion Phœbus dwells,
The days renew, the earth regains his rest:
When old in years, my want my death foretells,
My thoughts and prayers to heaven are whole addrest;
Repentance youthly‖ folly quite expells;
I long to be dissolvèd for my best,
That young in zeal, long beaten with my rod,
I may grow old to wisdom and to God.

* *judgment*] The 4to. "iudgements."
† *'miss*] For *amiss*, i. e. fault.
‡ *bewail*] The 4to. "bewailde."
§ *bain*] i. e. bathe.
‖ *youthly*] The 4to. "youth by."

FROM
THE MOURNING GARMENT.
(Ed. 1616.)

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SHEPHERD AND HIS WIFE.

It was near a thicky shade,
That broad leaves of beech had made,
Joining all their tops so nigh,
That scarce Phœbus in could pry,
To see if lovers in the thick
Could dally with a wanton trick;
Where sat the swain and his wife,
Sporting in that pleasing life,
That Coridon commendeth so,
All other lives to over-go.
He and she did sit and keep
Flocks of kids and folds of sheep:
He upon his pipe did play;
She tun'd voice unto his lay,
And, for you might her huswife know,
Voice did sing and fingers sew.
He was young: his coat was green,
With welts of white seam'd between,
Turnèd over with a flap
That breast and bosom in did wrap,
Skirts side* and plighted† free,
Seemly hanging to his knee:
A whittle with a silver chape:
Cloak was russet, and the cape
Servèd for a bonnet oft
To shroud him from the wet aloft:
A leather scrip of colour red,
With a button on the head.
A bottle full of country whig‡
By the shepherd's side did lig;§
And in a little bush hard by,
There the shepherd's dog did lie,
Who, while his master gan to sleep,
Well could watch both kids and sheep.
The shepherd was a frolic swain;
For though his 'parel was but plain,
Yet doon‖ the authors soothly say,
His colour was both fresh and gay,
And in their writs plain discuss,
Fairer was not Tityrus,
Nor Menalcas, whom they call
The alderliefest¶ swain of all.
Seeming** him was his wife,
Both in line and in life:

* *side*] i. e. long. † *plighted*] i. e. plaited.
‡ *whig*] i. e. a liquor made from whey: see Nares's *Gloss.* (But the word is variously explained.) § *lig*] i. e. lie.
‖ *doon*] i. e. do. ¶ *alderliefest*] See note ‡, p. 220, [first col.
** *Seeming*] i. e. Beseeming.

Fair she was as fair might be,
Like the roses on the tree;
Buxom, blithe, and young, I ween,
Beauteous like a summer's queen,
For her cheeks were ruddy-hu'd,
As if lilies were imbru'd
With drops of blood, to make the white
Please the eye with more delight:
Love did lie within her eyes
In ambush for some wanton prize.
A liefer * lass than this had been
Coridon had never seen,
Nor was Phillis, that fair may,†
Half so gaudy or so gay.
She wore a chaplet on her head;
Her cassock was of scarlet red,
Long and large, as straight as bent:
Her middle was both small and gent;
A neck as white as whalés-bone,
Compass'd with a lace of stone.
Fine she was, and fair she was,
Brighter than the brightest glass;
Such a shepherd's wife as she
Was not more in Thessaly.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG.

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter too,
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;
And merrier too,
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where ‡ shepherds careless carol by the fire:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do § gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his meat;
And blither too,
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen;
More wanton too,
For kings have many griefs affects to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than love:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king upon his bed * of down;
More sounder too,
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sithe;†
And blither too,
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
Where‡ shepherds laugh and love upon the land:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

HEXAMETRA ALEXIS IN LAUDEM ROSAMUNDÆ.

Oft have I heard my lief Coridon report on a love-day,
When bonny maids do meet with the swains in the valley by Tempe,
How bright-ey'd his Phillis was, how lovely they glancèd,
When from th' arches ebon-black flew looks as a lightning,
That set a-fire with piercing flames even hearts adamantine:
Face rose-hu'd, cherry-red, with a silver taint§ like a lily:
Venus' pride might abate, might abash with a blush to behold her;

* *liefer*] i. e. more dear, more agreeable.
† *may*] i. e. maid.
‡ *Where*] i. e. Whereas.
§ *do*] The 4to. omits this word of the burden in all the stanzas except the first.

* *bed*] The 4to. "beds."
† *sithe*] i. e. time.
‡ *Where*] The 4to. "When" (wrongly as the preceding stanzas prove).
§ *taint*] Equivalent to "*tint:*" see note ‡, p. 154, first col.

Phœbus' wires compar'd to her hairs unworthy
the praising;
Juno's state and Pallas' wit disgrac'd with the
graces
That grac'd her whom poor Coridon did choose
for a love-mate.
Ah, but had Coridon now seen the star that
Alexis
Likes and loves so dear that he melts to sighs
when he sees her,
Did Coridon but see those eyes, those amorous
eye-lids,
From whence fly holy flames of death or life in a
moment!
Ah, did he see that face, those hairs that Venus,
Apollo
Bash'd to behold, and, both disgrac'd, did grieve
that a creature
Should exceed in hue, compar['d] both a god and
a goddess!
Ah, had he seen my sweet paramour, the saint *
of Alexis,
Then had he said, "Phillis, sit down surpassèd
in all points,
For there is one, more fair than thou, belov'd of
Alexis"!

HEXAMETRA ROSAMUNDÆ IN DOLOREM AMISSI ALEXIS.

Tempe, the grove where dark Hecate doth keep
her abiding,
Tempe, the grove where poor Rosamond bewails
her Alexis,
Let not a tree nor a shrub be green to show thy
rejoicing,
Let not a leaf once deck thy boughs and branches,
O Tempe!
Let not a bird record her tunes, nor chant any
sweet notes,
But Philomel, let her bewail the loss of her
amours,
And fill all the wood with doleful tunes to be-
moan her:
Parchèd leaves fill every spring, fill every
fountain;
All the meads in mourning-weed fit them to
lamenting;
Echo sit and sing despair i' the valleys, i' the
mountains;
All Thessaly help poor Rosamond mournful to
bemoan her,
For she's quite bereft of her love, and left of
Alexis:
Once was she lik'd and once was she lov'd of
wanton Alexis;
Now is she loath'd and now is she left of trothless
Alexis.
Here did he clip* and kiss Rosamond, and vow
by Diana,
None so dear to the swain as I, nor none so
belovèd;
Here did he deeply swear and call great Pan for
a witness,
That Rosamond was only the rose belov'd of
Alexis,
That Thessaly had not such another nymph to
delight him:
"None," quoth he, "but Venus' fair shall have
any kisses;
Not Phillis, were Phillis alive, should have any
favours,
Nor Galate, Galate so fair for beauteous eyebrows,
Nor Doris, that lass that drew the swains to
behold her,
Not one amongst all these nor all should gain
any graces,
But Rosamond alone to herself should have her
Alexis."
Now, to revenge the perjur'd vows of faithless
Alexis,
Pan, great Pan, that heard'st his oaths, and
mighty Diana,
You Dryades, and watery Nymphs that sport by
the fountains,
Fair Tempe, the gladsome grove of greatest
Apollo,
Shrubs, and dales, and neighbouring hills, that
heard when he swore him,
Witness all, and seek to revenge the wrongs of a
virgin!
Had any swain been lief to me but guileful
Alexis,
Had Rosamond twin'd myrtle-boughs, or rose-
mary branches,
Sweet hollyhock, or else daffodil, or slips of a
bay-tree,
And given them for a gift to any swain but
Alexis,
Well had Alexis done t' have left his rose for a
giglot†:
But Galate ne'er lov'd more dear her lovely
Menalcas

---

* *saint*] The 4to "taint."

* *clip*] i. e. embrace.

† *giglot*] i. e. giddy or wanton girl.

Than Rosamond did dearly love her trothless
Alexis;
Endymion was ne'er belov'd of his Cytherea *
Half so dear as true Rosamond belov'd her
Alexis. [down to the willows,
Now, seely lass, hie down to the lake, haste
And with those forsaken twigs go make thee a
chaplet; [brooks, by the rivers,
Mournful sit, and sigh by the springs, by the
Till thou turn for grief, as did Niobe, to a marble;
Melt to tears, pour out thy plaints, let Echo
reclaim them, [Alexis.
How Rosamond, that lovèd so dear, is left of
Now die, die, Rosamond! let men engrave o' thy
tomb-stone, [*Alexis,*
Here lies she that lovèd so dear the youngster
Once belovèd, forsaken late of faithless Alexis,
Yet Rosamond did die for love, false-hearted
Alexis!

PHILADOR'S ODE

THAT HE LEFT WITH THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

When merry autumn in her prime,
Fruitful mother of swift time,
Had fillèd Ceres' lap with store
Of vines and corn, and mickle more
Such needful fruits as do grow
From Terra's bosom here below;
Tityrus did sigh, and see
With heart's grief and eyes' gree,†
Eyes and heart both full of woes,
Where Galate his lover goes.
Her mantle was vermilion red;
A gaudy chaplet on her head,
A chaplet that did shroud the beams
That Phœbus on her beauty streams,
For sun itself desir'd to see
So fair a nymph as was she,
For, viewing from the east to west,
Fair Galate did like him best.
Her face was like to welkin's shine;
Crystal brooks such were her ‡ eyne,
And yet within those brooks were fires
That scorchèd youth and his desires.
Galate did much impair
Venus' honour for her fair; §
For stately stepping, Juno's pace
By Galate did take disgrace;
And Pallas' wisdom bare no prize
Where Galate would show her wise.
This gallant girl thus passeth by
Where Tityrus did sighing lie,
Sighing sore, for love strains
More than sighs from lovers' veins:
Tears in eye, thought in heart,
Thus his grief he did impart.
"Fair Galate, but glance thine eye;
Here lies he that here must die,
For love is death, if love not ga n
Lover's salve for lover's pain.
Winters seven and more are past
Since on thy face my thoughts I cast:
When Galate did haunt the plains,
And fed her sheep amongst the swains,
When every shepherd left his flocks
To gaze on Galate's fair locks,
When every eye did stand at gaze,
When heart and thought did both amaze,
When heart from body would asunder,
On Galate's fair face to wonder;
Then amongst them all did I
Catch such a wound as I must die,
If Galate oft say not thus,
'I love the shepherd Tityrus.'
'Tis love, fair nymph, that doth pain
Tityrus, thy truest swain;
True, for none more true can be
Than still to love, and none but thee.
Say, Galate, oft smile and say,
''Twere pity love should have a nay';
But such a word of comfort give,
And Tityrus thy love shall live:
Or with a piercing frown reply,
'I cannot love',* and then I die,
For lover's nay is lover's death,
And heart-break frowns do stop the breath."
Galate at this arose,
And with a smile away she goes,
As one that little car'd to ease
Tityr, pain'd with love's disease.
At her parting, Tityrus
Sigh'd amain, and sayèd thus:
"O, that women are so fair,
To trap men's eyes† in their hair,
With beauteous eyes, love's fires,
Venus' sparks that heat desires!

* *Cytherea*] Ought to be "Cynthia"; which, however, will not stand rightly in the verse. I cannot agree with the Rev. J. Mitford when he remarks; "We conceive 'Cytherea' is put here in a general sense, as 'Venus' is often used. 'Cynthia was the *Cytherea* of Endymion'." *Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 218.

† *gree*] Qy. if right? (Spelt in the 4to. "grcee.")

‡ *her*] The 4to. "his": § *fair*] i. e. beauty.

* *love*] The 4to. "line."

† *eyes*] An error, I believe, caused by the occurrence of the word in the next line.

But O, that women have such hearts,
Such thoughts, and such deep-piercing darts,
As in the beauty of their eye
Harbour naught but flattery!
Their tears are drawn * that drop deceit,
Their faces calends of all sleight,
Their smiles are lures, their looks guile,
And all their love is but a wile.
Then, Tityr, leave, leave, Tityrus,
To love such as scorns you thus;
And say to love and women both,
'What I lik'd, now I do loath.'"
With that he hied him to the flocks,
And counted love but Venus' mocks.

THE SONG
OF A COUNTRY SWAIN AT THE RETURN OF PHILADOR.

THE silent shade had shadow'd every tree,
And Phœbus in the west was shrouded low;
Each hive had home her busy-labouring bee,
Each bird the harbour of the night did know:
Even then,
When thus
All things did from their weary labour lin,†
Menalcas sat and thought him of his sin:

His head on hand, his elbow on his knee;
And tears, like dew, be-drench'd upon his face,
His face as sad as any swain's might be;
His thoughts and dumps befitting well the place:
Even then,
When thus
Menalcas sat in passions all alone,
He sighèd then, and thus he gan to moan.

"I that fed flocks upon Thessalia-plains,
And bade my lambs to feed on daffodil, [gains,
That liv'd on milk and curds, poor shepherds'
And merry sat,‡ and pip'd upon a pleasant hill;
Even then,
When thus
I sat secure, and fear'd not Fortune's ire,
Mine eyes eclips'd, fast blinded by desire.

"Then lofty thoughts began to lift my mind,
I grudg'd and thought my fortune was too low;
A shepherd's life 'twas base and out of kind;
The tallest cedars have the fairest grow:
Even then,
When thus
Pride did intend the sequel of my ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

"I left the fields and took me to the town,
Fold sheep who list, the hook was cast away;
Menalcas would not be a country clown,
Nor shepherd's weeds, but garments far more gay:
Even then,
When thus
Aspiring thoughts did follow after ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

"My suits were silk, my talk was all of state,
I stretch'd beyond the compass of my sleeve;
The bravest courtier was Menalcas' mate,
Spend what I would, I never thought on grief:
Even then,
When thus
I lash'd out lavish, then began my ruth,
And then I felt the follies of my youth.

"I cast mine eye on every wanton face,
And straight desire did hale me on to love;
Then lover-like I pray'd for Venus' grace,
That she my mistress' deep affects might move:
Even then,
When thus
Love trapp'd me in the fatal bands of ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

"No cost I spar'd to please my mistress' eye,
No time ill-spent in presence of her sight;
Yet oft she * frown'd, and then her love must die,
But when she smil'd, O, then a happy wight!
Even then,
When thus
Desire did draw me on to deem of ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

"The day in poems often did I pass,
The night in sighs and sorrows for her grace;
And she, as fickle as the brittle glass,
Held sun-shine showers within her flattering face:
Even then,
When thus
I spied the woes that women's loves ensu'th,
I saw and loath['d] the follies of my youth.

"I noted oft that beauty was a blaze,
I saw that love was but a heap of cares;
That such as stood, as deer do, at the gaze,
And sought their wealth amongst affection's snares,†

* *drawn*] A misprint. Qy. "dews"?
† *lin*] i. e. cease.
‡ *And merry sat*, &c.] See note †, p. 285, first col.

* *she*] The 4to. "we."
† *snares*] The 4to. "thares."

Even such
I saw
With * hot pursuit did follow after ruth,
And foster'd up the follies of their youth.

"Thus clogg'd with love, with passions, and with
I saw the country life had least molest; [grief,
I felt a wound, and fain would have relief,
And this resolv'd I thought would fall out best:
Even then,
When thus
I felt my senses almost sold to ruth,
I thought to leave the follies of my youth.

"To flocks again! away the wanton town,
Fond pride avaunt! give me the shepherd's hook,
A coat of grey! I'll be a country clown;
Mine eye shall scorn on beauty for to look:
No more
Ado;
Both pride and love are ever pain'd with ruth,
And † therefore farewell the follies of my youth."

FROM

THE FAREWELL TO FOLLY.

(Ed. 1617.)

DESCRIPTION OF THE LADY MÆSIA.‡

Her stature and her shape were passing tall,
Diana-like, when 'longst the lawns she goes;
A stately pace, like Juno when she brav'd
The Queen of Love § 'fore Paris in the vale;
A front beset with love and majesty;
A face like lovely Venus when she blush'd
A seely shepherd should be beauty's judge;
A lip sweet ruby-red, grac'd with delight;
Her eyes two sparkling stars in winter-night
When chilling frost doth clear the azur'd sky;
Her hairs, in tresses twin'd with threads of silk,
Hung waving down like Phœbus' in his prime;
Her breasts as white as those two snowy swans
That draw to Paphos Cupid's smiling dame;
A foot like Thetis' when she tripp'd the sands
To steal Neptunus' favour with her‖ steps;
In fine, a piece, despite of beauty, fram'd
To show ¶ what Nature's cunning could afford.

* *With*] The 4to. "Which."
† *And*] An interpolation?
‡ This is an alteration and abridgement of a copy of verses in the *Morando:* see *ante*, p. 285, first col.
§ *Love*] The 4to. "heauen:" but see *ante*, p. 285, first col.
‖ *her*] The 4to. "his."
¶ *show*] So in our author's *Morando:* vide *ante*, p. 285, first col.—The 4to. "see."

SONG.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
The mean that 'grees with country music best;
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

LINES TRANSLATED FROM GUAZZO.

("*Chi spinto d amore*," &c.)

He that appaled * with lust would sail in haste to Corinthum,
There to be taught in Lais' school to seek for a mistress,
Is to be train'd in Venus' troop and chang'd to the purpose;
Rage embrac'd, but reason quite thrust out as an exile;
Pleasure a pain, rest turn'd to be care, and mirth as a madness;
Fiery mind† inflam'd with a look, enrag'd as Alècto;
Quaint in array, sighs fetch'd from far, and tears, marry, feignèd;
Pensive,‡ sore, deep-plung'd in pain, not a place but his heart whole;
Days in grief and nights consum'd to think on a goddess;
Broken sleeps, sweet dreams, but short, from the night to the morning; [Apollo;
Venus dash'd, his mistress' face as bright as
Helena stain'd, the golden ball wrong-given by the shepherd;
Hairs of gold, eyes twinkling stars, her lips to be rubies;
Teeth of pearl, her breasts like snow, her cheeks to be roses;
Sugar-candy she is, as I guess, from the waist to the kneestead;
Naught is amiss, no fault were found, if soul were amended;
All were bliss, if such fond lust led not to repentance.

* *appaled*] Qy. "impell'd"?
† *mind*] The 4to. "mindes."
‡ *Pensive*] The 4to. "Pen sicke."

FROM

DANTE.

("*Il vizio che conduce*," &c.)

A MONSTER seated in the midst of men,
Which, daily fed, is never satiate;
A hollow gulf of vile * ingratitude,
Which for his food vouchsafes not pay of thanks,
But still doth claim a debt of due expense:
From hence doth Venus draw the shape of lust;
From hence Mars raiseth blood and stratagems:
The wreck of wealth, the secret foe to life;
The sword that hasteneth on the date of death;
The surest friend to physic by disease;
The pumice that defaceth memory;
The misty vapour that obscures the light,
And brightest beams of science' glittering sun,
And doth eclipse the mind with sluggish thoughts:
The monster that affords this cursèd brood,
And makes commixture of these dire mishaps,
Is but a stomach overcharg'd with meats,
That takes delight in endless gluttony.

FROM

THE GROATSWORTH OF WIT.

(ED. 1617.)

LAMILIA'S SONG.

FIE, fie on blind fancy!
It hinders youth's joy:
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count Love a toy.

When Love learn'd first the A B C of delight,
And knew no figures nor conceited phrase,
He simply gave to due desert her right,
He led not lovers in dark winding ways;
He plainly will'd to love, or flatly answer'd no:
But now who lists to prove, shall find it nothing so.
Fie, fie, then, on fancy!
It hinders youth's joy:
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count love a toy.

For since he learn'd to use the poet's pen,
He learn'd likewise with smoothing words to feign,
Witching chaste ears with trothless tongues of men,
And wrongèd faith with falsehood and disdain.
He gives a promise now, anon he sweareth no:
Who listeth for to prove, shall find his changing so.
Fie, fie, then, on fancy!
It hinders youth's joy:
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count Love a toy.

* *vile*] The 4to. "vild": but see note †, p. 167, sec. col.

VERSES AGAINST ENTICING COURTEZANS.

WHAT mean the poets in * invective verse
To sing Medea's shame, and Scylla's pride,
Calypso's charms by which so many died?
Only for this their vices they rehearse,—
That curious wits, which in the world converse,
May shun the dangers and enticing shows
Of such false Sirens, those home-breeding foes,
That from their eyes their venom do disperse.
So soon kills not the basilisk with sight,
The viper's tooth is not so venomous,
The adder's tongue not half so dangerous,
As they that bear the shadow of delight,
Who chain blind youths in trammels of their hair,
Till waste brings woe, and sorrow hastes despair.

VERSES.

DECEIVING world, that with alluring toys
Hast made my life the subject of thy scorn,
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys
T' outlength my life, whom friends have left forlorn;
How well are they that die ere they be born,
And never see thy sleights, which few men shun
Till unawares they helpless are undone!

Oft have I sung of Love and of his fire;
But now I find that poet was advis'd,
Which made full feasts increasers of desire,
And proves weak Love was with the poor despis'd;
For when the life with food is not suffic'd,
What thoughts of love, what motion of delight,
What pleasance can proceed from such a wight?

Witness my want, the murderer of my wit:
My ravish'd sense, of wonted fury reft,
Wants such conceit as should in poems fit
Set down the sorrow wherein I am left:
But therefore have high heavens their gifts bereft,
Because so long they lent them me to use,
And I so long their bounty did abuse.

O, that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wits restor'd!
What rules of life, what counsel would I give,
How should my sin with sorrow be deplor'd!†
But I must die of every man abhorr'd:
Time loosely spent will not again be won;
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.

* *mean . . . . in*] The 4to. "meant . . . . to."
† *be deplor'd*] The 4to. "then deplore."

A CONCEITED FABLE OF THE OLD COMEDIAN ÆSOP.

An ant and a grasshopper, walking together on a green, the one carelessly skipping, the other carefully prying what winter's provision was scattered in the way; the grasshopper scorning (as wantons will) this needless thrift, as he termed it, reproved him thus;

"The greedy miser thirsteth still for gain;
His thrift is theft, his weal works others woe:
That fool is fond which will in caves remain,
When 'mongst fair sweets he may at pleasure go."

To this, the ant, perceiving the grasshopper's meaning, quickly replied;

"The thrifty husband spares what unthrift* spends,
His thrift no theft, for dangers to provide:
Trust to thyself; small hope in want yield friends:
A cave is better than the deserts wide †."

In short time these two parted, the one to his pleasure, the other to his labour. Anon harvest grew on, and reft from the grasshopper his wonted moisture. Then weakly skips he to the meadows' brinks, where till fell winter he abode. But storms continually pouring, he went for succour to the ant, his old acquaintance; to whom he had scarce discovered his estate, but the little worm made this reply;

"Pack hence," quoth he, "thou idle, lazy worm;
My house doth harbour no unthrifty mates:
Thou scorn'dst to toil, and now thou feel'st the storm,
And starv'st for food, while I am fed with cates:
Use no entreats, I will relentless rest,
For toiling labour hates an idle guest."

The grasshopper, foodless, helpless, and strengthless, got into‡ the next brook, and in the yielding sand digged himself a pit: by which likewise he engraved this epitaph;

"When spring's green prime array'd me with delight,
And every power, with youthful vigour fill'd,
Gave strength to work whatever fancy will'd,
I never fear'd the force of winter's spite.

"When first I saw the sun the day begin,
And dry the morning's tears from herbs and grass,
I little thought his cheerful light would pass,
Till ugly night with darkness enter'd in;
And then day lost I mourn'd, spring past I wail'd;
But neither tears for this or that avail'd.

"Then too-too late I prais'd the emmet's pain,
That sought in spring a harbour 'gainst the heat,
And in the harvest gather'd winter's meat,
Perceiving famine, frosts, and stormy rain.

"My wretched end may warn green-springing youth
To use delights as toys that will deceive,
And scorn the world before the world them leave,
For all world's trust is ruin without ruth.
Then blest are they that, like the toiling ant,
Provide in time 'gainst woeful winter's want."

With this the grasshopper, yielding to the weather's extremity, died comfortless without remedy.

FROM

CICERONIS AMOR, TULLY'S LOVE.

(Ed. 1597.)

VERSES.

When gods had fram'd the sweet of women's face,
And lock'd men's looks within their golden hair,
That Phœbus blush'd to see their matchless grace,
And heaveuly gods on earth did make repair;
To quip fair Venus' overweening pride,
Love's happy thoughts to jealousy were tied.

Then grew a wrinkle on fair Venus' brow;
The amber sweet of love is turn'd to gall;
Gloomy was heaven; bright Phœbus did avow
He could be coy, and would not love at all,
Swearing, no greater mischief could be wrought
Than love united to a jealous thought.

VERSUS.

Vita quæ tandem magis est jucunda,
Vel viris doctis magis expetenda,
Mente quam pura sociam jugalem
Semper amare?

---

* *unthrift*] The 4to. "vnthrifts."
† *wide*] The 4to. "wilde."
‡ *into*] Equivalent to "*unto*": see note †, p. 111, sec. col.

Vita quæ tandem magis est dolenda,
Vel magis cunctis fugienda, quam quæ,
Falsò suspecta probitate amicæ,
Tollit amorem?

Nulla eam tollit medicina pestem,
Murmura, emplastrum, vel imago sagæ,
Astra nec curant magicæ nec artes
Zelotypiam.

SONG.

Mars in a fury 'gainst Love's brightest Queen,
Put on his helm, and took him to his lance;
On Erycinus* Mount was Mavors seen,
And there his ensigns did the god advance,
And by heaven's greatest gates he stoutly swore,
Venus should die, for she had wrong'd him sore.

Cupid heard this, and he began to cry,
And wish'd his mother's absence for a while:
"Peace, fool," quoth Venus; "is it I must die?
Must it be Mars†?" with that she coin'd a smile;
She trimm'd her tresses, and did curl her hair,
And made her face with beauty passing fair.

A fan of silver feathers in her hand,‡
And in a coach of ebony she went:
She pass'd the place where furious Mars did stand,
And out her looks a lovely smile she sent;
Then from her brows leap'd out so sharp a frown,
That Mars for fear threw all his armour down.

He vow'd repentance for his rash misdeed,
Blaming his choler that had caus'd his woe:
Venus grew gracious, and with him agreed,
But charg'd him not to threaten beauty so,
For women's looks are such enchanting charms
As can subdue the greatest god in arms.

ROUNDELAY.

Fond, feigning poets make of love a god,
And leave the laurel for the myrtle-boughs,
When Cupid is a child not past the rod,
And fair Diana Daphne§ most allows:
I'll wear the bays, and call the wag a boy,
And think of love but as a foolish toy.

Some give him bow and quiver at his back,
Some make him blind to aim without advice,
When, naked wretch, such feather'd bolts he lack,
And sight he hath, but cannot wrong the wise;
For use but labour's weapon for defence,
And Cupid, like a coward, flieth thence.

He's god in court, but cottage calls him child,
And Vesta's virgins with their holy fires
Do cleanse the thoughts that fancy hath defil'd,
And burn the palace of his fond desires;
With chaste disdain they scorn the foolish god,
And prove him but a boy not past the rod.

LENTULUS'S DESCRIPTION OF TERENTIA IN LATIN.

Qualis in aurora splendescit lumine Titan,
Talis in eximio corpore forma fuit:
Lumina seu spectes radiantia, sive capillos,
Lux, Ariadne, tua, et lux tua, Phœbe, jacet.
Venustata fuit verbis, spirabat odorem;
Musica vox, nardus spiritus almus erat;
Rubea labra, genæ rubræ, faciesque decora,
In qua concertant lilius atque rosa;
Luxuriant geminæ formoso in pectore mammæ;
Circundant niviæ candida colla comæ;
Denique talis erat divina Terentia, quales
Quondam certantes, Juno, Minerva, Venus.

THUS IN ENGLISH.

Brightsome Apollo in his richest pomp
Was not like to the trammels of her hair;
Her eyes, like Ariadne's sparkling stars,
Shone from the ebon arches of her brows;
Her face was like the blushing of the east
When Titan charg'd the morning sun to rise;
Her cheeks, rich strew'd with roses and with white,
Did stain the glory of Anchises' love;
Her silver teats did ebb and flow delight;
Her neck column* of polish'd ivory;
Her breath was perfume† made of violets
And all this heaven was but Terentia.

---

* *Erycinus*] Our author seems to forget here that the mountain, from which Venus had the name of Erycina, was Eryx: it is not likely that he wrote "Erycina's *Mount*."

† *Must it be Mars*] Qy. "*Must* I by *Mars*"?

‡ *A fan of silver feathers in her hand*] The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March, 1833, p. 218) compares—

"*A fan of* painted *feathers in* his *hand*," &c.
Collins's *Second Oriental Eclogue.*

§ *Daphne*] The 4to "Daphnis."

* *column*] The 4to. "columns."

† *perfume*] The 4to. "perfumes."

THE SHEPHERD'S ODE.

Walking in a valley green,
Spread with Flora, summer-queen,
Where she heaping all her graces,
Niggard seem'd in other places;
Spring it was, and here did spring
All that nature forth can bring.
Groves of pleasant trees there grow,
Which fruit and shadow could bestow:
Thick-leav'd boughs small birds cover,
Till sweet notes themselves discover;
Tunes for number seem'd confounded,
Whilst their mixtures music * sounded,
'Greeing well, yet not agreed
That one the other should exceed.
A sweet stream here silent glides,
Whose clear water no fish hides;
Slow it runs, which well bewray'd
The pleasant shore the current stay'd.
In this stream a rock was planted,
Where no art nor nature wanted.
Each thing so did other grace,
As all places may give place;
Only this the place of pleasure,
Where is heapèd nature's treasure.
Here mine eyes with wonder stay'd;
Eyes amaz'd, and mind afraid,
Ravish'd with what was beheld,
From departing were withheld.
Musing then with sound advice
On this earthly paradise;
Sitting by the river-side,
Lovely Phillis was descried.
Gold her hair, bright her eyne,
Like to Phœbus in his shine;
White her brow, her face was fair;
Amber breath perfum'd the air;
Rose and lily both did seek
To show their glories on her cheek;
Love did nestle in her looks,
Baiting there his sharpest hooks.
Such a Phillis ne'er was seen,
More beautiful than Love's Queen:
Doubt it was, whose greater grace,
Phillis' beauty, or the place.
Her coat was of scarlet red,
All in plaits; a mantle spread,
Fring'd with gold; a wreath of boughs
To check the sun from her brows;
In her hand a shepherd's hook,
In her face Diana's look.
Her sheep grazèd on the plains:
She had stolen from the swains;
Under a cool silent shade,
By the streams, she garlands made:
Thus sat Phillis all alone.
Miss'd she was by Coridon,
Chiefest swain of all the rest;
Lovely Phillis lik'd him best.
His face was like Phœbus' love;
His neck white as Venus' dove;
A ruddy cheek, fill'd with smiles,
Such Love hath when he beguiles;
His locks * brown, his eyes were grey,
Like Titan in a summer-day:
A russet jacket, sleeves red;
A blue bonnet on his head;
A cloak of grey † fenc'd the rain;
Thus 'tirèd was this lovely swain;
A shepherd's hook, his dog tied;
Bag and bottle by his side:
Such was Paris, shepherds say,
When with Œnone he did play.
From his flock stray'd Coridon,
Spying Phillis all alone;
By the stream he Phillis spied,
Braver than was Flora's pride.
Down the valley 'gan he track,
Stole behind his true-love's back;
The sun shone, and shadow made,
Phillis rose, and was afraid;
When she saw her lover there,
Smile she did, and left her fear.
Cupid, that disdain doth loath,
With desire strake them both.
The swain did woo; she was nice,
Following fashion, nay'd him twice:
Much ado he kiss'd her then;
Maidens blush when they kiss men;
So did Phillis at that stowre; ‡
Her face was like the rose-flower.
Last they 'greed, for love would so,
Faith and troth, they would no mo; §
For shepherds ever held it sin,
To false the love they livèd in.
The swain gave a girdle red;
She set garlands on his head:
Gifts were given; they kiss again;
Both did smile, for both were fain.
Thus was love 'mongst shepherds sold
When fancy knew not what was gold:
They woo'd, and vow'd, and that they keep,
And go contented to their sheep.

* *music*] The 4to. "*musickes.*"

* *locks*] The 4to. "lookes."

† *A cloak of grey*, &c.] See note *, p. 158, first col.

‡ *stowre*] See note *, p. 290, sec. col.

§ *mo*] i. e. more.

FROM

PHILOMELA, THE LADY FITZWATER'S NIGHTINGALE.

(Ed. 1615.)

PHILOMELA'S ODE THAT SHE SUNG IN HER ARBOUR.

Sitting by a river's side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things
That the mind in quiet brings.
I gan think how some men deem
Gold their god; and some esteem
Honour is the chief content
That to man in life is lent;
And some others do contend,
Quiet none like to a friend;
Others hold, there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health;
Some man's mind in quiet stands
When he is lord of many lands:
But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss;
And in my thoughts I did approve,
Naught so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
When mouth kisseth and heart 'gr es,
With folded arms and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting;
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing,
That such happy bliss doth bring,
Happy is love's sugar'd thrall;
But unhappy maidens all,
Who esteem your virgin* blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind
As true love with kisses kind:
But if a kiss prove unchaste,
Then is true love quite disgrac'd.
Though love be sweet, learn this of me,
No love sweet but honesty.

PHILOMELA'S SECOND ODE.

It was frosty winter-season,
And fair Flora's wealth was geason.†
Meads that erst with green were spread,
With choice flowers diap'red,
Had tawny veils; cold had scanted *
What the spring † and nature planted.
Leafless boughs there might you see,
All except fair Daphne's tree:
On their twigs no birds perch'd;
Warmer coverts now ‡ they search'd;
And by nature's secret reason,
Fram'd their voices to the season,
With their feeble tunes bewraying
How they griev'd the spring's decaying.
Frosty winter thus had gloom'd
Each fair thing that summer bloom'd;
Fields were bare, and trees unclad,
Flowers wither'd, birds were sad: §
When I saw a shepherd fold
Sheep in cote, to shun the cold.
Himself sitting on the grass,
That with frost wither'd was,
Sighing deeply, thus gan say;
"Love is folly when astray:
Like to love no passion such,
For 'tis ‖ madness, if too much;
If too little, then despair;
If too high, he beats the air
With bootless cries; if too low,
An eagle matcheth with a crow:
Thence grow jars. Thus I find,
Love is folly, if unkind;
Yet do men most desire
To be heated with this fire,
Whose flame is so pleasing hot,
That they burn, yet feel it not.
Yet hath love another kind,
Worse than these unto the mind;
That is, when a wanton eye
Leads desire clean awry,
And with the bee doth rejoice
Every minute to change choice,
Counting he were then in bliss,
If that each fair face ¶ were his.
Highly thus is** love disgrac'd,
When the lover is unchaste,
And would taste of fruit forbidden,
'Cause the scape is easily hidden.
Though such love be sweet in brewing,
Bitter is the end ensuing;
For the honour †† of love he shameth,
And himself with lust defameth;

* *virgin*] The 4to. "virgins."
† *geason*] i. e. rare, uncommon.

* *scanted*] The 4to. "scattered."
† *spring*] The 4to. "springs."
‡ *now*] The 4to. "none." ¶ *face*] The 4to. "fall."
§ *sad*] The 4to. "had." ** *is*] The 4to. "in."
‖ *'tis*] The 4to. "his." †† *honour*] The 4to. "humour."

For a minute's pleasure gaining,
Fame and honour ever staining.
Gazing thus so far awry,
Last the chip falls in his eye;
Then it burns that erst but heat him,
And his own rod gins to beat him;
His choicest sweets turn to gall;
He finds lust his sin's thrall;
That wanton women in their eyes
Men's deceivings do comprise;
That homage done to fair faces
Doth dishonour other graces.
If lawless love be such a sin,
Curs'd is he that lives therein,
For the gain of Venus' game
Is the downfall unto shame."
Here he paus'd, and did stay;
Sigh'd, and rose, and went away.

SONNET.

On women Nature did bestow two eyes,
Like heaven's* bright lamps, in matchless beauty shining,
Whose beams do soonest captivate the wise,
And wary heads, made rare by art's refining.
But why did Nature, in her choice combining,
Plant two fair eyes within a beauteous face,
That they might favour two with equal grace?
Venus did soothe up Vulcan with one eye,
With th'other granted Mars his wishèd glee:
If she did so who Hymen † did defy,
Think love no sin, but grant an eye to me;
In vain else Nature gave two stars to thee:
If then two eyes may well two friends maintain,
Allow of two, and prove not Nature vain.

ANSWER.

Nature foreeseing how men would devise
More wiles than Proteus, women to entice,
Granted them two, and those bright-shining eyes,
To pierce into men's ‡ faults if they were wise;
For they with show of virtue mask their vice:
Therefore to women's eyes belong these gifts,
The one must love, the other see men's shifts.

Both these await upon one simple heart,
And what they choose, it hides up without change.
The emerald will not with his portrait part,
Nor will a woman's thoughts delight to range;
They hold it bad to have so base exchange:
One heart, one friend, though that two eyes do choose him,
No more but one, and heart will never lose him.

AN ODE.

What is love once disgrac'd,
But a wanton thought ill plac'd?
Which doth blemish whom it paineth,
And dishonours whom it deigneth;
Seen in higher powers most,
Though some fools do fondly boast,
That whoso is high of kin
Sanctifies his lover's sin.
Jove could not hide Io's scape,
Nor conceal Calisto's rape:
Both did fault, and both were fram'd
Light of loves, whom lust had sham'd.
Let not women trust to men;
They can flatter now and then,
And tell them many wanton tales,
Which do breed their after-bales.
Sin in kings is sin, we see,
And greater sin 'cause great of gree;*
Majus peccatum, this I read,
If he be high that doth the deed.
Mars, for all his deity,
Could not Venus dignify,
But Vulcan trapp'd her, and her blame
Was punish'd with an open shame:
All the gods laugh'd them to scorn
For dubbing Vulcan with the horn.
Whereon may a woman boast,
If her chastity be lost?
Shame await'th upon her face,
Blushing cheeks and foul disgrace:
Report will blab, this is she
That with her lust wins infamy.
If lusting love be so disgrac'd,
Die before you live unchaste;
For better die with honest fame,
Than lead a wanton life with shame.

---

* *heaven's*] The 4to. "Hemians."
† *who Hymen*] The 4to. "whom Heimens."
‡ *men's*] The 4to. "man's."

* *gree*] i. e. degree.

FROM

THE SECOND PART OF MAMILLIA.

(Ed. 1593.)

VERSES AGAINST THE GENTLEWOMEN OF SICILIA.

Since lady mild, too base in array, hath liv'd as an exile,
None of account but stout; if plain, stale slut, not a courtress:
Dames now-a-days, fie, none, if not new-guisèd in all points:
Fancies fine, sauc'd with conceits, quick wits very wily,
Words of a saint, but deeds guess how, feign'd faith to deceive men;
Courtsies coy, no veil,* but a vaunt, trick'd up like a Tuscan,
Pac'd in print, brave lofty looks, not us'd with the vestals;
In hearts, too, glorious, not a glance but fit for an empress:
As minds most valorous, so strange in array, marry, stately;
Up from the waist like a man, new guise to be cas'd in a doublet,
Down to the foot perhaps like a maid, but hos'd to the kneestead,
Some close-breech'd to the crotch for cold, tush, peace, 'tis a shame, sir!
Hairs by birth as black as jet, what! art can amend them,—
A periwig froune'd fast to the front, or curl'd with a bodkin;
Hats from France, thick-pearl'd for pride and plum'd like a peacock;
Ruffs of a size, stiff-starch'd to the neck, of lawn, marry, lawless;
Gowns of silk, why, those be too bad, side,† wide with a witness,
Small and gent i' the waist, but backs as broad as a burgess;
Needless naughts, as crisps and scarfs, worn *à la Morisco,*
Fum'd with sweets, as sweet as chaste, no want but abundance.

* *veil*] Qy. "vail," i. e. mark of recognition? (to "vail i. e. ower) the bonnet," was a common expression).—he 4to. has "vale."

† *side*] i. e. long.

FROM

THE ORPHARION.

(Ed. 1599.)

ORPHEUS' SONG.

He that did sing the motions of the stars,
Pale-colour'd Phœbe's* borrowing of her light,
Aspects of planets oft oppos'd in jars,
Of Hesper, henchman to the day and night;
Sings now of love, as taught by proof to sing,
Women are false, and love a bitter thing.

I lov'd Eurydice, the brightest lass,
More fond† to like so fair a nymph as she;
In Thessaly so bright none ever was,
But fair and constant hardly may agree:
False-hearted wife to him that lov'd thee well,
To leave thy love, and choose the prince of hell!

Theseus did help, and I in haste did hie
To Pluto, for the lass I lovèd so:
The god made grant, and who so glad as I?
I tun'd my harp, and she and I gan go;
Glad that my love was left to me alone,
I lookèd back,—Eurydice was gone.

She slipp'd aside, back to her latest love;
Unkind, she wrong'd her first and truest fere: ‡
Thus women's loves delight, as trial proves
By false Eurydice I lov'd so dear,
To change and fleet, and every way to shrink,
To take in love and lose it with a wink.

THE SONG OF ARION.

Seated upon the crookèd dolphin's back,
Scudding amidst the purple-colour'd waves,
Gazing aloof for land; Neptune in black,
Attended with the Tritons as his slaves,
Threw forth such storms as made the air thick,§
For grief his lady Thetis was so sick.

Such plaints he throbb'd as made the dolphin stay: [health,"
"Women," quoth he, "are harbours of man's
Pleasures for night, and comforts for the day;
What are fair women but rich nature's wealth?
Thetis is such, and more if more may be;
Thetis is sick, then what may comfort me?

* *Phœbe's*] The 4to. "Phœbus."

† *fond*] i. e. foolish, simple.

‡ *fere*] i. e. mate.

§ *Threw forth such storms as made the air thick*] Here "air" is a dissyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 146.

"Women are sweets that salve men's sourest ills;
Women are saints, their virtues are so rare;
Obedient souls that seek to please men's wills:
Such love with faith, such jewels women are:
Thetis is such, and more if more may be;
Thetis is sick, then what may comfort me?"

With that he div'd into the coral waves,
To see his love, with all his watery slaves:
The dolphin swam; yet this I learnèd then,
Fair women are rich jewels unto men.

SONNET.

CUPID abroad was lated in the night,
His wings were wet with ranging in the rain;
Harbour he sought, to me he took his flight,
To dry his plumes: I heard the boy complain;
I op'd the door, and granted his desire,
I rose myself, and made the wag a fire.

Looking more narrow by the fire's flame,
I spied his quiver hanging by his back:
Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,
I would have gone for fear of further wrack;
But what I drad, did me poor wretch betide,
For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierc'd the quick, and I began to start,
A pleasing wound, but that it was too high;
His shaft procur'd a sharp, yet sugar'd smart:
Away he flew, for why his wings were dry;
But left the arrow sticking in my breast,
That sore I griev'd I welcom'd such a guest.

FROM

PENELOPE'S WEB.

(ED. 1601.)

SONNET FROM ARIOSTO.

THE sweet content that quiets angry thought,
The pleasing sound of household harmony,
The physic that allays what fury wrought,
The huswife's means to make true melody,
Is not with simple, harp, or worldly pelf,
But smoothly by submitting of herself.

Juno, the queen and mistress of the sky,
When angry Jove did threat her with a frown,
Caus'd Ganymede for nectar fast to hie,
With pleasing face to wash such choler down;
For angry husbands find the soonest ease,
When sweet submission choler doth appease.

The laurel that impales the head with praise,
The gem that decks the breast of ivory,
The pearl that's orient in her silver rays,
The crown that honours dames with dignity;
No sapphire, gold, green bays, nor margarite,
But due obedience worketh this delight.

BARMENISSA'S SONG.

THE stately state that wise men count their good,
The chiefest bliss that lulls asleep desire,
Is not descent from kings and princely blood,
Ne stately crown ambition doth require;
For birth by fortune is abasèd down,
And perils are compris'd within a crown.

The sceptre and the glittering pomp of mace,
The head impal'd with honour and renown,
The kingly throne, the seat and regal place,
Are toys that fade when angry Fortune frown:
Content is far from such delights as those,
Whom woe and danger do envý as foes.

The cottage seated in the hollow dale,
That Fortune never fears because so low,
The quiet mind that want doth set to sale,
Sleeps safe when princes seats do overthrow:
Want smiles secure when princely thoughts do feel
That fear and danger tread upon their heel.

Bless Fortune thou whose frown hath wrought thy good,
Bid farewell to the crown that ends thy care;
The happy Fates thy sorrows have withstood
By 'signing want and poverty thy share:
For now Content, fond Fortune to despite,
With patience 'lows thee quiet and delight.

VERSES.

ASPIRING thoughts led Phaethon amiss;
Proud Icarus did fall, he soar'd so high;
Seek not to climb with fond Semiramis,
Lest son revenge the father's injury:
Take heed, ambition is a sugar'd ill,
That Fortune lays, presumptuous minds to spill.

The bitter grief that frets the quiet mind,
The sting that pricks the froward man to woe,
Is envy, which in honour sold we find,
And yet to honour sworn a secret foe:
Learn this of me, envy not others' state;
The fruits of envy are envý and hate.

The misty cloud that so eclipseth fame,
That gets reward a chaos of despite,
Is black revenge, which ever winneth shame,
A fury vile * that's hatchèd in the night:
Beware, seek not revenge against thy foe,
Lest once revenge thy fortune overgo.

These blazing comets do foreshow mishap;
Let not the flaming lights offend thine eye: †
Look ere thou leap, prevent an after-clap;
These three, forewarnèd, well mayest thou fly: ‡
If now by choice thou aim'st at happy health,
Eschew self-love, choose for the common-wealth.

FROM
ARBASTO.
(Ed. 1626.)

SONG.

Whereat erewhile I wept, I laugh;
That which I fear'd, I now despise;
My victor once, my vassal is;
My foe constrain'd, my weal supplies:
Thus do I triumph on my foe;
I weep at weal, I laugh at woe.

My care is cur'd, yet hath no end;
Not that I want, but that I have;
My charge was change, yet still I stay;
I would have less, and yet I crave:
Ay me, poor wretch, that thus do live,
Constrain'd to take, yet forc'd to give!

She whose delights are signs of death,
Who, when she smiles, begins to lour,
Constant in this, that still she change,
Her sweetest gifts time proves but sour:
I live in care, cross'd with her guile;
Through her I weep, at her I smile.

SONG.

In time we see the silver drops
The craggy stones make soft;
The slowest snail in time we see
Doth creep and climb aloft.

With feeble puffs the tallest pine
In tract of time doth fall;
The hardest heart in time doth yield
To Venus' luring call.

Where chilling frost alate did nip,
There flasheth now a fire;
Where deep disdain bred noisome hate,
There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to have his hap:
What care in time not eas'd?
In time I loath'd that now I love,
In both content and pleas'd.

FROM
ALCIDA.
(Ed. 1617.)

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF VENUS
HOLDING THE BALL THAT BROUGHT TROY TO RUIN.

When Nature forg'd the fair unhappy mould,
Wherein proud beauty took her matchless shape,
She over-slipp'd her cunning and her skill,
And aim'd too fair, but drew beyond the mark;
For, thinking to have made a heavenly bliss,
For wanton gods to dally with in heaven,
And to have fram'd a precious gem for men,
To solace all their dumpish thoughts with glee,
She wrought a plague, a poison, and a hell:
For gods, for men, thus no way wrought she well.
Venus was fair, fair was the Queen of Love,
Fairer than Pallas, or the wife of Jove;
Yet did the giglot's * beauty grieve the smith,
For that she brav'd the creeple † with a horn.
Mars said, her beauty was the star of heaven,
Yet did her beauty stain him with disgrace.
Paris for fair ‡ gave her the golden ball,
And bought his and his father's ruin so.
Thus Nature making what should far excell,
Lent gods and men a poison and a hell.

VERSES
WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF A PEACOCK.

The bird of Juno glories in his plumes;
Pride makes the fowl to prune his feathers so:
His spotted train, fetch'd from old Argus' head,
With golden rays like to the brightest sun,
Inserteth self-love in a silly bird,
Till, midst his hot and glorious § fumes,
He spies his feet, and then lets fall his plumes.

* *vile*] The 4to. "vilde": but see note +, p. 167, sec. col.
† *eye*] The 4to. "eyes."
‡ *These three, forewarnèd, well mayest thou fly*] In this line Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 34) "suspects that something is lost."

* *giglot's*] See note †, p. 306, sec. col.
† *creeple*] A form of *cripple*, sometimes used by old writers.
‡ *fair*] i. e. beauty.
§ *and glorious*] The 4to. "an *glorious*."—Qy. "*and* his vain-*glorious*"?

Beauty breeds pride, pride hatcheth forth disdain,
Disdain gets hate, and hate calls for revenge,
Revenge with bitter prayers urgeth still;
Thus self-love, nursing up the pomp of pride,
Makes beauty wreck against an ebbing tide.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER A CARVING OF MERCURY THROWING FEATHERS UNTO THE WIND.

The richest gift the wealthy heaven affords,
The pearl of price sent from immortal Jove,
The shape wherein we most resemble gods,
The fire Prometheus stole from lofty skies;
This gift, this pearl, this shape, this fire is it,
Which makes us men bold by the name of wit.
By wit we search divine aspect above,
By wit we learn what secrets science yields,
By wit we speak, by wit the mind is rul'd,
By wit we govern all our actions;
Wit is the load-star of each human thought,
Wit is the tool by which all things are wrought.
The brightest jacinth hot becometh dark;
Of little 'steem is crystal being crack'd;
Fine heads that can conceit no good but ill,
Forge oft that breedeth ruin to themselves;
Ripe wits abus'd that build on bad desire,
Do burn themselves, like flies within the fire.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER A CARVING OF CUPID BLOWING BLADDERS IN THE AIR.

Love is a lock that linketh noble minds,
Faith is the key that shuts the spring of love,
Lightness a wrest that wringeth all awry,
Lightness a plague that fancy cannot brook;
Lightness in love so bad and base a thing,
As foul disgrace to greatest states do[th] bring.

VERSES WRITTEN ON TWO TABLES AT A TOMB.

ON THE FIRST TABLE.

The Graces in their glory never gave
A rich or greater good to womankind,
That more impales their honours with the palm
Of high renown, than matchless constancy.
Beauty is vain, accounted but a flower,
Whose painted hue fades with the summer sun;
Wit oft hath wreck by self-conceit of pride;
Riches are trash that fortune boasteth on.
Constant in love who tries a woman's mind,
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all in her doth find.

ON THE SECOND TABLE.

The fairest gem, oft blemish'd with a crack,
Loseth his beauty and his virtue too;
The fairest flower, nipt with the winter's frost,
In show seems worser than the basest weed;
Virtues are oft far over-stain'd with faults.
Were she as fair as Phœbe in her sphere,
Or brighter than the paramour of Mars,
Wiser than Pallas, daughter unto Jove,
Of greater majesty than Juno was,
More chaste than Vesta, goddess of the maids,
Of greater faith than fair Lucretia;
Be she a blab, and tattles what she hears,
Want to be secret gives far greater stains
Than virtue's glory which in her remains.

MADRIGAL.*

Rest thee, desire, gaze not at such a star;
Sweet fancy, sleep; love, take a nap awhile;
My busy thoughts that reach and roam so far,
With pleasant dreams the length of time beguile;
Fair Venus, cool my over-heated breast,
And let my fancy take her wonted rest.

Cupid abroad was lated in the night,
His wings were wet with ranging in the rain;
Harbour he sought, to me he took his flight,
To dry his plumes: I heard the boy complain;
My door I op'd, to grant him his desire,
And rose myself to make the wag a fire.

Looking more narrow by the fire's flame,
I spied his quiver hanging at his back:
I fear'd the child might my misfortune frame,
I would have gone for fear of further wrack;
And what I drad (poor man) did me betide,
For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierc'd the quick, that I began to start;
The wound was sweet, but that it was too high,
And yet the pleasure had a pleasing smart:
This done, he flies away, his wings were dry;
But left his arrow still within my breast,
That now I grieve I welcom'd such a guest.

---

* The three last stanzas of this madrigal are in the *Orpharion* with some variations: see p. 317, first col.

FROM

GREENE'S VISION.*

DESCRIPTION OF CHAUCER.

His stature was not very tall;
Lean he was; his legs were small,
Hos'd within a stock† of red;
A button'd bonnet on his head,
From under which did hang, I ween,
Silver hairs both bright and sheen;
His beard was white, trimmèd round;
His countenance blithe and merry found;
A sleeveless jacket, large and wide,
With many plaits and skirts side,‡
Of water-camlet did he wear;
A whittle§ by his belt he bear;
His shoes were cornèd‖, broad before;
His ink-horn at his side he wore,
And in his hand he bore a book:—
Thus did this ancient poet look.

DESCRIPTION OF GOWER.

Large he was; his height was long;
Broad of breast; his limbs were strong;
But colour pale, and wan his look,—
Such have they that plyen their book;
His head was grey and quaintly shorn;
Neatly was his beard worn;
His visage grave, stern, and grim,—
Cato was most like to him;
His bonnet was a hat of blue;
His sleeves strait, of that same hue;
A surcoat of a tawny dye
Hung in plaits over his thigh;
A breech¶ close unto his dock,
Handsom'd with a long stock;
Prick'd before were his shoon,*—
He wore such as others doon;†
A bag of red by his side,
And by that his napkin tied:—
Thus John Gower did appear,
Quaint attirèd, as you hear.

* See *List of Greene's prose-works*, p. 80 of the present vol.

† *stock*] i. e. stocking.

‡ *side*] i. e. long.

§ *whittle*] i. e. knife.

‖ *cornèd*] i. e. pointed.
A breech] i. e. Breeches.

* *Prick'd . . . . shoon*] i. e. Pointed . . . . shoes.

† *doon*] i. e. done,—do.

FROM

ENGLAND'S PARNASSUS.

(1600.)

He that will stop the brook, must then begin
When summer's heat hath drièd up the spring,
And when his pittering streams are low and thin;
For let the winter aid unto them bring,
He grows to be of watery floods the king;
And though you dam him up with lofty ranks,
Yet will he quickly over-flow his banks.

p. 55, *sub* "*Delay.*"

It was the month in which the righteous maid,
That, for disdain of sinful world's upbraid,
Fled back to heaven, where she was first conceiv'd,
Into her silver bower the sun receiv'd;
And the hot Sirian Dog, on him awaiting,
After the chafèd Lion's cruel baiting,
Corrupted had the air with noisome breath,
And pour'd on earth plague, pestilence, and death.‡

p. 369, *sub* "*August.*"

‡ *death*] Old ed. "dearth."—The later part of this fragment resembles one of Pope's flourishes upon Homer;

"Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Thro' the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when Autumn weighs),
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death."

Compare the simplicity of the original;

Παμφαίνων, ὥστ' ἀστέρ', ἰπτσσύμενον τεδίοιο,
Ος ῥά τ' ὀτώρης εἶσιν κ. τ. λ.—Il. xxii. 26.

THE

WORKS OF GEORGE PEELE.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

GEORGE PEELE AND HIS WRITINGS.

George Peele, a gentleman by birth,* was, it is said, a native of Devonshire.† "Malone conjectures that he was born in 1557 or 1558;‡ but, since in the first extant Matriculation-book § of the University of Oxford, about the year 1564, Peele is mentioned as a member of Broadgates Hall (now Pembroke College), and since it is unlikely that he was entered before the age of 12 or 13, we may reasonably carry back the date of his birth to 1552 or 1553. According to Wood he was elected 'student of Christ-church 1573, or thereabouts.'‖ He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts on the 12th of June, 1577, *determined* during the following Lent, and was made Master of Arts on the 6th of July, 1579."¶ So I wrote in 1828,—long before the late Dr. Bliss had communicated to me the following extract from a

* "Generosus": see, *post*, the extract from the "Depositions" in the University Court; which at once overthrows Mr. Collier's hypothesis that he was the son of a bookseller. "Peele," says Mr. Collier, "was, *we have every reason to believe*, the son of Stephen Peele a ballad-writing bookseller, two of whose productions are printed in the earliest publication of the Percy Society. *The Rev. Mr. Dyce was not aware of Peele's parentage.*" Note on *Henslowe's Diary*, p. 39, ed. Shake. Soc.

† "George Peele was, if I mistake not, a Devonian born." Wood's *Ath. Ox.* vol. i. col. 688, ed. Bliss. Some of Peele's biographers, who wrote after Wood, positively state that he was born in Devonshire, but they produce no authority to confirm the assertion. In the Jest "*How George Peele was shaven*," &c. (see *Peele's Jests* at the end of the present vol.) we are told, that "the gentleman" who patronised him "dwelt in the *west* country."—The document quoted in the preceding note designates him as "civitatis Londonensis",—"of the city of London",—which certainly does not necessarily imply that he was born in London.

‡ MS. note in his copy of Wood's *Athenæ*.

§ *Reg. Matric.* p. 490.

‖ *Ath. Ox.* vol. i. col. 688, ed. Bliss.

¶ *Reg. Congreg. K. K.* 234, b; 252, 276, b. For these exact references to the University Registers, as well as for other valuable communications, I am indebted to the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Bliss.

volume of MS. Depositions * in the University Court, Oxford: which, unless I misunderstand it, proves that Peele, being twenty-five years old when he gave evidence in March 1583, must have been born in 1558; and, moreover, that the date assigned above to the first extant Matriculation-book of the University of Oxford is incorrect:—

"Testis inductus ex parte Johannis Yate super positionibus [possessionibus ?] ex heris [et hæreditamentis ?] juratus, in perpetuam rei memoriam, examinatus XXIX° Martii 1583,—

"Georgius Peele, civitatis Londonensis, generosus, ubi moram traxit fere per duos annos, et antea in Universitate Oxoniæ per novem annos, etatis XXV annorum, testis, &c.

"Ad primum dicit esse verum, for so the executor Hugh Christian hath confessed to this deponent.

"Ad secundum dicit that he thinketh it to be trewe, for Horne hath tolde this deponent so.

"Ad tertium dicit esse verum, for that the land descended to this deponent in the right of his wife, and that the said Horne hath sayed to this deponent that he might make his choise whether he wold lay the band vppon the executor or the heyre of the land, being this deponent's wife, et aliter non habet deponere, ut dicit."

We are informed by Wood that Peele "was esteemed a most noted poet in the University"†; and it is most probable that the *Tale of Troy*, which he published in 1589, and which he calls "an old poem of mine own," was written during his academic course. To the same period of his life we may assign his English version of one of the two *Iphigenias* of Euripides,—a lost work, and known to me only from the following verses by Dr. Gager, which are now for the first time printed‡:—

"*In Iphigeniam Georgii Peeli Anglicanis versibus redditam.*

"Aut ego te nimio forsan complector amore,
Aut tua sunt aptis carmina scripta modis.
Nomen amicitiæ non me pudet usque fateri;
Nec si forte velim, dissimulare queo.

* Dr. Bliss remarks: "These Depositions of the various witnesses in various causes are reduced into writing by the Registrar of the Court, entered in a book by him, and then *signed by the witness;* but the evidence in the causes is not continuous, that is, the examinations are entered day by day as they take place," &c.

† He "took the degrees in arts, that of master being compleated 1579. *At which time, as he was esteemed a most noted poet in the University*, so afterwards," &c. *Ath. Ox.* vol. i. col. 689, ed. Bliss. To Wood's account Dr. Bliss adds, "He is characterised as 'poeta' in the transcript of degrees made for Edward Rowe Mores, now among Gough's MSS. in the Bodleian."

‡ They form a portion of a volume of MS. poetry by Dr. Gager (in his own hand-writing) which was lent to me by the late Mr. Rodd the bookseller.—Gager was elected student of Christ-Church in 1574 (see Wood's *Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. col. 87, ed. Bliss). His Latin plays were much admired: two of them are mentioned *post*, p.p. 326–7.

Oxoniæ fateor subitum mirabar acumen,
Et tua cum lepidis seria mista jocis.
Hæc me suasit amor, sed non ego credulus illi;
Nec tibi plus dabitur quam meruisse putem:
Et forsan jussit, sed non quia scribere jussit,
In laudes ibit nostra Thalia tuas;
Sed quia, si similes dignemur laude labores,
Quicquid id est, merito vindicet iste liber.
Ergo si quicquam, quod parvum est, carmine possim,
Si quid judicio detur, amice, meo,
Cumque tui nimio non sim deceptus amore,
Hæc tua sunt aptis carmina scripta modis.
Viveret Euripides, tibi se debere putaret,
Ipsa tibi grates Iphigenia daret.
Perge, precor, priscos tibi devincire poetas;
Si priscis, facile gratificere novis."

"*In eandem.*

"Carmina dum sero meditabar vespere mecum
Scribere de libro qualiacunque tuo,
Hic me nescio quis cubito deprendere cœpit,
Aut cubito saltem prendere visus erat.
Hoc scio, quisquis erat, mire fuit is pede curtus,
Ore niger, luscus lumine, crine ruber.
Et quid agis? dixit; nescis, temerarie, nescis
Quam facile in calamum fabula stulta venit:
Græca legunt docti, saltem Romana; sed istis
Quem moveant tandem carmina scripta modis?
Ille sub his fugit: conantem scribere contra
Talia sunt dextram verba sequuta meam.
Fabula sit certe; sed non quia fabula, stulta est;
Nec facile in calamum fabula docta venit:
Fabula Nasonem fecit Senecamque legendos;
Totus in his Sophocles, totus Homerus erat.
Scilicet et segetes tellus et lilia profert,
Robora dat celsum, dat quoque fraga, nemus:
Utile jucundo commistum fabula præbet,
Quæ placeat puero detineatque senem.
Quin etiam quoties digitos mordere coegit,
Et caput et pluteum cædere, ficta licet!
Crede mihi nullo quæ facta labore videntur,
Magni, si tentes, illa laboris erunt:
Nostra quidem fateor; sed inest quoque gratia nostris,
Et satis ingenuis perplacuere viris.
Græca quidem doctis, etiam Romana, legantur;
Sed tamen innumeros utraque lingua latet.
Iis [Is?] hæc scribuntur: quanquam bene reddita nostris,
Et doctis placeant illa vel illa modis.
Aureus est Goulding* et pura purior unda,
Et multi quos haud commemorare libet;
Quos nec summa dies nec rugis cana vetustas
Tollere nec livor carpere possit edax.

* i. e. Arthur Golding, whose translation of Ovid's *Metamorphosis* is here alluded to.

Hos tu perge sequi studiis, mi Peele ; sequendo
Propediem nulli laude secundus eris :
Sin respondebunt tua primis ultima cœptis,
Non modo par primis, sed bene primus eris.
Ergo perge, precor : cum tollat cætera fatum,
Effugiunt * mœstos carmina sola rogos."

From the "Deposition" of Peele at Oxford, March 29th, 1583 (see *ante*, p. 324), we learn that just before that date he had been residing about two years in London ; and that he was possessed of some "land which had descended to him in the right of his wife." We can hardly doubt that during those two years he had occasionally employed his pen for the metropolitan theatres, and it is not improbable that he had also occasionally exercised his histrionic talents.† Of his wife nothing more is known.

In June, 1583, Albertus Alasco, a Polish Prince Palatine, spent several days at Oxford, having been recommended by the Queen to the attentions of the University ; and in an old Account-book, which contains the charges for his entertainment there, the following items are found :—

"To Mr. Peele for provision for the playes at Christchurche, xviij^{li}."

"The Charges of a Comedie and a Tragedie and a shewe of fire worke, as appeareth by the particular bills of Mr. Vice-chancelor, Mr. Howson, Mr. Maxie, and Mr. Peele, 86^{li} 18^{s} 2^{d}." ‡

Peele perhaps may have acted in the two Latin plays exhibited on this occasion : but it is more likely that he only assisted in getting them up. Of Alasco's visit to Oxford we have a minute description in Holinshed, part of it running thus. "All vp the high street vnto saint Maries church, on either side the waie, were decentlie marshalled scholers in their gownes and caps, batchelors and maisters in their habits and hoods. At saint Maries the orator of the vniuersitie (notable in his facultie) presented him a booke, in which were closelie couched verie rich and gorgeous gloues. From thense he marched to Christs church, where he was, whilest he abode in the vniuersitie, most honourablie interteined. And the first night being vacant, as in which he sought rather rest in his lodging than recreation in anie academicall pastimes, strange fire workes were shewed, in the great quadrangle, besides rockets and a number such maner of deuises. On the second daie his first dinner was made him at Alsoules college, where (besides dutifull receiuing of him) he was solemnelie satisfied with scholerlie exercises and courtlie fare. This night and the night insuing, after sumptuous suppers in his lodging, he personaly was present with his traine in the hall ; first at the plaieing of a pleasant comedie intituled Riuales§ ; then at the

* *Effugiunt*, &c.] From Ovid, *Am.* iii. ix. 28 ;
"Diffugiunt avidos carmina sola rogos."

† Which we are sure he did at some period of his life : see *post*, p. 330.

‡ These extracts from the Account-book were obligingly sent me by Dr. Bliss.

§ By Dr. Gager, whose eulogies on Peele have been before cited.

setting out of a verie statelie tragedie named Dido*, wherein the queenes banket (with Eneas narration of the destruction of Troie) was liuelie described in a march-paine patterne; there was also a goodlie sight of hunters with full crie of a kennell of hounds, Mercurie and Iris descending and ascending from and to an high place, the tempest wherein it hailed small confects, rained rosewater, and snew an artificiall kind of snow, all strange, maruellous, and abundant. Most of the actors were of the same house [Christ-Church], six or seauen of them were of saint Johns, and three or foure of other colleges and hals,†"&c.

We hear no more of Peele at Oxford. The remainder of his life appears to have been passed chiefly in London,‡ where he figured as one of the "authors by profession" who formed so numerous a body during the Elizabethan reign. —Among the town-wits of those days habits of debauchery were but too prevalent. Not a few of them hung loose upon society, now struggling with poverty and "driven to extreme shifts," and now, when successful plays or poems had put money in their purses, revelling in the pleasures of taverns and ordinaries;§ some of them terminating a career of folly by miserable and untimely death. Peele, there is every reason to believe, mingled as eagerly as any of his contemporaries in the dissipations of London.

He seems to have lived on terms of intimacy and friendship with the following persons, of whom, though they were all admired and celebrated in their day, the first-mentioned has alone acquired enduring fame: Christopher Marlowe; Robert Greene||, a dramatist of considerable powers, and a miscellaneous writer of inex-

* Also by Dr. Gager. Large portions of it, which I recovered from the author's own MS., are printed in Appendix III. to my edition of Marlowe's *Works*, ed. 1858.

† *Chronicles*, &c., vol. iv. p. 508, ed. 1808.

‡ "From Oxford," says Berkenhout (*Biog. Lit.* p. 404), "he [Peele] went to London, where he became intimately acquainted with the two principal dramatic poets of that age, Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, as appears from his letter to his friend Marle [Marlowe]." Berkenhout, who "had no doubt of the authenticity" of this letter, was not aware that the date assigned to it was 1600, that Marlowe died in 1593, and that Peele was dead in or before 1598: it is as follows. "Friend Marle, I must desyre that my syster hyr watche and the cookerie book you promysed, may be sente bye the man. I never longed for thy company more than last night: we were all very merrye at the Globe, when Ned Alleyn did not scruple to affyrme pleasauntely to thy friende Will that he had stolen his speeche about the qualityes of an actor's excellencye, in Hamlet his Trajedye, from conversations manyfold whych had passed betweene them, and opinyons given by Alleyn touchinge the subjecte. Shakespeare did not take this talke in good sorte; but Jonson put an end to the strife with wittylye remarkinge, 'This affaire needeth no contentione; you stole it from Ned, no doubte; do not marvel: have you not seen him act tymes out of number!' Believe me most syncerilie your's G. Peel."

§ But let us not forget the remark of Gifford: "Domestic entertainments were, at that time, rare: the accommodations of a private house were ill calculated for the purposes of a social meeting, and taverns and ordinaries are therefore almost the only places in which we hear of such assemblies. This undoubtedly gives an appearance of licentiousness to the age, which, in strictness, does not belong to it." *Memoirs of Ben Jonson*, p. cxc.

|| I may mention that, when I wrote the above notice of Greene (in 1828), my edition of his *Dramatic Works and Poems* had not yet made its appearance.

haustible resources; Thomas Nash,* the author of some plays, but most remarkable for his satirical and controversial pieces in prose, on which Drayton† bestows a deserved encomium when he says,—

> "I surely think
> Those words shall hardly be set down with ink,
> Shall scorch and blast, so as his could where he
> Would inflict vengeance;"

Thomas Lodge, a play-wright, a satirist, a sweet pastoral and amatory poet, and a novellist; and Thomas Watson, who was lauded for his sonnets as the English Petrarch, and was no contemptible composer of Latin verse.—In one of Dekker's tracts, *A Knight's Conjuring, Done in earnest, Discovered in iest*, 1607, Peele, Greene, and Marlowe are introduced together in the Elysian fields. "Beyond all these places is there a groue which stands by it selfe like an iland; for a streame (that makes musicke in the running) clasps it round about like a hoope-girdle of christall: lawrells grew [grow] so thicke on all the bankes of it, that lightning itselfe, if it came [come] thither, hath no power to pierce through them. It seemes, without, a desolate and vnfrequented wood, for those within are retyrde into themselues; but from them came [come] forth such harmonious sounds that birdes build nests onely in the trees there to teach tunes to their young ones prettily. This is called *The Groue of Bay-trees*, and to this consort-rome resort none but the children of Phœbus, poets and musitions: the one creates the ditty, and giues it the life or number, the other lends it voyce, and makes it speake musicke. When these happy spirits sit asunder, their bodies are like so many starres; and when they ioyne togither in seuerall troopes, they shew like so many heauenly constellations. Full of pleasant bowers and queint arboures is all this walke - - - - - whil'st Marlow, Greene, and Peele had got vnder the shades of a large vyne, laughing to see Nash (that was but newly come to their colledge) still haunted with the sharpe and satyricall spirit that followed him heere vpon earth; for Nash inueyed bitterly (as he had wont to do) against dry-fisted patrons, accusing them of his vntimely death, because if they had giuen his Muse that cherishment which shee most worthily deserued, hee had fed to his dying day on fat capons, burnt sack and suger, and not so desperately haue ventur'de his life and shortend his dayes by keeping company with pickle-herrings.‡ The rest ask't him what newes in the world; hee told them that barbarisme was nowe growne to bee an epidemiall disease and more common then the tooth-ache: being demaunded how poets and players agreed now, 'Troth,' sayes hee, 'as phisitions and patients agree, for the patient loues his doctor no longer then till hee get his health, and the player

* For much concerning Nash see the *Account of Greene and his Writings* in the present volume.

† *Epistle to Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesy.*

‡ An allusion to the banquet of "pickled herrings," which caused the death of poor Greene, and at which Nash was present.

loues a poet so long as the sicknesse lyes in the two-penie gallery when none will come into it; nay,' sayes he, 'into so lowe a miserie, if not contempt, is the sacred arte of poesie falne, that tho a wryter, who is worthy to sit at the table of the Sunne, wast his braines to earne applause from the more worthie spirits, yet when he has done his best, hee workes but like Ocnus, that makes ropes in hell; for as hee twists, an asse stands by and bites them in sunder, and that asse is no other than the audience with hard hands.'" *

The tract entitled *Merrie conceited Iests* † *of George Peele* ‡ professes to give an account of "the course of his life, how he lived, a man very well known in the city of London and elsewhere." It represents him as a low and vulgar sharper, who scrupled not to raise money by the most fraudulent methods and ridiculous rogueries; it tells us that he resided at the Bankside, over against Blackfriars, that he had a wife, and that his daughter of ten years old sometimes assisted him in his knavish tricks; and, though it says nothing of his personal appearance, it affords the unimportant information that his voice "was more woman than man." This tract (which I have annexed to the present volume) I regard as a work of fiction, containing a slight intermixture of truth: I apprehend that but few of the adventures § it relates have any foundation on incidents in the life of Peele, and that

* Sigs. K 4 and L.

† By *Jests* we are to understand *amusing doings* as well as *sayings*.

‡ This pamphlet (a thin 4to.) probably appeared soon after Peele's death, though the earliest known edition of it bears the date 1607; it was printed again in 1626, 1627, 1657, and 1671; and there is an edition without a date, published by "*Henry Bell*," of which a reprint was given in 1809. Anthony Wood notices "his [Peele's] book of jests or clinches, which at length was sold on the stalls of ballad-mongers." *Ath. Oxon.* vol. i. col. 688, ed. Bliss. I find it thus mentioned, among the most famous productions of the kind, in the lines prefixed to the fourth edition of *A Banquet of Jests*, 1634;

"Pasquel's conceits are poore, and Scoggins' drie,
Skelton's meere rime, once read, but now laid by,
Peele's Jests are old, and Tarleton's are growne stale."

In a short pamphlet called *The Anatomy of the English Nunnery at Lisbon*, 1622, (reprinted in the *Phœnix Britannicus*, 1732,) we are told, "then after supper it is usual for him [the confessor] to read a little of Venus and Adonis, *the Jests of George Peele*, or some such scurrilous book." Shakespeare's poem and *Peele's Jests* coupled together!

Pinkerton seems strangely to have mistaken some other work for *Peele's Jests*; vide his *Scottish Poems*, vol. i. p. 14, ed. 1792.

Since the preceding part of this note was written, I have been informed by Mr. David Laing that the *Mery Tailis* which are printed on the margin of the edition of the *Priests of Peblis*, 1603, and which Pinkerton thought taken from *Peele's Jests*, are selected from *A C* [100] *Mery Talys*, printed at London by John Rastell without date, but probably not later than 1530.—*A C Mery Talys* were reprinted in 1815, making a portion of the work entitled *Shakespeare's Jest Book*.

§ The story headed "*The Jest of George and the Barber*" was probably founded on fact, as we meet with it dramatized in a comedy called *The Puritaine, or the Widdow of Watling-streete, written by W. S.* 1607, the hero of which is named George Pyeboard,—i. e. George Peele, *peel* signifying a board with a long handle, with which bakers put things in and out of the oven. It has been stated by more than one writer that "several" of Peele's Jests are incorporated in *The Puritaine*; but, except in the instance just mentioned, the resemblances between the tract and the comedy are comparatively slight.

The Puritaine (reprinted in the folio *Shakespeare*, 1664,) was most probably written by Wentworth

his notorious name was given to its hero solely with the view of ensuring its popularity. Nor ought we to be surprised that such a liberty was taken with the name of a dissipated dramatist, when we remember that one of Scotland's most illustrious sons—a man of rare erudition and of true poetic genius—has been metamorphosed into "the King's Fool" in a chap-book entitled *The Jests of George Buchanan*, which still finds many readers among the peasantry of the north, who receive it, with all its absurdities, as an authentic record.*

The professions of dramatist and player were sometimes united in the same person; and from the following letter (among Henslowe's papers at Dulwich College) it has been justly concluded that Peele had tried his talents as an actor with success. "What the wager alluded to was," says Malone, "it is now impossible to ascertain. It probably was, that Alleyn would equal his predecessors Knell and Bentley in some part which they had performed, and in which his contemporary George Peele had likewise been admired."†

"Your answer the other nighte so well pleased the gentlemen, as I was satisfied therewith, though to the hazarde of the wager: and yet my meaninge was not to prejudice Peele's credit, neither wolde it, though it pleased you so to excuse it. But beinge now growen farther‡ in question, the partie affected to Bentley scornynge to wynne the wager by your deniall, hath now given yow libertie to make choice of any one playe that either Bentley or Knell plaide; and least this advantage agree not with your minde, he is contented both the plaie and the tyme shalbe referred to the gentlemen here present. I see not how yow canne any waie hurte your credit by this action: for if yow excell them, yow will then be famous: if equall them, yow wynne both the wager and credit; yf short of them, we must and will saie, *Ned Allen still.*

"Your frend to his power,

"W. P.

Smith, an industrious playwright, who composed most of his pieces in conjunction with Heywood, Dekker, Drayton, Chettle, Munday, Webster, Haughton, Hathway, and Day.

* Three editions of *George Buchanan's Jests* are now before me. 1. *The Merry and diverting Exploits of George Buchanan, commonly called the King's Fool. Edinburgh, Printed for the Booksellers in town and country, by R. Menzies, Lawnmarket, price three pence*, n. d. 2. *The Merry and Entertaining Jokes of George Buchanan; who was servant or teacher to King James VIth, as his private counseller, but publicly acted his fool. The whole compiled in three numbers, for the entertainment of youth. Newcastle: printed by G. Angus, in the Side*, n. d. 3. *The Witty and Entertaining Exploits of George Buchanan, who was commonly called the King's Fool. In six Parts complete. To which is added, Several Witty and Entertaining Jests. Stirling: printed and sold by M. Randall*, 1814. Several of *The Jests of George Buchanan* probably originated in the sayings and doings of Archee Armstrong, who appears to have been confounded with the learned preceptor of James the Sixth: some of them have been told of various other persons in various jest-books; most of them are very extravagant, and not very delicate.

† *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 335.

‡ The word "farther" is omitted by Mr. Collier (*Memoirs of Alleyn*, p. 12),—whether rightly or by mistake I know not.

"Deny mee not, sweete Nedd; the wager's downe,
And twice as muche commaunde of me or myne;
And if you wynne, I sweare the half is thyne,
And for an overplus an English crowne;
Appoint the tyme, and stint it as you pleas,
Your labor's gaine, and that will prove it ease."

On the preceding paper Mr. Collier observes that it "has no date, but we may place it in 1590 or 1591 at the latest . . . . . All this is written in a beautiful hand, and 'Ned Allen' in the letter, and 'sweete Nedd' and 'English crowne' in the verses, are in characters of gold. It is clear that Alleyn at this time had not attained the loftiest point of his celebrity, inasmuch as he is told, that if he excels Bentley and Knell, he 'will *then* be famous.'" *

"*The Jest of George Peele at Bristow*" informs us how he there announced the representation of a play which he never meant to exhibit, and how, an audience being assembled, he spoke a short prologue, threw some fireworks among them, and rode off to London with the receipts of the house. But even if we allow the said jest to be true, I conceive we are not to gather from it that the citizens of Bristol expected Peele to act a part in the promised play; they regarded him merely as "a scholar and a gentleman," who was to get up and superintend the performance.—There can be no doubt, however, that Peele occasionally trod the boards. "It is not impossible," says the Editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays*,† "that he was the 'humorous George' addressed by the Juggler in the Prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, and that he performed one of the characters in it, as well as delivering the Prologue." ‡

* *Memoirs of Alleyn, ubi supra.*

† Vol. xi. p. 3, last ed.

‡ The following "*Jest*," written about the reign of Charles the First, was printed by Mr. Collier, from a MS. belonging to himself, in *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, &c., vol. ii. p. 216. The tale is originally found in a small prose-work entitled *A Sackful of Newes:* but we owe to our versifier the introduction of George Peele and John Singer (a celebrated actor under Henslowe).

"*A Jest of Peele and Singer.*

"G. Peele and Singer travelling together
Neare Cambridge towne, where they oft times had playde;
It was in summer, and full hot the weather;
Sitting beneath a spreading beeches shade,
They saw a drove of pigs all coming thither,
A clownish hoggerd driving. 'Now,' Peele saide,
'Ile showe you sporte; do you my councell keepe,
And Ile perswade the clowne his pigges are sheepe.

"'Go you on forward or he sees you here,
And meete him comming, and unto him say,
Holla, my friend! are thy sheepe very deare?
I would buy some; soe stoppe them on the waye.'
Singer agreed, and made a circuit cleare
Over the fieldes, and that without delaye,
That he might meet the hoggerd on his roade,
Some halfe mile on, whilst G. Peele there abode.

The earliest production of Peele yet discovered is a copy of commendatory verses prefixed to Watson's ἙΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ, *or Passionate Centurie of Loue*, a collection of

"Soone as the pigs came neare him and the man,
G. Peele stept forward and survey'd the drove,
As he would buy some, and bespake him than :
'Those truly are fine sheepe, I sweare by Jove,
I nere saw finer since my time began :
Wilt thou sell one ? for mutton much I love.'
And true it was stewde mutton he lov'd well
As anie man twixt this and Clerkenwell.

"The hoggerd, hearing thus his pigs calde sheepe,
Did laugh outright whilst G. continued on ;
'Tell me, my friend, what shall I give to keepe
One of thy sheepe ? Say, and the bargaines done.' –
'What !' cried the clowne, 'art thou not half asleepe,
To take my pigs for sheepe ? sheepe are they none,
But pigs ; and harke how they squeake, grunt, and snore :
Ich never heard a sheepe bleate soe before.'—

"'Man, thou art mad,' quoth Peele, 'and I will wager
These angels gainst a sheepe that sheepe they are.'—
'Done,' said the peasant to the humorous stager :
'Take which you will, for hang me if I care.'—
'Youle wish ere long,' said G., 'you had been sager,
Ime very sure : but prithee now declare
Who shall be judge betweene us : shall we saye
The first man that we meete upon the way ?'—

"'With all my hart,' the hoggerd answerèd.
Singer, be sure, was not far off by now :
They saw him coming on the road. Then said
The hoggerd, 'Here's a stranger, as I vowe :
It may be Adam, or Ile loose my head.'—
'His verdict in the matter Ile alowe,'
Geo. Peele replied : 'to me to[o] he's a stranger.
Thy sheepe, good friend, is mine and in my danger.'—

"'When pigges are sheepe it is, but not till then,'
The clowne replied. And so they drove along
To meete with Singer, who, some nine or ten
Yardes distant, stood and gazde upon the throng
Of hogges, all grunting as when in a pen.
'How sell you, you, your sheepe ? for them among
I see some fine ones that I faine would buy :
How do you sell your sheepe ? Ile buy one, I.'—

"'There !' exclaimed G., 'does he not call them sheepe ?
And sheepe they are, albeit pigs you call them.
I have won my wager : one is mine to keepe,
And you were lucky not to jeoperd all them.'
The hoggerd starde, and cride, 'If so you clepe
Pigs sheepe, you have no eies, but faire befall them !
If you have eies, then I my wittes have lost.'—
'And that you have,' said George, 'unto your cost.'

sonnets, which Steevens with unexampled want of taste preferred to those of Shakespeare. The Εκατομπαθια, printed without a date, was published in 1582.*—Peele was a sincere admirer of Watson; for in the Prologus to *The Honour of the Garter*, 1593, he mentions him, then deceased, as

> ——— "worthy many epitaphs
> For his sweet poesy."

In 1584 was printed, without the author's name, *The Araygnement of Paris, a Pastorall, presented before the Queenes Maiestie by the Children of her Chappell:* that it was written by Peele we learn from the following passage in Nash's Address "To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities", prefixed to Greene's *Arcadia, or Menaphon*, 1587; "And for the last [Peele], though not the least of them all, I dare commend him vnto all that know him as the chiefe supporter of pleasance now liuing, the Atlas of poetrie, and *primus verborum artifex*: whose first increase, *The Arraignement of Paris*, might pleade to your opinions his pregnant dexterity of wit, and manifold varietie of inuention, wherein (*me judice*) he goeth a steppe beyond all that write." †—"There is also," says T. Warton, "at least originating from the English Ovid, a pastoral play, presented by the queen's choir-boys, Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*, in 1584: and I have seen a little novel on that subject, with the same compliment to the queen, by Dickenson, in 1593." ‡—Malone chooses to suppose that by Colin and the cruel shepherdess in this play Peele meant to represent Spenser and his Rosalind, and that Spenser, offended at having been exhibited on the scene, alludes to Peele in his *Colin Clout*, under the name of Palin; §

> "There eke is Palin, worthie of great praise,
> Albe he envie at my rustick quill:"

> "The hoggerd scrat his head in strange confusion,
> Rubbing his eyes and looking every waye:
> He felt he must be under some delusion,
> And pigs in truth were sheepe, as they did saye:
> He never dreamèd of the vilde abusion
> They put upon him in the open daye,
> But paide his wager mid the players laughter,
> And callde pigs sheepe, perchance, for ever after."

* See Collier's *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, &c., vol. ii. p. 162.—Peele's copy of verses is the last of the laudatory poems prefixed to the Εκατομπαθια; the other five are by G. Bucke, T. Acheley, C. Downhalus, and M. Roydon,—Downhalus contributing a copy of English, and a copy of Latin verses: and there is a prose epistle (not a poem, as I have somewhere seen it stated) from "John Lyly to the Authour his friend."

† Sig. B 3, ed. 1610.

‡ *Hist. of E. P.*, vol. iii. p. 417, ed. 4to.

§ "Palin is doubtless the abbreviation of Palinode, which Spenser has used as the name of a shepherd in his fifth Eclogue; and, I conceive, was here intended to represent George Peele, a distinguished poet of that time, who was nearly of Spenser's age, and had commenced a poetical writer about the same time with him. He is thus denominated on the same principle which appears to have guided the author [Spenser] in the choice of several of the adumbrations found in these verses, in consequence of Peele's having published, in 1589, a high eulogy on Lord Essex, a nobleman for whom Spenser had

but Todd* with more probability thinks that Spenser points at Thomas Chaloner.—*The Arraignment of Paris* displays considerable warmth and luxuriance of fancy; and is written in a variety of measures, each of which Peele seems to have employed with equal facility.

Our author was sometimes called upon to *devise* the pageant which used to grace the inauguration of a new Lord Mayor. The two pieces produced in his occasional capacity of city-poet, which have come down to us, are ingenious enough, and must have appeared miracles of invention to the apprentices of London, for whose entertainment they were designed: one of them is to be noticed here,—*The Device of the Pageant borne before Woolstone Dixi, Lord Maior of the Citie of London, An.* 1585, *October* 29.

When the English forces were about to sail for Portugal, in 1589,† the Muse of Peele poured forth *A Farewell* to Sir John Norris, Sir Francis Drake, and their brave associates; to which was added *A Tale of Troy.* The *Farewell* is an energetic and harmonious composition, breathing a fine spirit of patriotism. The *Tale of Troy* contains one or two lines which Peele has used in *The Arraignment of Paris;* and though he gravely informs us that he annexed it to the *Farewell* in the hope of rousing his countrymen to imitate the example of "their glorious and renowned pre-

---

the greatest respect. In this piece [*An Eclogue Gratulatory,* &c.] the interlocutors are Piers and Palinode.*. . . . At this distance of time it is not easy to say to what part of Peele's conduct Spenser alludes, in the qualification of his encomium on this poet: but, I imagine, he was displeased at his having been personally introduced on the scene, under his assumed name of Colin, in a dramatick pastoral entitled *The Arraignment of Paris,* written by Peele, and represented before Queen Elizabeth in or before 1584. As Spenser's unfortunate passion for the lady whom he has concealed under the name of Rosalind, was, after the publication of his eclogues, well known, the application of this character to the *new poet,* as he was then called, must have been immediately made by the spectators, and he had some reason to be offended at being exhibited on the scene, as a hapless swain, actually *dying* for love: in addition to which serio-comick representation, his fellow shepherds, Hobbinol, Diggon, and Thenot, bring his corpse on the stage, and while they are proceeding to his interment, sing a funeral dirge over it. 'The pangs of despised love,' however they may affect the bosom of pining youth, exciting but little sympathy in the mass of mankind, this exhibition had certainly a tendency to place him in a ludicrous light, and is perhaps alluded to under the words,

'Albe he envie at my rustick quill.'

He may, however, also have had in view Peele's not very successful imitation of his rustick pastorals, in the piece above-mentioned, a performance of which perhaps this poet had boasted as equal or superior to the admired prototype on which it was formed." Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. ii. p. 248. sqq.

* *Life of Spenser,* p. 98.

† "The Biographia Britannica," says Berkenhout, "tells us that this expedition was undertaken with a design of restoring Don Antonio to the crown of Portugal. This however appears to have been only a secondary object; else why did they make their first attack upon the Groign in Gallicia? The principal intention of this expedition seems to have been, to return the insult intended by the Spaniards the preceding year.—See *Camd. An. Q. Eliz.* p. 429." *Life of Essex, Biog. Lit.* p. 532.

The reader will find a versified account of this expedition in Niccolls's *England's Eliza* (st. 290, sqq.), a poem appended to the *Mirrour for Magistrates,* 1610.

* "*Palin* is used as the abbreviation of *Palinode* by Peele in his *Eclogue Gratulatorie,* &c. 4to. 1589;

'Twit me with boldnes, *Palin,* as thou wilt,' &c.

In like manner, Spenser uses *Hobbin* for *Hobbinol.*"

decessors the Trojans," there can be no doubt that he printed it merely to increase the size of his pamphlet. Even in the altered, and in some respects improved, edition which appeared, after his death, in 1604, the *Tale of Troy* is a rather rugged and unpleasing narrative.

When Essex, who had joined the expedition to Portugal without the consent of her majesty, returned to England, he was hailed by our author with *An Eglogue Gratulatorie, entituled to the right honorable and renowmed Shepheard of Albion's Arcadia, Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, for his welcome into England from Portugall*, 1589. For a printed copy of this poem I have long sought in vain : but a transcript of it which was once in the possession of Malone, and afterwards belonged to the late Mr. Heber, has luckily come into my hands. Ritson* does not mention the *Eclogue Gratulatory* in his list of Peele's writings. T. Warton, who gives its title imperfectly, and tells us that it was licensed to R. Jones, Aug. 1, 1589, had evidently never seen it, and was ignorant of its author's name.†

[The following certificate, which represents Peele as a "sharer" in the Blackfriars Theatre, 1589, is one of the papers discovered by Mr. Collier in Lord Ellesmere's collection ; and I now insert it between brackets in consequence of the strong suspicion which attaches to most, if not all, of those documents :—

"These are to certifie your Right Honble Lordships that her Maiesties poore playeres, James Burbadge, Richard Burbadge, John Laneham, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Anth. Wadeson, Thomas Pope, *George Peele*, Augustine Phillipps, Nicholas Towley, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Johnson, Baptiste Goodale, and Robert Armyn, being all of them sharers in the Blacke-Fryers playehouse, have never given cause of displeasure in that they have brought into theire playes maters of state and religion, vnfitt to bee handled by them or to bee presented before lewde spectators : neither hath anie complaynte in that kinde ever bene preferrde against them or anie of them. Wherefore they trust moste humblie in your Lordships consideration of their former good behaviour, being at all tymes readie and willing to yeelde obedience to any command whatsoever your Lordships in your wisdome may thinke in such case meete. &c.

Novr. 1589."]

Sir Henry Lee, the queen's champion, who had bound himself by a vow to appear

---

* *Bibl. Poet.*

† *Hist. of E. P.*, vol. iii. p. 422, ed. 4to.—The Editor of the new edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays* (vol. xi. p. 5,) says, that on the return of Drake and Norris to England, Peele addressed to them "a complimentary poem in a dialogue between two shepherds," and he informs me that his authority for the statement was a MS. note by Malone on one of Peele's tracts. I feel convinced that no such poem ever existed. The *Eclogue Gratulatory* was addressed to Essex *on his return to England*, and consisted of *a dialogue between two shepherds ;* and to it Malone must have alluded when he wrote the note in question, having not yet met with it, and supposing that Drake and Norris (whom Peele had complimented on their departure) were the persons panegyrized.

in the royal tilt-yard on each anniversary of her majesty's accession * to the throne till disabled by age, solemnly resigned his office to the Earl of Cumberland, on the 17th of November, 1590, after the customary exercises of the day had been performed; and his resignation was accompanied with romantic ceremonies and pageantries, characteristic of the taste of Elizabeth and her times. Of that event Peele has bequeathed to posterity a picturesque memorial in his poem *Polyhymnia:* to it he has appended a sonnet, which, as we learn from Segar's treatise *On Honour*, was sung before the queen during the above mentioned ceremonies;—see the prefatory matter to *Polyhymnia* in this edition. That Peele wrote the sonnet in question there can be no doubt; and that he was the inventor and director of the shows exhibited at the resignation of the veteran knight, I think quite as certain.

On the 10th of May, 1591, Queen Elizabeth visited Theobalds, the seat of Lord Burghley. Certain *Speeches*, composed by Peele, which were addressed to her Majesty on that occasion, will be found (with some further particulars concerning them) in the present collection.

Descensus Astrææ, the Device of a Pageant borne before M. [*aster*] *William Web, Lord Maior of the Citie of London, on the day he took his oath, being the 29th of October*, 1591, &c., was from our author's pen.

In the same year a licence was obtained by R. Jones for publishing *The Hunting of Cupid* by George Peele. As no copy of it has yet turned up, bibliographers seem to have agreed that it was never printed; but in the MSS. of William Drummond of Hawthornden (in the possession of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries) I have found a decisive proof that it was submitted to the press. Drummond mentions *The Hunting of Cupid* in a list of "Bookes red anno 1609 be [by] me;" and, according to his laborious habit of transcribing favourite portions of the works he read, has extracted from it various unconnected passages and expressions, the whole of which I have given *verbatim* in the present edition. "Coridon and Melampus' Song" in *England's Helicon*, 1600, "Cupid's Arrows" in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, and a description of "Love" in one of *Rawlinson's MSS. Po. lxxxv.* 13. in the Bodleian Library, are taken, as Drummond's excerpta show, from *The Hunting of Cupid:* it was evidently a pastoral drama.

In 1592 "a surfeit of pickled herrings and Rhenish wine" proved fatal to Robert Greene: he died wretchedly poor and neglected; and soon after his death his *Groatsworth of Wit bought with a million of Repentance* was given to the public by Henry Chettle. It concludes with an Address† to his brother poets, which is headed "To those Gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making playes, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisedome to preuent his

* Mills erroneously says "on the anniversary of the queen's *birth*." *Hist. of Chivalry*, vol. ii. p. 132.

† The edition of the *Groatsworth of Wit* from which I now quote is dated 1617.—This Address has been already given entire in the present volume; see the *Account of Greene and his Writings*, p. 59, sqq.

extremities." He first addresses Marlowe as the "famous gracer of tragedians;" next Lodge* under the appellation of "young Juuenall;" and then proceeds as follows; "And thou [Peele] no lesse deseruing then the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour, driuen, as myselfe, to extreame shifts, a little haue I to say to thee; and, were it not an idolatrous oath, I would sweare by sweet S. George, thou art vnworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery yee bee not warned; for vnto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleaue; those puppits, I meane, that speake from our mouths, those anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whome they all haue bin beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all haue bin beholding, shall, were yee in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an vpstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke-verse as the best of you; and, beeing an absolute Johannes-fac-totum, is in his owne conceyt the onely Shake-scene in a countrey."—The expressions "vpstart crow beautified with our feathers," and "the onely Shake-scene in a countrey," point plainly at Shakespeare; "*our* feathers" meaning certain plays written, either separately or conjointly, by Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, or Peele, which Shakespeare had new-modelled: and it would appear that there is a more particular allusion to *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c., and *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c., out of which old dramas the great poet formed *The Second* and *Third Parts of Henry VIth;* for the words "his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*" are parodied from the line,

"O tiger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide,"

which is found both in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke* and in *The Third Part of Henry VIth*, act. i. sc. 4.†—Greene concludes his Address thus; "Let me heartilie intreate you to be warned by my harmes. Delight not, as I haue done, in irreligious oaths, for from the blasphemers house a curse shall not depart. Despise drunkennes, which wasteth the wit, and maketh‡ men all equall vnto beasts. Flie lust, as the deathsman of the soule, and defile not the temple of the Holy Ghost. Abhorre those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your eares; and when they sooth you with tearms of mastership, remember Robert Greene, whome they haue often so flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember,

* Not Nash,—as Farmer supposed: see the *Account of Greene and his Writings*, note *, p. 60, in the present volume.

† Concerning the authorship of *The First Part of the Contention* and of *The True Tragedie*, and concerning the offence taken by Marlowe and Shakespeare at the allusions to them in this Address, see the *Account of Greene and his Writings*, note §, pp. 60-1, in the present volume.

‡ *maketh*] Old ed. "making."

gentlemen, your liues are like so many light * tapers, that are with care deliuered to all of you to maintaine : these with wind-puft wrath may be extinguished, with † drunkennesse put ‡ out, with § negligence let fall ; for mans time of itselfe is not so short but it is more shortened by sinne. The fire of my life|| is now at the last snuffe, and the want of wherewith to sustaine it, there is no substance for life to feed on. Trust not, then, I beseech yee, left to such weake stayes ; for they are as changeable in minde as in many attires. Well, my hand is tyred, and I am forst to leaue where I would beginne ; for a whole booke cannot contain their wrongs, which I am forst to knit vp in some few lines of wordes.

Desirous that you should liue, though himselfe be dying,

ROBERT GREENE."

This solemn exhortation, spoken, as it were, from the grave,¶ unfortunately produced no effect on Marlowe and Peele : Lodge, it is believed, was untainted by the vices of his comrades.

In 1593 was printed our author's *Chronicle of Edward the First*, of which drama a second edition appeared in 1599. Both editions abound with the grossest typographical errors ; here lines have dropped out ; there verses are inserted where they ought not to stand : after a careful revision of the text, I have been obliged to leave some passages in a doubtful state, and others, which defy emendation, in all their old corruption.—The following entry occurs in Henslowe's *Diary ;*

"29 of aguste 1595, *ne* Rd at longe shanke xxxx^{s},"—**

on which Mr. Collier remarks ; "This could not be G. Peele's historical play of *Edward the First*, as Malone suggests, unless it was not acted until after it had been printed in 1593. It was most likely a play by some other dramatist upon the same portion of English history : this was its first performance, and is so marked by Henslowe, but Malone did not know that *ne* denoted a first representation." *Longshank* is afterwards repeatedly mentioned in the same *Diary*.—Peele's *Edward the First*, acted perhaps several years before it passed the press, was undoubtedly a favourite with the frequenters of the theatre. It is one of the earliest of our Chronicle Histories,†† a species of dramatic composition which became so fascinating in the

* *light*] i. e. lit,—lighted.

† *with*] Old ed. "which."

‡ *put*] Old ed. "puts."

§ *with*] Old. ed "which."

|| *life*] Old ed. "light." Some words seem to have dropt out from this sentence.

¶ Mr. Collier—very unnecessarily, I think—has "some doubts of the authenticity of the *Groatsworth of Wit* as a work by Greene" : see the *Account of Greene and his Writings*, note ‡, p. 58, in the present volume.

** P. 55, ed. Shake. Soc.

†† "For the subiect of them, (for the most part) it is borrowed out of our English Chronicles, wherein our forefathers' valiant acts (that haue line long buried in rustie brasse and worme-eaten bookes)

hands of Shakespeare. A vein of extravagance pervades the whole play, but the tragic portion is occasionally written with power, and the comic part is by no means destitute of humour. The fiendish cruelty and the inchastity which Peele attributes to Eleanora are also laid to her charge by a nameless ballad-maker in "*A Warning-piece to England against Pride and Wickedness: Being the fall of Queen Eleanor, wife to Edward the First, King of England; who, for her pride, by God's judgments, sunk into the ground at Charing-cross, and rose at Queenhithe.* If the ballad (which I have prefixed to the play) was really written, as its editors suppose, during the reign of the bigot Mary, we must not accuse Peele of being the original libeller of Edward's virtuous queen. "This [our author's *Edward the First*]," says Anthony Wood, "and a ballad of the same subject [doubtless *A Warning-piece*, &c.] are now usually sold by ballad-singers or ballad-mongers."*.

On the 26th of June, 1593, Henry Earl of Northumberland, Edward Earl of Worcester, Thomas Lord Burough, Edward Lord Sheffield, and Sir Francis Knowles (or Knolles,) were created Knights of the Garter at Windsor; and to celebrate their installation Peele produced his *Honour of the Garter*, a very pleasing description of a magnificent vision seen by the sleeping poet. Because it is dedicated to the Earl of Northumberland, Oldys and others have concluded that our author was then under his patronage. Among the allusions to contemporary poets in the Prologus to this piece, the enthusiastic apostrophe to Marlowe is peculiarly striking, as it must have been composed but a short time after the violent end of that extraordinary man, who died perhaps before his genius had put forth the fullness of its strength; he was buried on the 1st of June, 1593, and the event which the *Honour of the Garter* records took place twenty-five days after.

To *The Phœnix Nest*, 1593, Peele contributed a poem called *The Praise of Chastity.*

An anonymous tragedy, entitled *The Battle of Alcazar*, was published in 1594: and to it most probably we may refer the several entries in Henslowe's *Diary* concerning a play the name of which he gives with various spelling, "*Mulomorco*," "*Mulamulluco*,"† &c., his earliest mention of it being as follows;

"Rd at mulomorco, the 20 of febreary [1591-2] xxix^{s}."‡—

---

are reuiued, and they themselues raised from the graue of obliuion, and brought to plead their aged honours in open presence: then [than] which, what can be a sharper reproofe to these degenerate effeminate daies of ours?" Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Diuell*, ed. 1595, Sig. F 3.

* *Ath. Ox.* vol. i. col. 688, ed. Bliss.

† See the Presenter's speech in *The Battle of Alcazar*, act i.;

"This brave barbarian lord, *Muly Molocco.*'

‡ P. 21, ed. Shake. Soc.

Six lines quoted in *England's Parnassus*,* 1600, and there attributed to "G. Peele," occur in the Second Act of *The Battle of Alcazar*;

> "We must affect our country as our parents,
> And if at any time we alienate
> Our love or industry from doing it honour,
> It must respect effects, and touch the soul,
> Matter of conscience and religion,
> And not desire of rule or benefit."

Again, *The Battle of Alcazar* contains sundry expressions which are also found in the undoubted productions of Peele; *e. g.*;

"And calls the Furies from *Avernus' crags.*"
The B. of Alc.

"Down to the shades of deep *Avernus' crags.*"
A Farewell, &c.

"The dismal *night-raven* and tragic *owl.*"
The B. of Alc.

"*Night-ravens* and *owls* to rend my bloody side."
David and Bethsabe.

"and now prepares *amain*
With sails and oars *to* cross *the swelling seas.*"
The B. of Alc.

"aboard *amain*,
With stretching *sails to* plough *the swelling* waves."
A Farewell, &c.

"Thereby *to propagate religious* truth."
The B. of Alc.

"*To propagate religious* piety."
A Farewell, &c.

"*Top and top-gallant*, all in *brave* array."
The B. of Alc.

"*Top and top-gallant* in the *bravest* sort."
The Tale of Troy, according to ed. 1589.

"Lying for want of wind *in Aulis' gulf.*"
The B. of Alc.

"*In Aulis' gulf* they mightily assemble."
The Tale of Troy.

"To fetch to *Aulis' gulf* the Argive Queen."
The Tale of Troy, according to ed. 1589.

"Besides *a number* almost *numberless.*"
The B. of Alc.

"*A number numberless.*"
The Honour of the Garter.

"On *that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts* the Thames."
The B. of Alc.

* P. 37, under the head "*Country.*"—But in *England's Parnassus* the quotations are not always rightly assigned: at p. 227, under the head "*Parents,*" this line is ascribed to Peele;

"[For] Parents' thoughts in love oft step awry,"—

which occurs in Greene's *Orlando Furioso*, p. 91, first col., of the present volume. Greene, however, may have taken it from some production of Peele: the *Orlando Furioso* contains, with slight variations, four lines which are found in Peele's *Old Wives' Tale*; see p. 90, first. col., of the present volume. Which of the two plays was first written it is impossible to determine.

"To *that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts* her course."
A Farewell, &c.
"And by *the bar that thwarts* this silver stream."
Descensus Astrææ.

Nor must I omit to mention that in Malone's copy of *The Battle of Alcazar*, now in the Bodleian Library, I met with the following note by that laborious critic :—"This play, I believe, was written by George Peele;" but he has given no reasons for his belief. I have admitted it into the present collection, because some of my readers may perhaps think that there are sufficient grounds for ascribing it to our author, and because none of them, I imagine, will be displeased that a drama of so early date and rare occurrence has been rendered more accessible. That the writer of it possessed no ordinary talents is apparent from the nervous lines which occasionally redeem its bombast : the speech beginning

"Hold thee, Calipolis, feed, and faint no more,"

is a piece of splendid exaggeration, which the ridicule of Shakespeare has immortalized; vide *Henry IVth, Part Sec.*, act ii. sc. 4.

A "famous play," named *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek*, was written by Peele; see among *The Jests of George Peele* (at the conclusion of this volume) the Jest "*How George read a play-book to a gentleman* :" but it appears never to have been printed, and has long ago perished. Henslowe, who in his *Diary* has various entries concerning a drama called "*Mahomett*," the earliest of them being,—

"14 of aguste 1594, Rd at mahomett iij^{li} v^{s}," *

also mentions twice† a play entitled "*The love of a Gresyan lady*," the first notice of which is dated 4th Oct. 1594‡ : and by "*Mahomett*" at least, if not by "*The love of a Gresyan lady*," Henslowe seems to allude to Peele's lost work. The exclamation of Pistol, "Have we not *Hiren* here?" is supposed to be a quotation from it; see Malone's note on Shakespeare's *Henry IVth, Part Sec.*, act ii. sc. 4.

Peele's *Old Wives' Tale* was printed in 1595; but how long before that date it was brought upon the stage is quite uncertain. It has been described in the *Biographia Dramatica*, and in T. Warton's edition of Milton's Minor Poems, as a play from which the great poet seems partly to have derived the plan and characters of *Comus;* and consequently the students of English poetry are familiar with its name, though very few of them can have perused a drama of such excessive rarity.—Milton, it is well known, read with attention the writings of his predecessors, and not unfrequently (perhaps by an involuntary act of plagiarism) adopted their conceptions, which, after passing through his mighty mind, came forth purified from dross, and glowing with new beauties. That, for the composition of his enchanting

* P. 39, ed. Shake. Soc.

† Oftener, if what he calls "*The Greasyon comodey*" was the same play as *The love of a Gresyan lady.*

‡ P. 42, ed. Shake. Soc.

Masque, a portion of *The Old Wives' Tale* was submitted to this intellectual process, there is some reason to believe: Sacripant, Delia, her Brothers, and the Ghost of Jack, when divested of their meanness and vulgarity, and arrayed in all the poetic loveliness that the highest genius could pour around them, might have assumed the forms of Comus, the Lady, her Brothers, and the Attendant Spirit;

ἐγένοντο νεώτεροι ἢ πάρος ἦσαν,
Καὶ πολὺ καλλίονες καὶ μείζονες ἐισοράασθαι.*

But those critics may be right who conjecture that both Peele and Milton were indebted to a common original which is yet undiscovered.

"It is a remarkable fact," says the Editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays*,† "that during the whole contest between Nash and Harvey, in which the latter abused the former for his abandoned associates, Peele is not mentioned as one of them. Either Nash was not then intimate with Peele, or Harvey had some other motive for not introducing his name. This literary warfare was carried on principally previous to the year 1594, and there is every reason to suppose that Peele was then alive: but if he had been dead, this circumstance would not have protected him from the malignity of Harvey." However Gabriel Harvey might have been affected towards Peele before the *Old Wives' Tale* was produced, assuredly after its appearance he must have considered him as an enemy. In it Huanebango is made to cite a line from Gabriel's *Encomium Lauri;* an offence which never would be forgiven by the conceited pedant who fancied that his English hexameters had raised him to an equality with Homer.‡ That Peele intended to ridicule and mortify Harvey there can be little doubt: Huanebango's quotation is taken from that poem § against which Nash (the very best of banterers) so successfully employed his caustic wit.

Anglorum Feriæ, Englandes Hollydayes, celebrated the 17th of Novemb. last, 1595, beginninge happyly the 38 yeare of the raigne of our Soveraigne Ladie Queene Elizabeth, By George Peele, Mr. of Arte in Oxforde, was first printed about thirty years ago,¶ from the author's manuscript, by a gentleman at Ipswich. This poem is much in the style of *Polyhymnia* (see *ante*, p. 336), and, like it, is not without value as a specimen of early undramatic blank-verse.

* The Rev. H. J. Todd obligingly pointed out to me the following passage of Milton's *Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus*, 1641, in which he thought he could discover (what, I confess, I cannot) an allusion to Peele's *Old Wives' Tale* as well as to his *Edward the First;* "To make the word *gift*, like the river Mole in Surrey, to runne under the bottome of a long line, and so start up to governe the word *Presbyteric*, as an immediate syntaxis, a device ridiculous enough to make good that *old wives' tale of a certaine Queene of England that sunk at Charing-crosse, and rose up at Queene-hithe.*" p. 39.

† Vol. xi. p. 5, last ed.

‡ "Though Spenser me hath often Homer term'd."
Harvey's xxiid *Sonnet,—Fovre Letters and certaine Sonnets*, &c. 1592, p. 73.

§ Harvey's *Encomium Lauri*, a piece of hexameter folly (in his *Three proper and wittie familiar Letters*, &c., 1580, p. 34), and Nash's parody on the opening lines of it, have been already cited in the present vol., pp. 63–4, note.

¶ I write in 1860. The Ipswich ed. has no date.

The following letter, preserved among the *Burghley Papers* in the Lansdowne Collection, vol. xcix. no. 54, affords a melancholy proof that in Jan^{y}., 1595-6, Peele was struggling with sickness and poverty.

"Salue, Parens Patriæ, tibi plebs, tibi curia nomen
Hoc dedit, hoc dedimus nos tibi nomen, Eques.

"In these tearmes, r. honorable, am I bolde to salute yor Lordeship, whose highe desertes in o^{r} Englandes greate designes haue earned large praises euen from Envies mouthe. Pardon, greate Patrone of Learninge & Vertue, this rude encounter, in that I presume, a scholler of so meane meritt, to present yor wisdome wth this small manuell, by this simple messenger, my eldest daughter & necessities seruāt. Longe sicknes hauinge so enfeebled me maketh bashfullnes allmost become impudency. Sed quod [quis] psitaco suū χαίρε expediuit? Magister artis ingenijque largitor venter.* The subiect wherewth I presume to greete y^{r} honor, is the history of Troy in 500 verses sett downe & memorable accidents thereof. Receiue it, noble Senator of Englandes Councell-house, as a schollers duties significacōn; & liue longe in honor & prosperitie as happie as Queene Elizabeths gracious countenance can make yo^{w}.

Ecce tibj nihilum magno pro munere mitto:
Esse potest aliquid, te capiēte, nihil.

Yo^{r} honors most
bounden,
George Peele."

It is directed;

"To the r. honorable
& woorthie Patrone
of Learninge, the L.
Burleigh, L. highe
Theasorer of England,
& one of hir M^{ties}
most honorable
Priuie Counsell."

The endorsement is;

"17 Jan. 1595,
Goorg. Peele m^{r} of Arts
Presents ye tale of Troy
in 500 Verses by his
eldest daughter, necessities
servaunte."

* An incorrect quotation from the Prologue to the *Satires* of Persius;

"Quis expedivit psittaco suum Χαῖρε?
. . . . . .
Magister artis ingenique largitor
Venter," &c.

"*The Tale of Troy*" just mentioned was doubtless an altered MS. copy of the poem which Peele had published in 1589; and most probably its text agreed mainly, if not wholly, with that of the copy which (as we shall afterwards see) found its way to the press in 1604.—Mr. Collier has observed,* that in consequence perhaps of having been employed to compose the *Speeches to Queen Elizabeth at Theobalds* in 1591, (*vide ante*, p. 336,) Peele was emboldened to address the above letter to Lord Burghley.

The date of Peele's death is not known. "This person," says Anthony Wood, "was living in his middle age, in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth, but when or where he died I cannot tell; for so it is, and always hath been, that most poets die poor, and consequently obscurely, and a hard matter it is to trace them to their graves." †—That he was dead in 1598 is certain, for Francis Meres in *Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury, &c.*, which was published during that year, informs us, "as Anacreon died by the pot, so George Peele by the pox." ‡

David and Bethsabe, the chef-d'œuvre of Peele, was not printed till 1599; how much earlier it was written there are no means of ascertaining. The statement in *The History of English Poetry* § that "George Peele had also published his tragedy of *David and Bethsabe* about the year 1579," I am forced to attribute either to a mistake of Warton, or to an error of the printer, though the unamiable Ritson has not set it down among the inaccuracies of that work. The circumstance of a simile || in *David and Bethsabe* being imitated from a passage in the First Book of *The Faerie Queene*, 1590,¶ is no evidence that Peele's drama was not written till after the publication of Spenser's poem. *The Faerie Queene* must have been handed about in manuscript before it was given to the press; for a portion of the thirty-fifth stanza of the Fourth Canto of the Second Book is quoted by Abraham Fraunce in his *Arcadian Rhetoricke*, 1588; and a gorgeous simile in the thirty-second stanza of the Seventh Canto of the First Book is transplanted into The Second Part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*,** which appears to have been acted before 1587. "Peele's *David and Bathsheba* [*Bethsabe*]," says T. Warton, "is a remain of the fashion of Scripture-plays;" †† and Hawkins observes with reference to it that the poet's "genius seems to have been kindled by reading the Prophets and the Song of Solomon." ‡‡

---

* *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 284.

† *Ath. Ox.* vol. i. col. 688, ed. Bliss.

‡ Fol. 286.

§ Vol. iii. p. 67, ed. 4to.

|| "As when the sun, attir'd in glistering robe,
Comes daneing from his oriental gate," &c.

¶ The earliest edition of *The Faerie Queene*, consisting only of the Three First Books, was in 1590.

** See Marlowe's *Works*, p. 66, ed. Dyce, 1858.

†† *Hist. of E. P.*, vol. iii. p. 328, ed. 4to.

‡‡ Preface to *The Origin of the English Drama*, p. 11.

The Historie of the two valiant knights, Syr Clyomon Knight of the Golden Sheeld, sonne to the King of Denmarke, and Clamydes the White Knight, sonne to the King of Suauia was printed in 1599. On the title-page of a copy of this play, a MS. note in a very old hand attributes it to Peele; and, I have no doubt, rightly. It was produced probably soon after his *Arraignment of Paris*, which, according to Nash, (see *ante*, p. 333,) was his "first increase." The story of *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes* is not, I presume, the invention of Peele, but borrowed from some romance.

The Phœnix Nest, 1593, *England's Helicon*, 1600, and *England's Parnassus*, 1600, have been already mentioned as miscellanies which contain specimens of Peele's poetry;* and to the list may here be added *Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muses*, 1610.

A merry ballad of the Hawthorn tree has been admitted into the present collection only because to the original MS. (in the Cottonian Library, Vesp. A. xxv.) the name of our author is appended.

Of Peele's dramatic works, on which his celebrity was chiefly founded,† perhaps not half has survived the ravages of time.‡ Many of the plays performed during Elizabeth's reign never reached the press: abandoned to decay in the tiring-rooms of different theatres, they have utterly perished; and possibly among the number were several from the pen of Peele. Nor is it unlikely that the fire of London in 1666 may have consumed all the copies which remained of some of his printed pieces.§

---

* Dr. Bliss in his ed. of Wood's *Ath. Ox.* has included among them, by an oversight, *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*.

† "As these tragicke poets," says Meres, "flourished in Greece, Æschylus, Euripedes, Sophocles, Alexander Ætolus, Achæus Erithriæus, Astydamas Atheniensis, Apollodorus Tarsensis, Nicomachus Phrygius, Thespis Atticus, and Timon Apolloniates; and these among the Latines, Accius, M. Attilius, Pomponius Secundus, and Seneca; so these are our best for tragedie, the Lorde Buckhurst, Doctor Leg of Cambridge, Doctor Edes of Oxforde, Maister Edward Ferris, the authour of the Mirrour for Magistrates, Marlow, *Peele*, Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker, and Beniamin Johnson."—*Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury*, &c., 1598, fol. 283.

One is surprised to find that Meres in another passage of the same work considers Peele as the English Ariosto: "As Italy had Dante, Boccace, Petrarch, Tasso, Celiano, and Ariosto; so England had Mathew Roydon, Thomas Atchelow, Thomas Watson, Thomas Kid, Robert Greene, and *George Peele*." fol. 282.

"His [Peele's] comedies and tragedies," says Wood, "were often acted with great applause, and did endure reading with due commendation many years after their author's death."—*Ath. Ox.* vol. I, col. 688, ed. Bliss.

‡ Of three of his lost dramas we know the names,—*Iphigenia* (translated from one of the *Iphigenias* of Euripides), *The Hunting of Cupid*, and *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek:* see *ante*, pp. 324, 336, 341.

§ During that dreadful conflagration, notes Evelyn, "the ruins of the vaulted roof [of St. Paul's Church] falling, broke into St. Faith's, which, being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following."—*Diary*, &c., vol. ii. p. 13, ed. 1850.—Pepys observes: "I hear the great loss of books in St. Paul's Church-yard, and at their Hall also, which they value at about £150,000.; some booksellers being wholly undone——they trusting to St. Fayth's, and the roof of the church falling, broke the arch

When we regard Peele as a dramatist, it is difficult to separate him from Marlowe* and Greene, with whom he divided the admiration of his contemporaries. These three gifted men,—though they often present to us pictures that in design and colouring outrage the truth of nature, and though their language sometimes swells into bombast, sometimes sinks into meanness,—are the earliest† of our writers for the stage who exhibit any just delineation of the workings of passion. They as much‡ excel their immediate predecessors as they are themselves excelled by Shakespeare,—by "him, O wondrous him!"—whose genius was beginning to blaze upon the world about the close of their career.

The reader must not imagine that I consider Peele on a par with Marlowe as an improver of the English drama. I cannot but be aware that Marlowe had a far more powerful intellect than Peele, and a far deeper insight into the human heart: yet, though Peele was quite unequal to the production of dramas so full of terror and pity as *Faustus* and *Edward the Second*, it may not be too much to assert that his *David and Bethsabe* vies in tenderness and poetic beauty with any of the plays of his sublime associate.§—The superiority of Peele to Greene is, I conceive, on the whole, unquestionable.

---

down into the lower church, and so all the goods burned——that the goods laid in the church-yard fired through the windows those in St. Fayth's church; and those coming to the warehouses' doors fired them, and burned all the books and the pillars of the church, so as the roof falling down, broke quite down."—*Diary*, &c., vol. iii. pp. 294, 300, ed. 1848.

Since the above was written, Gifford's edition of *Ford* has made its appearance; and in the Introduction to it (p. xxxiii) the writings of Peele are mentioned among those works to which the fire of London proved most destructive.

* "He [Marlowe], and his contemporary Peele, were produced just as the chaos of ignorance was breaking up: they were among the earliest to perceive the glimmering of sense and nature, and struggled to reach the light." Gifford's note on *Ben Jonson*, vol. viii, p. 331.

† Thomas Kyd—who, though an unpleasing dramatist, is in some respects superior to both Peele and Greene—belongs to the same period: but Marlowe, Peele, and Greene had each produced plays before Kyd was known.

‡ With this sentence, which I wrote in 1828, I hardly feel satisfied in 1860: but I leave it unaltered, because it is quoted by Mr. Hallam (*Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, vol. ii. p. 174, note, ed. 1843), who curtly adds "Not quite."

§ "Nash calls him [Peele] an Atlas in poetry. Unless we make allowance for his antiquity, the expression will appear hyperbolical; but, with that allowance, we may justly cherish the memory of Peele as the oldest genuine dramatic poet of our language. His David and Bethsabe is the earliest fountain of pathos and harmony that can be traced in our dramatic poetry. His fancy is rich, and his feeling tender; and his conceptions of dramatic character have no inconsiderable mixture of solid veracity and ideal beauty. There is no such sweetness of versification and imagery to be found in our blank-verse anterior to Shakespeare." Campbell's *Spec. of Brit. Poets*, vol. i. p. 140.

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS.

The Araygnement of Paris A Pastorall. Presented before the Queenes Maiestie, by the Children of her Chappell Imprinted at London by Henrie Marsh. Anno. 1584. 4to.

The writer in *The Retrospective Review* (vol. iii. p. 101.) who erroneously says that *The Arraignment of Paris* "is not divided into acts," had, I presume, seen only a transcript of it, not the original.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURN.
JUPITER.
NEPTUNE.
PLUTO.
APOLLO.
MARS.
BACCHUS.
MERCURY.
VULCAN.
PAN.
FAUNUS.
SILVANUS.
PARIS.
COLIN.
HOBBINOL.
DIOGON.
THENOT.

Cupids, Cyclops, Shepherds, Knights, &c.

JUNO.
PALLAS.
VENUS.
DIANA.
POMONA.
FLORA.
RHANIS.
ATE.
CLOTHO.
LACHESIS.
ATROPOS.
The Muses.
A Nymph of DIANA.
ŒNONE.
HELEN.
THESTYLIS.

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS.

Enter ATE, *Prologus.*

CONDEMNÈD soul, Ate, from lowest hell,
And deadly rivers of th' infernal Jove,
Where bloodless ghosts in pains of endless date
Fill ruthless ears with never-ceasing cries,
Behold, I come in place, and bring beside
The bane of Troy! behold, the fatal fruit,
Raught * from the golden tree of Proserpine!
Proud Troy must fall, so bid the gods above,
And stately Ilium's lofty towers be raz'd
By conquering hands of the victorious foe;
King Priam's palace waste with flaming fire,
Whose thick and foggy smoke, piercing the sky,
Must serve for messenger of sacrifice,
T' appease the anger of the angry heavens;
And Priam's younger son, the shepherd swain,
Paris, th' unhappy organ of the Greeks.*
So loth and weary of her heavy load,
The Earth complains unto the hellish prince,
Surcharg'd with the burden that she nill † sustain.
Th' unpartial daughters of Necessity
Bin aiders ‡ in her suit: and so the twine
That holds old Priam's house, the thread of Troy,
Dame Atropos with knife in sunder cuts.
Done be the pleasure of the powers above,
Whose hests men must obey: and I my part
Perform in Ida vales. Lordings, adieu;
Imposing silence for your task, I end,
Till just assembly of the goddesses
Make me begin the tragedy of Troy.

[*Exit cum aureo pomo.*

ACT I.

SCENA I.

Enter PAN, FAUNUS, *and* SILVANUS, *with their* Attendants, *to give welcome to the goddesses:* PAN's Shepherd *has a lamb,* FAUNUS' Hunter *has a fawn,* SILVANUS' Woodman *with an oaken-bough laden with acorns.*

Pan. Silvanus, either Flora doth us wrong,
Or Faunus made us tarry all too long,
For by this morning mirth it should appear,
The Muses or the goddesses be near.

Faun. My fawn was nimble, Pan, and whipt apace,—
'Twas happy that we caught him up at last,—
The fattest, fairest fawn in all the chace;
I wonder how the knave could skip so fast.

Pan. And I have brought a twagger for the nones,§
A bunting lamb; nay, pray you feel no bones:
Believe me now my cunning much I miss,
If ever Pan felt fatter lamb than this.

Sil. Sirs, you may boast your flocks and herds that bin both fresh and fair,
Yet hath Silvanus walks, i-wis, that stand in wholesome air;
And, lo, the honour of the woods, the gallant oaken-bough,
Do I bestow, laden with acorns and with mast enow!

* *Raught*] i. e. snatched.

* *of the Greeks.*] Something to complete the sense seems to be wanting here.
† *nill*] i. e. will not. ‡ *aiders*] The 4to. "aydes."
§ *the nones*] i. e. the occasion.

Pan. Peace, man, for shame! shalt have both lambs and dams and flocks and herds and all,
And all my pipes to make the glee; we meet not now to brawl.
Faun. There's no such matter, Pan; we are all friends assembled hither,
To bid Queen Juno and her feres * most humbly welcome hither:
Diana, mistress of our woods, her presence will not want;
Her courtesy to all her friends, we wot, is nothing scant.

Enter POMONA *with her fruit.*

Pom. Yea, Pan, no farther yet, and had the start of me?
Why, then, Pomona with her fruit comes time enough, I see.
Come on a while; with country store, like friends, we venture forth:
Think'st, Faunus, that these goddesses will take our gifts in worth?
Faun. Yea, doubtless, for shall tell thee, dame, 'twere better give a thing,
A sign of love, unto a mighty person or a king,
Than to a rude and barbarous swain, but bad and basely born,
For gently takes the gentleman that oft the clown will scorn.
Pan. Say'st truly, Faunus; I myself have given good tidy lambs
To Mercury, may say to thee, to Phœbus, and to Jove;
When to a country mops, forsooth, chave † offer'd all their dams,
And pip'd and pray'd for little worth, and rang'd about the grove.
Pom. God Pan, that makes your flock so thin, and makes you look so lean,
To kiss in corners.
Pan. Well said, wench! some other thing you mean.
Pom. Yea, jest it out till it go alone: but marvel where we miss
Fair Flora all this merry morn.
Faun. Some news; see where she is.

Enter FLORA.

Pan. Flora, well met, and for thy taken pain,
Poor country gods, thy debtors we remain.
Flo. Believe me, Pan, not all thy lambs and ewes,
Nor, Faunus, all thy lusty bucks and does,
(But that I am instructed well to know
What service to the hills and dales I owe,)
Could have enforc'd me to so strange a toil,
Thus to enrich this gaudy, gallant soil.
Faun. But tell me, wench, hast done't so trick* indeed,
That heaven itself may wonder at the deed?
Flo. Not Iris, in her pride and bravery,†
Adorns her arch with such variety;
Nor doth the milk-white way, in frosty night,
Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,
As done these fields, and groves, and sweetest bowers,
Bestrew'd and deck'd with parti-colour'd flowers.
Along the bubbling brooks and silver glide,
That at the bottom do in silence slide;
The water-flowers ‡ and lilies on the banks,
Like blazing comets, burgen § all in ranks;
Under the hawthorn and the poplar-tree,
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be,
The primrose, and the purple hyacinth,
The dainty violet, and the wholesome minth,
The double daisy, and the cowslip, queen
Of summer flowers, do overpeer the green;
And round about the valley as ye pass,
Ye may ne see for peeping flowers the grass:
That well the mighty Juno, and the rest,
May boldly think to be a welcome guest
On Ida hills, || when to approve the thing,
The Queen of Flowers prepares a second spring.
Sil. Thou gentle nymph, what thanks shall we repay
To thee that mak'st our fields and woods so gay.
Flo. Silvanus, when it is thy hap to see
My workmanship in portraying all the three,
First stately Juno with her port and grace,
Her robes, her lawns, her crownet, and her mace,
Would make thee muse this picture to behold,
Of yellow oxlips ¶ bright as burnish'd gold.

---

* *feres*] i. e. companions.
† *chave*] i. e. I have.

* *trick*] i. e. elegantly, neatly.
† *bravery*] i. e. finery.
‡ *water-flowers*] The 4to. "watery *flowers*."
§ *burgen*] The same as *burgeon* or *bourgeon*, i. e. sprout, bud, blossom. "To Burgeon (sprout), *Germino*." Coles's *Dict.*
|| *Ida hills*] Not a misprint for "*Ida* hill." Compare our author's *Tale of Troy*:

> "He lives a shepherd's lad on *Ida hills*,
> And breathes a man 'gainst Troy and Trojans' wills," &c.

¶ *oxlips*] "The description of the *oxlip* in this line shows that the poet used it for the crow-foot or paigle; the butter-cup of the fields. It is now applied to the larger *cowslip*." *Rev. J. Mitford,—Gent. Mag.* for Febr. 1833, p. 101.

Pom. A rare device; and Flora well, perdy,*
Did paint her yellow for her jealousy.
Flo. Pallas in flowers of hue and colours red;
Her plumes, her helm, her lance, her Gorgon's head,
Her trailing tresses that hang flaring round,
Of July-flowers so graffèd in the ground,
That, trust me, sirs, who did the cunning see,
Would at a blush suppose it to be she.
Pan. Good Flora, by my flock, 'twere very good
To dight her all in red resembling blood.
Flo. Fair Venus of sweet violets in blue,
With other flowers infix'd for change of hue;
Her plumes, her pendants, bracelets, and her rings,
Her dainty fan, and twenty other things,
Her lusty mantle waving in the wind,
And every part in colour and in kind;
And for her wreath of roses, she nill dare
With Flora's cunning counterfeit compare.
So that what living wight shall chance to see
These goddesses, each plac'd in her degree,
Portray'd by Flora's workmanship alone,
Must say that art and nature met in one.
Sil. A dainty draught to lay her down in blue,
The colour commonly betokening true.
Flo. This piece of work, compact with many a flower,
And well laid in at entrance of the bower,
Where Phœbe means to make this meeting royal,
Have I prepar'd to welcome them withal.
Pom. And are they yet dismounted, Flora, say,
That we may wend to meet them on the way?
Flo. That shall not need: they are at hand by this,
And the conductor of the train hight† Rhanis.
Juno hath left her chariot long ago,
And hath return'd her peacocks by her rainbow;‡
And bravely, as becomes the wife of Jove,
Doth honour by her presence to our grove.
Fair Venus she hath let her sparrows fly,
To tend on her and make her melody;
Her turtles and her swans unyokèd be,
And flicker near her side for company.
Pallas hath set her tigers loose to feed,
Commanding them to wait when she hath need.
And hitherward with proud and stately pace,
To do us honour in the sylvan chace,
They march, like to the pomp of heaven above,
Juno the wife and sister of King Jove,
The warlike Pallas, and the Queen of Love.

* *perdy*] i. e. *par Dieu*, verily.
† *hight*] i. e. called.
‡ *rainbow*] Qy. "bow"?

Pan. Pipe, Pan, for joy, and let thy shepherds sing;
Shall never age forget this memorable thing.
Flo. Clio, the sagest of the Sisters Nine,
To do observance to this dame divine,
Lady of learning and of chivalry,
Is here arriv'd in fair assembly; *
And wandering up and down th' unbeaten ways,
Ring through the wood sweet songs of Pallas' praise.
Pom. Hark, Flora, Faunus! here is melody,
A charm† of birds, and more than ordinary.
[*An artificial charm of birds heard within.*
Pan. The silly birds make mirth; then should we do them wrong,
Pomona, if we nill‡ bestow an echo to their song.

The Song. A quire within and without.

Gods.§ O Ida, O Ida, O Ida, happy hill!
This honour done to Ida may it continue still!
Muses. [*within.*] Ye country gods that in this
Bring down your gifts of welcome,¶ [Ida won,‖
For honour done to Ida.
Gods. Behold, in sign of joy we sing,
And signs of joyful welcome bring,
For honour done to Ida.
Muses. [*within.*] The Muses give you melody to gratulate this chance, [all to dance.
And Phœbe, chief of sylvan chace, commands you
Gods. Then round in a circle our sportance must be;**
Hold hands in a hornpipe, all gallant in glee.
[*Dance.*
Muses. [*within.*] Reverence, reverence, most humble reverence!
Gods. Most humble reverence!

RHANIS *leading the way, enter* JUNO, PALLAS, *and* VENUS. PAN *alone sings.*

THE SONG.

The God of Shepherds, and his mates,
With country cheer salute your states,
Fair, wise, and worthy as you be,
And thank the gracious ladies three
For honour done to Ida. [*The birds sing.*

* *assembly*] A quadrisyllable.
† *charm*] i. e. singing, music. ("With *charm of* earliest *birds*." Milton's *Par. Lost*, iv. 641.)
‡ *nill*] i. e. will not.
§ *Gods*] Viz. Pan, Faunus, and Silvanus,—if not also Pomona and Flora. ‖ *won*] i. e. dwell, haunt.
¶ *Bring down your gifts of welcome*, &c.] Walker (*Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c., vol. ii. p. 98) would read;
"*Bring down your gifts of welcome* every one,
For honour done to Ida."
** *Then round . . . . must be*] The 4to. · The *round . . . . must* must *be.*"

Juno. Venus, what shall I say? for, though I be a dame divine,
This welcome and this melody exceed these wits of mine.
Ven. Believe me, Juno, as I hight* the Sovereign of Love,
These rare delights in pleasure† pass the banquets of King Jove.
Pal. Then, Venus, I conclude, it easily may be seen,
That in her chaste and pleasant walks fair Phœbe is a queen.
Rha. Divine‡ Pallas, and you sacred dames,
Juno and Venus, honour'd by your names,
Juno, the wife and sister of King Jove,
Fair Venus, lady-president of love,
If any entertainment in this place,
That can afford but homely, rude, and base,
It please your godheads to accept in gree,§
That gracious thought our happiness shall be.
My mistress Dian, this right well I know,
For love that to this presence she doth owe,
Accounts more honour done to her this day,
Than ever whilom in these woods of Ida;
And for our country gods, I dare be bold,
They make such cheer, your presence to behold,
Such jouisance,‖ such mirth, and merriment,
As nothing else their mind might more content:
And that you do believe it to be so,
Fair goddesses, your lovely looks do show.
It rests in fine, for to coufirm my talk,
Ye deign to pass along to Dian's walk;
Where she among her troop of maids attends
The fair arrival of her welcome friends.
Flo. And we will wait with all observance due,
And do just honour to this heavenly crew
Pan. The God of Shepherds, Juno, ere thou go,
Intends a lamb on thee for to bestow.
Faun. Faunus, high ranger in Diana's chace,
Presents a fawn to Lady Venus' grace.
Sil. Silvanus gives to Pallas' deity
This gallant bough raught¶ from the oaken-tree.
Pom. To them that do this honour to our fields
Her mellow apples poor Pomona yields.
Juno. And, gentle gods, these signs of your goodwill
We take in worth, and shall accept them still.
Ven. And, Flora, this to thee among the rest,—
Thy workmanship comparing with the best,
Let it suffice thy cunning to have power *
To call King Jove from forth his heavenly bower.
Hadst thou a lover, Flora, credit me,
I think thou wouldst bedeck him gallantly.
But wend we on; and, Rhanis, lead the way,
That kens the painted paths of pleasant Ida.

[*Exeunt.*

* *hight*] i. e. am called.
† *pleasure*] The 4to. "pleasures."
‡ *Divine*] Qy. "You *divine*"?
§ *gree*] i. e. good part.
‖ *jouisance*] i. e. jollity.
¶ *raught*] i. e. snatched.

SCENA II.

Enter PARIS *and* ŒNONE.

Par. Œnone, while† we bin dispos'd to walk,
Tell me what shall be subject of our talk?
Thou hast a sort‡ of pretty tales in store,
Dare say no nymph in Ida woods hath more:
Again, beside thy sweet alluring face,
In telling them thou hast a special grace.
Then, prithee, sweet, afford some pretty thing,
Some toy that from thy pleasant wit doth spring.
Œn. Paris, my heart's contentment and my choice,
Use thou thy pipe, and I will use my voice;
So shall thy just request not be denied,
And time well spent, and both be satisfied.
Par. Well, gentle nymph, although thou do me wrong,
That can ne tune my pipe unto a song,
Me list this once, Œnone, for thy sake,
This idle task on me to undertake.

They sit under a tree together.

Œn. And whereon, then, shall be my roundelay?
For thou hast heard my store long since, dare say;
How Saturn did divide his kingdom tho§
To Jove, to Neptune, and to Dis below;
How mighty men made foul successless war
Against the gods and state of Jupiter;
How Phorcys' imp,‖ that was so trick and fair,
That tangled Neptune in her golden hair,
Became a Gorgon for her lewd misdeed,—
A pretty fable, Paris, for to read,
A piece of cunning, trust me, for the nones,
That wealth and beauty alter men to stones;
How Salmacis, resembling idleness,
Turns¶ men to women all through wantonness;

* *power*] This word is omitted in the 4to.
† *while*] i. e. until.
‡ *sort*] i. e. set, collection.
§ *tho*] i. e. then, of old.
‖ *Phorcys' imp*] i. e. Phorcys' offspring, viz. Medusa.—The 4to. "Phorcias *ympe*."
¶ *How Salmacis, resembling idleness, Turns*, &c.] That Peele had an eye to Golding's Epistle

How Pluto raught Queen Ceres' daughter thence,
And what did follow of that love-offence;
Of Daphne turn'd into the laurel-tree,
That shows a mirror of virginity;
How fair Narcissus tooting on his shade,*
Reproves disdain, and tells how form doth vade;†
How cunning Philomela's needle tells
What force in love, what wit in sorrow dwells;
What pains unhappy souls abide in hell,
They say because on earth they liv'd not well,—
Ixion's wheel, proud Tantal's pining woe,
Prometheus' torment, and a many mo,‡
How Danaus' daughters ply their endless task,
What toil the toil of Sisyphus doth ask:
All these are old and known I know, yet, if thou wilt have any,
Choose some of these, for, trust me, else Œnone hath not many.

Par. Nay, what thou wilt: but sith my cunning not compares with thine,
Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.

Œn. There is a pretty sonnet, then, we call it *Cupid's Curse*,
"They that do change old love for new, pray gods they change for worse!"
The note is fine and quick withal, the ditty will agree,
Paris, with that same vow of thine upon our poplar-tree.

Par. No better thing; begin it, then: Œnone, thou shalt see
Our music figure of the love that grows 'twixt thee and me.

They sing; and while ŒNONE *sings, he pipes.*

Œn. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.
Par. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.
Œn. My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry merry merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!
Both. They that do change, &c.
Œn. Fair and fair, &c.
Par. Fair and fair, &c.
Thy love is fair, &c.
Œn. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry merry roundelays,
Amen to Cupid's curse,—
They that do change, &c.
Par. They that do change, &c.
Both. Fair and fair, &c.

The song being ended, they rise.

Œn. Sweet shepherd, for Œnone's sake be cunning in this song,
And keep thy love, and love thy choice, or else thou dost her wrong.
Par. My vow is made and witnessèd, the poplar will not start,
Nor shall the nymph Œnone's love from forth my breathing heart.
I will go bring thee on thy way, my flock are here behind,
And I will have a lover's fee; they say, unkiss'd unkind. [*Exeunt.*

---

to Leicester, prefixed to his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the following extracts from it will show;

"Hermaphrodite and Salmacis declare that idleuesse
Is cheefest nurce and cherisher of all voluptuousnesse.
* * * * *
As for example, in the tale of Daphnee turnd too bay,
A myrror of virginitie appeere untoo us may.
* * * * *
Narcissus is of scornfulnesse and pryde a myrror cleere,
Where beautics fading vanitie most playnly may appeere."

* *How fair Narcissus tooting on his shade*] *Tooting* (which generally means prying, searching narrowly,) is here—poring, eagerly gazing on. Fairfax has;

"As in his spring *Narcissus tooting* laid."
Tasso's Godfrey of Bulloigne, B. xiv. st. 66.

† *vade*] i. e. fade.

‡ *mo*] i. e. more.

ACT II.

SCENA I.

Enter JUNO, PALLAS, *and* VENUS.

Ven. ex But pray you, tell me, Juno, was it so,
abrupto. As Pallas told me here the tale of Echo?

Juno. She was a nymph indeed, as Pallas tells,
A walker, such as in these thickets dwells;
And as she told what subtle juggling pranks
She play'd with Juno, so she told her thanks:
A tattling trull to come at every call,
And now, forsooth, nor tongue nor life at all.
And though perhaps she was a help to Jove,
And held me chat while he might court his love,
Believe me, dames, I am of this opinion,
He took but little pleasure in the minion;
And whatsoe'er his scapes have been beside,
Dare say for him, 'a never stray'd so wide:
A lovely nut-brown lass or lusty trull
Have power perhaps to make a god a bull.

Ven. Gramercy, gentle Juno, for that jest;
I' faith, that item was worth all the rest.

Pal. No matter, Venus, howsoe'er you scorn,
My father Jove at that time ware the horn.

Juno. Had every wanton god above, Venus, not better luck,
Then heaven would be a pleasant park, and Mars a lusty buck.

Ven. Tut, Mars hath horns to butt withal, although no bull 'a shows,
'A never needs to mask in nets, 'a fears no jealous froes.*

Juno. Forsooth, the better is his turn, for, if 'a speak too loud,
Must find some shift to shadow him, a net or else a cloud.

Pal. No more of this, fair goddesses; unrip not so your shames,
To stand all naked to the world, that bene such heavenly dames.

Juno. Nay, Pallas, that's a common trick with Venus well we know,
And all the gods in heaven have seen her naked long ago.

Ven. And then she was so fair and bright, so* lovely and so trim,
As Mars is but for Venus' tooth, and she will sport with him:
And, but me list not here to make comparison with Jove,
Mars is no ranger, Juno, he, in every open grove.

Pal. Too much of this: we wander far, the skies begin to scowl;
Retire we to Diana's bower, the weather will be foul.

The storm being past of thunder and lightning, and ATE *having trundled the ball into place, crying,* "Fatum Trojæ," JUNO *takes it up.*

Juno. Pallas, the storm is past and gone, and Phœbus clears the skies,
An l, lo, behold a ball of gold, a fair and worthy prize!

Ven. This posy wills the apple to the fairest given be;
Then is it mine, for Venus hight the fairest of the three.

Pal. The fairest here, as fair is meant, am I, ye do me wrong;
And if the fairest have it must, to me it doth belong.

Juno. Then Juno may it not enjoy, so every one says no,
But I will prove myself the fairest, ere I lose it so.
[*They read the posy.*
The brief† is this, *Detur pulcherrimæ,*
Let this unto the fairest given be,
The fairest of the three,—and I am she.

Pal. Detur pulcherrimæ,
Let this unto the fairest given be,
The fairest of the three,—and I am she.

Ven. Detur pulcherrimæ,
Let this unto the fairest given be,
The fairest of the three,—and I am she.

Juno. My face is fair; but yet the majesty,
That all the gods in heaven have seen in me,
Have made them choose me, of the planets seven,
To be the wife of Jove and queen of heaven.
If, then, this prize be but bequeath'd to beauty,
The only she that wins this prize am I.

---

* *froes*] i. e. frows.

* *so*] The 4to. "and."

† *brief*] i. e. writing,—posy.

Ven. That Venus is the fairest, this doth prove,
That Venus is the lovely Queen of Love:
The name of Venus is indeed but beauty,
And men me fairest call per excellency.
If, then, this prize be but bequeath'd to beauty,
The only she that wins this prize am I.

Pal. To stand on terms of beauty as you take it,
Believe me, ladies, is but to mistake it.
The beauty that this subtle prize must win,
No outward beauty hight, but dwells within;
And sift it as you please, and you shall find,
This beauty is the beauty of the mind:
This fairness, virtue hight in general,
That many branches hath in special;
This beauty wisdom hight, whereof am I,
By heaven appointed, goddess worthily.
And look how much the mind, the better part,
Doth overpass the body in desert,
So much the mistress of those gifts divine
Excels thy beauty, and that state of thine.
Then, if this prize be thus bequeath'd to beauty,
The only she that wins this prize am I.

Ven. Nay, Pallas, by your leave you wander clean:
We must not construe * hereof as you mean,
But take the sense as it is plainly meant;
And let the fairest ha't, I am content.

Pal. Our reasons will be infinite, I trow,
Unless unto some other point we grow:
But first here's none, methinks, dispos'd to yield,
And none but will with words maintain the field.

Juno. Then, if you will, t' avoid a tedious
Refer it to the sentence of a judge; [grudge,
Whoe'er he be that cometh next in place,
Let him bestow the ball and end the case.

Ven. So can it not go wrong with me at all.†

Pal. I am agreed, however it befal:
And yet by common doom, so may it be,
I may be said the fairest of the three.

Juno. Then yonder, lo, that shepherd swain is
That must be umpire in this controversy! [he,

Enter PARIS.

Ven. Juno, in happy time, I do accept the man;
It seemeth by his looks some skill of love he can.‡

Par. [*aside.*] The nymph is gone, and I, all solitary,
Must wend to tend my charge, oppress'd with melancholy.
This day (or else me fails my shepherd's skill)
Will tide me passing good or passing ill.

Juno. Shepherd, abash not, though at sudden
Thou be arriv'd by ignorance among us, [thus
Not earthly but divine, and goddesses all three;
Juno, Pallas, Venus, these our titles be.
Nor fear to speak for reverence of the place,
Chosen to end a hard and doubtful case.
This apple, lo, (nor ask thou whence it came,)
Is to be given unto the fairest dame!
And fairest is, nor she, nor she, but she
Whom, shepherd, thou shalt fairest name to be.
This is thy charge; fulfil without offence,
And she that wins shall give thee recompense.

Pal. Dread not to speak, for we have chosen thee,
Sith in this * case we can no judges be.

Ven. And, shepherd, say that I the fairest am,
And thou shalt win good guerdon for the same.

Juno. Nay, shepherd, look upon my stately grace,
Because the pomp that 'longs to Juno's mace
Thou † mayst not see; and think Queen Juno's name,
To whom old shepherds title works of fame,
Is mighty, and may easily suffice,
At Phœbe's hand,‡ to gain a golden prize.
And for thy meed, sith I am queen of riches,
Shepherd,§ I will reward thee with great monarchies,
Empires, and kingdoms, heaps of massy gold,
Sceptres and diadems curious to behold,

---

* *construe*] The 4to. "conster." See note *, p. 200, sec. col.

† *me at all*] The 4to. "*me* not *at al.*"

‡ *can*] i. e. knows,—has.

* *this*] The 4to. "thie."

† *Thou*] The 4to. "They."

‡ *At Phœbe's hand*, &c.] The 4to. "*At* Phebus *hand*," &c.—"The Editor conjectures 'Phœbe's,' but surely not correctly; for Juno, who is speaking, could not foresee that the prize was to be bestowed by Phœbe or Diana. It was an afterthought. The peculiar propriety of the word 'Phœbus' in the text is certainly not clear; and we think that the error may be deeper than a misprint in the last syllable." *Rev. J. Mitford,—Gent. Mag.* for Feby. 1833, p. 101.

I still think that "*Phœbe's*" is right. Compare, in p. 354, first col.,

> "It rests in fine, for to confirm my talk,
> Ye deign to pass along to *Dian's* walk;
> Where she among her troop of maids attends
> The fair arrival of her welcome friends";

and, in p. 353, first col.,

> "Where *Phœbe* means to make this meeting royal."

Again, after Diana has assigned the golden apple to Queen Elizabeth, Juno says

> "The Queen of Heaven yields at *Phœbe's doom*,"
> p. 369, sec. col.,

where (let it be particularly noticed) the 4to. has, by a misprint, "Phœbus *doom*."

§ *Shepherd*] Qy. an interpolation?

Rich robes, of sumptuous workmanship and cost,
And thousand things whereof I make no boast:
The mould whereon thou treadest shall be of
Tagus' sands,
And Xanthus shall run liquid gold for thee to
wash thy hands;
And if thou like to tend thy flock, and not from
them to fly,
Their fleeces shall be curlèd gold to please their
master's eye;
And last, to set thy heart on fire, give this one
fruit to me,
And, shepherd, lo, this tree of gold will I bestow
on thee!

JUNO'S *Show.*

A Tree of Gold rises, laden with diadems and crowns of gold.

The ground whereon it grows, the grass, the
root of gold,
The body and the bark of gold, all glistering to
behold,
The leaves of burnish'd gold, the fruits that
thereon grow
Are diadems set with pearl in gold, in gorgeous
glistering show;
And if this tree of gold in lieu may not suffice,
Require a grove of golden trees, so Juno bear the
prize. [*The Tree sinks.*
Pal. Me list not tempt thee with decaying
wealth,
Which is embas'd by want of lusty health;
But if thou have a mind to fly above,
Y-crown'd with fame, near to the seat of Jove,
If thou aspire to wisdom's worthiness,
Whereof thou * mayst not see the brightness,
If thou desire honour of chivalry,
To be renown'd for happy victory,
To fight it out, and in the champaign field
To shroud thee under Pallas' warlike shield,
To prance on barbèd steeds, this honour, lo,
Myself for guerdon shall on thee bestow!
And for encouragement, that thou mayst see
What famous knights Dame Pallas' warriors be,
Behold in Pallas' honour here they come,
Marching along with sound of thundering drum.

PALLAS' *Show.*

Enter Nine Knights *in armour, treading a warlike almain,* † *by drum and fife: and then they having marched forth again,* VENUS *speaks.*

Ven. Come, shepherd, come, sweet shepherd,
look on me,
These bene too hot alarums these for thee:

But if thou wilt give me the golden ball,
Cupid my boy shall ha't to play withal,
That, whensoe'er this apple he shall see,
The God of Love himself shall think on thee,
And bid thee look and choose, and he will
wound
Whereso thy fancy's object shall be found;
And lightly * when he shoots he doth not miss:
And I will give thee many a lovely† kiss,
And come and play with thee on Ida here;
And if thou wilt a face that hath no peer,
A gallant girl, a lusty minion trull,
That can give sport to thee thy bellyfull,
To ravish all thy beating veins with joy,
Here is a lass of Venus' court, my boy,
Here, gentle shepherd, here's for thee a piece,
The fairest face, the flower of gallant Greece.

VENUS' *Show.*

Enter HELEN *in her bravery, with four* Cupids *attending on her, each having his fan in his hand to fan fresh air in her face: she sings as follows.*

Se Diana nel cielo è una stella
Chiara e lucente, piena di splendore,
Che porge luc' all' affanato cuore;
Se Diana nel ferno è una dea,
Che da conforto all' anime dannate,
Che per amor son morte desperate;
Se Diana, ch' in terra è delle ninfe
Reina imperativa di dolci fiori,
Tra bosch' e selve da morte a pastori;
Io son un Diana dolce e rara,
Che con li guardi io posso far guerra
A Dian' infern', in cielo, e in terra. [*Exit.*

Par. Most heavenly dames, was never man as I,
Poor shepherd swain, so happy and unhappy;
The least of these delights that you devise,
Able to rape and dazzle human eyes.
But since my silence may not pardon'd be,
And I appoint which is the fairest she,
Pardon, most sacred dames, sith one, not all,
By Paris' doom must have this golden ball.
Thy beauty, stately Juno, dame divine,
That like to Phœbus' golden beams doth shine,
Approves itself to be most excellent;
But that fair face that doth me most content,
Sith fair, fair dames, is neither she nor she,
But she whom I shall fairest deem to be,
That face is hers that hight the Queen of Love,
Whose sweetness doth both gods and creatures
move;

* *Whereof thou*, &c.] Perhaps a slightly mutilated line.
† *almain*] Or *allemande*, i. e. a kind of dance.

* *lightly*] i. e. commonly, usually.
† *lovely*] See note *, p. 189, first col.

And if the fairest face deserve the ball,
Fair Venus, ladies, bears it from ye all.
[*Gives the golden ball to* VENUS.
Ven. And in this ball doth Venus more delight
Than in her lovely boy fair Cupid's sight.
Come, shepherd, come; sweet Venus is thy friend;
No matter how thou other gods offend.
[VENUS *takes* PARIS *away with her.*

Juno. But he shall rue and ban the dismal day
Wherein his Venus bare the ball away;
And heaven and earth just witnesses shall be,
I will revenge it on his progeny.
Pal. Well, Juno, whether we be lief * or loth,
Venus hath got the apple from us both.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENA I.

Enter COLIN, *who sings his passion of love.*

O gentle Love, ungentle for thy deed,
Thou mak'st my heart
A bloody mark
With piercing shot to bleed!
Shoot soft, sweet Love, for fear thou shoot amiss,
For fear too keen
Thy arrows been,
And hit the heart where my belovèd is.
Too fair that fortune were, nor never I
Shall be so blest,
Among the rest,
That Love shall seize on her by sympathy.
Then since with Love my prayers bear no boot,
This doth remain
To ease * my pain,
I take the wound, and die at Venus' foot.
[*Exit.*

Enter HOBBINOL, DIOGON, *and* THENOT.

Hob. Poor Colin, woeful man, thy life forspoke by love,
What uncouth fit, what malady, is this that thou dost prove?
Dig. Or Love is void of physic clean, or Love's our common wrack,
That gives us bane to bring us low, and let[s] us medicine lack.
Hob. That ever Love had reverence 'mong silly shepherd swains!
Belike that humour hurts them most that most might be their pains.

The. Hobbin, it is some other god that cherisheth their† sheep,
For sure this Love doth nothing else but make our herdmen weep.
Dig. And what a hap is this, I pray, when all our woods rejoice,
For Colin thus to be denied his young and lovely choice?
The. She hight indeed so fresh and fair that well it is for thee,
Colin, and kind‡ hath been thy friend, that Cupid could not see.
Hob. And whither wends yon thriveless swain? like to the stricken deer,
Seeks he dictamnum § for his wound within our forest here?
Dig. He wends to greet the Queen of Love, that in these woods doth won,‖
With mirthless lays to make complaint to Venus of her son.
The. Ah, Colin, thou art all deceiv'd! she dallies with the boy,
And winks at all his wanton pranks, and thinks thy love a toy.
Hob. Then leave him to his luckless love, let him abide his fate;
The sore is rankled all too far, our comfort comes too late.
Dig. Though Thestylis the scorpion be that breaks his sweet assault,
Yet will Rhamnusia ¶ vengeance take on her disdainful fault.

* *ease*] So in *England's Helicon*, 1600, where this song is printed with Peele's signature.—The 4to. "cease."

* *lief*] The 4to. "leyse."

† *their*] The 4to. "her"; which is sometimes equivalent to—their: but I have not retained it here, because "*their*" occurs in the preceding line. ‡ *kind*] i. e. nature.

§ *dictamnum*] The 4to. "Dictamum."—See note ‡, p. 205, first col. ‖ *won*] i. e. dwell,—haunt.

¶ *Rhamnusia*] i. e. Nemesis, so called from Rhamnus

The. Lo, yonder comes the lovely nymph, that in these Ida vales
Plays with Amyntas' lusty boy, and coys * him in the dales!
Hob. Thenot, methinks her cheer † is chang'd, her mirthful looks are laid,
She frolics not; pray god, the lad have not beguil'd ‡ the maid!

Enter ŒNONE *with a wreath of poplar on her head.*

Œn. [*aside.*] Beguil'd, disdain'd, and out of love! Live long, thou poplar-tree,
And let thy letters grow in length, to witness this with me.
Ah, Venus, but for reverence unto thy sacred name,
To steal a silly maiden's love, I might account it blame!
And if the tales be true I hear, and blush for to recite,
Thou dost me wrong to leave the plains and dally out of sight.
False Paris, this was not thy vow, when thou and I were one,
To range and change old love for new; but now those days be gone.
But I will find the goddess out, that she thy vow may read,
And fill these woods with my laments for thy unhappy deed.
Hob. So fair a face, so foul a thought to harbour in his breast!
Thy hope consum'd, poor nymph, thy hap is worse than all the rest.
Œn. Ah, shepherds, you bin full of wiles, and whet your wits on books,
And rape poor maids with pipes and songs, and sweet alluring looks!
Dig. Mis-speak not all for his amiss;§ there bin that keepen flocks,
That never chose but once, nor yet beguilèd love with mocks.
Œn. False Paris, he is none of those; his trothless double deed
Will hurt a many shepherds else that might go nigh to speed.

The. Poor Colin, that is ill for thee, that art as true in trust
To thy sweet smart as to his nymph Paris hath bin unjust.
Œn. Ah, well is she hath Colin won, that nill* no other love!
And woe is me, my luck is loss, my pains no pity move!
Hob. Farewell, fair nymph, sith he must heal alone that gave the wound;
There grows no herb of such effect upon Dame Nature's ground.

[*Exeunt* HOBBINOL, DIGGON, *and* THENOT.

Enter MERCURY *with* VULCAN'S Cyclops.

Mer. Here is a nymph that sadly sits, and she beleek †
Can tell some news, Pyracmon, of the jolly swain we seek:
Dare wage my wings, the lass doth love, she looks so bleak and thin;
And 'tis for anger or for grief: but I will talk begin.
Œn. [*aside.*] Break out, poor heart, and make complaint, the mountain flocks to move,
What proud repulse and thankless scorn thou hast receiv'd of love.
Mer. She singeth; sirs, be hush'd a while.

ŒNONE *sings as she sits.*

ŒNONE'S *Complaint.*

Melpomene, the Muse of tragic songs,
With mournful tunes, in stole of dismal hue,
Assist a silly nymph to wail her woe,
And leave thy lusty company behind.

Thou‡ luckless wreath! becomes not me to wear
The poplar-tree for triumph of my love:
Then, as my joy, my pride of love, is left,
Be thou unclothèd of thy lovely green;

And in thy leaves my fortune § written be,
And them ‖ some gentle wind let blow abroad,
That all the world may see how false of love
False Paris hath to his Œnone been.

---

in Attica, where were her temple and statue. Our old dramatists were fond of this sounding title.

* *coys*] i. e. caresses, soothes, strokes.

† *cheer*] i. e. air, look.

‡ *beguil'd*] Tho 4to. "beguido."

§ *amiss*] i. e. fault.

* *nill*] i. e. will not.

† *she beleek*] Qy. "*she* to us *beleek*"?—*beleek*, i. e. belike. —The 4to. "belike": but compare our author's *Tale of Troy*:

"Unwares to wreak Patroclus' death *beleek*,
He slays a peerless Trojan for a Greek."

‡ *Thou*] *England's Helicon*, where Œnone's Complaint is printed with Peele's signature, "This."

§ *fortune*] *E. H.* "fortunes."

‖ *them*] *E. H.* "then."

The song ended, ŒNONE *sitting still,* MERCURY *speaks.*

Mer. Good day, fair maid; weary belike with following of your game,
I wish thee cunning at thy will, to spare or strike the same.

Œn. I thank you, sir; my game is quick, and rids * a length of ground,
And yet I am deceiv'd, or else 'a had a deadly wound.

Mer. Your hand perhaps did swerve awry.†

Œn. Or else it was my heart.

Mer. Then sure 'a plied his footmanship.

Œn. 'A play'd a ranging part.

Mer. You should have given a deeper wound.

Œn. I could not that for pity.

Mer. You should have ey'd him better, then.

Œn. Blind love was not so witty.

Mer. Why, tell me, sweet, are you in love?

Œn. Or would I were not so.

Mer. Ye mean because 'a does ye wrong.

Œn. Perdy,‡ the more my woe.

Mer. Why, mean ye Love, or him ye lov'd?

Œn. Well may I mean them both.

Mer. Is Love to blame?

Œn. The Queen of Love hath made him false his troth.

Mer. Mean ye, indeed, the Queen of Love?

Œn. Even wanton Cupid's dame.

Mer. Why, was thy love so lovely, then?

Œn. His beauty hight his shame;
The fairest shepherd on our green.

Mer. Is he a shepherd, than?§

Œn. And sometime kept a bleating flock.

Mer. Enough, this is the man.
Where wons‖ he, then?

Œn. About these woods, far from the poplar-tree.

Mer. What poplar mean ye? [me.

Œn. Witness of the vows 'twixt¶ him and
And come and wend a little way, and you shall see his skill.

Mer. Sirs, tarry you.

Œn. Nay, let them go.

Mer. Nay, not unless you will.
Stay, nymph, and hark** what I say of him thou blamest so,
And, credit me, I have a sad discourse to tell thee ere I go.

Know then, my pretty mops, that I hight Mercury,
The messenger of heaven, and hither fly,
To seize upon the man whom thou dost love,
To summon him before my father Jove,
To answer matter of great consequence:
And Jove himself will not be long from hence.

Œn. Sweet Mercury, and have poor Œnon's cries
For Paris' fault y-pierc'd* th' unpartial skies?

Mer. The same is he, that jolly shepherd's swain.

Œn. His flock do graze upon Aurora's plain,
The colour of his coat is lusty green;
That would these eyes of mine had never seen
His 'ticing curled hair, his front of ivory,
Then had not I, pŏor I, bin unhappy.

Mer. No marvel, wench, although we cannot find him,
When all too late the Queen of Heaven doth mind him.
But if thou wilt have physic for thy sore,
Mind him who list, remember thou him no more,
And find some other game, and get thee gone;
For here will lusty suitors come anon,
Too hot and lusty † for thy dying vein,
Such as ne'er wont ‡ to make their suits in vain.

[*Exit with the* Cyclops.

Œn. I will go sit and pine under the poplar-tree,
And write my answer to his vow, that every eye may see. [*Exit.*

— • —

SCENA II.

Enter VENUS, PARIS, *and a company of* Shepherds.

Ven. Shepherds, I am content, for this sweet shepherd's sake,
A strange revenge upon the maid and her disdain to take.
Let Colin's corpse be brought in place, and buried § in the plain,
And let this be the verse, *The love whom Thestylis hath slain.*
And, trust me, I will chide my son for partiality,
That gave the swain so deep a wound, and let her scape him by.

* *rids*] i. e. clears.
† *awry*] The 4to. "awarie"
‡ *Perdy*] i. e. *par Dieu*, verily.
§ *than*] A form of *then*: see note *, p. 206, sec. col.
‖ *wons*] i. e. dwells.
¶ *'twixt*] The 4to. "betwixt."
** *hark*] Qy. "harken"?

* *y-pierc'd*] The 4to. "ypeircest."
† *lusty*] Repeated, it would seem, by mistake from the preceding line.
‡ *ne'er wont*] The 4to. "were monte."
§ *buried*] The 4to. "burned."

First Shep. Alas that ever Love was blind, to shoot so far amiss!

Ven. Cupid my son was more to blame, the fault not mine, but his.

[*Exeunt* Shepherds.

Par. O madam, if yourself would deign the handling of the bow,
Albeit it be a task, yourself more skill, more justice know.

Ven. Sweet shepherd, didst thou ever love?

Par. Lady, a little once.

Ven. And art thou chang'd?

Par. Fair Queen of Love, I lov'd not all attonce.*

Ven. Well, wanton, wert thou wounded so deep as some have been,
It were a cunning cure to heal, and rueful to be seen.

Par. But tell me, gracious goddess, for a start† and false offence
Hath Venus or her son the power at pleasure to dispense?

Ven. My boy, I will instruct thee in a piece of poetry,
That haply erst thou hast not heard: in hell there is a tree,
Where once a-day do sleep the souls of false forsworen lovers,
With open hearts; and there about in swarms the number hovers
Of poor forsaken ghosts, whose wings from off this tree do beat
Round drops of fiery Phlegethon to scorch false hearts with heat.
This pain did Venus and her son entreat the prince of hell
T' impose to such as faithless were to such as lov'd them well:
And, therefore, this, my lovely boy, fair Venus doth advise thee,
Be true and steadfast in thy love, beware thou do disguise thee;
For he that makes but love a jest, when pleaseth him to start,
Shall feel those fiery water-drops consume his faithless heart.

Par. Is Venus and her son so full of justice and severity?

Ven. Pity it were that love should not be liuked with indifferency.
However lovers can exclaim for hard success in love,
Trust me, some more than common cause that painful hap doth move:
And Cupid's bow is not alone his triumph, but his rod;
Nor is he only but a boy, he hight a mighty god;
And they that do him reverence have reason for the same,
His shafts keep heaven and earth in awe, and shape rewards for shame.

Par. And hath he reason to maintain why Colin died for love?

Ven. Yea, reason good, I warrant thee, in right it might behove.

Par. Then be the name of Love ador'd; his bow is full of might,
His wounds are all but for desert, his laws are all but right.

*Ven.** Well, for this once me list apply my speeches to thy sense,
And Thestylis shall feel the pain for Love's suppos'd offence.

The Shepherds *bring in* COLIN'S *hearse, singing,*

Welladay, welladay, poor Colin, thou art going to the ground,
The love whom Thestylis† hath slain,
Hard heart, fair face, fraught with disdain,
Disdain in love a deadly wound.
Wound her, sweet Love, so deep again,
That she may feel the dying pain
Of this unhappy shepherd's swain,
And die for love as Colin died, as Colin died.

Ven. Shepherds, abide; let Colin's corpse be witness of the pain
That Thestylis endures in love, a plague for her disdain.
Behold the organ of our wrath, this rusty churl is he;
She dotes on his ill-favour'd face, so much accurs'd is she.

Enter a foul crooked Churl, *with* THESTYLIS *a fair* Lass, *who woos him, and sings an old song called* The Wooing of Colman: *he crabbedly refuses her, and goes out of place: she tarries behind.*

Par. Ah, poor unhappy Thestylis, unpitied is thy pain!

Ven. Her fortune not unlike to hers‡ whom cruel thou hast slain.

* *attonce*] For "at once."

† *a start*] Compare the last line but one of the next speech.

* *Ven.*] Omitted in the 4to.

† *Thestylis*] The 4to. "Thestis."

‡ *hers*] The 4to. "his."

THESTYLIS *sings, and the* Shepherds *reply.*

THE SONG.

Thest. The strange affects of my tormented heart,
Whom cruel love hath woeful prisoner caught,
Whom cruel hate hath into bondage brought,
Whom wit no way of safe escape hath taught,
Enforce me say, in witness of my smart,
There is no pain to foul disdain in hardy suits of love.
Shepherds. There is no pain, &c.
Thest. Cruel, farewell.
Shepherds. Cruel, farewell.
Thest. Most cruel thou, of all that nature fram'd,
Shepherds. Most cruel, &c.
Thest. To kill thy love with thy disdain.
Shepherds. To kill thy love with thy disdain.
Thest. Cruel Disdain, so live thou nam'd,
Shepherds. Cruel Disdain, &c.
Thest. And let me die of Iphis' pain,
Shepherds. A life too good for thy disdain.
Thest. Sith this my stars to me allot,
And thou thy love hast all forgot.
Shepherds. And thou, &c. [*Exit* THESTYLIS.

The grace of this song is in the Shepherds' *echo to her verse.*

Ven. Now, shepherds, bury Colin's corpse, perfume his hearse with flowers,
And write what justice Venus did amid these woods of yours.

[*The* Shepherds *carry out* COLIN'S *hearse.*

How now, how cheers my lovely boy, after this dump of love?
Par. Such dumps, sweet lady, as bin these, are deadly dumps to prove.
Ven. Cease, shepherd, there* are other news, after this melancholy:
My mind presumes some tempest toward upon the speech of Mercury.

Enter MERCURY *with* VULCAN'S Cyclops.

Mer. Fair Lady Venus, let me pardon'd be,
That have of long bin well-belov'd of thee,
If, as my office bids, myself first brings
To my sweet madam these unwelcome tidings.

* *there*] The 4to. "these."

Ven. What news, what tidings, gentle Mercury,
In midst of my delights, to trouble me?
Mer. At Juno's suit, Pallas assisting her,
Sith both did join in suit to Jupiter,
Action is enter'd in the court of heaven;
And me, the swiftest of the planets seven,
With warrant they have thence despatch'd away,
To apprehend and find the man, they say,
That gave from them that self-same ball of gold,
Which, I presume, I do in place behold;
Which man, unless my marks be taken wide,
Is he that sits so near thy gracious side.
This being so, it rests he go from hence,
Before the gods to answer his offence.
Ven. What tale is this? doth Juno and her mate
Pursue this shepherd with such deadly hate,
As what was then our general agreement,
To stand unto they nill * be now content?
Let Juno jet,† and Pallas play her part,
What here I have, I won it by desert;
And heaven and earth shall both confounded be,
Ere wrong in this be done to him or me.
Mer. This little fruit, if Mercury can spell,
Will send, I fear, a world of souls to hell.
Ven. What mean these Cyclops, Mercury? is Vulcan wax'd so fine,
To send his chimney-sweepers forth to fetter any friend of mine?—
Abash not, shepherd, at the thing; myself thy bail will be.—
He shall be present at the court of Jove, I warrant thee.
Mer. Venus, give me your pledge.
Ven. My ceston, or my fan, or both?
Mer. [*taking her fan.*] Nay, this shall serve, your word to me as sure as is your oath,
At Diana's‡ bower; and, lady, if my wit or policy
May profit him, for Venus' sake let him make bold with Mercury.

[*Exit with the* Cyclops.

Ven. Sweet Paris, whereon dost thou muse?
Par. The angry heavens, for this fatal jar,
Name me the instrument of dire and deadly war.

[*Exeunt.*

* *nill*] i. e. will not.
† *jet*] i. e. strut.
‡ *Diana's*] Qy. "Dian's"?

ACT IV.

SCENA I.

Enter one of DIANA's Nymphs, *followed by* VULCAN.

Vul. Why, nymph, what need ye run so fast?
what though but black I be?
I have more pretty knacks to please than every
eye doth see;
And though I go not so upright, and though I am
a smith,
To make me gracious you may have some other
thing therewith.

Enter BACCHUS.

Bac. Yea, Vulcan, will ye so indeed?—Nay,
turn, and tell him, trull,
He hath a mistress of his own to take his bellyfull.
Vul. Why, sir, if Phœbe's dainty nymphs
please lusty Vulcan's tooth,
Why may not Vulcan tread awry as well as Venus
doth?
Nym. Ye shall not taint your troth for me:
you wot it very well,
All that be Dian's maids are vow'd to halter apes*
in hell.
Bac. I'faith, i'faith, my gentle mops, but I do
know a cast,
Lead apes who list, that we would help t'unhalter
them as fast.
Nym. Fie, fie, your skill is wondrous great!
Had† thought the God of Wine
Had tended but his tubs and grapes, and not ben
half so fine.
Vul. Gramercy for that quirk, my girl.
Bac. That's one of dainty's frumps.‡
Nym. I pray, sir, take't with all amiss; our
cunning comes by lumps.
Vul. Sh'ath capp'd his answer in the cue.
Nym. How says 'a, has she so?
As well as she that capp'd your head to keep you
warm below.
Vul. Yea, then you will be curst I see.
Bac. Best let her even alone.
Nym. Yea, gentle gods, and find some other
string to harp upon.

* *apes*] The 4to. "apples."
† *Had*] i. e. I had.
‡ *frumps*] i. e. flouts, mocking speeches.

Bac. Some other string! agreed, i'faith, some
other pretty thing;
'Twere shame fair maids should idle be: how say
you, will ye sing?
Nym. Some rounds or merry roundelays, we
sing no other songs;
Your melancholic notes not to our country mirth
belongs.
Vul. Here comes a crew will help us trim.

Enter MERCURY *with the* Cyclops.

Mer. Yea, now our task is done.
Bac. Then, merry Mercury, more than time
this round were well begun.

They sing "Hey down, down, down," &c.

The song done, the Nymph *winds a horn in* VULCAN's *ear, and runs out.*

Vul. A harlotry, I warrant her.
Bac. A peevish elvish shroe.*
Mer. Have† seen as far to come as near, for all
her ranging so.
But, Bacchus, time well-spent I wot, our sacred
father Jove,
With Phœbus and the God of War are met in
Dian's grove.
Vul. Then we are here before them yet: but
stay, the earth doth swell;
God Neptune, too, (this hap is good,) doth meet
the Prince of Hell.

PLUTO *ascends from below in his chair;* NEPTUNE *enters at another way.*

Plu. What jars are these, that call the gods of
heaven and hell below?
Nep. It is a work of wit and toil to rule a lusty
shroe.

Enter JUPITER, SATURN, APOLLO, MARS, JUNO, PALLAS, *and* DIANA.

Jup. Bring forth the man of Troy, that he may
hear
Whereof he is to be arraignèd here.
Nep. Lo, where 'a comes, prepar'd to plead his
case,
Under condúct of lovely Venus' grace!

* *shroe*] i. e. shrew.
† *Have*] i. e. I have.

Enter VENUS *with* PARIS.

Mer. I have not seen a more alluring boy.

Apol. So beauty hight the wreck of Priam's Troy.

The gods being set in DIANA'S *bower;* DIANA, JUNO, PALLAS, VENUS, *and* PARIS, *stand on sides before them.*

Ven. Lo, sacred Jove, at Juno's proud complaint,
As erst I gave my pledge to Mercury,
I bring the man whom he did late attaint,
To answer his indictment orderly;
And crave this grace of this immortal senate,
That ye allow the man his advocate.

Pal. That may not be; the laws of heaven deny
A man to plead or answer by attorney.

Ven. Pallas, thy doom is all too peremptory.

Apol. Venus, that favour is denied him flatly:
He is a man, and therefore by our laws,
Himself, without his aid, must plead his cause.

Ven. Then 'bash not, shepherd, in so good a case;
And friends thou hast, as well as foes, in place.

Juno. Why, Mercury, why do ye not indict him?

Ven. Soft, gentle Juno, I pray you, do not bite him.

Juno. Nay, gods, I trow, you are like to have great silence,
Unless this parrot be commanded hence.

Jup. Venus, forbear, be still.—Speak, Mercury.

Ven. If Juno jangle, Venus will reply.

Mer. Paris, king Priam's son, thou art arraign'd of partiality,
Of sentence partial and unjust; for that without indifferency,
Beyond desert or merit far, as thine accusers say,
From them, to Lady Venus here, thou gav'st the prize away:
What is thine answer?

PARIS' *oration to the* Council of the Gods.

Sacred and just, thou great and dreadful Jove,
And you thrice-reverend powers, whom love nor [hate
May wrest awry; if this to me a man,
This fortune fatal be, that I must plead
For safe excusal of my guiltless thought,
The honour more makes my mishap the less,
That I a man must plead before the gods,
Gracious forbearers of the world's amiss,*
For her, whose beauty how it hath entic'd,
This heavenly senate may with me aver.

But sith nor that nor this may do me boot,
And for myself myself must speaker be,
A mortal man amidst this heavenly presence;
Let me not shape a long defence to them
That ben beholders of my guiltless thoughts.
Then for the deed, that I may not deny,
Wherein consists the full of mine offence,
I did upon command; if then I err'd,
I did no more than to a man belong'd.
And if, in verdict of their forms divine,
My dazzled eye did swerve or surfeit more
On Venus' face than any face of theirs,
It was no partial fault, but fault of his,
Belike, whose eyesight not so perfect was
As might discern the brightness of the rest.
And if it were permitted unto men,
Ye gods, to parle with your secret thoughts,
There ben that sit upon that sacred seat,
That would with Paris err in Venus' praise.
But let me cease to speak of error here;
Sith what my hand, the organ of my heart,
Did give with good agreement of mine eye,
My tongue is void with process to maintain.

Plu. A jolly shepherd, wise and eloquent.

Par. First, then, arraign'd of partiality,
Paris replies, "Unguilty of the fact";
His reason is, because he knew no more
Fair Venus' ceston than Dame Juno's mace,
Nor never saw wise Pallas' crystal shield.
Then, as I look'd, I lov'd and lik'd attonce,*
And as it was referr'd from them to me,
To give the prize to her whose beauty best
My fancy did commend, so did I praise
And judge as might my dazzled eye discern.

Nep. A piece of art, that cunningly, perdy,†
Refers the blame to weakness of his eye.

Par. Now, for I must add reason for my deed,
Why Venus rather pleas'd me of the three;
First, in the entrails of my mortal ears,‡

* *amiss*] i. e. sin.

* *attonce*] For "at once."

† *perdy*] Here the 4to. has the more unusual form "pardie": but see note *, p. 353, first. col., and note ‡, p. 361, first col.

‡ *in the entrails of my mortal ears*] In a note on *The First Part of Henry iv*, act I. sc. 1, *Shakespeare*, vol. iii. 321, ed. 1858, Mr. Collier remarks; "In Peele's 'Arraignment of Paris,' A. IV. sc. 4, *entrails* is unquestionably misprinted for 'entrance,' where Paris talks of 'the *entrails* of my mortal ears,' instead of 'the entrance of my mortal ears' The Rev. editor has failed to detect this blunder: see Dyce's Peele's Works, i. 53." To which I have already thus replied in another work (*Strictures on Mr. Collier's new ed. of Shakespeare*, 1858, p. 107); "So far from assenting to Mr. Collier's *dictum*, that in this passage '*entrails*' (spelt in the 4to. '*intrayles*') is a misprint, I believe it to be the poet's own word; and, moreover, I am sure that 'the entrance of my mortal ears' would not convey the sense which Peele intended. . . . Our

The question standing upon beauty's blaze,
The name of her that hight* the Queen of Love,
Methought †, in beauty should not be excell'd.
Had it been destinèd to majesty,
(Yet will I not rob Venus of her grace,)
Then stately Juno might have borne the ball.
Had it to wisdom been intitulèd,
My human wit had given it Pallas then.
But sith unto the fairest of the three
That power, that threw it for my farther ill,
Did dedicate this ball; and safest durst
My shepherd's skill adventure, as I thought,
To judge of form and beauty rather than
Of Juno's state or Pallas' worthiness,
That learn'd to ken the fairest of the flock,
And praisèd beauty but by nature's aim;
Behold, to Venus Paris gave this fruit,
A daysman‡ chosen there by full consent,
And heavenly powers should not repent their deeds.
Where it is said, beyond desert of hers
I honour'd Venus with this golden prize,
Ye gods, alas, what can a mortal man
Discern betwixt the sacred gifts of heaven?
Or, if I may with reverence reason thus;
Suppose I gave, and judg'd corruptly then,
For hope of that that best did please my thought,
This apple not for beauty's praise alone;
I might offend, sith I was pardonèd,§
And tempted more than ever creature was
With wealth, with beauty, and with chivalry,
And so preferr'd beauty before them all,
The thing that hath enchanted heaven itself.
And for the one, contentment is my wealth;
A shell of salt will serve a shepherd swain,
A slender banquet in a homely scrip,
And water running from the silver spring.
For arms, they dread no foes that sit so low;
A thorn can keep the wind from off my back,
A sheep-cote thatch'd a shepherd's palace hight.
Of tragic Muses shepherds con‖ no skill;
Enough is them, if Cupid ben displeas'd,
To sing his praise on slender oaten pipe.
And thus, thrice-reverend, have I told my tale,
And crave the torment of my guiltless soul
To be measúrèd by my faultless thought.
If warlike Pallas or the Queen of Heaven
Sue to reverse my sentence by appeal,
Be it as please your majesties divine;
The wrong, the hurt, not mine, if any be,
But hers whose beauty claim'd the prize of me.

PARIS *having ended,* JUPITER *speaks.*

Jup. Venus, withdraw your shepherd for a space,
Till he again be call'd for into place.

[*Exeunt* VENUS *and* PARIS.

Juno, what will ye after this reply,
But doom with sentence of indifferency?
And if you will but justice in the cause,
The man must quited* be by heaven's laws.

Juno. Yea, gentle Jove, when Juno's suits are mov'd,
Then heaven may see how well she is belov'd.

Apol. But, madam, fits it majesty divine
In any sort from justice to decline?

Pal. Whether the man be guilty, yea or no,
That doth not hinder our appeal, I trow.

Juno. Phœbus, I wot, amid this heavenly crew,
There be that have to say as well as you.

Apol. And, Juno, I with them, and they with me,
In law and right must needfully agree.

Pal. I grant ye may agree, but be content
To doubt upon regard of your agreement.

Plu. And if ye mark'd, the man in his defence
Said thereof as 'a might with reverence.

Vul. And did ye very well, I promise ye.

Juno. No doubt, sir, you could note it cunningly.

Sat. Well, Juno, if ye will appeal, ye may,
But first despatch the shepherd hence away.

Mars. Then Vulcan's dame is like to have the wrong.

Juno. And that in passion doth to Mars belong.

Jup. Call Venus and the shepherd in again.

Bac. And rid the man that he may know his pain.

Apol. His pain, his pain, his never-dying pain,
A cause to make a many more complain.

MERCURY *brings in* VENUS *and* PARIS.

Jup. Shepherd, thou hast ben heard with equity and law,
And for thy stars do thee to other calling draw,
We here dismiss thee hence, by order of our senate:
Go take thy way to Troy, and there abide thy fate.

Ven. Sweet shepherd, with such luck in love, while thou dost live,
As may the Queen of Love to any lover give.

---

early authors sometimes employ the word '*entrails*' where modern writers would hardly think of using it: so in *Titus Andronicus*, act ii. sc. 4, we have 'the ragged *entrails* of this pit.'"

* *hight*] i. e. called.

† *Methought*] The 4to. "My thought."

‡ *daysman*] i. e. umpire.

§ *pardonèd*] Is this a misprint? and, if so, for what?

‖ *con*] i. e. know,—have.

* *quited*] i. e. acquitted.

Par. My luck is loss, howe'er my love do speed:
I fear me Paris shall but rue his deed. [*Exit.*

Apol. From Ida woods now wends the shepherd's boy,
That in his bosom carries fire to Troy.

Jup. Venus, these ladies do appeal, you see,
And that they may appeal the gods agree:
It resteth, then, that you be well content
To stand in this unto our final judgment;
And if King Priam's son did well in this,
The law of heaven will not lead amiss.

Ven. But, sacred Jupiter, might thy daughter choose,
She might with reason this appeal refuse:
Yet, if they be unmovèd in their shames,
Be it a stain and blemish to their names;
A deed, too, far unworthy of the place,
Unworthy Pallas' lance or Juno's mace:
And if to beauty it bequeathèd be,
I doubt not but it will return to me.

[*Lays down the ball.*

Pal. Venus, there is no more ado than so,
It resteth where the gods do it bestow.

Nep. But, ladies, under favour of your rage,
Howe'er it be, you play upon the vantage.

Jup. Then, dames, that we more freely may debate,
And hear th' indifferent sentence of this senate,
Withdraw you from this presence for a space,
Till we have throughly question'd of the case:
Dian shall be your guide; nor shall you need
Yourselves t' inquire how things do here succeed;
We will, as we resolve, give you to know,
By general doom how everything doth go.

Dia. Thy will, my wish.—Fair ladies, will ye wend?

Juno. Beshrew her whom this sentence doth offend.

Ven. Now, Jove, be just; and, gods, you that be Venus' friends,
If you have ever done her wrong, then may you make amends.

[*Exeunt* DIANA, JUNO, PALLAS, *and* VENUS.

Jup. Venus is fair, Pallas and Juno too.

Vul. But tell me now without some more ado,
Who is the fairest she, and do not flatter.

Plu. Vulcan,
Upon comparison hangs all the matter:
That done, the quarrel and the strife were ended.

Mars. Because 'tis known, the quarrel is pretended.

Vul. Mars, you have reason for your speech, I ready;
My dame, I trow, is fairest in your eye.

Mars. Or, Vulcan, I should do her double wrong.

Sat. About a toy we tarry here too* long.
Give it by voices, voices give the odds;
A trifle so to trouble all the gods!

Nep. Believe me, Saturn, be it so for me.

Bac. For me.

Plu. For me.

Mars. For me, if Jove agree.

Mer. And, gentle gods, I am indifferent;
But then I know who's likely to be shent.†

Apol. Thrice-reverend gods, and thou, immortal Jove,
If Phœbus may, as him doth much behove,
Be licensèd, according to our laws,
To speak uprightly in this doubted cause,
(Sith women's wits work men's unceasing woes.)
To make them friends, that now bin friendless foes,
And peace to keep with them, with us, and all,
That make their title to this golden ball;
(Nor think, ye gods, my speech doth derogate
From sacred power of this immortal senate;)
Refer this sentence where it doth belong:
In this, say I, fair Phœbe hath the wrong;
Not that I mean her beauty bears the prize,
But that the holy law of heaven denies
One god to meddle in another's power;
And this befel so near Diana's bower,
As for th'appeasing this unpleasant grudge,
In my conceit, she hight the fittest judge.
If Jove control not Pluto's hell with charms,
If Mars have sovereign power to manage arms,
If Bacchus bear no rule in Neptune's‡ sea,
Nor Vulcan's fire doth Saturn's scythe obey,
Suppress not, then, 'gainst law and equity,
Diana's power in her own territory,
Whose regiment,§ amid her sacred bowers,
As proper hight as any rule of yours.
Well may we so wipe all the speech away,
That Pallas, Juno, Venus, hath to say,
And answer that, by justice of our laws
We were not suffer'd to conclude the cause.
And this to me most egal‖ doom appears,
A woman to be judge among her feres.¶

Mer. Apollo hath found out the only mean
To rid the blame from us and trouble clean.

---

* *too*] The 4to. "so."

† *shent*] "Shent, *confusus, dedecoratus.*" Coles's *Dict.*

‡ *Neptune's*] The 4to. "Neptune."

§ *regiment*] i. e. sway.

‖ *egal*] i. e. equal, just.

¶ *feres*] i. e. companions,—equals.

Vul. We are beholding * to his sacred wit.
Jup. I can commend and well allow of it;
And so derive the matter from us all,
That Dian have the giving of the ball.
Vul. So Jove may clearly excuse him in the case,
Where Juno else would chide and brawl apace.
[*They all rise.*

Mer. And now it were some cunning to divine
To whom Diana will this prize resign.
Vul. Sufficeth me, it shall be none of mine.
Bac. Vulcan, though thou be black, thou'rt nothing fine.
Vul. Go bathe thee, Bacchus, in a tub of wine;
The ball's as likely to be mine as thine.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENA I.

Enter DIANA, JUNO, PALLAS, *and* VENUS.

Dia. Lo, ladies,† far beyond my hope and will, you see,
This thankless office is impos'd to me;
Wherein if you will rest as well content,
As Dian will be judge indifferent,
My egal doom shall none of you offend,
And of this quarrel make a final end:
And therefore, whether you be lief or ‡ loath,
Confirm your promise with some sacred oath.
Pal. Phœbe, chief mistress of this sylvan chace,
Whom gods have chosen to conclude the case
That yet in balance undecided lies,
Touching bestowing of this golden prize,
I give my promise and mine oath withal,
By Styx, by heaven's power imperial,
By all that 'longs to Pallas' deity,
Her shield, her lance, ensigns of chivalry,
Her sacred wreath of olive and of bay,
Her crested helm, and else what Pallas may,
That wheresoe'er this ball of purest gold,
That chaste Diana here in hand doth hold,
Unpartially her wisdom shall bestow,
Without mislike or quarrel any mo,§
Pallas shall rest content and satisfied,
And say the best desert doth there abide.
Juno. And here I promise and protest withal,
By Styx, by heaven's power imperial,
By all that 'longs to Juno's deity,
Her crown, her mace, ensigns of majesty,
Her spotless marriage-rites, her league divine,
And by that holy name of Proserpine,
That wheresoe'er this ball of purest gold,
That chaste Diana here in hand doth hold,
Unpartially her wisdom shall bestow,
Without mislike or quarrel any mo,
Juno shall rest content and satisfied,
And say the best desert doth there abide.
Ven. And, lovely Phœbe, for I know thy doom
Will be no other than shall thee become,
Behold, I take thy dainty hand to kiss,
And with my solemn oath confirm my promise,
By Styx, by Jove's immortal empery,
By Cupid's bow, by Venus' myrtle-tree,
By Vulcan's gift, my ceston and my fan,
By this red rose, whose colour first began
When erst my wanton boy (the more his blame)
Did draw his bow awry and hurt his dame,
By all the honour and the sacrifice
That from Cithæron * and from Paphos rise,
That wheresoe'er this ball of purest gold,
That chaste Diana here in hand doth hold,
Unpartially her wisdom shall bestow,
Without mislike or quarrel any mo,
Venus shall rest content and satisfied,
And say the best desert doth there abide.

DIANA, *having taken their oaths, speaks.*

DIANA *describes the Nymph* ELIZA, *a figure of the* Queen.

Dia. It is enough, and, goddesses, attend.
There wons† within these pleasant shady woods,
Where neither storm nor sun's distemperature

---

* *beholding*] Equivalent to *beholden*.
† *ladies*] Perhaps an insertion of the transcriber.
‡ *or*] The 4to. "of."
§ *mo*] i. e. more.

* *Cithæron*] Peele should have written *Cythera*, not *Citharon*; but greater poets have fallen into the same error: so Chaucer;

"For sothly all the mount of *Citheron*,
Ther Venus hath hire principal dwelling."
The Knightes Tale, ed. Tyrwhitt, v. 1938.

and Spenser;

"She [i. e. Venus] brought her to her joyous Paradize:
* * * * * *
Whether in Paphos or *Cytheron* hill."
The Faerie Queene, B. 3. c. 6. st. 29.

† *wons*] i. e. dwells.

Have power to hurt by cruel heat or cold,
Under the climate of the milder heaven;
Where seldom lights Jove's angry thunderbolt,
For favour of that sovereign earthly peer;
Where whistling winds make music 'mong the trees,—
Far from disturbance of our country gods,
Amids the cypress-springs*, a gracious nymph,
That honours† Dian for her chastity,
And likes the labours well of Phœbe's groves;
The place Elyzium hight, and of the place
Her name that governs there Eliza is;
A kingdom that may well compare with mine,
An ancient seat of kings, a second Troy,
Y-compass'd round with a commodious sea:
Her people are y-clepèd‡ Angeli,
Or, if I miss, a letter is the most:
She giveth laws of justice and of peace;
And on her head, as fits her fortune best,
She wears a wreath of laurel, gold, and palm;
Her robes of purple and of scarlet dye;
Her veil of white, as best befits a maid:
Her ancestors live in the House of Fame:
She giveth arms of happy victory,
And flowers to deck her lions crown'd with gold.
This peerless nymph, whom heaven and earth
This paragon, this only, this is she, [belove,
In whom do meet so many gifts in one,
On whom our country gods so often gaze,
In honour of whose name the Muses sing;
In state Queen Juno's peer, for power in arms
And virtues of the mind Minerva's mate,
As fair and lovely as the Queen of Love,
As chaste as Dian in her chaste desires:
The same is she, if Phœbe do no wrong,
To whom this ball in merit doth belong.

Pal. If this be she whom some Zabeta call,
To whom thy wisdom well bequeaths the ball,
I can remember, at her day of birth,
How Flora with her flowers strew'd the earth,
How every power with heavenly majesty
In person honour'd that solemnity.

Juno. The lovely Graces were not far away,
They threw their balm for triumph of the day.

Ven. The Fates against their kind§ began a cheerful song,
And vow'd her life with favour to prolong.
Then first gan Cupid's eyesight wexen dim;
Belike Eliza's beauty blinded him.

To this fair nymph, not earthly, but divine,
Contents it me my honour to resign.

Pal. To this fair queen, so beautiful and wise,
Pallas bequeaths her title in the prize.

Juno. To her whom Juno's looks so well become,
The Queen of Heaven yields at Phœbe's* doom;
And glad I am Diana found the art,
Without offence so well to please desert.

Dia. Then mark my tale. The usual time is nigh,
When wont the Dames of Life and Destiny,
In robes of cheerful colours, to repair
To this renownèd queen so wise and fair,
With pleasant songs this peerless nymph to greet;
Clotho lays down her distaff at her feet,
And Lachesis doth pull the thread at length,
The third with favour gives it stuff and strength,
And for contrary kind affords her leave,
As her best likes, her web of life to weave.
This time we will attend, and in mean while†
With some sweet song the tediousness beguile.

The Music sounds, and the Nymphs *within sing or solfa with voices and instruments awhile. Then enter* CLOTHO, LACHESIS, *and* ATROPOS, *singing as follows: the state‡ being in place.*

THE SONG.

Clo. Humanæ vitæ filum sic volvere Parcæ.
Lach. Humanæ vitæ filum sic tendere Parcæ.
Atro. Humanæ vitæ filum sic scindere Parcæ.
Clo. Clotho colum bajulat.
Lach. Lachesis trahit.
Atro. Atropos occat.
TRES SIMUL. *Vive diu felix votis hominumque deumque,*
Corpore, mente, libro, doctissima, candida, casta.

[*They lay down their properties*§ *at the* Queen's *feet.*

Clo. Clotho colum pedibus.
Lach. Lachesis tibi pendula fila.
Atro. Et fatale tuis manibus ferrum Atropos offert.
TRES SIMUL. *Vive diu felix, &c.*

The song being ended, CLOTHO *speaks to the* Queen.

Clo. Gracious and wise, fair Queen of rare renown,
Whom heaven and earth belove, amid thy train,

---

* *cypress-springs*] i. e. cypress-woods.
† *honours*] The 4to. "honour."
‡ *y-clepèd*] i. e. called.
§ *against their kind*] Qy. "*'gainst kind*"?—*kind*, i. e. nature.

* *Phœbe's*] The 4to. "Phœbus."
† *in mean while*] The 4to. "*in* the *meane while.*"
‡ *the state*] i. e. the royal chair with a canopy: it sometimes signifies the raised platform on which the chair was placed, and sometimes the canopy.
§ *properties*] i. e. the articles required for the scene,—viz. the distaff, &c.

Noble and lovely peers, to honour thee,
And do thee favour more than may belong
By nature's law to any earthly wight,
Behold continuance of our yearly due;
Th'unpartial Dames of Destiny we meet,
As have the gods and we agreed in one,
In reverence of Eliza's noble name;
And humbly, lo, her distaff Clotho yields!

Lach. Her spindle Lachesis, and her fatal reel,
Lays down in reverence at Eliza's feet.
Te tamen * *in terris unam tria numina Divam*
Invita statuunt naturæ lege sorores,
Et tibi non aliis didicerunt parcere Parcæ.

Atro. Dame Atropos, according as her feres,†
To thee, fair Queen, resigns her fatal knife:
Live long the noble phœnix of our age,
Our fair Eliza, our Zabeta fair!

Dia. And, lo, beside this rare solemnity,
And sacrifice these dames are wont to do,
A favour, far indeed contrary kind,
Bequeathèd is unto thy worthiness,—
This prize from heaven and heavenly goddesses!

[*Delivers the ball of gold to the* Queen's *own hands.*

Accept it, then, thy due by Dian's doom,
Praise of the wisdom, beauty, and the state,
That best becomes thy peerless excellency.

Ven. So, fair Eliza, Venus doth resign
The honour of this honour to be thine.

Juno. So is the Queen of Heaven content likewise
To yield to thee her title in the prize.

Pal. So Pallas yields the praise hereof to thee,
For wisdom, princely state, and peerless beauty.

EPILOGUS.

OMNES SIMUL. *Vive diu felix votis hominumque deumque,*
Corpore, mente, libro, doctissima, candida, casta.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

* *Te tamen*, &c.] Are not these Latin lines misplaced?
† *feres*] i. e. companions,—sisters.

EDWARD THE FIRST.

The Famous Chronicle of king Edward the first, sirnamed Edward Longshankes, with his returne from the holy land. Also the life of Llevellen rebell in Wales. Lastly, the sinking of Queene Elinor, who sunck at Charingcrosse, and rose againe at Potters-hith, now named Queenehith. London Printed by Abell Jeffes, and are to be solde by William Barley, at his shop in Gratious streete. 1593. 4to.

Another edition appeared, *Imprinted at London by W. White dwelling in Cow-Lane.* 1599. 4to.

Several of the events in this drama (perhaps the most incorrectly printed of all our old plays) are taken from Holinshed, but introduced without any regard to their chronological order. I subjoin the ballad already mentioned in my *Account of Peele and his writings.*

Edward the First has been reprinted in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. xi., last ed.

A WARNING-PIECE TO ENGLAND AGAINST PRIDE AND WICKEDNESS:

Being the fall of Queen Eleanor, wife to Edward the First, King of England; who, for her pride, by God's judgments, sunk into the ground at Charing-Cross, and rose at Queenhithe.

When Edward was in England king,
The first of all that name,
Proud Ellinor he made his queen,
A stately Spanish dame;
Whose wicked life, and sinful pride,
Thro' England did excel:
To dainty dames and gallant maids
This queen was known full well.

She was the first that did invent
In coaches brave to ride;
She was the first that brought this land
To deadly sin of pride.
No English taylor here could serve
To make her rich attire;
But sent for taylors into Spain,
To feed her vain desire:

They brought in fashions strange and new,
With golden garments bright;
The farthingale, and mighty ruff,
With gowns of rich delight:
The London dames in Spanish pride
Did flourish every where;
Our English men, like women then,
Did wear long locks of hair.

Both man and child, both maid and wife,
Were drown'd in pride of Spain,
And thought the Spanish taylors then
Our English men did stain:
Whereat the queen did much despight,
To see our English men
In vestures clad as brave to see
As any Spaniard then.

She crav'd the king, that every man
That wore long locks of hair,
Might then be cut and pollèd all,
Or shavèd very near.
Whereat the king did seem content,
And soon thereto agreed;
And first commanded, that his own
Should then be cut with speed;

And after that, to please his queen,
Proclaimèd thro' the land,
That ev'ry man that wore long hair,
Should poll him out of hand.
But yet this Spaniard, not content,
To women bore a spite,
And then requested of the king,
Against all law and right,

That ev'ry womankind should have
Their right breast cut away,
And then with burning irons sear'd,
The blood to stanch and stay.
King Edward then, perceiving well
Her spite to womankind,
Devisèd soon by policy
To turn her bloody mind:

He sent for burning irons straight,
All sparkling hot to see;
And said, "O queen, come on thy way;
"I will begin with thee."
Which words did much displease the queen,
That penance to begin;
But ask'd him pardon on her knees;
Who gave her grace therein.

But afterwards she chanc'd to pass
Along brave London streets,
Whereas the mayor of London's wife
In stately sort she meets;
With music, mirth, and melody,
Unto the church they went,
To give God thanks, that to th' lord mayor
A noble son had sent.

It grievèd much this spiteful queen
To see that any one
Should so exceed in mirth and joy,
Except herself alone:
For which she after did devise
Within her bloody mind,
And practis'd still more secretly
To kill this lady kind.

Unto the mayor of London then
She sent her letters straight,
To send his lady to the court,
Upon her grace to wait.
But when the London lady came
Before proud El'nor's face,
She stript her of her rich array,
And kept her vile and base.

She sent her into Wales with speed,
And kept her secret there;
And us'd her still more cruelly
Than ever man did hear:
She made her wash, she made her starch,
She made her drudge alway;
She made her nurse up children small,
And labour night and day.

But this contented not the queen,
But shew'd her most despite;
She bound this lady to a post,
At twelve a clock at night;
And as, poor lady, she stood bound,
The queen (in angry mood)
Did set two snakes unto her breast,
That suck'd away her blood.

Thus died the mayor of London's wife,
Most grievous for to hear;
Which made the Spaniard grow more proud,
As after shall appear.
The wheat that daily made her bread
Was bolted twenty times;
The food that fed this stately dame
Was boil'd in costly wines.

The water that did spring from ground
She would not touch at all;
But wash'd her hands with the dew of heav'n,
That on sweet roses fall.
She bath'd her body many a time
In fountains fill'd with milk;
And ev'ry day did change attire,
In costly Median silk.

But coming then to London back,
Within her coach of gold,
A tempest strange within the skies
This queen did there behold:
Out of which storm she could not go,
But there remain'd a space;
For horses could not stir the coach
A foot out of the place:

A judgment lately sent from heav'n,
For shedding guiltless blood,
Upon this sinful queen that slew
The London lady good.
King Edward then, as wisdom will'd,
Accus'd her of that deed;
But she denied, and wish'd that God
Would send his wrath with speed;

If that upon so vile a thing
Her heart did ever think,
She wish'd the ground might open wide,
And therein she might sink!
With that at Charing-cross she sunk
Into the ground alive;
And after rose with life again,
In London, at Queenhithe.

When, after that, she languish'd sore
Full twenty days in pain,
At last confess'd the lady's blood
Her guilty hand had slain;
And likewise how that by a friar
She had a base-born child,
Whose sinful lusts and wickedness
Her marriage-bed defil'd.

Thus have you heard the fall of pride,
A just reward of sin;
For those who will forswear themselves
God's vengeance daily win.
Beware of pride, ye courtly dames,
Both wives and maidens all;
Bear this imprinted on your mind,
That pride must have a fall.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Edward I, King of England, surnamed Longshanks.
Edmund, Duke of Lancaster, his brother.
Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Glocester.
Mortimer, Earl of March.
Earl of Sussex.
Sir Thomas Spencer.
Cressingham.
John Baliol, elected King of Scotland.
Versses.
Lluellen, Prince of Wales.
Sir David of Brecknock, his brother.
Rice ap Meredith.
Owen ap Rice.
Guenther.
Friar Hugh ap David.
Jack, his novice.
Harper.
Farmer.
John.
Bishop, English Lords, Scottish Lords, Welsh Barons, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

Queen-Mother.
Queen Elinor.
Joan of Acon, her daughter.
Lady Elinor.
Mary, Duchess of Lancaster.
Mayoress of London.
Guenthian, the Friar's wench.
Potter's Wife.
Katherine.
Ladies.

THE FAMOUS CHRONICLE HISTORY OF

KING EDWARD THE FIRST, ETC.

Enter the QUEEN-MOTHER *attended by* GLOCESTER, SUSSEX, MORTIMER, SIR DAVID, *and* LADIES.

Q. Mother. My Lord Lieutenant of Glocester, and Lord Mortimer,
To do you honour in your sovereign's eyes,
That, as we hear, is newly come a-land
From Palestine, with all his men-of-war,
(The poor remainder of the royal fleet,
Preserv'd by miracle in Sicil road,)
Go mount your coursers, meet him on the way:
Pray him to spur his steed; minutes are* hours,
Until his mother see her princely son
Shining in glory of his safe return.

[*Exeunt* GLOCESTER *and* MORTIMER.

Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings,
Whose chivalry hath royaliz'd thy fame,
That sounding bravely through terrestrial vale,
Proclaiming conquests, spoils, and victories,
Rings glorious echoes through the farthest world;
What warlike nation, train'd in feats of arms,
What barbarous people, stubborn, or untam'd,
What climate under the meridian signs,
Or frozen zone under his brumal stage,
Erst have not quak'd and trembled at the name
Of Britain and her mighty conquerors?
Her neighbour realms, as Scotland, Denmark, France,
Aw'd with her† deeds, and jealous of her arms,
Have begg'd defensive and offensive leagues.
Thus Europe, rich and mighty in her kings,
Hath fear'd brave England, dreadful in her kings.
And now, t' eternize Albion's champions
Equivalent with Trojans' ancient fame,
Comes lovely Edward from Jerusalem,
Veering before the wind, ploughing the sea;
His stretchèd sails fill'd with the breath of men
That through the world admire his manliness.

* *are*] So the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*—Both 4tos. and."

† *her*] Both 4tos. "their."

And, lo, at last arriv'd in Dover-road,
Longshank[s], your king, your glory, and our son,
With troops of conquering lords and warlike knights,
Like bloody-crested Mars, o'erlooks his host,
Higher than all his army by the head,
Marching along as bright as Phœbus' eyes!
And we, his mother, shall behold our son,
And England's peers shall see their sovereign.

The trumpets sound, and enter the train, viz. KING EDWARD LONGSHANKS's *maimed* Soldiers *with head-pieces and garlands on them, every man with his red-cross on his coat; the* Ancient *borne in a chair, his garland and his plumes on his head-piece, his ensign in his hand. Enter, after them,* GLOCESTER *and* MORTIMER *bareheaded, and others, as many as may be. Then enter* KING EDWARD LONGSHANKS, QUEEN ELINOR, JOAN, LANCASTER, *and* SIONIOR MONTFORT (*the* EARL OF LEICESTER's *prisoner*) *with* CHARLES DE MONTFORT *his brother;* Sailors *and* Soldiers.

Glocester! * Edward! O my sweet sons!

[*Falls and swoons.*

Longsh. Help, ladies!—O ingrateful destiny,
To welcome Edward with this tragedy!

Glocester. Patient, your highness: 'tis but mother's love
Ravish'd† with sight of her thrice-valiant sons.—
Madam, amaze not: see his majesty
Return'd with glory from the holy land.

Q. Mother. Brave sons, the worthy champions of our God,
The honourable soldiers of the Highest,
Bear with your mother, whose abundant love
With tears of joy‡ salutes your sweet return
From famous journeys hard and fortunate.

* *Glocester*] Can this be right? Why should she here exclaim "Glocester"? (Her "sweet sons" are Edward and Lancaster.)

† *Ravish'd*] Both 4tos. "Receiu'd."

‡ *joy*] Both 4tos. "ioyes."

But, lords, alas, how heavy is our loss
Since your departure to these Christian wars!
The king your father, and the prince your son,
And your brave uncle, Almain's emperor,
Ay me, are dead!

Longsh. Take comfort, madam; leave these sad laments:

Dear was my uncle, dearer was my son,
And ten times dearer was my noble father;
Yet, were their lives valu'd at thousand worlds,
They cannot scape th' arrest of dreadful death,
Death that doth seize and summon all alike.
Then, leaving them to heavenly blessedness,
To join in thrones of glory with the just,
I do salute your royal majesty,
My gracious mother-queen, and you, my lords,
Gilbert de Clare, Sussex, and Mortimer,
And all the princely states of England's peers,
With health and honour to your hearts' content.
And welcome, wishèd England, on whose ground
These feet so often have desir'd to tread:
Welcome, sweet queen, my fellow-traveller,
Welcome, sweet Nell, my fellow-mate in arms,
Whose eyes have seen the slaughter'd Saracens
Pil'd in the ditches of Jerusalem:
And lastly welcome, manly followers,
That bear the scars of honour and of arms,
And on your war-drums carry crowns as kings,
Crown mural, naval, and triumphant all;
At view of whom the Turks have trembling fled
Like sheep before the wolves, and Saracens*
Have made their cottages in wallèd towns; †
But bulwarks had no fence to beat you back.
Lords, these are‡ they will enter brazen gates,
And tear down lime and mortar with their nails:
Embrace them, barons: these have got the name
Of English gentlemen and knights-at-arms;
Not one of these but in the champaign field
Hath won his crown, his collar, and his spurs.
Not Cæsar, leading through the streets of Rome
The captive kings of conquer'd nations,
Was in his princely triumphs honour'd more
Than English Edward in this martial sight.

Countrymen,
Your limbs are lost in service of the Lord,
Which is your glory and your country's fame:
For limbs you shall have living, lordships, lands,
And be my counsellors in war's affairs.*
Soldiers, sit down.—Nell, sit thee by my side.—
These be Prince Edward's pompous treasury.

[*The* QUEEN-MOTHER *being set on the one side, and* QUEEN ELINOR *on the other, the* King *sits in the midst, mounted highest, and at his feet the ensign underneath him.*

O glorious Capitol! beauteous senate-house!
Triumphant Edward, how, like sturdy oaks,
Do these thy soldiers circle thee about,
To shield and shelter thee from winter's storms!
Display thy cross, old Aimes of the Vies:
Dub on your drums, tannèd with India's sun,
My lusty western lads: Matrevers, thou
Sound proudly here a perfect point of war†
In honour of thy sovereign's safe return.
Thus Longshanks bids his soldiers *Bien venu.*

[*Use drums, trumpets, and ensigns.*

O God, my God, the brightness of my day,
How oft hast thou preserv'd thy servant safe,
By sea and land, yea, in the gates of death!
O God, to thee how highly am I bound
For setting me with these on English ground!
One of my mansion-houses will I give
To be a college for my maimèd men,
Where every one shall have an hundred marks
Of yearly pension to his maintenance:
A soldier that for Christ and country fights
Shall want no living whilst King Edward lives.
Lords, you that love me, now be liberal,
And give your largess to these maimèd men.

Q. Mother. Towards this erection doth thy mother give,
Out of her dowry,‡ five thousand pounds of gold,
To find them surgeons to recure their wounds;
And whilst this ancient standard-bearer lives,
He shall have forty pound of yearly fee,
And be my beadsman, father, if you please.

Longsh. Madam, I tell you, England never bred
A better soldier than your beadsman is;
And that the Soldan and his army felt.

Lancaster. Out of the duchy of rich Lancaster,
To find soft bedding for their bruisèd bones,
Duke Edmund gives three thousand pounds.§

Longsh. Gramercies, brother Edmund.
Happy is England under Edward's reign,
When men are had so highly in regard

* *Like sheep before the wolves, and Saracens*] Both 4tos. "And Sarazens like sheepe before the walles."—I make this transposition at the suggestion of the Rev. J. Mitford, *Gent. Mag.* for Febry. 1833, p. 101.

† *Have made their cottages in wallèd towns*] The words "*made their cottages*" are, I think, very suspicious, though the Rev. J. Mitford, *ubi supra*, explains the line to mean "Have, at the approach of an invading army, fled from the open country to the defence of a fortified town."

‡ *are*] Both 4tos. "and."

* *affairs*] The 4to. of 1599 "affaire."

† *point of war*] See note *, p. 94, sec. col.

‡ *dowry*] Qy. "dower"?

§ *pounds*] Qy. "*pounds* of gold"? (as a little before.)

That nobles strive who shall remunerate
The soldiers' resolution with regard.*
My Lord of Glocester, what is your benevolence?

Glocester. A thousand marks, an please your majesty.

Longsh. And yours, my Lord of Sussex?

Sussex. Five hundred pound, an please your majesty.

Longsh. What say you, Sir David of Brecknock?

Sir David. To a soldier Sir David cannot be too liberal: yet that I may give no more than a poor knight is able, and not presume as a mighty earl, I give, my lord, four hundred, fourscore, and nineteen pounds.—And so, my Lord of Sussex, I am behind you an ace.

Sussex. And yet, Sir David, ye amble after apace.

Longsh. Well said, David! thou couldst not be a Camber-Briton, if thou didst not love a soldier with thy heart. Let me see now if my arithmetic will serve to total the particulars.

Q. Elinor. Why, my lord, I hope you mean I shall be a benefactor to my fellow-soldiers.

Longsh. And well said, Nell! what wilt thou I set down for thee?

Q. Elinor. Nay, my lord, I am of age to set it down for myself. You will allow what I do, will you not?

Longsh. That I will, madam, were it to the value of my kingdom.

Q. Elinor. What is the sum, my lord?

Longsh. Ten thousand pounds, my Nell.

Q. Elinor. Then, Elinor, bethink thee of a gift worthy the King of England's wife and the King of Spain's daughter, and give such a largess that the chronicles of this land may crake† with record of thy liberality.

Parturiunt‡ montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.
[*Makes a cipher.*

There, my lord; neither one, two, nor three, but a poor cipher in agrum, to enrich good fellows, and compound their figure in their kind.

Longsh. Madam, I commend your composition, an argument of your honourable disposition. Sweet Nell, thou shouldst not be thyself, did not, with thy mounting mind§, thy gift surmount the rest.

Glocester. Call you this *ridiculus mus?* Marry, sir, this mouse would make a foul hole in a fair cheese. 'Tis but a cipher in agrum, and it hath made of ten thousand pounds a hundred thousand pounds.

Lancaster. A princely gift, and worthy memory.

Glocester. My gracious lord,* as erst I was assigned Lieutenant to his majesty, here render I up the crown, left in charge with me by your princely father King Henry;
Who on his death-bed still did call for you,
And dying will'd to you the diadem.

Longsh. Thanks, worthy lord†:
And seeing by doom of heavens it is decreed,
And lawful line of our succession,
Unworthy Edward is become your king,
We take it as a blessing from on high,
And will our coronation be solemniz'd
Upon the fourteenth of December next.

Q. Elinor. Upon the fourteenth of December next!
Alas, my lord, the time is all too short
And sudden for so great solemnity:
A year were scarce enough to set a-work
Tailors, embroiderers, and men of rare device,
For preparation of so great estate.
Trust me, sweet Ned, hardly shall I bethink me
In twenty weeks what fashion robes to wear.
I pray thee, then, defer it till the spring,
That we may have our garments point-device.‡
I mean to send for tailors into Spain,
That shall confer of some fantastic suits
With those that be our cunning'st Englishmen.
What, let me brave it now or never, Ned!

Longsh. Madam, content ye: would that were greatest care!
You shall have garments to your heart's desire.
I never read but Englishmen excell'd
For change of rare devices every way.

Q. Elinor. Yet, pray thee, Ned, my love, my lord, and king,
My fellow-soldier, and compeer in arms,
Do so much honour to thy Elinor,
To wear a suit that she shall give thy grace;
Of her own cost and workmanship perhaps.

Q. Mother. 'Twill come by leisure, daughter, then, I fear:
Thou'rt too fine-finger'd to be quick at work.

---

* *regard*] Repeated by mistake from the preceding line but one; and certainly not a misprint for "reward", —which word could not so follow "*remunerate.*"

† *crake*] i. e. *crack*,—boast. See note §, p. 225, sec. col.

‡ *Parturiunt*, &c.] Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 139.

§ *mounting mind*] So Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 1;
"Whoe'er he was, he show'd a *mounting mind.*"

* *My gracious lord*, &c.] I need hardly observe that the whole of the present speech was originally blank-verse, —the text of this play being now miserably corrupted *passim.*

† *lord*] Both 4tos. "Lordes."

‡ *point-device*] i. e. nice, or exact, in the extreme.

Longsh. 'Twixt us a greater matter breaks no square,
So it be such, my Nell, as may beseem
The majesty and greatness of a king.—
And now, my lords and loving friends,
Follow your general to* the court,
After his travels, to repose him then,
There to recount with pleasure what is past
Of war's alarums, showers, and sharpest storms.

[*Exeunt all except* Q. ELINOR *and* JOAN.

Q. Elinor. Now, Elinor, now England's lovely queen,
Bethink thee of the greatness of thy state,†
And how to bear thyself with royalty
Above the other queens of Christendom;
That Spain reaping renown by Elinor,
And Elinor adding renown to Spain,
Britain may her magnificence admire.—
I tell thee, Joan, what time our highness sits
Under our royal canopy of state,
Glistering with pendants of the purest gold,
Like as our seat were spangled all with stars,
The world shall wonder at our majesty,
As if the daughter of eternal Ops,‡
Turn'd to the likeness of vermilion fumes,
Where§ from her cloudy womb the Centaurs leapt,
Were‖ in her royal seat enthronizèd.

Joan. Madam, if Joan thy daughter may advise,
Let not your honour make your manners change.
The people of this land are men of war,
The women courteous, mild, and debonair;
Laying their lives at princes' feet¶
That govern with familiar majesty.
But if their sovereigns once gin swell with pride,
Disdaining commons' love, which is the strength
And sureness of the richest commonwealth,
That prince were better live a private life
Than rule with tyranny and discontent.

Q. Elinor. Indeed, we count them headstrong Englishmen;
But we shall hold them in a Spanish yoke,
And make them know their lord and sovereign.
Come, daughter, let us home for to provide;
For all the cunning workmen of this isle
In our great chamber shall be set a-work,
And in my hall shall bountifully feed.

My king, like Phœbus, bridegroom-like, shall march
With lovely Thetis* to her glassy bed,
And all the lookers-on shall stand amaz'd
To see King Edward and his lovely queen
Sit royally† in England's stately throne. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LLUELLEN, RICE AP MEREDITH, OWEN AP RICE, *with swords and bucklers, and frieze jerkins.*

Lluellen. Come, Rice, and rouse thee for thy country's good:
Follow the man that means to make you great;
Follow Lluellen, rightful Prince of Wales,
Sprung from the loins of great Cadwallader,
Descended from the loins‡ of Trojan Brute.
And though the traitorous Saxons, Normans, Danes,
Have pent§ the true remains of glorious Troy
Within the western mountains of this isle,
Yet have we hope to climb these stony pales,
When Londoners, as Romans erst, amaz'd,
Shall trembling cry, "Lluellen's at the gate!"
T' accomplish this, thus have I brought you forth
Disguis'd to Milford-Haven: here attend
The landing of the Lady Elinor.
Her stay doth make me muse: the wind stands fair,
And ten days hence we did expect them here.
Neptune, be favourable to my love,
And steer her keel with thy three-forkèd mace,
That from this shore I may behold her sails,
And in mine arms embrace my dearest dear.

Rice ap Mer. Brave Prince of Wales, this honourable match
Cannot but turn to Cambria's common good.
Simon de Montfort, her thrice-valiant son,
That in the barons' wars was general,
Was lov'd and honour'd of the Englishmen:
When they shall hear she's your espousèd wife,
Assure your grace we shall have great supply
To make our roads‖ in England mightily.

Owen ap Rice. What we resolv'd must strongly be perform'd,
Before the king return from Palestine.
Whilst he wins glory at Jerusalem,
Let us win ground upon the Englishmen.

Lluellen. Owen ap Rice, 'tis that Lluellen fears:

---

* *to*] Qy. "unto"? But the preceding line halts also.

† *state*] The 4to. of 1599 "estate."

‡ *eternal Ops*] The 4to. of 1599 "the *eternall Ops*."

§ *Where*] Qy. "When"? (This simile, as it now stands, is unintelligible.)

‖ *Were*] The 4to. of 1599 "Where."

¶ *lives at princes' feet*] Qy. "*lives* down *at* these *princes' feet*"?

* *Thetis*] Both 4tos. "Xheeis."

† *royally*] Both 4tos. "louely."

‡ *loins*] Qy. "race" or "blood"?

§ *Have pent*, &c.] Both 4tos. "*Haue* spent *the true* Romans *of glorious Troy*."—On the margins of the two old copies of this play in the Garrick collection some one has conjectured "*remains*" in place of "Romans;" an alteration as obviously necessary as that of "spent" into "*pent*."

‖ *roads*] i. e. inroads.

I fear me Edward will be come ashore
Ere we can make provision for the war.
But be it as it will, within his court
My brother David is, that bears a face
As if he were my greatest enemy.
He by this craft shall creep into his* heart,
And give intelligence from time to time
Of his* intentions, drifts, and stratagems.
Here let us rest upon the salt sea shore,
And while our eyes long for our hearts' desires,
Let us, like friends, pastime us on the sands.
Our frolic minds are ominous for good.

Enter FRIAR HUGH AP DAVID, GUENTHIAN *in flannel, and* JACK.

Friar. Guenthian, as I am true man,
So will I do the best I can;
Guenthian, as I am true priest,
So will I be at thy behest;
Guenthian, as I am true friar,
So will I be at thy desire.

Jack. My master stands too near the fire:
Trust him not, wench; he'll prove a liar.

Lluellen. True man, true friar, true priest, and true knave,
These four in one this trull shall have.

Friar. Here swear I by my shaven crown,
Wench, if I give thee a gay green gown,
I'll take thee up as I laid thee down,
And never bruise nor batter thee.

Jack. O, swear not, master; flesh is frail.—
Wench, when the sign is in the tail,
Mighty is love and will prevail:
This churchman doth but flatter thee.

Lluellen. A pretty worm, and a lusty friar,
Made for the field, not for the quire.

Guenthian. Mas friar, as I am true maid,
So do I hold me well apaid:† 'Tis churchman's lay‡ and verity
To live in love and charity;
And therefore ween I, as my creed,
Your words shall company your§ deed.
Davy, my dear, I yield in all,
Thine own to go and come at call.

Rice ap Mer. And so far forth begins our brawl.

Friar. Then, my Guenthian, to begin,
Sith idleness in love is sin,—
Boy, to the town I will thee hie,
And so return even by and by,
When thou with cakes and muscadine,
And other junkets good and fine,
Hast fill'd thy bottle and thy bag.

* *his*] Both 4tos. "her." † *apaid*] i. e. satisfied.
‡ *lay*] i. e. law. § *your*] Both 4tos. "my."

Jack. Now, master, as I am true wag,
I will be neither late nor lag,
But go and come with gossip's cheer,
Ere Gib our cat can lick her ear.
For long ago I learn'd in school,
That love's desires and pleasures cool
Sans Ceres' wheat and Bacchus' vine:*
Now, master, for the cakes and wine. [*Exit.*

Friar. Wench†, to pass away the time in glee,
Guenthian, sit‡ thee down by me,
And let our lips and voices meet
In a merry country song.

Guenthian. Friar, I am at beck and bay,
And at thy commandment to sing and say,
And other sports among.

Owen ap Rice. Ay, marry, my lord, this is somewhat like a man's money. Here's a wholesome Welsh wench, lapt in her flannel, as warm as wool, and as fit as a pudding for a friar's mouth.

The Friar *and* GUENTHIAN *sing.*§

Lluellen. Pax vobis, Pax vobis! good fellows, fair fall ye!

Friar. Et cum spiritu tuo! Friends, have you any thing else to say to the friar?

Owen ap Rice. Much good do you, much good [do] you, my masters, heartily.

Friar. And you, sir, when ye eat. Have ye any thing else to say to the friar?

Lluellen. Nothing; but I would gladly know, if mutton‖ be your first dish, what shall be your last service?

Friar. It may be, sir, I count it physic to feed but on one dish at a sitting. Sir, would you any thing else with the friar?

Rice ap Mer. O, nothing, sir: but if you had¶ any manners, you might bid us fall to.

Friar. Nay, an that be the matter, good enough. Is this all ye have to say to the friar?

Lluellen. All we have to say to you, sir: it may be, sir, we would walk aside with your wench a little.

* *That love's desires and pleasures cool*
Sans Ceres' wheat and Bacchus' vine] Corrected, partly by a writer in Churton's *Literary Register* for April 1845, and partly by Mr. Keightley in *Notes and Queries* for January 7th 1860, p. 8.—"*Sans*," i. e. Without (a word adopted into our language from the French long before Peele's time).—The 4tos.;
"*That* louers desire, *and pleasures coole:*
Sanct [*and* "Sainct"] *Ceres* sweetes, *and Bacchus vine.*"

† *Wench*] An addition, perhaps, by the transcriber.

‡ *sit*] The 4to. of 1593 "set."

§ *The Friar and Guenthian sing*] See note **, p 196, first col.

‖ *mutton*] A cant term for a prostitute.

¶ *had*] The 4to. of 1599 "haue."

Friar. My masters and friends, I am a poor friar, a man of God's making, and a good fellow as you are, legs, feet, face, and hands, and heart, from top to toe, of my word, right shape and christendom; and I love a wench as a wench should be loved; and if you love yourselves*, walk, good friends, I pray you,† and let the friar alone with his flesh.

Lluellen. O friar, your holy mother, the Church, teaches you to abstain from these morsels.—Therefore, my masters, 'tis a deed of charity to remove this stumbling-block, a fair wench, a shrewd temptation to a friar's conscience.

Guenthian. Friend, if you knew the friar half so well as the Bailey of Brecknock, you would think you might as soon move Monk Davy into the sea as Guenthian from his side.

Lluellen. Mass, by your leave, we'll prove.

Guenthian. At your peril, if you move his patience.

Friar. Brother, brother, and my good countrymen,—

Lluellen. Countrymen! nay, I cannot think that an English friar will come so far into Wales barefooted.

Owen ap Rice. That's more than you know; and yet, my lord, he might ride, having a filly so near.

Friar. Hands off, good countrymen,‡ at few words and fair warnings.

Lluellen. Countrymen! not so, sir; we renounce thee, friar, and refuse your country.

Friar. Then, brother, and my good friends, hands off, an if you love your ease.

Rice ap Mer. Ease me no easings: we'll ease you of this carriage.

Friar. Fellow, be gone quickly, or my pike-staff and I will set thee away with a vengeance.

Lluellen. I am sorry, trust me, to see the Church so unpatient.

Friar. Ye§ dogs, ouns! do me a shrewd turn and mock me too? flesh and blood will not bear this. Then rise up, Robert, and say to Richard, *Redde rationem*‖ *villicationis tuæ.* Sir countryman, kinsman, Englishman, Welshman, you with the wench, return your *habeas corpus;* here's a *certiorari* for your *procedendo.*

[*Attacks them with his staff.*¶

Owen ap Rice. Hold, friar! we are thy countrymen.

Rice ap Mer. Paid, paid! Digon! we are thy countrymen, *Mon Dieu!*

Friar. My countrymen! nay, marry, sir, shall you not be my countrymen; you, sir, you, specially you, sir, that refuse the friar and renounce his country.

Lluellen. Friar, hold thy hands. I swear as I am a gentleman, I am a Welshman, and so are the rest, of honesty.

Friar. Of honesty, sayest thou? they are neither gentlemen nor Welshmen that will deny their country.—Come hither, wench; I'll have a bout with them once more for denying of their country. [*Offers to fight.*

Rice ap Mer. Friar, thou wottest not what thou sayest: this is the prince, and we are all his train, disposed to be pleasant with thee a little; but I perceive, friar, thy nose will bide no jest.

Friar. As much as you will with me, sir, but not at any hand with my wench: I and Richard* my man here, for here *contra omnes gentes*—but is this Lluellen, the great Camber-Briton?

Lluellen. It is he, friar: give me thy hand, and gramercies twenty times. I promise thee thou hast cugelled two as good lessons into my jacket as ever churchman did at so short warning: the one is, not to be too busy with another man's cattle; the other, not in haste to deny my country.

Friar. 'Tis pity, my lord, but you should have more of this learning, you profit so well by it.

Lluellen. 'Tis pity, friar, but thou shouldst be Lluellen's chaplain, thou edifiest so well; and so shalt thou be, of mine honour: here I entertain thee, thy boy, and thy trull, to follow my fortune in *secula seculorum.*

Friar. And Richard my man, sir, an you love me,—he that stands by me and shrunk not at all weathers; and then you have me in my colours.

Lluellen. Friar†, agreed.—Rice, welcome the ruffians.

Enter the Harper *and* Jack.

Harper. [*singing to the tune of* "Who list to lead a soldier's life."]

Go to, go to, you Britons all,
And play the men, both great and small:
A wondrous matter hath befall,
That makes the prophet‡ cry and call,
Tum date § dite dote dum,

* *yourselves*] Both 4tos. "yourselfe."
† *you*] Omitted in the 4to of 1599.
‡ *countrymen*] Both 4tos. "countriman."
§ *Ye*] The 4to. of 1599 "Yea."
‖ *Redde rationem*, &c.] *Luc.* xvi. 2. (Vulgate.)
¶ "The Friar falls upon them with his staff, which here and elsewhere he calls 'Richard' and his 'man Richard.'" *Editor of Dodsley's* O. P.

* *I and Richard*, &c.] Some corruption here.
+ *Friar*] Both 4tos. "Friars."
‡ *prophet*] Both 4tos. "prophets."
§ *Tum date*, &c.] Printed thus in both 4tos. "*Tum* da et *di te* de te *dum.*"

That you must march, both all and some,
Against your foes with trump and drum:
I speak to you from God, that you shall overcome. [*With a turn both ways.*

Llwellen. What now? Who have we here? "Tum date dite dote dum"!

Friar. What, have we a fellow dropt out of the element? What's he for a man?*

Rice ap Mer. Knowest thou this goose-cap?

Friar. What, not Morgan Pigot, our good Welsh prophet? O, 'tis a holy harper!

Rice ap Mer. A prophet, with a murrian! Good my lord, let's hear a few of his lines, I pray you.

Jack. My lords, 'tis an odd fellow, I can tell you, as any is in all Wales. He can sing, rhyme with reason, and rhyme without reason, and without reason or rhyme.

Llwellen. The devil, he can! Rhyme with reason, and rhyme without reason, and reason without rhyme! Then, good Morgan Pigot, pluck out thy spigot, and draw us a fresh pot from the kinder-kind† of thy knowledge.

Friar. Knowledge, my son, knowledge, I warrant ye.—How sayest thou, Morgan, art thou not a very prophet?

Harper. Friar, friar, a prophet verily,
For great Llwellen's love,
Sent from above
To bring him victory.

Rice ap Mer. Come, then, gentle prophet, let's see how thou canst salute thy prince. Say, shall we have good success in our enterprise or no?

Harper. When the weathercock of Carnarvon‡ steeple shall engender young ones in the belfry, and a herd of goats leave their pasture to be clothed in silver,
Then shall Brute be born anew,
And Wales record their ancient hue.
Ask Friar David if this be not true.

Friar. This, my lord, 'a§ means by you.
O, he is a prophet, a prophet.

Llwellen. Soft you now, good Morgan Pigot, and take us with ye‖ a little, I pray. What means your wisdom by all this?

Harper. The weathercock, my lord, was your father, who by foul weather of war was driven to take sanctuary in Saint Mary's at Carnarvon, where he begat young ones on your mother in the belfry, viz. your worship and your brother David.

Llwellen. But what didst thou mean by the goats?

Harper. The goats that leave the pasture to be clothed in silver, are the silver goats your men wore* on their sleeves.

Friar. O, how I love thee, Morgan Pigot, our sweet prophet!

Llwellen. Hence, rogue, with your prophecies, out of my sight!

Rice ap Mer. Nay, good my lord, let's have a few more of these metres: he hath great store in his head.

Jack. Yea, and of the best in the market, an your lordship would vouchsafe to hear them.

Llwellen. Villain, away! I'll hear no more of your prophecies.

Harper. When legs shall lose their length,
And shanks yield up their strength,†
Returning weary home from out the holy land,
A Welshman shall be king and govern merry England.

Rice ap Mer. Did I not tell your lordship he would hit it home anon?

Friar. My lord, he comes to your time, that's flat.

Jack. Ay, master, an you mark him, he hit the mark pat.

Friar. As how, Jack?

Jack. Why, thus:
When legs shall lose their length,
And shanks yield up their strength,
Returning weary home from out the holy land,
A Welshman shall be king and govern merry England.
Why, my lord, in this prophecy is your advancement as plainly seen as a three half-pence through a dish of butter in a sunny day.

Friar. I think so, Jack; for he that sees [the] three half-pence must tarry till the butter be melted in the sun: and so, forth, apply, boy.

Jack. Non ego, master: do you, an you dare.

Llwellen. And so, boy, thou meanest, he that tarries this prophecy may see Longshanks shorter

* *What's he for a man?*] i. e. What manner of man is he? So in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604; "Let us take a little view of this gallant, *what he may be for a man.*" Sig. D 4.

† *kinder-kind*] "i. e. kilderkin." *Editor of Dodsley's O. P.*

‡ *Carnarvon*] Both 4tos. "Carmarthen" in this place; but a little after, in the explanation of the prophecy, "*Carnarvon.*"

§ *'a*] The 4to. of 1599 "he."

‖ *take us with ye*] i. e. let us understand ye.

* *wore*] Qy. "wear"?

† *And shanks yield up their strength*] This line is not found here in the 4tos., but, from the repetition of the prophecy by Jack, we are certain that it has been omitted by accident.

by the head and Lluellen wear the crown in the field?

Friar. By Lady, my lord, you go near the matter.—But what saith Morgan Pigot more?

Harper. In the year of our Lord God 1272, shall spring from the loins of Brute, one whose wife's name being the perfect end of his own,* shall consummate the peace betwixt England and Wales, and be advanced to ride through Cheapside with a crown on his head; and that's meant by your lordship, for your wife's name being Ellen, and your own Lluellen, beareth the perfect end of your own name: so must it needs be that, [though] for a time Ellen flee from Lluellen, ye being betrothed in heart each to others, must needs be advanced to be highest of your kin.

Lluellen. Jack, I make him thy prisoner. Look, what way my fortune inclines, that way goes he.

Rice ap Mer. Sirrah, see you run swiftest.

Friar. Farewell: be far from the spigot.

[*Exeunt* Friar *and* Guenthian.

Jack. Now, sir, if our country ale were as good as your metheglin, I would teach you to play the knave, or you should teach me to play the harper.

Harper. Ambo, boy; you are too light-witted as I am light-minded.

Jack. It seemed† to me thou art fittest and passing well. [*Exeunt* Jack *and* Harper.

Enter Guenther *with letters.*

Lluellen. What tidings bringeth Guenther with his haste?
Say, man, what bodes thy message, good or bad?

Guenther. Bad, my lord; and all in vain, I wot,
Thou dart'st‡ thine eyes upon the wallowing main,
As erst did Ægeus § to behold his son,
To welcome and receive thy welcome‖ love;
And sable sails he saw, and so mayst thou,
For whose mishap the brackish seas lament.
Edward, O, Edward!

Lluellen. And what of him?

Guenther. Landed he is at Dover with his men,
From Palestine safe; by his English lords
Receiv'd in triumph¶ like an earthly god:
He lives to wear his father's diadem,
And sway the sword of British Albion.
But Elinor, thy Elinor!

Lluellen. And what of her?
Hath amorous Neptune gaz'd upon my love,
And stopt her passage with his forkèd mace?
Or, that I rather fear,—O deadly fear!—
Enamour'd Nereus * doth he withhold
My Elinor?

Guenther. Nor Neptune, Nereus, nor other god
Withholdeth from my gracious lord his love:
But cruel Edward, that injurious king,
Withholds thy liefest† lovely Elinor;
Ta'en‡ in a pinnace on the narrow seas
By four tall ships of Bristow, and with her
Lord Emerick, her unhappy noble brother,
As from Montargis hitherward they sail'd.
This say in brief § these letters tell at large.

[Lluellen *reads his brother Sir* David's *letters.*

Lluellen. Is Longshanks, then, so lusty now become?
Is my fair love, my beauteous Elinor, ta'en?
Villains,‖ damn'd villains, not to guard her safe,
Or fence her sacred person from her foes!
Sun, couldst thou shine, and see my love beset,
And didst not clothe thy clouds in fiery coats,
O'er all the heavens, with wingèd sulphur flames,
As when thy¶ beams, like mounted combatants,
Battled with Python** in the fallow'd lays?††
But if kind Cambria deign me good aspect,
To make me chiefest Brute of western Wales,
I'll short that gain-legg'd‡‡ Longshank[s] by the top,
And make his flesh my murdering falchion's food.
To arms, true Britons, sprung of Trojans' seed,
And with your swords write in the Book of Time
Your British names in characters of blood!
Owen ap Rice, while we stay for further force,
Prepare, away in post, and take with thee
A hundred chosen of thy countrymen,
And scour the marches with your Welshmen's hooks,
That Englishmen may think the devil is come.
Rice shall remain with me: make thou thy bode
In resolution to revenge these wrongs
With blood of thousands guiltless of this rage.

---

* *own*] Both 4tos. "ground."

† *It seemed*, &c.] A mutilated speech,—in which "*seemed*" ought, I believe, to be "seems."

‡ *dart'st*] Both 4tos. "darest."

§ *Ægeus*] Both 4tos "Aegen."

‖ *welcome*] Repeated by mistake.—Qy. "lovely" or "liefest"? (see Guenther's next speech but one.)

¶ *triumph*] Both 4tos. "triumphes."

* *Nereus*] Wrong quantity.

† *liefest*] i. e. dearest.

‡ *Ta'en*] Both 4tos. "Taking."—Here in my former eds. I printed "Taken": but compare the second line of the next speech.

§ *This say in brief*] i. e. this short account.—The 4to. of 1599 "*This say* I *in breefe*"

‖ *Villains*] Both 4tos. "Villaine."

¶ *thy*] Both 4tos. "the."

** *Python*] Both 4tos. "Pytion."

†† *lays*] An old form of *leas*.

‡‡ *gain-legg'd*] "i. e. *ungain*-legg'd," says the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*

Fly thou on them amain !—Edward, my love
Be thy life's bane !—Follow me, countrymen !
Words make no way : my Elinor is surpriz'd ;
Robb'd am I of the comfort of my life :
And know I this, and am not veng'd on him ?
[*Exeunt.**

Enter the Nine Lords of Scotland, *with their* Nine Pages; Glocester, Sussex, King Edward Longshanks *in his suit of glass,* Queen Elinor, *the* Queen-Mother, *and* Joan : *the* King *and* Queen *sit under a canopy.*

Longsh. Nobles of Scotland,† we thank you all
For this day's gentle princely service done
To Edward, England's king and Scotland's lord.
Our coronation's due solemnity
Is ended with applause of all estates :
Now, then, let us repose‡ and rest us here.
But specially we thank you, gentle lords,
That you so well have governèd your griefs,
As, being grown unto a general jar,
You choose King Edward by your messengers,
To calm, to qualify, and to compound
Th' ambitious strife§ of Scotland's climbing peers.
I have no doubt, fair lords, but you well wot
How factions waste the richest commonwealth,
And discord spoils the seats of mighty kings.
The barons' war, a tragic wicked war,
Nobles, how hath it shaken England's strength !
Industriously, it seems to me, you have
Loyally ventur'd to prevent this shock ;
For which, sith you have chosen me your judge,
My lords,‖ will you stand to what I shall award ?

Baliol. Victorious Edward, to whom the Scottish
Owe homage as their lord and sovereign, [kings
Amongst us nine is but one lawful king :
But might we all be judges in the¶ case,
Then should in Scotland be nine kings at once,
And this contention never set or limited.
To stay these jars we jointly make appeal
To thy imperial throne, who knows our claims.
We stand not on our titles 'fore your grace,
But do submit ourselves to your award ;
And whom your majesty shall name our * king,
To him we'll yield obedience as a king.
Thus willingly, and of her† own accord,
Doth Scotland make great England's king her† judge.

Longsh. Then, nobles, since you all agree in one,
That for a crown so disagree in all,
Since what I do shall rest irrevocable,‡
And, lovely England,§ to thy lovely queen,
Lovely Queen Elinor, unto her turn thy eye,
Whose honour cannot but love thee well ;
Hold up your hands in sight, with general voice,
That are content to stand to our award.
[*They all hold up their hands and say* "He shall."
Deliver me the golden diadem.
Lo, here I hold the goal for which ye striv'd,
And here behold, my worthy men-at-arms,
For chivalry and worthy wisdom's praise,
Worthy each one to wear a diadem :
Expect my doom, as erst at Ida hills‖
The goddesses divine waited th' award
Of Dardan's son.¶ Baliol, stand farthest forth :
Baliol, behold, I give thee the Scottish crown :
Wear it with heart** and with thankfulness.
Sound trumpets, and†† say all after me,
God save King Baliol, the Scottish king !
[*The trumpets sound ; all cry aloud,* "God save King Baliol, the Scottish King."
Thus, lords, though you require no reason why,
According to the conscience in the cause,
I make John Baliol your anointed king.
Honour and love him, as behoves him best
That is in peace of Scotland's crown possess'd.

Baliol. Thanks, royal England, for thy honour done.
This justice that hath calm'd our civil strife,

* *Exeunt*] After this both 4tos. have ;
"*Manet the Friar and Nouice.*
"*Friar.* Come boie we must buckle I see,
The prince is of my profession right :
Rather than he wil lose his wenche,
He will fight *Ab ouo vsque ad mala.*
Nouice. O maister, doubt you not, but your Nouice will prooue a whot shot, with a bottle of Metheglin.
Exeunt, [h]*ere the wenche fall into a Welsh song, and the Friar aunswer, and the Nouice betweene.*"
But the Friar and his companions have already quitted the stage.

† *Scotland*] Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 32) seems to be quite right when he considers "Scotland" as a trisyllable here, though in two other lines of the present speech it is a dissyllable.

‡ *repose*] Both 4tos. "appose."

§ *Th' ambitious strife*] The very probable correction of Mr. Keightley in *Notes and Queries* for Janry. 7th 1860, p. 8.—Both 4tos. "Thanke Britains *strife.*"

‖ *My lords*] Qy. "Lords"?

¶ *the*] The 4to. of 1599 "this."

* *name our*] Both 4tos. "*name* to be *our.*"

† *her*] Both 4tos. "their."

‡ *irrevocable*] Both 4tos. "in*revocable.*"

§ *And, lovely England,* &c.] Mutilated and corrupted. In the second line after this the author probably wrote "*cannot* choose *but,*" &c. ; and in the stage-direction the words "He shall" mean perhaps "he (Edward) shall assign the Scottish crown as he thinks proper."

‖ *Ida hills*] See note ‖, p. 352, sec. col.

¶ *Dardan's son*] Corrected by the Rev. J. Mitford, *Gent. Mag.* for Feby. 1833, p. 101. (Paris was the descendant of Dardanus.)—Both 4tos. "Danaes *sonne.*"

** *heart*] Qy. "heart's-ease"? Compare, *post*, p. 404, first col., "God bless thee with long life, honour, and *heart's-ease !*"

†† *Sound trumpets, and,* &c.] Qy. "*Sound trumpets,* sound, *and*", &c. ?

Shall now be ceas'd * with honourable love.
So movèd of remorse and pity,†
We will erect a college of my name;
In Oxford will I build, for memory
Of Baliol's bounty and his gratitude;
And let me happy days no longer see
Than here to England loyal I shall be.

Q. Elinor. Now, brave John Baliol, Lord of Galloway
And King of Scots, shine with thy golden head;
Shake thy ‡ spears, in honour of his name,
Under whose royalty thou wear'st the same.

QUEEN ELINOR'S *Speech.*§

The welkin, spangled through with golden spots,
Reflects no finer in a frosty night
Than lovely Longshanks in his Elinor's eye:
So, Ned, thy Nell in every part of thee,
Thy person's guarded with a troop of queens,
And every queen as brave as Elinor.
Give glory to these glorious crystal quarries,
Where every robe an object entertains
Of rich device and princely majesty.
Thus like Narcissus, diving in the deep,
I die in honour and in England's arms;
And if I drown, it is in my delight,
Whose company is chiefest life in death,
From forth whose coral lips I suck the sweet
Wherewith are dainty Cupid's caudles‖ made.
Then live or die, brave Ned, or sink or swim,
An earthly bliss it is to look on him.
On thee, sweet Ned, it shall become thy Nell
Bounteous to be unto the beauteous:
O'er-pry the palms,¶ sweet fountains of my bliss,
And I will stand on tiptoe for a kiss.

Longsh. He had no thought of any gentle heart,
That would not seize ** desire for such desert.
If any heavenly joy in women be,
Sweet of all sweets, sweet Nell, it is in thee.—
Now, lords, along: by this the Earl of March,
Lord Mortimer, o'er Cambria's mountain-tops
Hath rang'd his men, and feels Llucllen's mind:
To which confines, that well in wasting be,
Our solemn service of coronation * past,
We will amain to back our friends at need;
And iuto Wales our men-at-arms shall march,
And we with them in person, foot by foot.—
Brother of Scotland, you shall to your home,
And live in honour there fair England's friend.—
And thou, sweet Nell, Queen of King Edward's heart,
Shall now come lesser at thy dainty love,
And at coronation meet thy loving peers,
When storms are past, and we have cool'd the rage
Of these rebellious Welshmen, that contend
'Gainst England's majesty and Edward's crown.
Sound, trumpets! Heralds, lead the train along:
This be King Edward's feast and holiday.

[*Exeunt all except* QUEEN ELINOR, JOAN, *and* GLOCESTER.

Enter the MAYORESS OF LONDON *from church, and music before her.*

Q. Elinor. Glocester, who may this be? A bride or what?—
I pray ye, Joan, go see,
And know the reason of the harmony.

Joan. Good woman, let it not offend you any whit
For to deliver unto me the cause
That in this† unusual kind of sort
You pass the streets with music so.

Mayoress. Mistress, or madam, whate'er you be,
Wot you I am the Mayor of London's wife,
Who, for I have been deliver'd of a son,
Having not these dozen years had any before,
Now in my husband's year of mayoralty,
Bringing him a goodly boy,
I pass unto my house a maiden bride:
Which private pleasure, touching godliness,
Shall here no way, I hope, offend the good.

Q. Elinor. You hope so, gentle mistress; do you indeed?
But do not make it parcel of your creed.

Mayoress. [*aside.*] Alas, I am undone! it is the Queen;
The proudest Queen that ever England knew.

[*Exit with* Attendants.

Q. Elinor. Come, Glocester, let's to the court, and revel there.

[*Exit with* GLOCESTER *and* JOAN.

* *ceas'd*] An error. Qy. for what?
† *pity*] Qy. "picty"?
‡ *Shake thy*] Qy. "*Shake* thou *thy*"?
§ *Queen Elinor's Speech*] Which follows very awkwardly what precedes, has perhaps been shuffled out of its right place.
‖ *caudles*] Both 4tos. "candles."
¶ *O'er-pry the palms*, &c.] The Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* observes that "it is not very easy to make sense of this passage": no, indeed; nor of the rest of her majesty's "*Speech.*"
** *seize*] Qy. "feel"? But what does the whole sentence mean?

* *service of coronation*] Qy. "coronation-service"?
† *That in this*, &c.] Corruption here, and in the next speech.

Enter Rice ap Meredith, Sir David, *and* Lluellen.

Sir David. Soft! is it not Meredith I behold?
Lluellen. All good, all friends.—Meredith, see the man
Must make us great, and raise Lluellen's head:
Fight thou, Lluellen, for thy friend and thee.
Rice ap Mer. Fight, maugre * fortune strong, our battle's strong,
And bear thy foes before thy pointed lance.
Sir David. Not too much prowess, good my lord, at once.
Some talk of policy another while.
Rice ap Mer. How come thy† limbs hurt at this assault?
Lluellen. Hurt for our good, Meredith, make account.
Sir David's wit is full of good device,
And kindly will perform what he pretends.
Sir David. Enough of this, my lord, at once.
What will you, that I hold the king in hand?
Or what shall I especially advise,
Sitting in council with the English lords,
That so my counsel may avail my friends?
Lluellen. David, if thou wilt best for me devise,
Advise my love be render'd to my hand.
Tell them the chains that Mulciber erst made
To tie‡ Prometheus' limbs to Caucasus,
Nor Furies' fangs shall hold me long from her,
But I will have her from th' usurper's tent,
My beauteous Elinor! If aught in this,
If in this case thy wit may boot thy friends,
Express it, then, in this, in nothing else.
Sir David. Ay, there's a card that puts us to our trump;
For might I see the star of Leicester's loins,
It were enough to darken and obscure
This Edward's glory, fortune, and his pride.
First, hereof can I put you out of doubt:
Lord Mortimer of the king hath her in charge,
And honourably entreats your Elinor.
Some think he prays Lluellen were in heaven,
And thereby hopes to couch § his love on earth.
Lluellen. No: where Lluellen mounts, there Ellen flies. ||
Inspeakable are my thoughts for her:
She's not from me in death to be divorc'd.
Go to,¶ it shall be so; so shall it be.
Edward is full resolvèd of thy faith,
So are the English lords and barons all:
Then what may let thee to intrude on them
Some new-found stratagem to feel their wit?
Sir David. It is enough. Meredith, take my weapons;
I am your prisoner; say so at the least.
Go hence, and when you parle on the walls,
Make show of monstrous tyranny you intend
To execute on me, as on the man
That shamefully rebels 'gainst kin and kind;
And 'less * thou have thy love, and make thy peace
With such conditions as shall best concern,
David must die, say thou, a shameful death.
Edward, perhaps, with ruth and pity mov'd,
Will in exchange yield Elinor to thee,
And thou by me shalt gain thy heart's desire.
Lluellen. Sweetly advis'd: David, thou blessest me,
My brother David, lengthener of my life!—
Friends, gratulate to me my joyful hopes.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward Longshanks, Sussex, Mortimer, *and others.*

Longsh. Why, barons, suffer ye our† foes to breathe?
Assault, assault, and charge them all amain!
They fear, they fly, they faint, they fight in vain.
But where is gentle David? in his den?‡
Loth were I aught but good should him betide.
[*Sound an alarum*

Enter, on the walls, Lluellen, Rice ap Meredith, *with a dagger in his hand, holding* Sir David *by the collar, the* Friar, *and* Soldiers.

Where is the proud disturber of our state,
Traitor to Wales and to his sovereign?
Lluellen. Usurper, here I am. What dost thou crave?
Longsh. Welshman, allegiance, which thou ow'st thy § king.
Lluellen. Traitor, no king, that seeks thy country's sack,
The famous runagate of Christendom.

---

* *Fight, maugre,* &c.] Something wrong here

† *thy*] Both 4tos. "my." (Qy. "*limbs* thus *hurt*"?)

‡ *tie*] The 4to of 1593 "trie."

§ *couch*] Both 4tos. "coache."

|| *flies*] The 4to. of 1599 "flie."

¶ *Go to,* &c.] These five lines in both 4tos. are given to David, but, as they evidently do not belong to him, I have assigned them to Lluellen. An anonymous MS. annotator on the first edition of this play in the Garrick collection has rightly pointed out that David's answer begins at "It is enough."

* *'less*] Both 4tos. "least."

† *our*] The 4to. of 1599 "your."

‡ *in his den?*] "Query, ought we not to read '*in his* tent'?" *Editor of Dodsley's* O. P.

§ *thy*] The 4to. of 1599 "the."

Longsh. Ambitious rebel, know'st thou what I am,
How great, how famous, and how fortunate?
And dar'st thou carry arms against me here,
Even when thou shouldst do reverence at my feet?
Yea, fear'd and honour'd in the farthest parts
Hath Edward been, the * noble Henry's son.
Traitor, this sword unsheath'd hath shinèd oft
With reeking in the blood of Saracens;
When, like to Perseus on his wingèd steed,
Brandishing bright the blade † of adamant
That agèd Saturn gave fair Maia's son,
Conflicting tho ‡ with Gorgon in the vale,
Sitting § before the gates of Nazareth,
My horse's hoofs I stain'd in pagan's gore,
Sending whole centuries ‖ of heathen souls
To Pluto's house: this sword, this thirsty sword,
Aims at thy head, and shall, I hope, ere long,
Gage and divide thy bowels and thy bulk,
Disloyal villain, thou, and what is more?¶

Lluellen. Why, Longshanks, think'st thou I will be** scar'd with words?
No: didst thou speak in thunder like to Jove,
Or shouldst, as Briareus,†† shake at once
A hundred bloody swords with bloody hands,
I tell thee, Longshanks, here he faceth thee
Whom naught can daunt, no, not the stroke of death.
Resolv'd ye see: but see the chance of war:
Know'st thou a traitor an thou seest his head?
Then, Longshanks, look this villain in the face:
This rebel, he hath wrought his country's wreck;
Base rascal, bad ‡‡ and hated in his kind,
Object of wrath, and subject of revenge.

Longsh. Lluellen, call'st thou this the chance of war?
Bad for us all, perdy, §§ but worse for him.—
Courage, Sir David! kings thou know'st must die,
And noble minds all dastard fear defy.

Sir David. Renownèd Edward,* star of England's globe,
My liefest † lord and sweetest sovereign,
Glorious and happy is this chance to me,
To reap this fame and honour in my death,—
That I was hew'd with foul-defilèd hands
For my belovèd king and country's good,
And died in grace and favour with my prince.—
Seize on me, bloody butchers, with your paws:
It is but temporal that you can inflict.

Longsh. Bravely resolv'd, brave soldier, by my life!

Friar. Hark you, sir, I am afeard you will not be so resolved by that time you know so much as I can show you: here be hot dogs, I can tell you, mean to have the baiting of you.

Mortimer. Lluellen, in the midst of all thy braves,
How wilt thou use thy brother thou hast ta'en?
Wilt thou not let ‡ his master ransom him?

Lluellen. No, nor his mistress, gallant Mortimer,
With all the gold and silver of the land.

Rice ap Mer. Ransom this Judas to his father's line!
Ransom this traitor to his brother's life!
No.—Take that earnest-penny of thy death.—
[*Seems to stab* Sir David *into the arms and shoulders.*
This touch, my lord, comes nothing near the mark.

Longsh. O damnèd villain, hold thy hands! Ask and have.

Lluellen. We will nor ask nor have. Seest thou these tools? [*Shows hot pincers.*
These be the dogs shall bait him to the death,
And shall by piece-meals tear his cursèd flesh;
And in thy sight here shall he hang and pine.

Longsh. O villains, traitors, how will I be veng'd!

Lluellen. What, threat'st thou, Edward? Desperate minds contemn
That fury menaceth: see thy words' effects.
[*Seems to cut* Sir David's *nose.*

Sir David. O gracious heavens, dissolve me into clay!
This tyranny is more than flesh can bear.

---

* *the*] Both 4tos. "thy."

† *blade*] The first 4to. "bloud," the second "blood."

‡ *tho*] i. e. then.

§ *Sitting*] Both 4tos. "Setting."

‖ *centuries*] i. e. hundreds.—Both 4tos. "countries." Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 16) observes that "the sense, though not the metre ["countries" being frequently used as a trisyllable], requires *centuries*."

¶ *and what is more?*] i. e. and what is more disloyal?

** *think'st thou I will be*] Peele most probably wrote "*think'st I will be*",—not "*think'st thou* I'll *be*."

†† *Briareus*] Wrong quantity.

‡‡ *bad*] Both 4tos. "had."

§§ *perdy*] Both 4tos. "pardie." See note †, p. 365, sec. col.

* *Renownèd Edward*, &c.] Both 4tos. "*Renowmed* England, *star of* Edwards *globe*." (Compare the 4th line of our author's *Polyhymnia*;

"Britannia's Atlas, *star of England's globe*.")

† *liefest*] i. e. dearest.

‡ *thou not let*] Both 4tos. "*thou let*."

Longsh. Bear it, brave mind, sith nothing but thy blood
May satisfy in this extreme estate.
Sussex. My lord, it is in vain to threaten them;
They are resolv'd, ye see, upon his death.
Longsh. Sussex, his death, they all shall buy it dear:
Offer them any favour for his life,
Pardon, or peace, or aught what is beside:
So love me God as I regard my friends!—
Lluellen, let me have thy brother's life
Even at what rate and ransom thou wilt name.
Lluellen. Edward, King Edward, as thou list be term'd,
Thou know'st thou hast my beauteous Elinor:
Produce her forth to plead for David's life;
She may obtain more than an host of men.
Longsh. Wilt thou exchange thy prisoner for thy love?
Lluellen. Talk no more to me; let me see her face.
Mortimer. Why, will your majesty be all so base
To stoop to his demands in every thing?
Longsh. Fetch her at once; good Mortimer, be gone.
Mortimer. [*aside.*] I go; but how unwilling heaven* doth know.
Rice ap Mer. Apace, Mortimer, if thou love thy friend.
Mortimer. [*aside.*] I go for dearer than I leave behind. [*Exit.*
Longsh. See, Sussex, how he bleedeth in my eye,
That beareth fortune's shock triumphantly.
Friar. Sa-ha, master! I have found, I have found.
Lluellen. What hast thou found, friar, ha?
Rice ap Mer. News, my lord, a star from out the sea;
The same is risen and made a summer's day.

Re-enter MORTIMER, *conducting in the* LADY ELINOR.

Lluellen. What, Nell, sweet Nell, do I behold thy face?
Fall heavens, fleet stars, shine Phœbus' lamp no more!
This is the planet lends this world her light;
Star of my fortune this, that shineth bright,
Queen of my heart, loadstar of my delight,
Fair mould of beauty, miracle of fame.
O, let me die with Elinor in mine arms!
What honour shall I lend thy loyalty
Or praise unto thy sacred deity?†

* *heaven*] Both 4tos. "heauens."

† *deity*] So the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*—Both 4tos. "dietie".—Qy. "piety"?

Rice ap Mer. Marry, this, my lord, if I may give you counsel: sacrifice this tyke in her sight, her friend; which being done, one of your soldiers may dip his foul shirt in his blood; so shall you be waited with as many crosses as King Edward.
Longsh. Good cheer, Sir David; we shall up anon.
Mortimer. [*aside.*] Die, Mortimer; thy life is almost gone.
Elinor. Sweet Prince of Wales, were I within thine arms,
Then should I in peace possess my love,
And heavens open fair their crystal gates,
That I may see the palace of my intent.*
Longsh. Lluellen, set thy brother free:
Let me have him, thou shalt have Elinor.
Lluellen. Sooth, Edward, I do prize my Elinor
Dearer than life; but there belongeth more
To these affairs than my † content in love:
And to be short, if thou wilt have thy man,
Of whom, I swear, thou thinkest over-well,
The safety of Lluellen and his men
Must be regarded highly in this match.
Say, therefore, and be short, wilt thou give peace
And pardon to Lluellen and his men?
Longsh. I will herein have time to be advis'd.
Lluellen. King Edward, no: we will admit no pause,
For goes this wretch, this traitor, to the pot.‡
And if Lluellen be pursu'd so near,
May chance to show thee such a tumbling-cast,
As erst our father when he thought to scape,
And broke his neck from Julius Cæsar's tower.§
Sussex. My lord, these rebels all are desperate.
Mortimer. [*aside.*] And Mortimer of all most miserable.
Longsh. How, say you, Welshmen, will you leave your arms,
And be true liegemen unto Edward's crown?
First Soldier. If Edward pardon surely what is past,
Upon conditions we are all content.
Longsh. Belike you will condition with us, then?
First Soldier. Special conditions for our safety first,

* *may see the palace of my intent*] A friend conjectures "might *see the* place *of my* content."

† *my*] The 4to. of 1599 "may."

‡ *to the pot*] One of the many passages in our early writers which show how ridiculously Mr. Collier, at the bidding of his MS. Corrector, substituted "*To the* port" for "*To the pot*" in *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 4: see Mr. Collier's *Shakespeare*, ed. 1858.

§ *tower*] Both 4tos. "towne."

And for our country Cambria's common good,
T' avoid the fusion of our guilty blood.
Longsh. Go to; say on.
First Soldier. First, for our followers, and ourselves, and all,
We ask a pardon in the prince's word;
Then for this lord's possession in his love;
But for our country chief these boons we beg,
And England's promise princely to thy Wales,
That none be Cambria's prince to govern us
But he that is a Welshman, born in Wales:
Grant this, and swear it on thy knightly sword,
And have thy man and us and all in peace.
Lluellen. Why, Cambria-Britons, are you so incens'd?
Will you deliver me to Edward's hands?
First Soldier. No, Lord Lluellen; we will back for thee
Thy life, thy love, and golden liberty.
Mortimer. [*aside.*] A truce with honourable conditions ta'en;
Wales' happiness, England's glory, and my bane.
Longsh. Command retreat be sounded in our camp.—
Soldiers, I grant at full what you request.—
David, good cheer.—Lluellen, open the gates.
Lluellen. The gates are open'd: enter thee and thine.
Sir David. The sweetest sun that e'er I saw to shine!
Longsh. Madam, a brabble* well begun for thee:
Be thou my guest and Sir Lluellen's love.
[*Exeunt all except* MORTIMER.
Mortimer. Mortimer, a brabble ill begun for thee;
A truce with capital conditions ta'en,
A prisoner sav'd and ransom'd with thy life.
Edward, my king, my lord, and lover dear,
Full little dost thou wot how this retreat,
As with a sword, hath slain poor Mortimer.
Farewell the flower, the gem of beauty's blaze,
Sweet Ellen, miracle of nature's hand!
Hell† in thy name, but heaven is in thy looks:
Sweet Venus, let me saint or devil be
In that sweet heaven or hell that is in thee.
[*Exit.*

Enter JACK *and the* Harper, *getting a standing against the* Queen *comes in.*

The trumpets sound: enter QUEEN ELINOR, JOAN, *and* Ladies *in a litter, borne by four* Negro-Moors, *and attended on by the* EARL OF GLOCESTER *and four* Footmen: *one having set a ladder to the side of the litter,* QUEEN ELINOR *descends, and* JOAN *and* Ladies *follow.*

Q. Elinor. Give me my pantables.*
Fie, this hot weather how it makes me sweat!
Heigh-ho, my heart! ah, I am passing faint!
Give me my fan that I may cool my face.
Hold, take my mask, but see you rumple't not.†
This wind and dust, see how it smolders me!
Some drink, good Glocester, or I die for thirst.‡
Ah, Ned, thou hast forgot thy Nell I see,
That she is thus enforc'd to follow thee!
Glocester. This air's distemperature, an please your majesty, [mist,§
Noisome through mountain vapours and thick
Unpleasant needs must be to you and your
Company, that ne'er was wont to take the air
Till Flora had‖ perfum'd the earth with sweets,
With lilies, roses, mints, and eglantine.
Q. Elinor. I tell thee, the ground is all too base
For Elinor to honour with her steps;
Whose footpace, when she progress'd in the street[s]
Of Acon and the fair Jerusalem,
Was [upon] naught but costly arras-points,
Fair island-tapestry, and azur'd silk;
My milk-white steed treading on cloth of ray,¶
And trampling proudly underneath the feet
Choice of our English woollen drapery.
This climate o'er-lowering with black congealèd clouds,**
That take their swelling from the marish soil,
Fraught with infectious fogs†† and misty damps,
Is far unworthy to be once embalm'd
With redolence of this refreshing breath,
That sweetens‡‡ where it lights, as do the flames
And holy fires of Vesta's sacrifice.
Joan. Whose pleasant fields,§§ new-planted with the spring,

* *brabble*] i. e. quarrel.

† *Hell*] The 4to. of 1593 "Fuellen," that of 1599 "Lluellen."—I have adopted the conjecture of the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*

* *pantables*] i. e. slippers.—The 4to. of 1599 "pantaphels."

† *rumple't not*] The 4to. of 1593 "*romple not*," that of 1599 "*romple* it *not*."

‡ *thirst*] Both 4tos. "drinke."

§ *mountain vapours and thick mist*] Both 4tos. "mountains *vapors* send *thick mist*."

‖ *had*] Both 4tos. "haue."

¶ *cloth of ray*] i. e. striped cloth: Fr. *raie.*

** *This climate o'er-lowering with black congealèd clouds*] Qy. "*This* clime *o'er-lowering with congealèd clouds*"?

†† *fogs*] The 4to. of 1593 "frogges."

‡‡ *sweetens*] The 4to. of 1599 "sweetnesse."

§§ *Whose pleasant fields*, &c.] A mutilated and cor-

Make Thamesis to mount above the banks,
And, like a wanton, wallowing up and down
On Flora's beds and Napæ's silver down.
Glocester. And Wales for me, madam, while you are here;
No climate good unless your grace be near.
Would Wales had aught could please you half so
Or any precious thing in Glocester's gift, [well,
Whereof your ladyship would challenge me!
Joan. Well said, my lord! 'tis as my mother says;
You men have learnt to woo a thousand ways.
Glocester. O, madam, had I learnt, against my need,
Of all those ways to woo, one way to speed,
My cunning, then, had been my fortune's guide.
Q. Elinor. Faith, Joan, I think thou must be Glocester's bride.—
Good earl, how near he steps unto her side!
So soon this eye these younglings had espied.—
I'll tell thee, girl, when I was fair and young,
I found such honey in sweet Edward's tongue,
As I could never spend one idle walk
But Ned and I would piece it out with talk.—
So you, my lord, when you have got your Joan,
No matter, let queen-mother be alone.
Old Nell is mother now, and grandmother may;
The greenest grass doth droop and turn to hay.
Woo on, kind clerk, good Glocester, love thy Joan:
Her heart is thine, her eye* is not her own.
Glocester. This comfort, madam, that your grace doth give
Binds me in double duty whilst I live.
Would God, King Edward see and say no less!
Q. Elinor. Glocester, I warrant thee upon my life
My king vouchsafes his daughter for thy wife.
Sweet Ned hath not forgot, since he did woo,
The gall of love and all that 'longs thereto.
Glocester. Why, was your grace so coy to one so kind?
Q. Elinor. Kind, Glocester! so, methinks, indeed:
It seems he loves his wife no more than needs,
That sends for us in all the speedy haste,
Knowing his queen to be so great with child,
And makes† me leave my princely pleasant seats
To come into his ruder part of Wales.
Glocester. His highness hath some secret reason why
He wisheth you to* move from England's pleasant court.†
The Welshmen have of long time suitors been,
That when the war of rebels sorts an end,‡
None might be prince and ruler over them
But such a one as was their countryman;
Which suit, I think, his grace hath granted them.
Q. Elinor. So, then, it is King Edward's policy
To have his son—forsooth, son if it be—
A Welshman: well, Welshman it liketh me.
And here he comes.

Enter KING EDWARD LONGSHANKS *and* Lords.

Longsh. Nell, welcome into Wales!
How fares my Elinor?
Q. Elinor. Ne'er worse: beshrew
Their hearts, 'tis long on.
Longsh. Hearts, sweet Nell?
Beshrew§ no hearts where such sweet saints do dwell. [*Holds her hand fast.*
Q. Elinor. Nay, then, I see I have my dream: I pray, let go:
You will not will you, whether I will or no?
You are dispos'd to move me.
Longsh. Say any thing but so.
Once, Nell, thou gav'st me this.
Q. Elinor. I pray, let go;
Ye are dispos'd,‖ I think.
Longsh. Ay, madam, very well.
Q. Elinor. Let go and be naught,¶ I say!
Longsh. What ails my Nell?
Q. Elinor. Ay me, what sudden fit** is this I prove?
What grief, what pinching pain, like young men's love,
That makes me madding run thus to and fro?
Longsh. What, melancholy, Nell?
Q. Elinor. My lord, pray, let me go.
Give me sweet water. Why,†† how hot it is!
Glocester. [*aside.*] These be the fits
Trouble men's wits.
Longsh. Joan, ask thy beauteous mother‡‡ how she doth.
Joan. How fares your majesty?

---

rupted speech (in which perhaps "*new-planted*" should be "*new*-painted" and "*wallowing*" should be "wallow"). As to "*Thamesis*",—it must be recollected that the speaker is in *Wales!!*

* *eye*] Both 4tos. "eies."

† *makes*] Both 4tos. "make."

* *to*] Qy. *dele?*

† *court*] Both 4tos. "courts."

‡ *sorts an end*] Fr. *sortir effet.*

§ *Beshrew*] Both 4tos. "shrow."

‖ *dispos'd*] i. e. inclined to be merry: a sense in which the word is often used by old writers.

¶ *and be naught*] Equivalent to—and be hanged!

** *fit*] Both 4tos. "fits."

†† *Why*] Qy. "Fie"? Compare the second line of Queen Elinor's first speech in this scene.

‡‡ *mother*] Both 4tos. "mistres." (Afterwards, p. 400, sec. col., we must read "*mistress*" where both 4tos. have "mother.")

Q. Elinor. Joan, aggriev'd at the heart,
And anger'd worse, because I cannot right me:*
I think the king comes purposely to spite me.
My fingers itch till I have had my will:
Proud Edward,† call in thy Elinor; be still.
It will not be, nor rest I anywhere
Till I have set it soundly on his ear.

Joan. [*aside.*] Is that the matter? then let me alone.

Q. Elinor. Fie, how I fret with grief!

Longsh. Come hither, Joan:
Know'st thou what ails my queen?

Joan. Not I, my lord:
She longs, I think, to give your grace a box on th' ear.

Longsh. Nay, wench, if that be all, we'll ear it well.—
What, all amort!‡ How doth my dainty Nell?
Look up, sweet love: unkind! not kiss me once?
That may not be.

Q. Elinor. My lord, I think you do it for the nonce.§

Longsh. Sweetheart, one kiss.

Q. Elinor. For God's sake, let me go.

Longsh. Sweetheart, a kiss.

Q. Elinor. What, whether I will or no?
You will not leave? let be I say.

Longsh. I must be better chid.

Q. Elinor. No, will? [*striking him on the ear.*] take that, then, lusty lord: sir, leave when you are bid.

Longsh. Why, so, this chare is char'd.‖

Glocester. A good one, by the rood.¶

Q. Elinor. No force, no harm.

Longsh. No harm that doth my Elinor any good.—
Learn, lords, 'gainst you be married men, to bow to women's yoke;
And sturdy though you be, you may not stir for every stroke.—
Now, my sweet Nell, how doth my qeecn?

Q. Elinor. She vaunts
That mighty England** hath felt her fist,
Taking†† a blow basely at Elinor's hand.

Longsh. And vaunt* she may, good leave, being curst and coy:
Lack nothing, Nell, whilst† thou hast brought thy lord a lovely boy.

Q. Elinor. Ven acà;‡ I am sick;
Good Katherine,§ I pray thee, be at hand.

Kath. This sickness, I hope,
Will bring King Edward a jolly boy.

Longsh. And, Katherine,
Who brings me that news shall not go empty-handed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MORTIMER, LLUELLEN, RICE AP MEREDITH, *and the* LADY ELINOR.

Mortimer. Farewell, Lluellen, with thy loving Nell.

Lluellen. God-a-mercy, Mortimer; and so farewell.

[MORTIMER *retires and conceals himself.*

Rice ap Mer. Farewell and be hang'd, false Sinon's serpent brood.‖

Lluellen. Good words, Sir Rice: wrongs have best remedy,
So taken¶ with time, patience, and policy.
But where is the friar? who can tell?

Enter Friar.

Friar. That can I, master, very well;
And say, i'faith, what hath befel,
Must we at once to heaven or hell?

Elinor. To heaven, friar! friar, no, fie!
Such heavy souls mount not so high.

Friar. [*lying down.*] Then, friar, lie thee down
And if any ask the reason why, [and die;
Answer and say thou canst not tell,
Unless because thou must to hell.

Elinor. No, friar, because thou didst rebel:
Gentle Sir Rice ring** out thy knell.

Lluellen. And Maddock toll thy passing-bell.
So, there lies a straw,
And now to the law.

Masters and friends; naked came we into the world, naked are we turned out of the good

* *I cannot right me*] Both 4tos. "*I* came *not right* in."

† *Proud Edward*, &c.] Some corruption in this line.

‡ *all amort*] More properly *alamort*, i. e. dejected, spiritless.

§ *nonce*] i. e. occasion.

‖ *this chare is char'd*] "That char [or chare] is char'd," is a proverbial expression, meaning, "that business is dispatch'd." See Ray's *North Country Words*, p. 20.

¶ *rood*] i. e. cross.

** *England*] A trisyllable here (as it frequently is in our early poets).

†† *Taking*] Both 4tos. "Taken."

* *And vaunt*, &c.] These two lines, given to the queen in both 4tos., are rightly assigned to Longshanks by the MS. annotator on the copy of the first edition in the Garrick collection.

† *whilst*] i. e. until.

‡ *Ven acà*] i. e. Come hither.—The 4tos. "Veniacion" and "Veniacian."

§ *Katherine*] The 4to. of 1593 "Katherina"; but in the next speech of Longshanks "*Katherin.*"

‖ *false Sinon's serpent brood*] Both 4tos. "half *Sinon's* sapons *brood.*"—The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for Febry. 1833, p. 101) reads "*false Sinon's* spawn and *brood.*"

¶ *So taken*] Another error.

** *Gentle Sir Rice ring*, &c.] Is this equivalent to "Let gentle Sir Rice ring," &c.?

towns into the wilderness. Let me see;* mass, methinks we are a handsome commonwealth, a handful of good fellows, set a-sunning to dog on our own discretion. What say you, sir[s]? We are enough to keep a passage: will you be ruled by me? We'll get the next day from Brecknock the Book of Robin Hood; the friar he shall instruct us in his† cause, and we'll even here fare and well: since the king hath put us amongst the discarding cards, and, as it were, turned us with deuces and treys out of the deck,‡ every man take his standing on Mannock-deny, and wander like irregulars up and down the wilderness. I'll be Master of Misrule, I'll be Robin Hood, that's once:§ cousin Rice, thou shalt be Little John: and here's Friar David as fit as a die for Friar Tuck. Now, my sweet Nell, if you will make up the mess‖ with a good heart for Maid Marian, and dwell¶ with Lluellen under the green-wood trees, with as good a will as in the good towns, why, *plena est curia.*

Elinor. My sweetest love, an this my infract fortune**
Could never vaunt her sovereignty,
And shouldst thou pass the ford of Phlegethon,
Or with Leander swim†† the Hellespont,
In deserts Æthiopian‡‡ ever dwell,
Or build thy bower on Ætua's fiery tops,
Thy Nell would follow thee and keep with thee,
Thy Nell would feed with thee and sleep with thee.

Friar. O Cupido quantus, quantus!

Rice ap Mer. Bravely resolved, madam.—And then what rests, my Lord Robin, but we will live and die together like Camber-Britons,—Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian?

Lluellen. There rests nothing now, cousin, but that I sell my chain * to set us all in green, and we'll all play the pioners to make us a cave and cabin † for all weathers.

Elinor. My sweet Lluellen, though this sweet be gall,
Patience doth conquer by ‡ out-suffering all.

Friar. Now, Mannock-deny,
I hold thee a penny,
Thou shalt have neither sheep nor goat
But Friar David will fleece § his coat:
Wherever Jack, my novice, jet,‖
All is fish with him that comes to net;
David, this year thou pay'st no debt. [*Exeunt.*

Mortimer. [*coming forward from his concealment.*]
Why, friar, is it so plain, indeed?
Lluellen, art thou flatly so resolv'd
To roist it out, and roost so near the king?
What, shall we have a passage kept in Wales
For men-at-arms and knights adventurous?
By cock, Sir Rice, I see no reason why
Young Mortimer should not¶ make one among,
And play his part on Mannock-deny ** here,
For love of his belovèd Elinor.
His Elinor! her, were†† she his, I wot,
The bitter northern wind upon the plains,
The damps that rise from out the queachy‡‡ plots,
Nor influence of contagious air should touch;
But she should court it§§ with the proudest dames,

* *see*] The 4tos. "saie" and "say."
† *his*] The 4to of 1599 "this."
‡ *deck*] i. e. pack.
"*Simplicity*. . . . . for you play the best at a game call'd smelling of the four knaves that ever I saw.
Usury. Foure! soft, yet they have not smelt thee.
Simplicity. No, I am one more than is in the *deck*."
Morall of the Three Lordes of London, 1590, Sig. D 3.
§ *that's once*] i. e. that's once for all, that's flat.—The 4to. of 1593 "that *once*"—So Nash in his *Have with you to Saffron-walden*; "But when I doo play my prizes in print, Ile be paid for my paines, *that's once*, and not make myselfe a gazing stocke," &c. Sig. T 4. ed. 1596.
‖ *mess*] i. e. party of four.
¶ *dwell*] Both 4tos. "doe well."
** *an this my infract fortune*, &c.] Nonsense.
†† *swim*] Both 4tos. "win."
‡‡ *Æthiopian*] So the Rev. J. Mitford, *Gent. Mag.* for Feby. 1833, p. 102.—Both 4tos. "Oenophrius."

* *chain*] i. e. the gold chain worn by him as a person of rank.
† *pioners to make us a cave and cabin*, &c.] See note ‡, p. 164, first col.—The 4to. of 1599 "— *and* a *cabin*," &c.
‡ *conquer by*] Both 4tos. "*conquer* me *by*."
§ *fleece*] Both 4tos. "fleeces."
‖ *jet*] i. e. strut.
¶ *not*] Omitted in both 4tos.
** *Mannock-deny*] Both 4tos. "Manmocke dying."
†† *her, were*] Both 4tos. "where."
‡‡ *queachy*] i. e. quaggy, washy, marshy.—The 4to. of 1593 "quechy," that of 1599 "quesie."—In our author's *Polyhymnia* the old copy has;
"When in the *queackie plot* Python he slew."
Compare Heywood;
"Our blood is chang'd to inke, our haires to quils,
Our eyes halfe-buried in their *quechy plots*."
The Golden Age, 1611, Sig. K.
And Chettle, in a rather picturesque passage;
"Lorrique, returne into the beaten path.
I askt thee for a solitary plot,
And thou hast brought me to the dismal'st grome
That euer eye beheld: uoe Wooduimphes here
Seeke with their agill steps to outstrip the roe,
Nor doth the sun sucke from the *queachy plot*
The ranknes and the venom of the earth:
It seemes frequentlesse for the vse of men;
Some basiliskes or poysonous serpents den."
Hoffman, 1631, Sig. I.
§§ *it*] Both 4tos. "yet."

Rich in attire, and sumptuous in her fare,
And take her ease in beds of softest * down.
Why, Mortimer, may not thy offers move,
And win sweet Elinor from Lluellen's love?
Why, pleasant gold and gentle eloquence
Have 'tic'd the chastest nymphs, the fairest dames,
And vaunts of words, delights of wealth and ease
Have made a nun to yield Lluellen's†
Being set to see the last of desperate chance.
Why should so fair a star stand in a vale,
And not be‡ seen to sparkle in the sky?
It is enough § Jove change his glittering robes
To see Mnemosyne and the flies.
Masters, have after gentle Robin Hood:
You're not so well accompanied, I hope,
But if a potter come to play his part,
You'll give him stripes or welcome, good or worse.
Go, Mortimer, and make there love-holidays:
The king will take a common 'scuse of thee,
And who hath more men to attend than Mortimer? [*Exit.*

Enter LLUELLEN, RICE AP MEREDITH, Friar, *the* LADY ELINOR, *and their train.*

They are all clad in green, and sing "Blithe and bonny."

Lluellen. Why, so, I see, my mates, of old
All were not lies that beldames || told
Of Robin Hood and Little John,
Friar Tuck and Maid Marian.

Friar. Ay, forsooth, master.

Lluellen. How well they couch'd in forest green,
Frolic and lively withouten teen,¶
And spent their day in game and glee:
Lluellen, do seek ** if aught please thee,
Nor, though thy foot be out of town,
Let thine look black on Edward's crown;
Nor think this green is not so gay
As was the golden rich array;
And if sweet Nell, my Marian,
Trust me, as I am gentleman,
Thou art as fine in this attire,
As fine and fit to my desire,
As when of Leicester's hall and bower
Thou wert the rose and sweetest flower.
How say'st thou, friar, say I well?
For any thing becomes my Nell.

Friar. Never made man of a woman born
A bullock's tail a blowing horn;
Nor can an ass's hide disguise
A lion, if he ramp and rise.

Elinor. My lord, the friar is wondrous wise.

Lluellen. Believe him, for he tells no lies.—
But what doth Little John devise?

Rice ap Mer. That Robin Hood beware of spies.

An agèd saying and a true,
Black will take no other hue;
He that of old hath been thy foe
Will die but will continue so.

Friar. O, masters, whither shall we go?*
Doth any living creature know?

Lluellen. Rice and I will walk the round.
Friar, see about the ground,

Enter MORTIMER *disguised as a* Potter.

And spoil what prey is to be found.
My love I leave within in trust,
Because I know thy dealing just.—
Come, potter,† come, and welcome too,
Fare as we fare, and do as we do.—
Nell,‡ adieu: we go for news.

[*Exeunt* LLUELLEN *and* RICE AP MEREDITH.

Friar. A little serves the friar's lust,
When *nolens volens* fast I must:
Master, at all that you refuse.

Mortimer. [*aside.*] Such a potter § would I choose,
When I mean to blind a 'scuse:
While Robin walk[s] with Little John,
The Friar will lick || his Marian:
So will the potter if he can.

Elinor. Now, friar, sith your lord is gone,
And you and I are left alone,
What can the friar do or say
To pass the weary time away?—
Weary, God wot, poor wench, to thee,
That never thought these days to see.

Mortimer. [*aside.*] Break, heart! and split, mine eyes, in twain!
Ne'er let me hear those words again.

---

* *softest*] Both 4tos. "safest."

† *Have made a nun to yield Lluellen's*] Mutilated.

‡ *not be*] The 4to of 1599 "*not to be.*"

§ *It is enough*, &c.] The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for Feby. 1833, p. 102) amends this (to his own satisfaction at least) as follows;

"*It is enough. Jove* changes *glittering robes,*
And then he flies to see Mnemosyne."

|| *beldames*] Both 4tos. "Bedlams."

¶ *withouten teen*] Both 4tos. "*with* oaten *teene*:"—*teen*, i. e. grief.

** *Lluellen, do seek*, &c.] A very corrupt passage.

* *go*] Omitted in both 4tos.

† *potter*] The 4to. of 1599 "porter."

‡ *Nell*, &c.] Both 4tos. give this line to the Friar.

§ *potter*] Both 4tos. "porter" here and a little after.

|| *lick*] Wrong word.

Friar. What can the friar do or say
To pass the weary time away?
More dare he * do than he dare say,
Because he doubts to have a nay.†
Elinor. Do somewhat, friar, say or sing,
That may to sorrows solace bring;
And I meanwhile will garlands make.
Mortimer. [*aside.*] O, Mortimer, were 't for thy sake,
A garland were the happiest stake,
That e'er this hand unhappy drew!
Friar. Mistress, shall I tell you true?
I have a song, I learn'd it long ago:
I wot not whether you'll like it well or no.‡
'Tis short and sweet, but somewhat brawl'd before:
Once let me sing it, and I ask no more.
Elinor. What, friar, will you so indeed?
Agrees it somewhat with your need?
Friar. Why, mistress, shall I sing my creed?
Elinor. That's fitter of the two at need.
Mortimer. [*aside.*] O, wench, how mayst thou hope to speed?
Friar. O, mistress, out it goes:
Look what comes next, the friar throws.
[*Sits along and sings.*
Mortimer. [*aside.*] Such a sitting who ever saw?
An eagle's bird of a jackdaw.
Elinor. So, sir, is this all?
Mortimer. [*coming forward.*] Sweet-heart, here's no more.
Elinor. How now, good fellow! more indeed by one than was before.
Friar. How now! the devil instead of a ditty!
Mortimer. Friar, a ditty
Come late from the city,
To ask some pity
Of this lass so pretty:—
Some pity, sweet mistress, I pray you.
Elinor. How now, friar! where are we now, an you play not the man?
Friar. Friend copesmate, you that
Came late from the city,
To ask some pity
Of this lass so pretty,
In likeness of a doleful ditty,—
Hang me if I do not pay ye.
Mortimer. O, friar, you grow choleric: well, you'll have no man to court your mistress but yourself. On my word, I'll take you down a button-hole.
Friar. Ye talk, ye talk, child. [*They fight.*

Re-enter LLUELLEN *and* RICE AP MEREDITH.

Lluellen. 'Tis well, potter; you fight in a good quarrel.
Rice ap Mer. Mass, this blade will hold: let me see, then, friar.
Friar. Mine's for mine own turn, I warrant: give him his tools. Rise, and let's to it; but no change, an if you love me. I scorn the odds, I can tell you: see fair play, an you be gentlemen.
Lluellen. Marry, shall we, friar. Let us see: be their staves of a length? Good: so, now
Let us deem of the matter,
Friar and potter,
Without more clatter;
I have cast your water,
And see as deep into your desire,
As he that had div'd every day into your bosom.
O, friar,
Will nothing serve your turn but larks?
Are such fine birds for such coarse clerks?
None but my Marian can serve your turn.
Elinor. Cast water, for the house will burn.
Friar. O, mistress, mistress, flesh is frail;
'Ware when the sign is in the tail:
Mighty is love and doth prevail.
Lluellen. Therefore, friar, shalt thou not fail,
But mightily your foe assail,
And thrash this potter with thy flail:—
And, potter, never rave nor rail,
Nor ask questions what I ail,
But take this tool, and do not quail,
But thrash this friar's russet coat;
And make him sing a dastard's note,
And cry, *Peccavi,** *miserere David,*
In amo amavi. Go to. [*They take the flails.*
Mortimer. Strike, strike.
Friar. Strike, potter, be thou lief or loth:
An if you'll not strike, I'll strike for both.
Mortimer. He must needs go that the devil drives.
Then, friar, beware of other men's wives. [*Strikes.*
Friar. I wish, master proud potter, the devil have my soul,
But I'll make my flail circumscribe your noul.†
[*Strikes.*

* *he*] Both 4tos. "I."
† *a nay*] Both 4tos. "away"?
‡ *or no*] Both 4tos. "*or* ill."

* *And cry, Peccavi,* &c.] I suspect that this is corrupted,—that here we ought to have a couplet with "*Peccavi*" rhyming to "*amavi.*"
† *noul*] i. e. head.

Llu. Why, so; now it cottens,* now the game begins;
One knave currieth another for his sins.
Fri. [*kneeling.*] O master, shorten my offences in mine† eyes!
If this crucifix‡ do not suffice,
Send me to heaven in a hempen sacrifice.
Mort. [*kneeling.*] O masters, masters,§ let this be warning!
The friar hath infected me with his learning.
Llu. Villains, do not touch the forbidden tree.‖
Now to delude or to dishonour me.
Fri. O, master, *quæ negata sunt grata sunt.*
Llu. Rice, every day thus shall it be:
We'll have a thrashing set among the friars; and he
That of these challengers lays on slowest load,
Be thou at hand, Rice, to gore him with thy goad.
Fri. Ah potter, potter, the friar may rue
That ever this day this our quarrel he knew;
My pate addle, mine arms black and blue.
Mort. Ah friar, who may his fate's force eschew?
I think, friar, you are prettily school'd.
Fri. And I think the potter is handsomely cool'd. [*Exeunt all except* MORTIMER.
Mort. No, Mortimer; here['s] that eternal fire
That burns and flames with brands of hot desire:
Why, Mortimer, why dost thou not discover
Thyself her knight, her liegeman, and her lover? [*Exit.*

Enter BALIOL King of Scots, *with his train.*

Bal. Lords of Albania,¶ and my peers in France,
Since Baliol is invested in his rights,
And wears the royal Scottish diadem,
Time is to rouse him, that the world may wot
Scotland disdains to carry England's yoke.
Therefore, my friends, thus put in readiness,
Why slack we time to greet the English king
With resolute message, to let him know our minds?
Lord Versses, though thy faith and oath be ta'en
To follow Baliol's arms for Scotland's right,
Yet is thy heart to England's honour knit:
Therefore, in spite of England and thyself,
Bear thou defiance proudly to thy king;
Tell him, Albania finds heart and hope
To shake off England's tyranny betime,
To rescue Scotland's honour with her* sword.—
Lord Bruce, see† cast about Versses' neck
A strangling halter, that he mind his haste.‡—
How say'st thou, Versses, wilt thou do this message?
Ver. Although no common post, yet, for my king,
I will to England, maugre England's might,
And do mine errand boldly, as becomes;
Albeit I honour English Edward's name,
And hold this slavish contemnment to scorn.§
Bal. Then hie away, as swift as swallow flies,
And meet me on our roads‖ on England's ground;
Whither¶ think of thy message and thy haste.
[*Sound trumpets.* *Exit* BALIOL *with his train.*

Enter KING EDWARD LONGSHANKS, LANCASTER, GLOCESTER,** SUSSEX, SIR DAVID, CRESSINGHAM, *all booted from Northam.*

Longsh. Now have I leisure, lords, to bid you welcome into Wales:
Welcome, sweet Edmund, to christen thy young nephew;—
And welcome, Cressingham; give me thy hand.—
But, Sussex, what became of Mortimer?
We have not seen the man this many a†† day.
Sus. Before your highness rid from hence to Northam,
Sir Roger was a suitor to your grace
Touching fair Elinor, Llullen's love;

* *cottens*] i. e. goes right.
† *mine*] Qy. "thine"?
‡ *crucifix*] The 4to. of 1593 "crucifige."
§ *masters, masters*] Qy. "master, master"? (as before and after).
‖ *tree*] Both 4tos. "haire", but, as the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* observes, "the rhyme, which seems intended, requires *tree* to be substituted."
¶ *Albania*] Both 4tos. "Albana."
* *her*] Both 4tos. "his."—Qy. "the"?
† *see*] Qy. "go *see*"?
‡ *haste*] Both 4tos. "*hast*;" and in my former editions I remarked that "perhaps we should read here (and also a few lines after this) '*hest.*'" But compare, p. 405, sec. col., "*his halter makes him haste.*"
§ *contemnment to scorn*] "*Contemnment*" can hardly be right (qy. "'coutrement", i. e. accoutrement?); and "*to*" should probably be altered, with the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*, to "in."
‖ *roads*] i. e. inroads.
¶ *Whither*] Both 4tos. "We there."
** *Glocester*, &c.] "The quartos give this latter part of the stage-direction as follows: 'Gloucester, Sussex, David, *Crespall* booted from Northam.' But the name is *Cressingham*, as afterwards appears; and an abbreviation in the MS. was most likely coupled by the printer with the next word *all*, as the king and his peers have *all* just ridden from Northam." *Editor of Dodsley's* O. P.
†† *a*] Not in the 4to. of 1599.

And so, belike denied, with discontent
'A discontinues from your royal presence.
Longsh. Why, Sussex, said we not for Elinor,
So she would leave whom she had lov'd too long,
She might have favour with my queen and me?
But, man, her mind above her fortune mounts,
And that's a cause she fails in her accounts.—
But go with me, my Lord of Lancaster;
We will go see my beauteous lovely queen,
That hath enrich'd me with a goodly boy.

The Queen's *tent opening, she is discovered in bed, dandling her* * *young* Son, *and attended by* MARY Duchess of Lancaster, JOAN, *and* Ladies.

Ladies, by your leave.—
How doth my Nell, mine own, my love, my life,
My heart, my dear, my dove, my queen, my wife?
Q. Elinor. Ned, art thou come, sweet Nell? welcome, my joy!
Thy Nell presents thee with a lovely boy:
Kiss him, and christen him after thine own name.
Heigh-ho!
Whom do I see? my Lord of Lancaster!
Welcome heartily.
Lancaster. I thank your grace: sweet Nell, well met withal.
Q. Elinor. Brother Edmund, here's a kinsman of yours:
You must needs be acquainted.
Lancaster. A goodly boy; God bless him!—Give me your hand, sir:
You are welcome into Wales.
Q. Elinor. Brother, there's a fist, I warrant you, will hold a mace as fast as ever did father or grandfather before him.
Longsh. But tell me† now, lappèd in lily bands,
How with my‡ queen, my lovely boy it stands,
After thy journey and these childbed pains?
Q. Elinor. Sick, mine own Ned,§ thy Nell for thy company;
That lur'd her with thy lies all so far,
To follow thee unwieldy in thy war.
But I forgive thee, Ned, my life's‖ delight,
So thy young son thou see be bravely dight,
And in Carnarvon christen'd royally.
Sweet love, let him be lapp'd most curiously:

He is thine own, as true as he is mine;*
Take order, then, that he be passing fine.
Longsh. My lovely lady, let that care be less:
For my young son the country will I feast,
And have him borne as bravely to the font
As ever yet king's son to christening went.
Lack thou no precious thing to comfort thee,
Dearer† than England's diadem unto me.
Q. Elinor. Thanks, gentle lord.—Nurse, rock the cradle: fie,
The king so near, and hear the boy to cry!—
Joan, take him up, and sing a lullaby.
Longsh. 'Tis well, believe me, wench: Godamercy, Joan!
Lancaster. She learns, my lord, to lull a young one of her own.
Q. Elinor. Give me some drink.
Longsh. Drink nectar, my sweet Nell;
Worthy for seat in heaven with Jove to dwell.
Q. Elinor. Gramercies, Ned. Now, well remember'd yet; [it.—
I have a suit, sweet lord; but you must not deny
Where's‡ my Lord of Glocester, good Clare,§ mine host, my guide?—
Good Ned, let Joan of Acon be his bride:
Assure yourself that they are throughly woo'd.
Glocester. [*aside.*] God send‖ the king be taken in the mood!
Longsh. Then, niece, 'tis like that you shall have a husband.—
Come hither, Glocester: hold, give her thy hand;
Take her, sole daughter to the Queen of England.— [*Gives* JOAN *to* GLOCESTER.
For news he brought,¶ Nell, of my young son,
I promis'd him as much as I have done.
Glocester, Joan. [*hand in hand.*] We humbly thank your majesty.
Lancaster. Much joy may them betide,
A gallant bridegroom and a princely bride!
Longsh. Now say, sweet queen, what doth my lady crave?
Tell me what name shall this young Welshman have,
Born Prince of Wales by Cambria's full consent?
Q. Elinor. Edward the name that doth me well content.

---

* *her*] Both 4tos. "his"; which, according to the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*, means "the king's."
† *me*] The 4to. of 1593 "in."
‡ *my*] The 4to. of 1599 "the."
§ *Sick, mine own Ned*, &c.] A corrupted line.
‖ *life's*] Both 4tos. "lims" (a misprint, I suppose, for "liues").

* *mine*] Both 4tos. "thine."
† *Dearer*] The 4to. of 1593 "De reare", that of 1599 "Deare are".
‡ *Where's*] Both 4tos. "Whereas."
§ *Clare*] The 4to. of 1593 "Clace", that of 1599 "Gloster".
‖ *God send*, &c.] Both 4tos. give this line to Longshanks.—The MS. annotator on the first edition in the Garrick collection rightly assigns it to Glocester.
¶ *brought*] Qy. "*brought* me"?

Longsh. Then Edward of Carnarvon shall he be,
And Prince of Wales, christen'd in royalty.

Lancaster. My lord, I think the queen would take a nap.

Joan. Nurse, take the child, and hold it* in your lap.

Longsh. Farewell, good Joan; be careful of my queen.—
Sleep, Nell, the fairest swan mine eyes have seen.

[*They close the tent.—Exit* Sussex.

Lancaster. I had forgot to ask your majesty
How do you with the abbeys here in Wales?

Longsh. As kings with rebels, Mun; our right prevails.
We have good Robin Hood and Little John,
The Friar and the good Maid Marian:
Why, our Lluellen is a mighty man.

Glocester. Trust me, my lord, methinks 'twere very good
That some good fellows went and scour'd the wood,
And take† in hand to cudgel Robin Hood.
I think the Friar, for all his lusty looks,
Nor Robin's rabble‡ with their glaives and hooks,
But would be quickly driven to the nooks.

Sir David. I can assure your highness what I know:
The false Lluellen will not run nor go,
Or give an inch of ground, come man for man;
Nor that proud rebel callèd Little John,
To him that wields the massiest sword of England.

Glocester. Welshman, how wilt thou that we understand?
But for Lluellen, David, I deny;
England hath men will make Lluellen fly,
Maugre his beard, and hide him in a hole,
Weary of England's dints and manly dole.§

Lancaster. Glocester, grow not so hot in England's right,
That paints his honour out in every fight.

Longsh. By Gis,‖ fair lords, ere many days be past,
England shall give this Robin Hood his breakfast.—
David, be secret, friend, to that I say,
And if I use thy skill, thou know'st the way
Where this proud Robin and his yeomen roam.

Sir David. I do, my lord, and blindfold thither can I run.

Longsh. David, enough: as I 'm a gentleman,
I'll have one merry flirt with Little John,
And Robin Hood, and his Maid Marian.
Be thou my counsel and my company,
And thou mayst England's resolution see.

Re-enter Sussex.

Sussex. May it please your majesty, here are four good squires of the cantreds* where they do dwell, come in the name of the whole country to gratulate unto your highness all your good fortunes, and by me offer their most humble service to your young son, their prince, whom they most heartily beseech God to bless with long life and honour.

Longsh. Well said, Sussex! I pray, bid them come near. [*Exit* Sussex.] Sir David, trust me, this is kindly done of your countrymen.

Sir David. [*aside.*] Villains, traitors to the ancient glory and renown of Cambria! Morris Vaughan, art thou there? And thou, proud Lord of Anglesey?

Re-enter Sussex *with the four* Barons of Wales, *carrying the mantle of frieze. The* Barons *kneel.*

First Baron. The poor country of Cambria, by us unworthy messengers, gratulates to your majesty the birth of your young son, Prince of Wales, and in this poor present express† their most zealous duty and affection, which with all humbleness we present to your highness' sweet and sacred hands.

Longsh. Gramercies, barons, for your gifts and good-wills:‡ by this means my boy shall wear a mantle of country's weaving to keep him warm, and live for England's honour and Cambria's good. I shall not need, I trust, courteously to invite you; I doubt not, lords, but you will be all in readiness to wait on your young prince, and do him honour at his christening.

Sussex. The whole country of Cambria round about, all well-horsed and attended on, both men and women in their best array, are come down to do service of love and honour to our late-born prince, your majesty's son and honey: the men

---

* *it*] Omitted in the 4to. of 1593.

† *take*] Qy. "took"?

‡ *Nor Robin's rabble*, &c.] Both 4tos. "*Nor* Robin rule *with their* gleames *and hookes*". (A little farther on, mention is made of "Robin Hood and his rabble.)"

§ *dole*] i. e. blows dealt out.

‖ *Gis*] A corruption of *Jesus*.

* *the cantreds*] "*Cantred* is as much in Wales as *hundred* in England, for *cantre* in Welch is *centum*." *Minsheu.*

† *present express*] Both 4tos. "prest exprest."

‡ *gifts and good-wills*] Here we might have expected "gift *and* good-will": but in the King's next speech we find "courtesies and presents."

and women of Snowdon especially have sent in great abundance of cattle and corn, enough by computation for your highness' household a whole month and more.

Longsh. We thank them all; and will present our queen with these courtesies and presents bestowed on her young son, and greatly account you for our friends. [*Exeunt* Barons.

The Queen's *tent opens.*

Q. Elinor. Who talketh there?

Longsh. A friend, madam.

Joan. Madam, it is the king.

Elinor. Welcome, my lord. Heigh-ho, what have we there?

Longsh. Madam, the country, in all kindness and duty, recommend their service and good-will to your son; and, in token of their pure good-will, present him by us with a mantle of frieze, richly lined to keep him warm.

Elinor. A mantle of frieze! fie, fie! for God's sake let me hear no more of it, an if you love me. Fie,* my lord! is this the wisdom and kindness of the country? Now I commend me to them all, and if Wales have no more wit or manners than to clothe a king's son in frieze, I have a mantle in store for my boy that shall, I trow, make him shine like the sun, and perfume the streets where he comes.

Longsh. In good time, madam; he is your own; lap him as you list: but I promise thee, Nell, I would not for ten thousand pounds the country should take unkindness at thy words.

Elinor. 'Tis no marvel, sure; you have been royally received at their hands.
No, Ned, but that thy Nell doth want her will,†
Her boy should glister like the summer's sun,
In robes as rich as Jove when he triúmphs.
His pap should be of precious nectar made,
His food ambrosia—no earthly woman's milk;
Sweet fires of cinnamon to open him by;
The Graces on his cradle should attend;
Venus should make his bed and wait on him,
And Phœbus' daughter sing him still asleep.
Thus would I have my boy us'd as divine,
Because he is King Edward's son and mine:
And do you mean to make him up in frieze?
For God's sake lay it up charily and perfume it against winter; it will make him a goodly warm Christmas coat.

Longsh. Ah, Mun, my brother, dearer than my life,
How this proud humour * slays my heart with grief!—
Sweet queen, how much I pity the effects! †
This Spanish pride 'grees not with England's prince:
Mild is the mind where honour builds his bower,
And yet is earthly honour but a flower.
Fast to those looks are all my fancies tied,
Pleas'd with thy sweetness, angry with thy pride.

Q. Elinor. Fie, fie! methinks I am not where I should be;
Or at the least I am not where I would be.

Longsh. What wants my queen to perfect her content?
But ask and have, the king will not repent.

Q. Elinor. Thanks, gentle Edward.—Lords, have at you, then!
Have at you all, long-bearded Englishmen!
Have at you, lords and ladies! when I crave
To give your English pride a Spanish brave.

Longsh. What means my queen?

Glocester.‡ [*aside.*] This is a Spanish fit.

Q. Elinor. Ned, thou hast granted, and canst not revoke it.

Longsh. Sweet queen, say on: my word shall be my deed.

Q. Elinor. Then shall thy word § make many a bosom bleed.
Read, Ned, thy queen's request lapt up in rhyme,
[*Gives a paper.*
And say thy Nell had skill to choose her time.

Longsh. [*reads.*] ‖ *The pride of Englishmen's long*
Is more than England's Queen can bear: [*hair*
Women's right breast, cut them off all;
And let the great tree perish with the small.

What means my lovely Elinor by this?

Q. Elinor. Not [to] be denied, for my request it is.¶

Lancaster. Glocester, an old said saying,—He that grants all is ask'd,
Is much harder than Hercules task'd.**

Glocester. [*aside.*] Were the king so mad as the queen is wood,††
Here were an end of England's good.

Longsh. My word is pass'd,—I am well agreed;

* *Fie*] The 4to. of 1599 "hee."

† *want her will*] The 4to. of 1599 "*wante* of *her will.*"

* *humour*] Both 4tos. "honor."

† *the effects*] Qy. "its *effects*"? or "thy affects"? but probably something is wanting after this line.

‡ *Glocester*] Stands in both 4tos. as a portion of the text.

§ *thy word*] Both 4tos. "my wordes."

‖ *Longsh.* [*reads.*]] Both 4tos. "Read the paper Rice."

¶ *request it is*] After this both 4tos. have "The rime is, that mens beardes and womens breastes be cut off, &c."

** *task'd*] Both 4tos. "taske."

†† *wood*] Synonymous with *mad.*

Let men's beards milt* and women's bosoms bleed.—
Call forth my barbers! Lords, we'll first begin.

Enter two Barbers.

Come, sirrah, cut me close unto the chin,
And round me even, see'st thou, by a dish;
Leave not a lock: my queen shall have her wish.
Q. Elinor. What, Ned, those locks that ever pleas'd thy Nell,
Where† her desire, where her delight doth dwell!
Wilt thou deface that silver labyrinth,
More orient than purpled‡ hyacinth?
Sweet Ned, thy sacred person ought not droop,
Though my command make other gallants stoop.
Longsh. Madam, pardon me and pardon all;
No justice but the great runs with the small.—
Tell me, good Glocester, art thou not afeard?
Glocester. No, my lord, but resolv'd to lose my beard.
Longsh. Now, madam, if you purpose to proceed
To make so many guiltless ladies bleed,
Here must the law begin, sweet Elinor, at thy breast,
And stretch itself with violence to the rest.
Else princes ought no other do,
Fair lady, than they would be done unto.
Q. Elinor. What logic call you this? Doth Edward mock his love?
Longsh. No, Nell; he doth as best in honour doth behove,
And prays thee, gentle queen,—and let my prayers§ move,—
Leave these ungentle thoughts, put on a milder mind;
Sweet looks, not lofty, civil mood become a woman's kind: ‖
And live, as, being dead and buried in the ground,
Thou mayst for affability and honour be renown'd.
Q. Elinor. Nay, an you preach, I pray, my lord, be gone:
The child will cry and trouble you anon.
Mayoress. [*aside.*] *Quo semel*¶ *est imbuta recens servabit odorem*
Testa diu.

Proud incest in the cradle of disdain,
Bred up in court of pride, brought up in Spain,
Dost thou command him coyly from thy sight,
That is thy* star, the glory of thy light? †
Longsh. O, could I with the riches of my crown
Buy better thoughts for my renownèd Nell,
Thy mind, sweet queen, should be as beautiful
As is thy face, as are thy features all,
Fraught with pure honour's treasure,‡ and enrich'd
With virtues and glory incomparable.—
Ladies about her majesty, see that the queen your mistress§ know not so much; but at any hand our pleasure is that our young son be in this mantle borne to his christening, for special reasons are thereto moving; from the church, as best it please your women's wits to devise. You,‖ sweet Joan, see this faithfully performed; and, hear you, daughter, look you be not last up when this day comes, lest Glocester find another bride in your stead.—David, go with me.

[*Exit with* Sir David.

Glocester. She riseth early, Joan, that beguileth thee of a Glocester.

Lancaster. Believe him not, sweet niece: we men can speak smooth for advantage.

Joan. Women,¶ do you mean, my good uncle? Well, be the accent where it will, women are women.—I will believe you for as great a matter as this comes to, my lord.

Glocester. Gramercies, sweet lady, *et habebis fidei mereedem contrà.*

[*Exeunt.—The Queen's tent is closed.*

Enter Jack *and his company, to give the* Queen *music at her tent.*

Jack. Come, fellows, cast yourselves even round in a string—a ring I would say: come, merrily on

---

* *milt*] "Perhaps *moult.*" *Editor of Dodsley's* O. P.

† *Where*] Both 4tos. "Were."

‡ *purpled*] Both 4tos. "pimpilde."

§ *prayers*] The 4to. of 1593 "praies."

‖ *kind*] i. e. nature.

¶ *Quo semel*, &c.] Horace, *Epist.* I. ii. 69. In both 4tos. this quotation stands, without any prefix, between the stage-direction "*The Nurse closeth the tent*" (which stage-direction is manifestly out of place), and the speech of the Lady Mayoress "Proud incest," &c.; and the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* says that it "seems inserted as an observation of the poet, and not, like a previous line from the same author [see p. 379, first col.], put into the mouth of one of the characters." But as Peele wrote for the stage, not for the closet, it is more than unlikely that he should have inserted any such "observations."—The Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* also remarks that "The Lady Mayoress performs the office of nurse to the prince." I do not, however, think that we are to conclude so from the present scene; and in a subsequent scene, before putting her to death, the Queen tells her, "Our mind is to bestow an office on you straight," and asks,

"Whether will you be our nurse or laundress?"

and the Mayoress chooses to be the former.

* *thy*] Both 4tos. "the."

† *light*] The 4to. of 1593 "sight."

‡ *pure honour's treasure*] The 4to. of 1593 "*pure* honor, *treasure*", that of 1599 "true honor, *treasure.*"

§ *mistress*] Both 4tos. "mother."

‖ *You*] Both 4tos. "Yet."

¶ *Women*] A play upon the similarity of the sound of *we men* and *women.*

my word, for the queen is most liberal, and if you will please her well, she will pay you royally: so, lawful to brave well thy British lustily to solace our good queen: God save her grace, and give our young prince a carpell in their kind! * Come on, come on, set your crowds,† and beat your heads together, and behave you handsomely.

[*Here they play and sing, and then exeunt.*

Enter Friar.

Friar. I have a budget in my nose this gay morning, and now will I try how clerkly the friar can behave himself. 'Tis a common fashion to get gold with "Stand: deliver your purses!" Friar Davy ‡ will once in his days get money by wit. There is a rich farmer should pass this way § to receive a round sum of money: if he come to me, the money is mine, and the law shall take no vantage; I will cut off the law as the hangman would cut a man down when he hath shaken his heels half-an-hour under the gallows. Well, I must take some pains for this gold; and have at it!

[*Spreads the lappet of his gown, and falls to dice.*

Enter a Farmer.

Farmer. 'Tis an old said saying, I remember I read it in Cato's *Pueriles*,‖ that *Cantabit* ¶ *vacuus coram latrone viator;* a man ** purse-penniless may sing before a thief: true, as I have not one penny, which makes me so pertly pass through these thickets. But indeed I [am to] receive a hundred marks; and all the care is how I shall pass again. Well, I [am] resolved either to ride twenty miles about, or else to be so well accompanied that I will not care for these rufflers.

Friar. Did ever man play with such uncircumcised hands? size-ace to eleven and lose the chance!

Farmer. God speed, good fellow! why chafest thou so fast? there's nobody will win thy money from thee.

Friar. Zounds, you offer me injury, sir, to speak in my cast.

Farmer. [*aside.*] The friar undoubtedly is lunatic.—I pray thee, good fellow, leave chafing, and get some warm drink to comfort thy brains.

Friar. Alas, sir, I am not lunatic: 'tis not so well, for I have lost my money, which is far worse. I have lost five gold nobles to Saint Francis; and if I knew where to meet with his receiver, I would pay him presently.

Farmer. Wouldst thou speak with Saint Francis' receiver?

Friar. O Lord, ay, sir, full gladly.

Farmer. Why, man, I am Saint Francis' receiver, if you would have any thing with him.

Friar. Are you Saint Francis' receiver? Jesus, Jesus! are you Saint Francis' receiver? and how does all? *

Farmer. I am his receiver, and am now going to him: 'a bids Saint Thomas a'Waterings to breakfast this morning to a calf's-head and bacon.

Friar. Good Lord, sir, I beseech you carry † him these five nobles, and tell him I deal honestly with him as if he were here present.

[*Gives money.*

Farmer. I will of my word and honesty, friar; and so farewell.

Friar. Farewell, Saint Francis' receiver, even heartily. [*Exit* Farmer.] Well, now the friar is out of cash five nobles, God knows how he shall come into cash again: but I must to it again. There's nine for your holiness and six for me.

Enter Lluellen, Rice ap Meredith, *and* Mortimer, *with their* Prisoners.

Lluellen. Come on, my hearts: bring forth your prisoners, and let us see what store of fish is there in their purse-nets.—Friar, why chafest thou, man? here's nobody will offer thee any foul play, I warrant thee.

Friar. O, good master, give me leave: my hand is in a little; I trust I shall recover my losses.

Lluellen. The friar is mad; but let him alone with his device.—And now to you, my masters,

* *lawful to brave well . . . a carpell in their kind*] Of this I can make nothing satisfactory.

† *crowds*] i. e. fiddles.

‡ *Davy*] Both 4tos. "Dauies."

§ *way*] Both 4tos. "waies."

‖ *Cato's Pueriles*] "From Peele's Historical play of Edward I. 4to. 1593, if he did not intend a blunder, Pueriles and Cato's Moral Distichs should seem to have been the same book with a double title. But Drayton mentions them as different;

> 'And when that once Pueriles I had read,
> And newly had my Cato construed,' &c.
> *Epistle to Henry Reynolds, Esq.*"

Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 104, note.—In *Everie Woman in her humour*, 1609, one of the characters says, "As the learned *puerelis* writes, 'tis good sleeping in a whole skin." Sig. D 2.—*Pueriles* continued in use long after the time of Peele: a copy is now before me,—*Sententiæ Pueriles, Pro primis Latinæ Linguæ Tyronibus, ex diversis Scriptoribus collectæ. Per Leonardum Culmam. His accesserunt plerœque Veterum Theologorum Sententiæ de vera Religione. Londini, Excusum pro Societate Stationariorum.* 1670, *duod.*

¶ *Cantabit*, &c.] Juvenal, *Sat.* x. 22.

** *man*] Both 4tos. "mans."

* *all*] Qy. "'a" (i. e. he)?

† *you carry*] The 4to of 1599 "*you* to *carrie.*"

Pedler, Priest, and Piper: throw down your budgets in the mean while, and when the friar is at leisure he shall tell you what you shall trust to.

Pedler. Alas, Sir, I have but three pence in the corner of my shoe.

Rice ap Mer. Never a shoulder of mutton, Piper, in your tabor? But soft! here comes company.

Enter KING EDWARD LONGSHANKS, SIR DAVID, *and* Farmer.

Farmer. Alas, gentlemen, if you love yourselves, do not venture through this mountain: here's such a coil with Robin Hood and his rabble, that every cross* in my purse trembles for fear.

Longsh. Honest man, as I said to thee before, conduct us through this wood, and if thou beest robbed or have any violence offered thee, as I am a gentleman, I will repay it thee again. [thee?

Sir David. How much money hast thou about

Farmer. Faith, sir, a hundred marks; I received it even now at Brecknock. But, out alas, we are undone! yonder is Robin Hood and all the strong thieves in the mountain. I have no hope left but your honour's assurance.

Longsh. Fear not; I will be my word's master.

Friar. Good master, an if you love the friar,
Give aim† a while, I you desire,
And as you like of my device,
So love him that holds the dice.

Farmer. What, friar, art thou still labouring so hard? Will you have any thing more to Saint Francis?

Friar. Good Lord, are you here, sweet Saint Francis' receiver? How doth his holiness, and all his good family?

Farmer. In good health, faith, friar: hast thou any nobles for him?

Friar. You know the dice are not partial: an Saint Francis were ten saints, they will favour him no more than they would favour the devil, if he play at dice. In very truth, my friend, they have favoured the friar, and I have won a hundred marks of Saint Francis. Come, sir; I pray, sirrah, draw it over: I know, sirrah, he is a good man, and never deceives none.

* *cross*] i. e. piece of money (many coins being marked with a cross on one side).

† *Give aim*] A phrase in archery: "he who *gave aim* was stationed near the butts, and pointed out, after every discharge, how wide or how short the arrow fell of the mark." Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 28, ed. 1813. Metaphorically it is equivalent to *direct*.

Farmer. Draw it over! what meanest thou by that?

Friar. Why, *in numeratis pecuniis legem pone;* pay me my winnings.

Farmer. What ass is this!* should I pay thee thy winnings?

Friar. Why, art not thou, sirrah, Saint Francis' receiver?

Farmer. Indeed, I do receive for Saint Francis.

Friar. Then I'll make you pay for Saint Francis, that's flat.

Farmer. Help, help! I am robbed, I am robbed! [*Bustling on both sides.*

Longsh. Villain, you wrong the man: hands off!

Friar. Masters, I beseech you leave this brawling, and give me leave to speak. So it is, I went to dice with Saint Francis, and lost five nobles: by good fortune his cashier came by, [and] received it of me in ready cash. I, being very desirous to try my fortune further, played still; and as the dice, not being bound prentice to him or any man, favoured me, I drew a hand and won a hundred marks. Now I refer it to your judgments, whether the friar is to seek his winnings.

Longsh. Marry, friar, the farmer must and shall pay thee honestly ere he pass.

Farmer. Shall I, sir? Why, will you be content to pay half as you promised me?

Longsh. Ay, farmer, if you had been robbed of it; but if you be a gamester, I'll take no charge of you, I.

Farmer. Alas, I am undone! [*Gives money and exit.*

Lluellen. So, Sir Friar, now you have gathered up your winnings, I pray you stand up and give the passengers† their charge, that Robin Hood may receive his toll.

Friar. And shall, my lord. Our thrice-renowned Lluellen, Prince of Wales and Robin Hood of the great mountain, doth will and command all passengers, at the sight of Richard,‡ servant unto me Friar David ap Tuck, to lay down their weapons, and quietly to yield, for custom towards the maintenance of his highness' wars, the half of all such gold, silver, money, and money-worth, as the said passenger§ hath then about him; but if he conceal any part or parcel of the same, then shall he forfeit all that he possesseth at that present. And this sentence is irre-

* *What ass is this!*] i. e. What *an* ass, &c. !,—our early writers frequently omitting the article in such exclamations: see my note on Shakespeare's *Works*, vol. v. p. 368.

† *passengers*] Both 4tos. "messengers."

‡ *Richard*] See note ¶, p. 382, first col.

§ *passenger*] Both 4tos. "messenger."

vocable, confirmed by our lord Lluellen Prince of Wales and Robin Hood of the great mountain.*

Lluellen. So vail† your budgets to Robin of the mountain. But what art thou that disdainest to pay this custom, as if thou scornest the greatness of the Prince of Wales?

Longsh. Faith, Robin, thou seemest to be a good fellow: there's my bag; half is mine, and half is thine. But let's to it, if thou darest, man for man, to try who shall have the whole.

Lluellen. Why, thou speakest as thou shouldst speak.—My masters, on pain of my displeasure, depart the place, and leave us two to ourselves. I must lop his longshanks, 'fore I'll ear‡ to a pair of longshanks.

Longsh. They are fair marks, sir, and I must defend as I may.—Davy, be gone.—Hold here, my hearts: long-legs gives you this amongst you to spend blows one with another.

[*Exeunt* Friar, *and* Rice ap Meredith *with* Prisoners.

Sir David. [*aside.*] Now Davy's days§ are almost come at end. [*Retires.*

Mortimer. [*aside.*] But, Mortimer, this sight is strange. Stay thou in some corner to see what will befall in this battle. [*Retires.*

Longsh. Now, Robin of the Wood, alias Robin Hood, be it known to your worship by these presents, that the longshanks which you aim at have brought the King of England into these mountains to see‖ Lluellen, and to crack a blade with his man that supposeth himself Prince of Wales.

Lluellen. What, Sir King! welcome to Cambria.¶ What, foolish Edward, darest thou endanger thyself to travel these mountains? Art thou so foolish-hardy as to combat with the Prince of Wales?

Longsh. What I dare, thou seest; what I can perform, thou shalt shortly know. I think thee a gentleman, and therefore hold no scorn to fight with thee.

Lluellen. No, Edward; I am as good a man as

Longsh. That shall I try. [thyself.

[*They fight, and* Sir David *takes* Lluellen's *part, and* Mortimer *takes* King Edward's.

Hallo, Edward! how are thy senses confounded! —What, Davy, is it possible thou shouldst be false to England?

Sir David. Edward, I am true to Wales, and so have been friends since my birth, and that shall the King of England know to his cost.

Lluellen. What, potter, did not I charge you to be gone with your fellows?

Mortimer. No traitor, no potter I, but Mortimer, the Earl of March; whose coming to these woods was* to deceive thee of thy love, and reserved to save my sovereign's life.

Sir David. Upon them, brother! let them not breathe.

[King Edward *has* Lluellen *down, and* Sir David *has* Mortimer *down.*

Longsh. Villain, thou diest! God and my right have prevailed.

Sir David. Base earl! now doth David triumph in thine overthrow.—Ay is me! Lluellen at the feet of Longshanks!

Longsh. What, Mortimer under the sword of such a traitor!

Mortimer. Brave king, run thy sword up to the hilts into the blood of the rebel.

Longsh. O, Mortimer, thy life is dearer to me than millions of rebels!

Sir David. Edward, release† my brother, and Mortimer lives.

Longsh. Ay, villain, thou knowest too well how dear I hold my Mortimer.—Rise, man, and assure thee that‡ the hate I bear to thee is love§ in respect of the deadly hatred I bear to that notorious rebel.

Mortimer. Away! his sight to me is like the sight of a cockatrice.—Villain, I go to revenge me on thy treason, and to make thee pattern to the world of monstrous treason,‖ falsehood, and ingratitude. [*Exeunt* King Edward *and* Mortimer.

Sir David. Brother, 'a chafes; but hard was your hap to be overmastered by the coward.

Lluellen. No coward, David: his courage is like to the lion, and were it not that rule and sovereignty set us at jar, I could love and honour the man for his valour.

Sir David. But the potter,— O, the villain will never out of my mind whilst I live! and I will lay to be revenged on his villany.

* *mountain*] Both 4tos. "mountaines."

† *vail*] i. e. down with.

‡ *'fore I'll ear*] Both 4tos. "for *ile eare*":—but "*ear*" cannot be right. The Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* conjectures "yield" for "*ear.*"

§ *Sir David.* [*aside.*] *Now Davy's days*, &c.] Both 4tos. (making this a portion of the preceding speech) "Dauie *now* Dauie *daies*," &c.

‖ *see*] Both 4tos. "vse". (Qy. "visit"?)

¶ *Cambria*] Both 4tos. "Cambrias."

* *was*] Both 4tos. "is".

† *release*] Both 4tos. "relieue".

‡ *that*] Both 4tos. "and."

§ *love*] So I read with the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* Both 4tos "long."

‖ *monstrous treason*] Both 4tos. "mountains *treason*". (Afterwards, p. 407, sec. col., we find "*monstrous treason*".)—In this passage the first "*treason*" is an error.

Lluellen. Well, David, what will be shall be; therefore casting these matters out of our heads, David, thou art welcome to Cambria. Let us in and be merry after this cold cooling, and to* prepare to strengthen ourselves against the last threatenings. [*Exeunt.*

After the christening and marriage done, the Heralds *having attended, they pass over; the* Bride *led by two* Noblemen, LANCASTER *and* SUSSEX; *and the* Bishop.

Glocester. Welcome, Joan, Countess of Glocester, to Gilbert de Clare for ever!

Sussex.† God give them joy!—Cousin Glocester, let us now go visit the king and queen, and present their majesties with their young son, Edward Prince of Wales.

Then all pass in their order to KING EDWARD LONGSHANKS'S *pavilion: the* King *sits in his tent, with his* Pages *about him.*

Bishop. We here present‡ your highness most humbly with your young son, Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales. [*Sound trumpets.*

All. God save Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales!

Longsh. Edward, Prince of Wales, God bless thee with long life and honour! [*Kisses him*].—Welcome, Joan, Countess of Glocester! God bless thee and thine for ever! [*Kisses her.*]—Lords, let us visit my queen and wife, whom we will at once present with a son and daughter honoured to her desire.

Sound trumpets: they all march to QUEEN ELINOR'S *chamber;*§ *the* Bishop *speaks to her in her bed.*

Bishop. We humbly present your majesty with your young son, Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales. [*Sound trumpets.*

All. God save Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales!

Elinor. [*After kissing the Prince.*] Gramercies, bishop: hold, take that to buy thee a rochet.‖ [*Gives purse.*

—Welcome, Welshman!—Here, nurse, open him and have him to the fire, for God's sake; they have touzed him, and washed him¶ throughly, an that be good.—And welcome, Joan, Countess of Glocester! God bless thee with long life, honour, and heart's-ease!—I am now as good as my word, Glocester; she is thine: make much of her, gentle earl.

Longsh. Now, my sweet Nell, what more commandeth my queen, that nothing may want to perfect her contentment?

Elinor. Nothing, sweet Ned; but pray, my king, feast* the lords and ladies royally: and thanks a thousand times, good men and women, to you all for this duty and honour done to your prince.

Longsh. Master bridegroom, by old custom this is your waiting-day.†—Brother Edmund, revel it now or never for honour of your England's son.—Glocester, now, like a brave bridegroom, marshal this many, and set these lords and ladies to dancing; so shall you fulfil the old English proverb, "'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all."

After the show, and the King *and* Queen, *with all the* Lords *and* Ladies, *being in place, enter* VERSSES *with a halter about his neck.*

Longsh. What tidings brings‡ Versses to our court? [king.

Versses. Tidings to make thee tremble, English

Longsh. Me tremble, boy! must not be news from Scotland

Can once make English Edward stand aghast.

Versses. Baliol hath chosen at this time to stir;
To rouse him lion-like, and cast the yoke
That Scots ingloriously have borne from thee
And all the predecessors of thy line;
And makes § his roads ‖ to re-obtain his right,¶
And for his homage sends thee all despite.**

Lancaster. Why, how now, princox††! prat'st thou to a king?

Versses. I do my message truly from my king:
This sword and target chide in louder terms.
I bring defiance from King John Baliol
To English Edward and his barons all.

Longsh. Marry, so, methinks, thou defiest me with a witness.

---

* *to*] Qy. "so"?

† *Sussex*] This prefix is omitted in both 4tos.

‡ *here present*] Both 4tos. "represent."

§ *they all march to Queen Elinor's chamber*, &c.] Here, of course, (as a little before when "*all pass in their order to King Edward Longshanks's pavilion,*") a curtain was drawn back.

‖ *rochet*] Both 4tos. "rochell."

¶ *washed him*] The 4to. of 1593 "wash thim," that of 1599 "wash *him*."—She alludes to the "washing" at the font.

* *king, feast*] Both 4tos. "*king* to *feast*".

† *your waiting-day*, &c.] Both 4tos. "*your waiting daie* Sir Dauid you may commaund al ample welcome in our court, for your countreymen: *brother Edmund reuell it now or neuer*," &c. "Either this is a mistake, or there has been some transposition of the scene; because no long since Edward left Sir David with his brother, pressing the most deadly hatred to him for his treachery.' *Editor of Dodsley's O. P.*

‡ *brings*] Qy. "bringeth"?

§ *makes*] Both 4tos. "make."

‖ *roads*] i. e. inroads.

¶ *right*] Both 4tos. "rights."

** *all despite*] Both 4tos. "*all* this *despight*."

†† *princox*] i. e. pert fellow.

Versses. Baliol, my king, in Berwick makes his court:
His camp he spreads upon the sandy plain,
And dares thee to the battle in his right.
Lancaster. What, court and camp in English-men's despite? [king:
Longsh. Hold, messenger: commend me to thy
Wear thou my chain, and carry this * to him.
Greet all his rout† of rebels more or less;
Tell them such shameful end will hit them all:
And wend with this as resolutely back
As thou to England brought'st thy Scottish braves.
Tell, then, disdainfully Baliol from us,
We'll rouse him from his hold, and make him soon
Dislodge his camp and take‡ his wallèd town.
Say what I bid thee, Versses, to his teeth,
And earn this favour and a better thing.
Versses. Yes, King of England, whom my heart beloves:
Think, as I promis'd him to brave thee here,
So shall I bid John Baliol 'base from thee.
Longsh. So shalt thou earn my chain and favour, Versses,
And carry him this token that thou send'st.§
Why, now is England's harvest ripe:
Barons, now may you reap the rich renown
That under warlike colours springs in field,
And grows where ensigns wave‖ upon the plains.
False Baliol, Berwick ¶ is no hold of proof
To shroud thee from the strength of Edward's arm: [breach
No, Scot; thy treason's fear shall make the
For England's pure renown to enter in.**
All. Amain, amain, upon these treacherous Scots!
Amain, say all, upon these treacherous Scots!
Longsh. While we with Edmund, Glocester, and the rest,
With speedy journeys gather up our forces,
And beat these braving Scots from England's bounds,
Mortimer, thou shalt take the rout in task
That revel here and spoil fair Cambria.
My queen, when she is strong and well a-foot,
Shall post to London and repose* her there.
Then God shall send us haply all to meet,
And joy the honours of our victories.
Take vantage of our foes and see the time,
Keep still our hold, our fight yet on the plain.
Baliol, I come,—proud Baliol and ingrate,—
Prepar'd† to chase thy men from England's gate.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BALIOL *with his train.*

Baliol. Princes of Scotland and my loving friends,
Whose necks are overwearied with the yoke
And servile bondage of these Englishmen,
Lift up your horns, and with your brazen hoofs
Spurn‡ at the honour of your enemies.
'Tis not ambitious thoughts of private rule
Have forc'd your king to take on him these arms;
'Tis country's cause; it is the common§ good
Of us and of our brave posterity.
To arms, to arms!
Versses by this hath told the king our minds,
And he hath brav'd proud England to the proof:
We will remunerate his resolution
With gold, with glory, and with kingly gifts.
First Lord. By sweet Saint Jerome, Versses will not spare
To tell his message to the English king,
And beard the jolly Longshanks to his face,
Were he the greatest monarch in the world.
And here he comes: his halter makes him haste.

Enter VERSSES.

Versses. Long live my lord, the rightful king of Scots!
Baliol. Welcome, Versses! what news from England?
Like to the messenger‖ of Scotland's king?
Versses. Versses, my lord, in terms like to himself,
Like to the messenger of Scottish king,
Defied the peers of England and her¶ lords,
That all her barons trembled** at my threats,
And Longshanks' self,†† as daunted and amaz'd,
Gaz'd on my face, not witting what to say;

* *this*] "i. e. the *halter* with which Versses entered." *Editor of Dodsley's* O. P.
† *rout*] i. e. company, band.
‡ *take*] i. e. betake him to.—In this line, I believe, the reading of the old eds. "*toun*" ought not to be altered to "towns", *Berwick* being meant: see the first speech in the present col.
§ *send'st*] A misprint.—"Query 'seest', still alluding to the halter?" *Editor of Dodsley's* O. P.—Qy. "scorn'st" (scornest to wear about thy neck)?
‖ *wave*] Both 4tos. "wan"
¶ *Berwick*] The 4to. of 1593 "Warwicke."
** *in*] The 4tos. "on" and "one."

* *repose*] Both 4tos. "repaste."
† *Prepar'd*] The conjecture of the Editor of Dodsley's O. P.—Both 4tos. "Perswaded."
‡ *Spurn*] Both 4tos. "Spurre."
§ *common*] Both 4tos. "commons."
‖ *messenger*] Both 4tos. "measure."
¶ *her*] Both 4tos. "their".
** *her . . . . trembled*] Both 4tos. "his . . . . trembles."
†† *self*] Both 4tos. "himselfe."

Till rousing up he shak'd his threatening hair:
"Versses," quoth he, "take thou King Edward's chain,
Upon condition thou a message do
To Baliol, false perjur'd Baliol";
For in these terms he bade me greet your grace,
And give* this halter to your excellence.†
I took the chain, and give‡ your grace the rope.

Baliol. You took the chain, and give my grace the rope!—
Lay hold on him.—Why, miscreate recreant,
And dar'st thou bring a halter to thy king?
But I will quite§ thy pain, and in that chain,
Upon a silver gallows shalt thou hang,
That honour'd with a golden rope of England,
And a silver‖ gibbet of Scotland, thou mayst
Hang in the air for fowls to feed upon,
And men to wonder at.—Away with him!
Away! [*Exeunt.*

Enter MORTIMER, *with* Soldiers, *pursuing the rebels.*

Mortimer. Strike up the¶ drum! follow, pursue, and chase!
Follow, pursue! spare not the proudest he
That havocks England's sacred royalty! [*Exeunt.*

Then make the proclamation upon the walls. Sound trumpets. Exeunt.

Enter QUEEN ELINOR.

Q. Elinor. Now fits the time to purge our melancholy,
And be reveng'd upon this London dame.—
Katherine!**

Enter KATHERINE.

Katherine. At hand, madam.

Q. Elinor. Bring forth our London Mayoress here.

Katherine. I will, madam. [*Exit.*

Q. Elinor. Now, Nell,
Bethink thee of some tortures for the dame,
And purge thy choler to the uttermost.

Enter Mayoress *with* KATHERINA.

Now, Mistress Mayoress, you have attendance urg'd,
And therefore to requite your courtesy,
Our mind is to bestow an office on you straight.

Mayoress. Myself, my life, and service, mighty queen,
Are humbly at your majesty's command.

* *give*] Both 4tos. "gaue".
† *excellence*] Both 4tos. "excellcenes."
‡ *give*] The 4to. of 1593 "gaue."
§ *quite*] i. e. requite.
‖ *And a silver*, &c.] Some corruption here.
¶ *the*] Both 4tos. "that".
** *Katherine*] In this scene the 4tos. hover between "Katherina" and "*Katherine*".

Q. Elinor. Then, Mistress Mayoress, say whether will you be
Our nurse or laundress?

Mayoress. Then may it please your majesty
To entertain your handmaid for your nurse,
She will attend the cradle carefully.

Q. Elinor. O, no, nurse; the babe needs no great rocking; it can lull itself.—Katherine, bind her in the chair, and let me see how she'll become a nurse. [*The Mayoress is bound to the chair.*] So: now, Katherine, draw forth her breast, and let the serpent suck his fill. [*The serpent is applied to her breast.*] Why, so; now she is a nurse.—Suck on, sweet babe.

Mayoress. Ah, queen, sweet queen, seek not my blood to spill,
For I shall die before this adder have his fill!

Q. Elinor. Die or die not, my mind is fully pleas'd.—
Come, Katherine: to London now will we,
And leave our Mayoress with her nursery.

Katherine. Farewell, sweet Mayoress: look unto the babe.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN ELINOR *and* KATHERINE.

Mayoress. Farewell, proud queen, the author of my death,
The scourge of England and to English dames!—
Ah, husband, sweet John Bearmber, Mayor of London,
Ah, didst thou know how Mary is perplex'd,
Soon wouldst thou come to Wales, and rid me of this pain;
But, O, I die! my wish is all in vain. [*Dies.*

Enter LLUELLEN *running.*

Lluellen. The angry heavens frown* on Britain's face
To eclipse the glory of fair Cambria:
With sore† aspects the dreadful planets lower.
Lluellen, basely turn thy back and fly?
No, Welshmen fight it to the last and die;
For if my men safely have got the bride,
Careless of chance I'll reck no sour event.
England's broad womb hath not that armèd band
That can expel Lluellen from his land.

Enter SIR DAVID *running, with a halter, ready to hang himself.*

Sir David. Fly, Lord of Cambria! fly, Prince of Wales!
Sweet brother, fly! the field is won and lost:

* *frown*] Both 4tos. "frownd."
† *sore*] The 4to. of 1593 "*soror*," that of 1599 "*sorar*." I believe we should read "sour," though it occurs a few lines after.

Thou art beset with England's furious troops,
And cursèd Mortimer, like a lion, leads.
Our men have got the bride, but all in vain:
The Englishmen are come upon our backs.
Either flee or die, for Edward hath the day.
For me, I have my rescue in my hand:
England on me no torments shall inflict.
Farewell, Llnellen, while * we meet in heaven.
[*Exit.*

Enter Soldiers.

First Soldier. Follow, pursue!—Lie there, whate'er thou be.
[*Slays* LLUELLEN *with a pike-staff.*
Yet soft, my hearts! let us his countenance see.
This is the prince; I know him by his face:
O gracious fortune, that me happy made
To spoil the weed that chokes fair Cambria!
Hale him from hence, and in this bosky† wood
Bury his corpse; but for his head, I vow ‡
I will present our governor with the same.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Friar *with a halter about his neck.*

Friar. Come, my gentle Richard,§ my true servant, that in some storms hast stood thy master;‖ hang thee, I pray thee, lest I hang for thee; and down on thy marrowbones, like a foolish fellow that have gone far astray, and ask forgiveness of God and King Edward for playing the rake-hell and the rebel here in Wales. Ah, gentle Richard, many a hot breakfast have we been at together! and now since, like one of Mars his frozen ¶ knights, I must hang up my weapon upon this tree, and come *per misericordiam* to the mad potter Mortimer, wring thy hands, friar, and sing a pitiful farewell to thy pike-staff at parting.

[*Sings his farewell*** *to his pike-staff, and then retires.*

Enter MORTIMER *with* Soldiers, *and the* LADY ELINOR.

Mortimer. Bind fast the traitor†† and bring him away, that the law may justly pass upon him, and [he] receive the reward of monstrous treason* and villany, stain to the name and honour of his noble country!—For you that slew Llnellen and presented us with his head, the king shall reward your fortune and chivalry.—Sweet lady, abase not thy looks so heavily to the earth †: God and the King of England have honour for thee in store, and Mortimer's heart [is] at [thy] service and at thy commandment.

Elinor. Thanks, gentle lord; but, alas, who can blame Elinor to accuse her stars, that in one hour hath lost honour and contentment?

Mortimer. And in one hour may your ladyship recover both, if you vouchsafe to be advised by your friends.—But what makes the friar here upon his marrowbones? [doth sue,

Friar. [*kneeling.*] O, potter, potter, the friar Now his old master is slain and gone, to have a new!

Elinor. [*aside.*] Ah, sweet Llnellen, how thy death I rue!

Mortimer. Well said, friar! better once than never. Give me thy hand [*raising him*]: my cunning shall fail me but we will be fellows yet; and now Robin Hood is gone, it shall cost me hot water but thou shalt be King Edward's man: only I enjoin thee this—come not too near the fire; ‡ but, good friar, be at my hand.

Friar. O, sir; no, sir, not so, sir; 'a was warned too lately; none of that flesh I love.

Mortimer. Come on: and for those that have made their submission and given their names, in the king's name I pronounce their pardons; and so God save King Edward! [*Exeunt.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter QUEEN ELINOR *and* JOAN.

Q. Elinor. Why, Joan,
Is this the welcome that the clouds afford?
How dare these disturb our thoughts, knowing
That I am Edward's wife and England's Queen,
Here thus on Charing-Green to threaten me?

Joan. Ah, mother, blaspheme not so!
Your blaspheming§ and other wicked deeds
Have caus'd our God to terrify your thoughts.
And call to mind your sinful fact committed
Against the Mayoress here of lovely London,
And better Mayoress London never bred,
So full of ruth and pity to the poor:

---

* *while*] i. e. until.

† *bosky*] i. e. bushy.

‡ *vow*] Both 4tos. "vowed."

§ *Richard*] See note ¶, p. 382, first col.

‖ *my true servant, that in some storms hast stood thy master*]—*stood*, i. e. stood by.—Both 4tos. "*my trewe* master *seruant that in some stormes* haue *stood* my *maister*."

¶ *frozen*] Qy. "*chosen*," says the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* But perhaps Peele alludes to some incident in some romance.

** *Sings his farewell*, &c.] Both 4tos. "The Frier hauing song his farewell to his pike-staffe, a takes his leaue of Cambria, and exit the Frier." But see what follows.

†† *the traitor*] Can mean no one but Sir David; who perhaps ought to appear in this scene, though the 4tos. do not mark his entrance.

* *treason*] Both 4tos. "treasons."

† *abase not thy looks so heavily to the earth*] Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c., vol. iii. p. 34.—Both 4tos. "abate *not thy lookes so* heauenlie *to the earth*."

‡ *near the fire*] The 4to. of 1593 "*neare the* Frier," that of 1599, "*neare* her Friar."

§ *blaspheming*] Qy. "blasphemy"?

Her have you made away,
That London cries for vengeance on your head.
Q. Elinor. I rid* her not; I made her not away:
By heaven I swear, traitors
They are to Edward and to England's Queen
That say I made away the Mayoress.
Joan. Take heed, sweet lady-mother, swear not so:
A field of prize-corn will not stop their mouths
That say† you have made away that virtuous woman.
Q. Elinor. Gape, earth,‡ and swallow me, and let my soul
Sink down to hell, if I were author of
That woman's tragedy!—O, Joan, help, Joan,
Thy mother sinks!
[*The earth opens and swallows her up.*
Joan. O, mother, my help is nothing!—O, she is sunk,
And here the earth is new-clos'd up again!
Ah, Charing-Green, for ever change thy hue,
And never may thy § grass grow green again,
But wither and return to stones, because
That beauteous Elinor sunk‖ on thee! Well, I
Will send unto the king my father's grace,
And satisfy him of this strange mishap. [*Exit.*

Alarum; a charge: after long skirmish, assault; flourish. Enter KING EDWARD LONGSHANKS *with his train, and* BALIOL *prisoner.*

Longsh. Now, trothless king, what fruits have braving boasts?
What end hath treason but a sudden fall?
Such as have known thy life and bringing up,
Have prais'd thee for thy learning and thy art:
How comes it, then, that thou forgett'st thy books
That school'd thee to forget ingratitude?
Unkind! this hand hath 'nointed thee a king;
This tongue pronounc'd the sentence of thy ruth:
If thou, in lieu of mine unfeignèd love,
Hast levied arms for to attempt my crown,
Now see the ¶ fruits: thy glories are dispers'd;
And heifer-like *, sith thou hast pass'd thy bounds,
Thy sturdy neck must stoop to bear this yoke.
Baliol. I took this lesson, Edward, from my book,—
To keep a just equality of mind,
Content with every fortune as it comes:
So canst thou threat no more than I expect.
Longsh. So, sir: your moderation is enforc'd;
Your goodly glosses cannot make it good.
Baliol. Then will I keep in silence what I mean,
Since Edward thinks my meaning is not good.
Longsh.† Nay, Baliol, speak forth, if there yet remain
A little remnant of persuading art.
Baliol. If cunning [may] have power to win the king,
Let those employ it that can flatter him;
If honour'd deed may reconcile the king,
It lies in me to give and him to take.
Longsh. Why, what remains for Baliol now to give?
Baliol. Allegiance, as becomes a royal king.
Longsh. What league of faith where league is broken once?
Baliol. The greater hope in them that once have fall'n.
Longsh. But foolish are those monarchs that do yield
A conquer'd realm upon submissive vows.
Baliol. There, take my crown, and so redeem my life.
Longsh. Ay, sir; that was the choicest plea of both;
For whoso quells the pomp of haughty minds,
And breaks their staff whereon they build their trust,
Is sure in wanting power they cannot‡ harm.
Baliol shall live; but yet within such bounds
That, if his wings grow flig,§ they may be clipt.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter‖ *the* Potter's Wife *and* JOHN *at the place called the Potter's-hive.*

Potter's Wife. John, come away: you go as though you slept. A great knave and be afraid of a little thundering and lightening!

---

* *rid*] i. e. despatched, destroyed.

† *say*] Both 4tos. "said."

‡ *Gape, earth,* &c.] So the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* arranges this speech (which is printed as prose in both 4tos. and perhaps slightly corrupted): but qy?

> "Gape, earth, and swallow me,
> And let my soul sink down to hell, if I
> Were author of that woman's tragedy!—
> O, Joan, help, Joan, thy mother sinks!"

§ *thy*] Both 4tos. "the".

‖ *sunk*] Both 4tos. "sincke."

¶ *the*] Both 4tos. "thy."

* *heifer-like*] Both 4tos. "his, for *like*."—The Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* prints "traitor-*like*."

† *Longsh.*] Both 4tos. "Edmund."

‡ *cannot*] So the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* reads.—Both 4tos. "carrie *not*."

§ *flig*] i. e. fledged.

‖ *Enter,* &c.] Both 4tos. "Enter the Potter and the Potters wife, called the Potters hiue dwelling there, and John her man."

John. Call you this a little thundering? I am sure my breeches find it a great deal, for I am sure they are stuft with thunder.

Potter's Wife. They are stuft with a fool, are they not? Will it please you to carry the lantern a little handsomer, and not to carry it with your hands in your slops*?

John. Slops, quoth you! Would I had tarried at home by the fire, and then I should not have need to put my hands in my pockets! But I'll lay my life I know the reason of this foul weather.

Potter's Wife. Do you know the reason? I pray thee, John, tell me, and let me hear this reason.

John. I lay my life some of your gossips be cross-legged that we came from: but you are wise, mistress, for you come now away, and will not stay a-gossipping in a dry house all night.

Potter's Wife. Would it please you to walk and leave off your knavery? [QUEEN ELINOR *rises gradually out of the earth.*] But stay, John: what's that riseth out of the ground? Jesus bless us, John! look how it riseth higher and higher!

John. By my troth, mistress, 'tis a woman. Good Lord, do women grow? I never saw none grow before.

Potter's Wife. Hold thy tongue, thou foolish knave: it is the spirit of some woman.

Q. Elinor. Ha, let me see; where am I? On Charing-Green? Ay, on Charing-Green here, hard by Westminster, where I was crowned, and Edward there made king. Ay, 'tis true; so it is: and therefore, Edward, kiss not me, unless you will straight perfume your lips, Edward.

Potter's Wife. Ora pro nobis! John, I pray, fall to your prayers. For my life, it is the queen that chafes thus, who sunk this day on Charing-Green, and now is risen up on Potter's-Hive; and therefore truly, John, I'll go to her.

[*Goes to* Q. ELINOR.

Q. Elinor. Welcome, good woman. What place is this? sea or land? I pray show to me.

Potter's Wife. Your grace need not to fear; you are on firm ground: it is the Potter's-Hive: and therefore cheer your majesty, for I will see you safe conducted to the court, if case your highness be therewithal pleased.

Q. Elinor. Ay, good woman, conduct me to the court,
That there I may bewail my sinful life,
And call to God to save my wretched soul.

[*A cry of* "Westward, ho!"†

Woman, what noise is this I hear?

Potter's Wife. An like your grace, it is the watermen that call for passengers to go westward now.

Q. Elinor. That fits my turn, for I will straight with them
To King's-town to the court,
And there repose me till the king come home.
And therefore, sweet woman, conceal what thou hast seen,
And lead me to those watermen, for here
Doth Elinor droop.

John. Come, come; here's a goodly leading of you, is there not? first, you must make us afeard, and now I must be troubled in carrying of you. I would you were honestly laid in your bed, so that I were not troubled with you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter KING EDWARD LONGSHANKS, LANCASTER, Lords, *and a* Messenger.

Messenger. Honour and fortune wait upon the crown
Of princely Edward, England's valiant king!

Longsh. Thanks, messenger; and if my God vouchsafe
That wingèd Honour wait upon my throne,
I'll make her spread her plumes upon their heads
Whose true allegiance doth confirm the crown.
What news in Wales? how wends our business there?

Messenger. The false disturber of that wasted soil,
With his adherents, is surpriz'd, my king;
And in assurance he shall start no more,
Breathless he lies, and headless too, my lord.*
The circumstance these lines shall here unfold.

[*Gives letter.*

Longsh. A harmful weed, by wisdom rooted out,
Can never hurt the true engrafted plant.

Enter SIR THOMAS SPENCER.

But what's the news Sir Thomas Spencer brings?

Spencer. Wonders, my lord, wrapt up in homely words,
And letters to inform your majesty.

[*Gives letters.*

Longsh. O heavens, what may these miracles portend?
Nobles, my queen is sick; but what is more—
Read, brother Edmund, read a wondrous chance.

[LANCASTER *reads a line of the* Queen's *sinking.*

---

* *slops*] i. e. wide breeches, trousers.

† "*Westward, ho!*"] An exclamation of the watermen who plied on the Thames: see the prefatory matter to the comedy entitled *Westward ho*, in my ed. of Webster's *Works*.

* *lord*] Both 4tos. "Lordes."

Lancaster. And I nor* heard nor read so strange a thing!
Longsh. Sweet queen, this sinking is a surfeit ta'en
Of pride, wherewith thy woman's heart did swell;
A dangerous malady in the heart to dwell.—
Lords, march we towards London now in haste:
I will go see my lovely Elinor,
And comfort her after this strange affright.
And where† she is importune to have talk
And secret conference with some friars of France,
Mun, thou with me, and I with thee will go,
And take the sweet confession of my Nell;
We'll have French enough to parle with the queen.
Lancaster. Might I advise your royal majesty,
I would not go for millions of gold.
What knows your grace, disguisèd if you wend,
What you may hear, in secrecy reveal'd,
That may appal‡ and discontent your highness?
A goodly creature is your Elinor,
Brought up in niceness and in delicacy:
Then listen not to her confession, lord,
To wound thy heart with some unkind conceit.
But as for Lancaster, he may not go.
Longsh. Brother, I am resolv'd, and go I will,
If God give life, and cheer my dying queen.
Why, Mun, why, man, whate'er King Edward
It lies in God and him to pardon all. [hears,
I'll have no ghostly fathers§ out of France:
England hath learnèd clerks and confessors
To comfort and absolve, as men may do;
And I'll be ghostly father for this once.
Lancaster. [*aside.*] Edmund, thou mayst not go, although thou die:
And yet how mayst thou here thy king deny?
Edward is gracious, merciful, meek, and mild;
But furious when he finds he is beguil'd.
Longsh. Messenger, hie thee back to Shrewsbury;
Bid Mortimer, thy master, speed him fast,
And with his fortune welcome us to London.
I long to see my beauteous lovely queen.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter MORTIMER *and* Officers, *the* Friar, JACK, *and the* Harper, *with* SIR DAVID *drawn on a hurdle, and* LLUELLEN'S *head on a spear.*

Friar. On afore, on afore!
Jack. Hold up your torches for dropping.

* *nor*] Both 4tos. "not."
† *where*] i. e. whereas.
‡ *appal*] So I read with the MS. annotator on the first edition in the Garrick collection.—Both 4tos. "appeale."
§ *fathers*] The 4to. of 1599 "father."

Friar. A fair procession.—Sir David, be of good cheer: you cannot go out of the way, having so many guides at hand.
Jack. Be sure of that; for we go all the highway to the gallows, I warrant you.
Sir David. I go where my star leads me, and die in my country's just cause and quarrel.
Harper. The star that twinkled at thy birth,
Good brother mine, hath marr'd thy mirth:
An old said saw, earth must to earth.
Next year will be a piteous dearth
Of hemp, I dare lay a penny,
This year is hang'd so many.
Friar. Well said, Morgan Pigot, harper and prophet for the king's own mouth.
Jack. "Tum date* dite dote dum,"
This is the day, the time is come;
Morgan Pigot's prophecy,
And Lord Lluellen's tragedy.
Friar. Who saith the prophet is an ass
Whose prophecies come so to pass?
Said he not oft, and sung it too,
Lluellen, after much ado,
Should in spite heave up his chin
And be the highest of his kin?
And, see, aloft Lluellen's head,
Empalèd with a crown of lead!—
My lord, let not this sooth-sayer lack,
That hath such cunning in his jack.†
Harper. David, hold still‡ your clack,
Lest your heels make your neck crack.
Friar. Gentle prophet, an you§ love me, forspeak me not: 'tis the worst luck in the world to stir a witch or anger a wise man.—Master Sheriff, have we any haste||? Best give my horses some more hay. [*Exeunt.*

QUEEN ELINOR¶ *discovered in bed, attended by* JOAN *and other* Ladies.

Q. Elinor. Call forth those renown'd friars come from France; [*Exit a* Lady.

* *Tum date*, &c.] This is the burden of the Harper's song in a former scene (p. 382, sec. col.).—Both 4tos. "Tunda tedi tedo *dote dum.*"
† *jack*] Properly a defensive upper garment, is equivalent here to—jacket.
‡ *David, hold still*, &c.] Qy. "*David, hold* you *still*", &c.?
§ *you*] The 4to. of 1593 "ye."
|| *haste*] Qy. if this be right?
¶ *Queen Elinor*, &c.] Both 4tos. "Elinor in child-bed, with her daughter Jone and other Ladies."—"The meaning of this stage-direction seems to be that the scene discloses Elinor in the bed, as she had been seen before, just after the Prince of Wales was born." *Editor of Dodsley's* O. P.

And raise me, gentle ladies, in my bed,
That while this faltering engine of my speech
I learn * to utter my concealèd guilt,
I may repeat † and so repent my sins.

Joan. What plague afflicts your royal majesty?

Q. Elinor. Ah Joan, I perish through a double war! ‡

First, in this painful prison of my soul,
A world of dreadful sins help there § to fight,
And nature, having lost her working power,
Yields up her earthly fortunes unto death.
Next of a war || my soul is over-preas'd,
In thee, my conscience, loaded with misdeeds,
Sits seeing my condition ¶ to ensue,
Without especial favour from above.

Joan. Your grace must account it a** warrior's cross,
To make resist where danger there is none,
Subdue†† your fever by precious art,
And help you still through hope of heavenly aid.

Q. Elinor. The careless shepherds‡‡ on the mountain's tops,
That see the seaman floating on the surge,
The threatening winds conspiring §§ with the floods
To overwhelm and drown his crazèd keel,
His tackle ||| torn, his sails borne overboard,
How pale, like yellow flowers, the captain stands ¶¶
Upon the *** hatches, waiting for his jerk,
Wringing his hands that ought to ply ††† the pump,
May blame his fear that labourcth not for life:
So thou, poor soul, may tell a servile * tale,
May counsel me; but I that prove the † pain
May hear thee talk but not redress my harm.
But ghastly death already is address'd
To glean the latest blossom of my life:
My spirit fails me. Are these friars come?

Re-enter Lady *with* KING EDWARD LONGSHANKS *and* LANCASTER *in* Friars' *weeds.*‡

Longsh. Dominus vobiscum!

Lancaster. Et cum spiritu tuo!

Q. Elinor. Draw near, grave fathers, and approach my bed.—
Forbear our presence, ladies, for a while,
And leave us to our secret conference.

[*Exeunt* JOAN *and* Ladies.

Longsh. What cause hath mov'd your royal majesty
To call your servants from their country's bounds,
T' attend § your pleasure here in England's court?

Q. Elinor. See you not, holy friars, mine estate,
My body weak, inclining to my grave? [queen.

Lancaster. We see and sorrow for thy pain, fair

Q. Elinor. By these external || signs of my
Friars, conjecture mine internal grief. [defects,
My soul, ah wretched soul, within this breast,
Faint for ¶ to mount the heavens with wings of
A hundred by flocking troops of sin, [grace,
That stop my passage to my wishèd bowers.**

Longsh. The nearer, so the greater †† hope of health:

---

* *learn*] Both 4tos. "leane."—The Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* reads "leave."

† *repeat*] Both 4tos. "respect."

‡ *war*] Both 4tos. "warres."

§ *there*] Both 4tos. "thee."

|| *Next of a war*, &c.] Both 4tos. "*Next* ouer *War*," &c.—Here "*over-preas'd*": *preasse* is a common form of *press*.—"The meaning," says the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*, "seems to be that she feels a second war in consequence of her guilt regarding Joan (which is afterwards explained) whom she addresses." But the speech is grossly corrupted.

¶ *condition*] So the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*—Both 4tos. "conscience."

** *account it a*] Qy. "count *it* as *a*"?

†† *Subdue*] So the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*—Both 4tos. "Superdewe."

‡‡ *shepherds*] So the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*—Both 4tos. "sleepe rule."

§§ *conspiring*] Both 4tos. "comes springing."

||| *tackle*] Both 4tos. "tackes."

¶¶ *like yellow flowers, the captain stands*] So the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*; which reading gives at least a meaning to the line.—Both 4tos. "*like* Vallowe *flowres the* mountaine *standes*."

*** *the*] Both 4tos. "his."

††† *ply*] Both 4tos. "plaie."

* *servile*] A very doubtful word.

† *the*] Both 4tos "thy."

‡ *in Friars' weeds*] "For a husband in the disguise of a Friar to take his wife's confession was not an uncommon incident in Italian novels, and from these it is perhaps borrowed in the play. A number of instances are pointed out in *Dunlop's Hist. of Fiction*, ii. 305." *Editor of Dodsley's* O. P.—Compare the ballad entitled *Queen Eleanor's Confession. Shewing how King Henry [the Second], with the Earl Marshal, in Fryars' habits came to her, instead of two Fryars from France, which she sent for*, Utterson's *Little Book of Ballads*, 1836. p 22. See it also in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, &c., 1723, vol. i. p. 18.

§ *T' attend*] Both 4tos. "For *to attend*."

|| *By these external*, &c.] Corrected partly by the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*, and partly by the Rev. J. Mitford, *Gent. Mag.* for Feby. 1833, p. 102.—Both 4tos.;

"*By* this eternall *signes of my defectes*,
Friers, consecrate *mine* in eternall *griefe*."

¶ *Faint for*, &c.] The Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* prints,—

"Faints *for to mount* to heaven *with wings of grace*,
Through *hundred* busy *flocking troops*", &c.

Qy.

"Pants *for to mount the heavens with wings of grace*,
And hinder'd is *by flocking troops*", &c.?

** *bowers*] Both 4tos. "howres."

†† *The nearer, so the greater*, &c.] Both 4tos. "*The nearer*, Elinor, *so the* greatest," &c.—The Rev. J. Mitford remarks (*Gent. Mag.* for Feby. 1833, p. 102) that here the word

And deign to us for to impart your grief,*
Who by our prayers and counsel ought to arm
Aspiring souls to scale the heavenly grace.

Q. Elinor. Shame and remorse do stop my course of speech.

Longsh. Madam, you need not dread our conference,
Who, by the order of the holy church,
Are all enjoin'd † to sacred secrecy.

Q. Elinor. Did I not think, nay, were I not assur'd,
Your wisdoms would be silent in that case,‡
No fear could make me to bewray myself.
But, gentle fathers, I have thought it good
Not to rely upon these Englishmen,
But on your troths, you holy men of France:
Then, as you love your life and England's weal,
Keep secret my confession from the king;
For why § my story nearly toucheth him,
Whose love comparèd with my loose ‖ delights,
With many sorrows that my heart affrights.

Lancaster. My heart misgives.

Longsh. Be silent, fellow friar.

Q. Elinor. In pride of youth, when I was young and fair,
And gracious in the King of England's sight,
The day before that night his highness should
Possess the pleasure of my wedlock's bed,
Caitiff, accursèd monster as I was,
His brother Edmund, beautiful and young,
Upon my bridal couch ¶ by my consent
Enjoy'd ** the flower and favour of my love,
And I became a traitress to my lord.

[*The* King *beholds* LANCASTER *wofully.*

Longsh. Facinus, scelus, infandum nefas!

Lancaster. Madam, through sickness, weakness of †† your wits, 'twere very good to bethink yourself before you speak.

Q. Elinor. Good father, not so weak, but that,
My heart doth rent to think upon the time.
But why exclaims this holy friar so?
O, pray, then, for my faults, religious man!

Longsh. 'Tis charity in men of my degree
To sorrow for our neighbours' heinous sins:
And, madam,‡‡ though some promise love to you,
And zeal to Edmund, brother to the king,
I pray the heavens you both may soon repent.
But might it please your highness to proceed?

Q. Elinor. Unto this sin * a worser doth succeed;
For, Joan of Acon, the supposèd child
And daughter of my lord the English king,
Is basely born, begotten of a friar,
Such time as I was there arriv'd †, in France.
His only true and lawful son, my friends,
He is my hope‡, his son that should succeed,
Is Edward of Carnarvon, lately born.
Now all the scruples of my troubled mind
I sighing sound within your reverend ears.
O, pray, for pity! pray, for I must die.
Remit, my God, the folly of my youth!
My grievèd spirit § attends thy mercy-seat.‖
Fathers, farewell; commend me to my king,
Commend me to my children and my friends,
And close mine eyes, for death will have his due.

[*Dies.*

Longsh. Blushing I shut these thine enticing lamps,
The wanton baits that made ¶ me suck my bane.
Pyropus'** harden'd flames †† did ne'er reflect
More hideous flames†† than from my breast arise.
What fault more vile‡‡ unto thy dearest lord!
Our daughter base-begotten of a priest,
And Ned, my brother, partner of my love!
O, that those eyes that lighten'd Cæsar's brain,
O, that those looks that master'd Phœbus' §§ brand,
Or else those looks‖‖ that stain'd ¶¶ Medusa's***
Should shrine deceit †††, desire, and lawless lust!

"Elinor", besides destroying the metre, is too familiar a term for the pretended friar to use.

* *grief*] Both 4tos. "quict."

† *enjoin'd*] So the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*—Both 4tos. "annoynted."

‡ *wisdoms . . . . case*] The 4to. of 1599 "wisedome."—Both 4tos. "cause."

§ *For why*] i. e. Because.

‖ *loose*] Both 4tos. "losse."—But the couplet, as it now stands, is nonsense.

¶ *couch*] The 4to. of 1599 "touch."

** *Enjoy'd*] Both 4tos. "Enioics."

†† *of*] Both 4tos. "and." Peele perhaps wrote,—

"Madam, through sickness, weakness of your wits,
'Twere good bethink yourself before you speak."

‡‡ *And, madam,* &c.] This has no meaning.

* *Unto this sin,* &c.] Both 4tos. give this line to Longshanks.

† *there arriv'd*] The very unsatisfactory alteration of the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*—Both 4tos. "their anued."

‡ *He is my hope,* &c.] Corrupted.—Qy. "His only *hope*", &c.?

§ *grievèd spirit*] Both 4tos. "groaned spirites".

‖ *mercy-seat*] Both 4tos. "mercies *seate*".

¶ *made*] Both 4tos. "make."

** *Pyropus'*] Both 4tos. "Pirpus."

"Clara micante auro *flammasque imitante pyropo.*"
Ovid, *Met.* ii. 2.

†† *flames . . . flames*] Repeated by mistake.

‡‡ *vile*] Both 4tos. "vilde": but see note †, p. 167, sec. col.

§§ *Phœbus'*] So the Editor of Dodsley's *O P.*—Both 4tos. "Phœcbus."

‖‖ *looks*] Qy. "locks"? (Peele elsewhere celebrates the beauty of Medusa's hair; see note ‖, p. 354, sec. col.): but qy. is "*looks*" the right word here, and the wrong word in the preceding line?

¶¶ *stain'd*] i. e. so excelled as to throw a stain on.—Both 4tos. "staine."

*** *Medusa's*] So the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*—Both 4tos. "Melisaes."

††† *shrine deceit*] So the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*: but I doubt if, in the reading of both the 4tos. "*shrine* discreet", the latter word be not rather some misprinted epithet to "*desire.*"

Unhappy king, dishonour'd in thy stock!
Hence, feignèd weeds! unfeignèd is my grief.
Lancaster. Dread prince, my brother, if my vows
I call to witness heaven in my behalf; [avail,
If zealous prayer might drive you from suspect,
I bend my knees, and humbly crave this boon,
That you will drive misdeeds * out of your mind.
May never good betide my life, my lord,
If once I dream'd upon this damnèd deed!
But my deceasèd sister and your queen,
Afflicted with recureless maladies,
Impatient of her pain, grew lunatic,
Discovering errors never dream'd upon.
To prove this true, the greatest men of all
Within their learnèd volumes do record †
That all extremes ‡ end in naught but extremes.
Then think, O king, her agony in death
Bereav'd § her sense and memory at once,
So that she spoke she knew nor ‖ how nor what.
Longsh. Sir, sir, fain would your highness hide your faults
By cunning vows and glozing terms of art;
And well thou mayst delude these listening ears,
Yet ne'er assuage by proof this jealous heart.
Traitor, thy head shall ransom my disgrace.
Daughter of darkness, whose accursèd bower
The poets feign'd to lie ¶ upon Avernus,
Whereas ** Cimmerian †† darkness checks the
Dread ‡‡ Jealousy, afflict me not so sore! [sun,
Fair Queen §§ Elinor could never be so false:—
Ay, but she 'vow'd these treasons at her death,
A time not fit to fashion monstrous lies.
Ah, my ungrateful brother as thou art,
Could not my love, nay, more, could not the law,
Nay, further, could not nature thee allure
For to refrain from this incestuous sin?
Haste from my sight! [*Exit* LANCASTER.
[*To those within.*] Call Joan of Acon here!—
The luke-warm spring distilling from his eyes,
His oaths, his vows, his reasons ‖‖ wrested with remorse
From forth his breast,—impoison'd with suspect,
Fain would I deem that false I find too true.

Re-enter JOAN.

Joan. I come to know what England's king commands.
I wonder why your highness greets me thus,
With strange regard and unacquainted terms.*
Longsh. Ah, Joan, this wonder needs must wound thy breast,
For it hath well-nigh slain my wretched heart.
Joan. What, is the queen, my sovereign mother, dead?
Woe's me,† unhappy lady, woe-begone!
Longsh. The queen is dead; yet, Joan, lament not thou:
Poor soul, guiltless art thou ‡ of this deceit,
That hath more cause to curse than to complain.
Joan. My dreadful soul, assail'd with doleful speech,
Joins § me to bow my knees unto the ground,
Beseeching your most royal majesty
To rid your woeful daughter of suspect.
Longsh. Ay, daughter, Joan? poor soul, thou art deceiv'd!
The king of England is no scornèd priest.
Joan. Was not the Lady Elinor your spouse,
And am not I the offspring of your loins?
Longsh. Ay, but when ladies list to run astray,
The poor supposèd father wears the horn,
And pleating leave their liege in princes' laps.‖
Joan, thou art daughter to a lecherous friar;
A friar was thy father, hapless Joan;
Thy mother in confession 'vow'd ¶ no less,
And I, vile ** wretch, with sorrow †† heard no less. [brat?
Joan. What, am I, then, a friar's base-born
Presumptuous wretch, why prease ‡‡ I 'fore my
How can I look my husband in the face? [king?

* *misdeeds*] Qy. "mistrust"?
† *record*] Both 4tos. "discord."
‡ *That all extremes*, &c.] So the Rev. J. Mitford, *Gent. Mag.* for Feby. 1833, p. 102.—Both 4tos.; "*That all extreames*, and al and *in naught but extreames.*"
§ *Bereav'd*] Both 4tos. "Bereaues."
‖ *nor*] The 4to. of 1599 "not."
¶ *poets . . . . lie*] Both 4tos. "poet . . . . liue."
** *Whereas*] i. e. where.
†† *Cimmerian*] Both 4tos. "Cimerians."
‡‡ *Dread*] So the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*—Both 4tos. "Dauids".—Qy. "Damn'd"?
§§ *Queen*] An interpolation, I believe.
‖‖ *His oaths, his vows, his reasons*] Qy. "*His oaths, vows, reasons*"?

* *unacquainted terms*] But, according to the present text, the King has not yet spoken to her.
† *Woe's me*, &c.] The 4to. of 1593 "*Woes* in *vnhappie Lady* we *bigonne.*"
‡ *Poor soul, guiltless art thou*, &c.] Qy. "Guiltless art thou, poor soul," &c.?
§ *Joins*] i. e. Enjoins.
‖ *And pleating leave their liege in princes' laps*] "This line seems wholly impracticable." *Editor of Dodsley's* O. P.—"We trust that we can set it right without difficulty;

'*Ay, but when ladies list to run astray,*
And leave their plighted *liege in princes' laps,*
The poor supposèd father wears the horn.'"

The Rev. J. Mitford, Gent. Mag. for Feby. 1833, p. 102.
¶ *confession 'vow'd*] Both 4tos. "profession vowes."
** *vile*] Both 4tos. "vilde": but see note †, p. 167, and compare the last line but five of this play, p. 415.
†† *with sorrow*] Both 4tos. "which sorrowed."
‡‡ *prease*] i. e. press.

Why should I live since my renown is lost?
Away, thou wanton weed! hence, world's delight!
[*Falls grovelling on the ground.*

*Longsh. L'orecchie abbassa *, come vinto e stanco*
Destrier c' ha in bocca il fren, gli sproni al fianco.—
O sommo Dio, come i giudicii umani
Spesso offuscati son da un nembo oscuro!—
Hapless and wretched, lift up thy heavy head;
Curse † not so much at ‡ this unhappy chance;
Unconstant Fortune still will have her course.

Joan. My king, my king, let Fortune have her course:—
Fly thou, my soul, and take a better course.
Ay's me, from royal state I now am fall'n!
You purple springs that wander in my veins,
And whilom wont § to feed my heavy heart,
Now all at once make haste, and pity me,
And stop your powers, and change your native course;
Dissolve to air, you ‖ lukewarm bloody streams,
And cease to be, that I may be no more.
You ¶ curled locks, draw from this cursèd head:
Abase her pomp, for Joan is basely born!—
Ah, Glocester, thou, poor Glocester, hast the wrong!—
Die, wretch! haste** death, for Joan hath liv'd too long. [*Suddenly dies at the* Queen's *bed's feet.*

Longsh. Revive thee, hapless lady; grieve not
In vain speak I, for she revives no more. [thus.—
Poor hapless soul, thy own repeated †† moans
Have wrought thy ‡‡ sudden and untimely death.—
Lords, ladies, haste! [*Re-enter* Ladies §§ *with* GLOCESTER *and* Lords, *running.*
Ah, Glocester, art thou come?
Then must I now present a tragedy.
Thy Joan is dead: yet grieve thou not her fall;
She was too base a spouse for such a prince.

Glocester. Conspire you, then, with heavens to work my harms?
O sweet assuager of our mortal 'miss,*
Desirèd death, deprive me of my life,
That I in death may end my life and love!

Longsh. Glocester, thy king is partner of thy heaviness,
Although nor tongue nor eyes bewray his mean †;
For I have lost a flower as fair as thine,
A love more dear, for Elinor is dead.
But since the heavenly ordinance decrees
That all things change in their prefixèd time,
Be thou content, and bear it in ‡ thy breast,
Thy swelling grief, as need is § I must mine.
Thy Joan of Acon, and my queen deceas'd,
Shall have that honour as beseems their state.
You peers of England, see in royal pomp
These breathless bodies be entombèd straight,
With 'tirèd ‖ colours cover'd all with black.
Let Spanish steeds, as swift as fleeting wind,
Convey these princes ¶ to their funeral:
Before them let a hundred mourners ride.
In every time of their enforc'd abode,
Rear up a cross in token of their worth,**
Whereon fair Elinor's picture shall be plac'd.
Arriv'd at London, near our palace-bounds,
Inter my lovely Elinor, late deceas'd;
And, in remembrance of her royalty,
Erect a rich and stately carvèd cross,
Whereon her stature †† shall with glory shine,
And henceforth see you call it Charing-cross;
For why ‡‡ the chariest §§ and the choicest queen,

---

* *L'orecchie abbassa*, &c] The two first of these Italian lines (which both 4tos. make a portion of Joan's speech) are from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, c. xx. 131, the two second from the same poem, c. x 15.—Both 4tos give them thus;

"Porce ine *abassa come vinto et stanco.*
Defluer *chain* bocca *il fren gli sproni* [2to. of 1599 "sprons"] *al fianco.*
King. O sommo Dio come i guidneo humans,
Spesse offuscan *son* danu membo oscunro."

The Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* remarks that these lines "seem forced in by Peele as a reflection or observation of his own," &c.: but see note ¶, p. 400, first col.

† *Curse*] The 4to. of 1593 "Nurse."

‡ *at*] Both 4tos. "as." § *wont*] Both 4tos. "wants."

‖ *you*] Both 4tos. "your."

¶ *You*] Both 4tos. "Your."

** *haste*] Both 4tos. "hate."

†† *repeated*] This is the reading of the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*—Both 4tos. "espected."

‡‡ *thy*] Both 4tos. "her."

§§ *Re-enter Ladies*, &c.] Both 4tos. "Enter Edmund, Gloster, running with Ladies, and comaies Ione of Acon awaie."

---

* *assuager . . . mortal 'miss*]—*miss*, i. e. misfortune, suffering.—Both 4tos. "asswagers . . . martiall *misse*."

† *mean*] i. e. moan.

‡ *it in*] Qy. "within"?

§ *need is*] Both 4tos. "needes."

‖ *'tired*] Both 4tos. "tried."—I give the reading of the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*

¶ *princes*] Qy. "princess'" (i. e. princesses)?

** *worth*] Both 4tos. "worke."

†† *stature*] Our old poets frequently use *stature* in the sense of *statue*. For instances of that usage, see note on Marlowe's *Works*, p. 27, ed. Dyce, 1858.

‡‡ *For why*] i. e. Because.

§§ *chariest*] Both 4tos. "chaucest."—There is an absurd and vulgar tradition that *Charing*-cross was so named because the body of Edward's *chere reine* rested there: does Peele allude to it here?

"And henceforth see you call it *Charing*-cross;
For why the chariest," &c —

The Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* reads "chastest."

That ever did delight my royal eyes,
There dwells * in darkness whilst I die † in grief.
But, soft! what tidings with these pursuivants? ‡

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sir Roger Mortimer, with all success,§
As erst your grace by message did command,
Is here at hand, in purpose to present
Your highness with his signs of victory.
And trothless Baliol, ‖ their accursèd king,
With fire and sword doth threat Northumberland.

Longsh. How one affliction calls another over!
First death torments me, ¶ then I feel disgrace!
And false Baliol means to brave me too;
But I will find provision for them all:
My constancy shall conquer death and shame.**

[*Exeunt all except* Glocester.

* *dwells*] Both 4tos. "dwell."

† *die*] Qy. "lie"?

‡ *these pursuivants*] But only one person enters,—both 4tos. having "*Enter Messenger* approch from Mortimer."

"It seems evident ["Seems, madam! nay, it is,"] that the end of this play has been most deplorably mangled; and there is some reason to suppose that the printed copy was made up from two different MSS., and both very imperfect. The printing of the old quarto, too, bad in the commencement, has grown worse as it proceeded, and in some places, as the reader has seen, was quite unintelligible. In this stage-direction perhaps the reading ought to be, 'Enter Messenger, *express* from Mortimer.'" *Editor of Dodsley's* O. P.

§ *success*] Both 4tos. "Sussex."

‖ *And trothless Baliol*, &c.] Before this line something is evidently wanting

¶ *First death torments me*, &c.] Both 4tos.;

"*First death torments me, then I feele disgrace,*
Againe Lluellen he rebels in Wales,
And false Baliol," &c.

** *My constancy shall conquer death and shame*, &c.] Both 4tos.;

"*My constancie shall conquer death and shame,*
And Mortimor tis thou must hast to Wales,
And rouse that Rebel from his starting holes,
And rid thy King of his contentious foe,
Whilst I with Elinor, Gloster, and the rest,
With speedie iourney gather vp our force,
And beat these brauing Scots from out our bounds.
Courage braue Soldiers fates hath done their worst,
Now Vertue let me triumphe in thine aide.
[*Exit* Edward.

Gloster *solus.*

Gloster. Now Ione of Acon," &c.

Some of these lines, with a little variation, have been already spoken by the king: see p. 405, first col.

Glocester. Now, Joan of Acon, let me mourn thy fall.
Sole, here alone, now sit thee down and sigh,
Sigh, hapless Glocester, for thy sudden loss:
Pale death, alas, hath banish'd all thy pride,
Thy wedlock-vows *! How oft have I beheld
Thy eyes, thy looks, thy lips, and every part,
How nature strove in them to show her art,†
In shine, in shape, in colour, and compare!
But now hath death, the enemy of love,
Stain'd and deform'd the shine, the shape, the red,
With pale and dimness, and my love is dead.
Ah, dead, my love! vile wretch, why ‡ am I living?
So willeth fate,§ and I must be contented:
All pomp in time must fade, and grow to nothing.
Wept I like Niobe, yet it profits nothing:
Then cease, my sighs, since I may not regain her,
And woe to wretched death that thus hath slain her! [*Exit.*‖

Yours. *By* George Peele, *Master of Arts in Oxenford.*

* *Thy wedlock-vows*, &c.] More corruption, and past cure —Both 4tos.;

"*Thy wedlocke vowes how* ought *haue I beheld?*
Enter Mortimor with the head [*of Lluellen*].
Thy eies, thy lookes," &c.—

Qy. is "*looks*" a misprint for "locks"?

"Perhaps", says the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*, "at one time the play terminated differently, with a triumphant display of victory instead of the lamentations of Glocester, and the printer, in altering it by one MS. copy, omitted to take out parts that only belonged to the other."

† *strove in them to show her art*] Both 4tos. "store *in them to shew* their *Art*."

‡ *why*] The 4to. of 1599 "while."

§ *fate*] Both 4tos. "fates."

‖ *Exit*] The last scene of this drama is such a mass of confusion, that we cannot determine when and by whom the bodies of Queen Elinor and Joan are carried out. (In an earlier stage-direction of the 4tos. Glocester "conuaies Ione of Acon awaie", see note §§, p. 414, first col.)

THE BATTLE OF ALCAZAR.

The Battell of Alcazar, fovght in Barbarie, betweene Sebastian king of Portugall, and Abdelmelec king of Marocco. With the death of Captaine Stukeley. As it was sundrie times plaid by the Lord high Admiralt his seruants. Imprinted at London by Edward Allde for Richard Bankworth, and are to be solde at his shoppe in Pouls Churchyard at the signe of the Sunne. 1594. 4to.

In the *Biographia Dramatica* we are told that the plot of this play is taken from Heylin's *Cosmography*; a fact which one may be allowed to doubt, as Peter Heylin was not born till the year 1600.

Of Stukely, that "bubble of emptinesse and meteor of ostentation," as he calls him, Fuller gives the following account:—

"Thomas Stuckley. Were he alive, he would be highly offended to be ranked under any other topick than that of princes; whose memory must now be content, and thankful too, that we will afford it a place amongst our souldiers.

"He was a younger brother, of an ancient, wealthy, and worshipful family, nigh *Ilfracombe* in this county; being one of good parts, but valued the lesse by others because over-prized by himself. Having prodigally misspent his patrimony, he entred on several projects (the *issue general* of all deceased estates), and first pitched on the peopleing of *Florida*, then newly found out in the *West Indies*. So confident his ambition, that he blushed not to tell *Queen Elizabeth*, that *he preferred rather to be soveraign of a mole-hill than the highest subject to the greatest king in Christendome;* adding moreover, that *he was assured he should be a prince before his death. I hope* (said Queen Elizabeth) *I shall hear from you, when you are stated in your principality. I will write unto you* (quoth Stukely). *In what language?* (said the Queen). He returned, *In the stile of princes; To our dear sister.*

"His fair project of *Florida* being blasted for lack of money to pursue it, he went over into *Ireland*, where he was frustrate of the preferment expected, and met such physick that turned his feaver into frensie. For, hereafter resolving treacherously to attempt what he could not loyally atchieve, he went over into *Italy*.

"It is incredible how quickly he wrought himself thorough the notice into the favour, through the court into the chamber, yea, closet, yea, bosome of Pope *Pius Quintus;* so that some wise men thought his Holinesse did forfeit a parcel of his infallibility in giving credit to such a *Glorioso*, vaunting that with *three thousand* souldiers he would beat all the English out of *Ireland*.

"The Pope, finding it cheaper to fill *Stuckleys* swelling sails with aiery titles than real gifts, created him Baron of *Ross*, Viscount *Murrough*, Earl of *Wexford*, Marquesse of *Leinster*, and then furnished the title-top-heavy general with *eight hundred* souldiers paid by the King of *Spain* for the *Irish* expedition.

"In passage thereunto *Stuckley* lands at *Portugal*, just when *Sebastian* the king thereof, with two *Moorish* kings, were undertaking of a voyage into *Affrica*. *Stuckly*, scorning to attend, is perswaded to accompany them. Some thought he wholly quitted his *Irish* design, partly because loath to be pent up in an island (the continent of *Affrica* affording more elbow-room for his atchievements), partly because so mutable his mind, he ever loved the last project (as mothers the youngest child) best. Others conceive he took this *African* in order to his *Irish* design; such his confidence of conquest, that his break-fast on the Turks would the better enable him to dine on the *English* in *Ireland*.

"Landing in *Affrica*, *Stuckley* gave counsil which was safe, seasonable, and necessary; namely, that for two or three dayes they should refresh their land-souldiers; whereof some were sick, and some were weak, by reason of their tempestuous passage. This would not be heard, so furious was *Don Sebastion* to engage; as if he would pluck up the bays of victory out of the ground before they were grown up; and so in the Battail of *Alcaser* their army was wholly defeated; where *Stuckley* lost his life.

"*A fatal fight, where in one day was slain*
Three kings *that were, and* one *that would be fain.*

"This battail was fought [4th August] *Anno* 1578. Where *Stuckley* with his *eight hundred* men behaved himself most valiantly, till over-powred with multitude."—*Worthies*, p.p. 258-9, ed. 1672.

I throw together a few poetical notices of him:

"that renowned battle
Swift fame desires to carry through the world,
The battle of Alcazar, wherein two kings,
Besides this King of Barbary, was slain,
King of Morocco and of Portugal,
With Stukeley, that renowned Englishman,
That had a spirit equal with a king,
Made fellow with these kings in warlike strife,
Honour'd his country, and concluded life."

Heywood's *If you know not me, you know nobody, Part Second*, Sig. E 2. ed. 1609

"A Stukeley or a Sherley, for his spirit,
Bounty, and royalty to men at arms."

Cooke's *Greene's Tu Quoque*, n. d., Sig. D 1.

"It is a saying auncient (not autenticall, I win)
That whoso England will subdew, with Ireland must begin.
Imagine Stukelies onely name includeth all that's ill:
He forging worth, and to our state malevolent in will,
Of bounteous pensions was therefore possest in Spayne long while
Untill (for it a nature was in Stukelie to beguile)
The king, whom he had cozen'd long, him purpos'd to exile.
Then for the Pope the fugitive a welcome agent was
(For nothing ill, might worke us ill, hath Spayne and Rome let pas):
Of him he had an armie, that for Irelands conquest sayles;
When through a fight in Barbarie that expedition fayles."

Warner's *Albion's England*, B. 10. Ch. 54. p. 242. ed. 1596.

"Rome's malice and Spaine's practice still concurs
To vexe and trouble blest Elizabeth:
With Stukeley they combine to raise new stirs;
And Ireland bragging Stukeley promiseth
To give unto the Popes brave bastard sonne,
James Boncampagne, an ambitious boy;
And Stukely from the Pope a prize hath wonne,
A holy peacocks taile (a proper toy).
But Stukely was in Mauritania slaine,
In that great battell at Alcazor fought.
Whereby we see his power doth still defend
His church, which on his mercy doth depend."

Taylor's (the Water Poet's) *Churches Deliverances*,—*Workes*, p. 143, ed. 1630.

A ballad called *The Life and Death of the famous Lord Stukely, an English gallant, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who ended his days in a Battle of three Kings of Barbary*, is in Evans's *Collection*, vol. iii. p. 148. ed. 1810.

Besides the present play (which appears to have been in existence as early as February, 1591-2,—see *Account of Peele and his Writings*, p. 339), there is a drama printed in 1605, but doubtless acted considerably before that time,* of which Stukeley is the hero,—*The Famous Historye of the life and death of Captaine Thomas Stukely. With his marriage to Alderman Curteis Daughter, and valiant ending of his life at the Battaile of Alcazar. As it hath beene acted. Printed for Thomas Pauyer, and are to be sold at his shop at the entrance into the Exchange.* 1605. 4to.

The piece on the subject of Stukeley, which our author mentions in the following lines of his *Farewell*, &c., 1589, is, I believe, a play which has not come down to us;—

"Bid theatres, and proud tragedians,
Bid Mahomet, Scipio, and mighty Tamburlaine,
King Charlemagne, *Tom Stukeley*, and the rest,
Adieu."

"The Plott of the Battell of Alcazar," consisting of one large folio page, and very much mutilated, is among "Plottes of olde Playes," *Additional MSS.* 10449, in the British Museum; and from it we learn that the part of the Moor, Muly Mahamet, was performed by the celebrated actor Edward Alleyn.

---

* It is perhaps the "*Stewtley*" which, according to Henslowe (*Diary*, p. 83, ed. Shake. Soc.), was first acted 11th Dec. 1596.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Moor, Muly Mahamet.
Muly Mahamet, his son.
Abdelmelec, uncle to the Moor, Muly Mahamet.
Muly Mahamet Seth, brother to Abdelmelec.
Son of Rubin Archis.
Abdel Rayes.
Celybin.
Aroerd Zareo.
Zareo.
Pisano, a captain to the Moor, Muly Mahamet.
Calsepius Bassa.
Sebastian, King of Portugal.
Duke of Avero.
Duke of Barceles.
Lord Lodowick.
Lewes de Silva.
Christophero de Tavera.
Don Diego Lopez, Governor of Lisbon.
Don de Menysis, Governor of Tangier.
Stukeley.
Irish Bishop.
Hercules.
Jonas.
Moorish Ambassadors, Spanish Ambassadors and Legate, Boy, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

Calipolis, wife to the Moor, Muly Mahamet.
Rubin Archis, widow of Abdelmunen.
A Queen.*
Ladies.

The Presenter.
Abdelmunen.
Two young Brothers of the Moor, Muly Mahamet.
Two Murderers.
Fame.
} *In the Dumb-shows.*

* *A Queen*] Appears only once in the play,—Act ii. sc. i., where she speaks five lines; and is, I presume, some petty princess.

THE

TRAGICAL BATTLE OF ALCAZAR IN BARBARY,

WITH THE DEATH OF THREE KINGS AND [OF] CAPTAIN STUKELEY AN ENGLISHMAN.

ACT I.

Enter the Presenter.

HONOUR, the spur that pricks the princely mind
To follow rule and climb the stately chair,
With great desire inflames the Portingal,
An honourable and courageous king,
To undertake a dangerous dreadful war,
And aid with Christian arms the barbarous Moor,
The negro Muly Hamet, that withholds
The kingdom from his uncle Abdelmelec,
Whom proud* Abdallas wrong'd,
And in his throne installs his cruel son,
That now usurps upon this prince,
This brave Barbarian lord, Muly Mollocco.
The passage to the crown by murder made,
Abdallas dies, and leaves† this tyrant king;
Of whom we treat, sprung from th' Arabian Moor,
Black in his look, and bloody in his deeds;
And in his shirt, stain'd with a cloud of gore,
Presents himself, with naked sword in hand,
Accompanied, as now you may behold,
With devils coated in the shapes of men.

The First Dumb-show.

Enter [*the* Moor] MULY MAHAMET, *his Son, and his two young Brethren:* the Moor [MULY MAHAMET] *shows them the bed, and then takes his leave of them, and they betake them to their rest. Then the* Presenter *speaks:*

Like those that were by kind of murder mumm'd,‡
Sit down and see what heinous stratagems
These damnèd wits contrive; and, lo, alas,
How like poor lambs prepar'd for sacrifice,
This traitor-king hales to their longest home
These tender lords, his younger brethren both!

The Second Dumb-show.

Enter the Moor [MULY MAHAMET], *and two* Murderers, *bringing in his uncle* ABDELMUNEN: *then they draw the curtains, and smother the young Princes in the bed: which done in sight of the uncle, they strangle him in his chair, and then go forth. Then the* Presenter *says:*

His brethren thus in fatal bed behears'd,
His father's brother, of too light belief,
This negro puts to death by proud command.
Say not these things are feign'd, for true they are;
And understand how, eager to enjoy
His father's crown, this unbelieving Moor,
Murdering his uncle and his brethren,*
Triumphs in his ambitious tyranny;
Till Nemesis, high mistress of revenge,
That with her scourge keeps all the world in awe,
With thundering drum† awakes the God of War,

* *Whom proud*, &c.] This line, and the next line but one, mutilated.

† *leaves*] The 4to. "deisnes." Something seems to be wanting here.

‡ *mumm'd*] Spelt in the 4to. "mumd":—but I can make nothing of this passage.—"We consider that one line has strayed from its place, and that the text was originally thus;

'Accompanied, as now you may behold,
With devils coated in the shapes of men,
Like those that were by kind of murder mumm'd.'

Then after the Dumb-show,

'Sit down and see what heinous stratagems.' &c.

We consider *mumm'd* a misprint for *nam'd;* and the meaning to be

Like devils in the shapes of men nam'd murderers.

See the second Dumb-show, 'Enter the Moor and two *Murderers.*'" *The Rev. J. Mitford, Gent. Mag.* for Feby., 1833, p. 103,—who is perhaps right in supposing that the line has strayed from its place, though his proposal to read "nam'd" is truly infelicitous.

* *brethren*] So spelt in the 4to., but to be pronounced as a trisyllable.

† *drum*] The 4to. "drums": but compare two passages in p. 425.

And calls the Furies from Avernus' crags,
To range and rage, and vengeance to inflict,
Vengeance on this accursèd Moor for sin.
And now behold how Abdelmelec comes,
Uncle to this unhappy* traitor-king,
Arm'd with great aid that Amurath hath sent,
Great Amurath, Emperor† of the East,
For service done to Sultan Solimon,
Under whose colours he had serv'd in field,
Flying the fury of this negro's father,
That wrong'd his brethren to install his son.
Sit you, and see this true and tragic war,
A modern matter full of blood and ruth,
Where three bold kings, confounded in their height,
Fell to the earth, contending for a crown;
And call this war *The battle of Alcazar.* [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter ABDELMELEC, CALSEPIUS BASSA *and his* Guard, *and* ARGERD ZAREO, *with* Soldiers.

Abdelm. All hail, Argerd Zareo; and, ye Moors,
Salute the frontiers of your native home:
Cease, rattling drums; and, Abdelmelec, here
Throw up thy trembling hands to heaven's throne,
Pay to thy God due thanks, and thanks to him
That strengthens thee with mighty gracious arms
Against the proud usurper of thy right,
The royal seat and crown of Barbary,
Great Amurath, great Emperor of the East:‡
The world bear witness how I do adore
The sacred name of Amurath the Great.
Calsepius Bassa, Bassa Calsepius,
To thee, and to thy trusty band of men
That carefully attend us in our camp,
Pick'd soldiers, comparable to the guard
Of Myrmidons that kept Achilles' tent,
Such thanks we give to thee and to them all,
As may concern a poor distressèd king,
In honour and in princely courtesy.

Cal. Bas. Courteous and honourable Abdelmelec,
We are not come, at Amurath's command,
As mercenary men, to serve for pay,
But as sure friends, by our great master sent
To gratify and to remunerate
Thy love, thy loyalty, and forwardness,
Thy service in his father's dangerous war;
And to perform, in view of all the world,
The true office* of right and royalty:
To see thee in thy kingly chair enthron'd,
To settle and to seat thee in the same,
To make thee Emperor of this Barbary,
Are come the viceroys and sturdy janizaries
Of Amurath, son to Sultan Solimon.

Enter MULY MAHAMET SETH,† RUBIN ARCHIS, ABDEL RAYES, *with others.*

Abd. Rayes. Long live my lord, the sovereign of my heart,
Lord Abdelmelec, whom the god of kings,
The mighty Amurath hath happy made!
And long live Amurath for this good deed!

Muly Mah. Seth. Our Moors have seen the silver moons to wave
In banners bravely spreading o'er the plain,
And in these‡ semicircles have descried,
All in a golden field, a star to rise,
A glorious comet that begins to blaze,
Promising happy sorting to us all.

Rub. Ar. Brave man-at-arms, whom Amurath hath sent
To sow the lawful true-succeeding seed
In Barbary, that bows and groans withal
Under a proud usurping tyrant's mace,
Right thou the wrongs this rightful king hath borne.

Abdelm. Distressèd ladies, and ye dames of Fess,
Sprung from the true Arabian Muly Xarif,
The loadstar and the honour of our line,
Now clear your watery eyes, wipe tears away,
And cheerfully give welcome to these arms:
Amurath hath sent scourges by his men,
To whip that tyrant traitor-king from hence,
That hath usurp'd from us, and maim'd you all.
Soldiers,§ sith rightful quarrels' aid
Successful are, and men that manage them
Fight not in fear as traitors and their feres,‖
That you may understand what arms we bear,
What lawful arms against our brother's son,
In sight of heaven, even of mine honour's worth,
Truly I will deliver and discourse
The sum of all. Descended from the line

* *unhappy*] i.e. wicked.

† *Great Amurath, Emperor*, &c.] Qy "*Great Amurath*, the [*or, as in the next speech*, "great"] *Emperor*," &c.?

‡ *East*] The 4to. "world,"—the transcriber's or compositor's eye having caught that word in the next line.

* *The true office*] Qy. "*The* office true"?

† *Seth*] The 4to. in the present scene, but not elsewhere, "Xeque."—There is no end to the confusion of names in this play.

‡ *these*] The 4to. "this."

§ *Soldiers*, &c.] A mutilated line.

‖ *feres*] i. e. companions.

Of Mahomet, our grandsire Muly Xarif
With store of gold and treasure leaves Arabia,
And strongly plants himself in Barbary;
And of the Moors that now with us do wend
Our grandsire Muly Xarif was the first.
From him well wot ye Muly Mahamet Xeque,
Who in his life-time made a perfect law,
Confirm'd with general voice of all his peers,
That in his kingdom should successively
His sons succeed. Abdallas was the first,
Eldest of four,* Abdelmunen the second,
And we the rest, my brother and myself.
Abdallas reign'd his time: but see the change!
He labours to invest his son in all,
To disannul the law our father made,
And disinherit us his brethren; †
And in his life-time wrongfully proclaims
His son for king that now contends with us.
Therefore I crave to re-obtain my right,
That Muly Mahamet the traitor holds,
Traitor and bloody tyrant both at once,
That murderèd his younger brethren both:
But on this damnèd wretch, this traitor-king,
The gods shall pour down showers of sharp revenge.
And thus a matter not to you unknown
I have deliver'd; yet for no distrust
Of loyalty, my well-belovèd friends,‡
But that th' occasions fresh in memory
Of these encumbers so may move your minds,
As for the lawful true-succeeding prince
Ye neither think your lives nor honours dear,
Spent in a quarrel just and honourable.

Cal. Bas. Such and no other we repute the cause
That forwardly for thee we undertake,
Thrice-puissant and renownèd Abdelmelec,
And for thine honour, safety,§ and crown,
Our lives and honours frankly to expose
To all the dangers that on war attend,‖
As freely and as resolutely all
As any Moor whom thou commandest most.

Muly Mah., Seth. And why is Abdelmelec, then, so slow
To châstise him with fury of the sword
Whose pride doth swell to sway beyond his reach?
Follow this pride, then,¶ with fury of revenge.

Rub. Ar. Of death, of blood, of wreak, and deep revenge,
Shall Rubin Archis frame her tragic songs:
In blood, in death, in murder, and misdeed,
This heaven's malice did begin and end.

Abdelm. Rubin, these rites to Abdelmunen's ghost
Have pierc'd by this to Pluto's grave* below;
The bells of Pluto ring revenge amain,
The Furies and the fiends conspire with thee·
War bids me draw my weapons for revenge
Of my deep wrongs and my dear brother's death.

Muly Mah. Seth. Sheath not your swords, you soldiers of Amurath,
Sheath not your swords, you Moors of Barbary,
That fight in right of your anointed king,
But follow to the gates of death and hell,
Pale death and hell, to entertain his soul;
Follow, I say, to burning Phlegethon,
This traitor-tyrant and his companies.

Cal. Bas. Heave up your swords against these stony holds,
Wherein these barbarous rebels are enclos'd:
Call'd for is Abdelmelec by the gods
To sit upon the throne of Barbary.

Abd. Rayes. Bassa, great thanks, thou † honour of the Turks.—
Forward, brave lords, unto this rightful war!
How can this battle but successful be,
Where courage meeteth with a rightful cause?

Rub. Ar. Go in good time, my best-belovèd lord,
Successful in thy work thou undertakes!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter, in his chariot, the Moor, CALIPOLIS, *and their* Son; PISANO *with the* Moor's Guard *and treasure.*

The Moor. Pisano, take a cornet of our horse,
As many argòlets‡ and armèd pikes,
And with our carriage march away before
By Seyras, and those plots§ of ground
That to Moroccus lead the lower way:
Our enemies keep upon the mountain-tops,
And have encamp'd themselves not far from Madam, Fess.—

* *four*] The 4to. "faire."
† *brethren*] See note *, p. 421, sec. col.
‡ *friends*] The 4to. "friend."
§ *safety*] A trisyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 158.
‖ *on war attend*] The 4to. "our *warre* attends."
¶ *then*] An interpolation?

* *Pluto's grave*] To substitute "*Pluto's* cave" will not, I apprehend, restore the true text here.
† *thou*] A doubtful reading.—The 4to. "the."
‡ *argolets*] "*Argolet*, a light horseman." Cotgrave's *Dict.* "Argoletiers, *Equites ferentarii* or *leviter armati*." Coles's *Dict.*
§ *those plots*] An epithet to "*plots*" has dropt out.

Gold is the glue, sinews, and strength of war,
And we must see our treasure may go safe.—
Away! [*Exit* PISANO *with the treasure and some of the* Guard.] Now, boy, what's the news?

*The Moor's Son.** The news, my lord, is war, war and revenge;
And, if I shall declare the circumstance,
'Tis thus.
Rubin, our uncle's wife, that wrings her hands
For Abdelmunen's death, accompanied
With many dames of Fess in mourning weeds,
Near to Argier encounter'd Abdelmelec,
That bends his force, puff'd up with Amurath's aid,
Against your holds and castles of defence.
The younger brother, Muly Mahamet Seth,
Greets the great Bassa that the King of Turks
Sends to invade your right and royal realm;
And basely beg revenge, arch-rebels all,
To be inflict upon our progeny.

The Moor. Why, boy, is Amurath's Bassa such a bug †
That he is mark'd to do this doughty deed?
Then, Bassa, lock the winds in wards of brass,
Thunder from heaven, damn wretched men to death,‡
Bear§ all the offices of Saturn's sons,
Be Pluto, then, in hell, and bar the fiends,
Take Neptune's force to thee and calm the seas,
And execute Jove's justice on the world,
Convey Tamburlaine into our Afric here,
To chástise and to menace lawful kings:
Tamburlaine, triumph not, for thou must die,*
As Philip did, Cæsar, and Cæsar's peers.

The Moor's Son. The Bassa grossly flatter'd to his face,
And Amurath's praise advanc'd above the sound
Upon the plains, the soldiers being spread,
And that brave guard of sturdy janizaries
That Amurath to Abdelmelec gave,
And bade him boldly be with† them as safe
As if he slept within a wallèd town; [revenge,
Who take them to their weapons, threatening
Bloody revenge, bloody revengeful war.

The Moor. Away, and let me hear no more of this.
Why, boy,
Are we successor to the great Abdelmunen ‡
Descended from th' Arabian Muly Xarif,
And shall we be afraid of Bassas and of bugs,
Raw-head and Bloody-bone?
Boy, seest here this scimitar § by my side?
Sith they begin to bathe in blood,
Blood be the theme whereon our time shall tread;
Such slaughter with my weapon shall I make
As through the stream and bloody channels deep
Our Moors shall sail in ships and pinnaces
From Tangier-shore unto the gates of Fess.

The Moor's Son. And of those slaughter'd bodies shall thy son
A hugy‖ tower erect like Nimrod's frame,
To threaten those unjust and partial gods
That to Abdallas' lawful seed deny
A long, a happy, and triumphant reign.

An alarum within, and then enter a Messenger

Mess. Fly, King of Fess, King of Morocous, fly,
Fly with thy friends, Emperor of Barbary;
O, fly the sword and fury of the foe,
That rageth as the ramping lioness
In rescue of her younglings from the bear!
Thy towns and holds by numbers basely yield,
Thy land to Abdelmelec's rule resigns,
Thy carriage and thy treasure taken is
By Amurath's soldiers, that have sworn thy death:

---

* *The Moor's Son*] The 4to. "Muly Mah.": but to his speech in the Third Act the 4to. prefixes "*The Moores sonne,*"—which prefix, to avoid the confusion caused by the family name, I have adopted throughout.

† *bug*] i. e. bugbear.

‡ *damn wretched men to death*] Mr. Collier (Supplem. Notes to *Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 278, ed. 1858) asserts that here "*damn*" is "misprinted for *doom*": and, on the words,

"Perform't, or else we *damn* thee,"

Antony and Cleopatra, act i. sc. i., he observes; "The corr. fo., 1632, alters 'damn' to *doom*; and although 'damn' certainly sounds rather coarsely in the mouth of Cleopatra, and would have done so even in the time of Shakespeare, yet we make no change, recollecting that the heroine, in other places, sometimes errs on the score of delicacy, and that 'damn' is the more expressive word, which the poet, on that very account, may have preferred," &c. But Mr. Collier does not understand either Peele or Shakespeare: in both passages "*damn*" is equivalent to "condemn." (And compare Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. i.;

"He shall not live; look, with a spot I *damn* him.")

§ *Bear*] So Walker, *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c., vol. i., p. 323.—The 4to. "Barre."

* *Tamburlaine, triumph not, for thou must die*] In the Second Part of the celebrated tragedy that bears his name, the last words of Tamburlaine are,—

"For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, must die."
Marlowe's *Works*, p. 74, ed. Dyce, 1858.

† *with*] The 4to. "to."—The preceding lines of this speech are corrupted.

‡ *successor . . . . Abdelmunen*] The 4to. "succcssours . . . . Abdilmelce."

§ *scimitar*] The 4to. "scmitaric."—This speech is somewhat mutilated.

‖ *hugy*] i. e. huge.—The 4to. "huge": but in act iv. sc. 2. it has "A *hugie* company of invading Moores"; and in the Prologue to our author's *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes* we find "*hugy* heaps of earc."

Fly Amurath's power and Abdelmelec's threats,
Or thou and thine look here to breathe your last.
The Moor. Villain, what dreadful sound of death and flight
Is this wherewith thou dost afflict our ears?
But if there be no safety to abide
The favour, fortune, and success of war,
Away in haste! roll on, my chariot-wheels,
Restless till I be safely set in shade
Of some unhaunted place, some blasted grove
Of deadly yew* or dismal cypress-tree,
Far from the light or comfort of the sun,
There to curse heaven and he that heaves me hence;
To sick as Envy at Cecropia's gate,
And pine with thought† and terror of mishaps:
Away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Alarum within, and then enter the Presenter.

Now war begins his rage and ruthless reign,
And Nemesis, with bloody whip in hand,
Thunders for vengeance on this Negro-Moor;
Nor may the silence of the speechless night,
Dire architect* of murders and misdeeds,
Of tragedies and tragic tyrannies,
Hide or contain the† barbarous cruelty
Of this usurper to his progeny.
[Three Ghosts, *within, cry* "Vindicta!"‡
Hark, lords, as in a hollow place afar,
The dreadful shrieks and clamours that resound,
And sound revenge upon this traitor's soul,
Traitor to kin and kind, to gods and men!
Now Nemesis upon her doubling drum,
Mov'd with this ghastly moan, this sad complaint,
'Larums aloud into Alecto's ears,
And with her thundering wakes, whereas§ they lie
In cave as dark as hell and beds of steel,
The Furies, just‖ imps of dire revenge.
"Revenge," cries Abdelmunen's‡ grievèd ghost,
And rouseth with the terror of this noise
These nymphs of Erebus; "Wreak and revenge"
Ring out the souls of his unhappy brethren.
And now start up these torments of the world,
Wak'd with the thunder of Rhamnusia's drum§
And fearful echoes of these‖ grievèd ghosts,—
Alecto with her brand and bloody torch,
Megæra with her whip and snaky hair,
Tisiphone with her fatal murdering iron:
These three conspire, these three complain and [moan.
Thus, Muly Mahamet, is a council held
To wreak the wrongs and murders thou hast done.
By this imagine was this barbarous Moor
Chas'd from his dignity and his diadem,
And lives forlorn among the mountain-shrubs,
And makes his food the flesh of savage beasts.
Amurath's soldiers have by this install'd
Good Abdelmelec in his royal seat.
The dames of Fess and ladies of the land,
In honour of the son of Solimon,¶
Erect a statue made of beaten gold,
And sing to Amurath songs of lasting praise.
Muly Mahamet's fury over-rul'd,
His cruelty controll'd, and pride rebuk'd,

* *Dire architect*] The 4to. "Diuine Architects."

† *the*] The 4to. "this."

‡ *Three Ghosts, within, cry "Vindicta!"*] So in *Locrine*, first printed in 1595, the Ghost of Albanact exclaims "*Vindicta, vindicta,*" Sig. G. (an exclamation which was afterwards much ridiculed; see Jonson's *Poetaster*,—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 456, ed. Gifford); and, again, in our author's *Farewell*, &c. (*vide post*) we meet with a line and a half which we also find in *Locrine*. But such trifling coincidences afford no ground for supposing that Peele was concerned in the composition of that intolerably stilted and pedantic piece. (It was entered on the Stationers' Books in 1594; and the title-page of the original edition runs thus: *The Lamentable Tragedie of Locrine, the eldest sonne of King Brutus, discoursing the warres of the Britaines, and Hunnes, with their discomfiture: The Britaines victorie with their Accidents, and the death of Albanact. No lesse pleasant then profitable. Newly set foorth, ouerseene and corrected, By W. S. London Printed by Thomas Creede* 1595, 4to. Misled by the initial letters W. S. in the above title-page, the editor of the folio *Shakespeare*, 1664, re-printed *Locrine* in that folio as a work of our great dramatist.)

§ *whereas*] i. e. where. ‖ *just*] Qy. "the *just*"?

* *yew*] The 4to. "hue."

† *To sick as Envy at Cecropia's gate, And pine with thought,*" &c.]—*sick*, i. e. sicken (so in Shakspeare's *Henry IV. Part 2*, &c., act iv. sc. 4;

"a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, *sick'd* and died").

"*Cecropia's gate*," i. e. the gate of Athens.—The allusion is to a story in the Sec. Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.—The 4to.;

"*To* seeke *as Enuie at* Cecropes *gate*,
And pine the *thought*," &c.

‡ *Abdelmunen's*] The 4to. "Abdilmelecs."

§ *Rhamnusia s drum*] The 4to. "Ramusians *drum*."—See note ¶, p. 359, sec. col. ‖ *these*] Qy. "those"?

¶ *Solimon*] Here the 4to. "Soliman": but twice before (see p. 422) it has "*Solimon*."

Now at last* when sober thoughts renew'd
Care of his kingdom and desirèd crown,
The aid that once was offer'd and refus'd
By messengers he furiously implores,†
Sebastian's aid, brave King of Portugal.
He, forward in all arms and chivalry,
Hearkens to his ambassadors, and grants
What they in letters and by words entreat.
Now listen, lordings, now begins the game,
Sebastian's tragedy in this tragic war. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Alarum within, and then enter ABDELMELEC, MULY MAHAMET SETH, CALSEPIUS BASSA, *with* Moors *and* Janizaries.

Abdelm. Now hath the sun display'd his golden beams,
And, dusky clouds dispers'd, the welkin clears,
Wherein the twenty-colour'd rainbow shows.
After this fight happy and fortunate,
Wherein our [traitorous] Moors have lost the day,
And Victory, adorn'd with Fortune's plumes,
Alights on Abdelmelec's glorious crest,
Here find we time to breathe, and now begin
To pay thy due and duties thou dost owe
To heaven and earth, to gods and Amurath.
[*Sound trumpets.*
And now draw near, and heaven and earth give ear,
Give ear and record, heaven and earth, with me;
Ye lords of Barbary, hearken and attend,
Hark to the words I speak, and vow I make
To plant the true succession of the crown:
Lo, lords, in our seat royal to succeed
Our only brother here we do install,
And by the name of Muly Mahamet Seth
Intitle him true heir unto the crown.
Ye gods of heaven gratulate this deed,
That men on earth may therewith stand content!
Lo, thus my due and duties do I pay‡
To heaven and earth, to gods and Amurath!
[*Sound trumpets.*

Muly Mah. Seth. Renownèd Bassa, to renu-
Thy worthiness and magnanimity, [nerate
Behold, the noblest ladies of the land
Bring present tokens of their gratitude.

* *at last*] Qy. "*at* the *last*"?

† *furiously implores*] The 4to. "*furiously* imployes."—Here "*furiously*" may be used as equivalent to—earnestly, vehemently; but it seems too strong a word: qy. "fervently"?

‡ *duties do I pay*] The 4to. "duetie is done, *I pay*."—Compare the 9th and 10th lines of this speech;

"*To pay thy due and duties* thou dost owe
To heaven," &c.

Enter RUBIN ARCHIS, *her* Son, *a* Queen,* *and* Ladies.

Rub. Ar. Rubin, that breathes but for revenge,
Bassa, by this commends herself to thee;
Receive† the token of her thankfulness:
To Amurath the god of earthly kings
Doth Rubin give and sacrifice her son:
Not with sweet smoke of fire or sweet perfume,
But with his father's sword, his mother's thanks,
Doth Rubin give her son to Amurath.

Queen. As Rubin gives her son, so we ourselves
To Amurath give, and fall before his face.
Bassa, wear thou the gold of Barbary,
And glister like the palace of the Sun,‡
In honour of the deed that thou hast done.

Cal. Bas. Well worthy of the aid of Amurath
Is Abdelmelec, and these noble dames.—
Rubin, thy son I shall ere long bestow,
Where thou dost him bequeath in honour's fee,
On Amurath mighty Emperor of the East,
That shall receive the imp of royal race
With cheerful looks and gleams of princely grace.—
This chosen guard of Amurath's janizaries
I leave to honour and attend on thee,
King of Morocco, conqueror of thy foes,
True King of Fess, Emperor of Barbary;
Muly Molocco, live and keep thy seat,
In spite of fortune's spite or enemies' threats.—
Ride, Bassa, now, bold Bassa, homeward ride,
As glorious as great Pompey in his pride.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Enter DON DIEGO LOPEZ, *the* Irish Bishop, STUKELEY, JONAS, HERCULES, *and others.*

Dic. Welcome to Lisbon,§ valiant Catholics,
Welcome, brave Englishmen, to Portugal:
Most reverent primate of the Irish church,
And, noble Stukeley, famous by thy name,
Welcome, thrice welcome to Sebastian's town;
And welcome, English captains, to you all:
It joyeth us to see his Holiness' fleet
Cast anchor happily upon our coast.

Bish. These welcomes, worthy governor of Lisbon,
Argue an honourable mind in thee,

* *a Queen*] See note on the *Dram. Pers.*

† *Receive*] The 4to. "Resigne."

‡ *like the palace of the Sun*] An allusion to the story of Phaeton in Ovid, as Walker remarks, *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c., vol i. p. 155.

§ *Lisbon*] The 4to. here and elsewhere "Lisborne."

But treat of our misfortune therewithal.
To Ireland by Pope Gregory's command
Were we all bound, and therefore thus embark'd,
To land our forces there at unawares,
Conquering the island* for his Holiness,
And so restore it to the Roman faith:
This was the cause of our expedition,
And Ireland long ere this had been subdu'd,
Had not foul weather brought us to this bay.

Die. Under correction, are ye not all Englishmen,
And 'longs not Ireland to that kingdom, lords?
Then, may I speak my conscience in the cause
Sans† scandal to the holy see of Rome,
Unhonourable is this expedition,
And misbeseeming you to meddle in.

Stuke. Lord governor of Lisbon, understand,
As we are Englishmen, so are we men,
And I am Stukeley so resolv'd in all
To follow rule, honour, and empery,
Not to be bent so strictly to the place
Wherein at first I blew the fire of life,
But that I may at liberty make choice
Of all the continents that bound the world;
For why‡ I make it not so great desert
To be begot or born in any place,
Sith that's a thing of pleasure and of ease
That might have been perform'd elsewhere as well.

Die. Follow what§ your good pleasure will,
Good Captain Stukeley: be it far from me
To take exceptions beyond my privilege.

Bish. Yet, captain, give me leave to speak;‖
We must affect our country as our parents,
And if at any time we alienate
Our love or industry from doing it honour,
It must respect effects and touch the soul,
Matter of conscience and religion,
And not desire of rule or benefit.

Stuke. Well said, bishop! spoken like yourself,
The reverend, lordly Bishop of Saint Asses.

Herc. The bishop talks according to his coat,
And takes not measure of it by his mind:
You see he hath it made thus large and wide,
Because he may convert it, as he list,
To any form may fit the fashion best.

Bish. Captain, you do me wrong to descant thus
Upon my coat or double conscience,
And cannot answer it in another place.

Die. 'Tis but in jest, lord bishop; put it up:
And all as friends deign to be entertain'd
As my ability here can make provision.
Shortly shall I conduct you to the king,
Whose welcomes evermore to strangers are
Princely and honourable, as his state becomes.

Stuke. Thanks, worthy governor.—Come, bishop, come,
Will you show fruits of quarrel and of wrath?
Come, let's in with my Lord of Lisbon here,
And put all conscience into one carouse,
Letting it out again as we may live.*

[*Exeunt all except* STUKELEY.

There shall no action pass my hand or sword,
That cannot make a step to gain a crown;
No word shall pass the office of my tongue,
That sounds not of affection to a crown;
No thought have being in my lordly breast,
That works not every way to win a crown:
Deeds, words, and thoughts, shall all be as a king's;
My chiefest company shall be with kings;
And my deserts shall counterpoise a king's:
Why should not I, then, look to be a king?
I am the Marquis now of Ireland made,
And will be shortly King of Ireland:
King of a mole-hill† had I rather be,
Than the richest subject of a monarchy.
Huff it, brave mind, and never cease t'aspire,
Before thou reign sole king of thy desire. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter the Moor, CALIPOLIS, *their* Son, ZAREO, *and another.*

The Moor. Where art thou, boy? Where is Calipolis?
O deadly wound that passeth by mine eye,
The fatal poison‡ of my swelling heart!
O fortune constant in unconstancy!
Fight earthquakes in the entrails of the earth,
And eastern whirlwinds in the hellish shades!
Some foul contagion of th' infected heaven
Blast all the trees, and in their cursèd tops
The dismal night-raven and tragic owl
Breed, and become fore-tellers§ of my fall,
The fatal ruin of my name and me!

* *island*] The 4to. "land."
† *Sans*] See note *, page 381, sec. col.
‡ *For why*] i. e. Because.
§ *what*] Qy. "whatever"?
‖ *to speak*] Qy. "*to speak* a word"?

* *as we may live*] i. e. as we may be live or lief,—i.e. willing, inclined.
† *King of a mole-hill*, &c.] So he told Elizabeth. See prefatory matter to this play, p. 418.
‡ *poison*] The 4to. "prison."
§ *fore-tellers*] Ben Jonson, who, in the fourth act of *The Poetaster*, quotes in ridicule some lines from this speech, reads "fore-runners." See Gifford's edition of his *Works*, vol. ii. p. 463.

Adders and serpents hiss at my disgrace,
And wound the earth with anguish of their stings!
Now, Abdelmelec, now triúmph in Fess;
Fortune hath made thee King of Barbary.
Calip. Alas, my lord, what boot these huge exclaims
T' advantage us in this distress'd estate?
O, pity our perplex'd estate, my lord,
And turn all curses to submiss complaints,
And those complaints to actions of relief!
I faint, my lord; and naught may cursing plaints
Refresh the fading substance of my life.
The Moor. Faint all the world, consume and be accurs'd,
Since my state* faints and is accurs'd.
Calip. Yet patience, lord, to conquer sorrows so.
The Moor. What patience is for him that lacks his crown?
There is no patience where the loss is such:
The shame of my disgrace hath put on wings,
And swiftly flies about this earthly ball.
Car'st thou to live, then, fond† Calipolis,
When he that should give essence to thy soul,
He on whose glory all thy joy should stay,
Is soul-less, glory-less, and desperate,
Crying for battle, famine, sword, and fire,
Rather than calling for relief or life?
But be content, thy hunger shall have end;
Famine shall pine to death, and thou shalt live:
I will go hunt these cursèd solitaries,‡
And make the sword and target here my hound [s]
To pull down lions and untamèd beasts. [*Exit.*
The Moor's Son.§ Tush, mother, cherish your unhearty soul,
And feed with hope of happiness and ease;
For if by valour or by policy
My kingly father can be fortunate,
We shall be Jove's commanders once again,
And flourish in a three-fold happiness.
Zareo. His majesty hath sent Sebastian,
The good and harmless King of Portugal,
A promise to resign the royalty
And kingdom of Morocco to his hands;
And when this haughty offer takes effect,
And works affiance in Sebastian,
My gracious lord, warn'd wisely to advise,
I doubt not but will watch occasion,
And take her fore-top by the slenderest hair,
To rid us of this miserable life.

* *Since my state*, &c.] An imperfect line.
† *fond*] i. e. foolish.
‡ *solitaries*] i. e. deserts.
§ *The Moor's son*] The 4to. "Mah."—See note *, p. 424, first col.

The Moor's Son. Good madam, cheer yourself: my father's wise;*
He can submit himself and live below,
Make show of friendship, promise, vow, and swear,
Till, by the virtue of his fair pretence,
Sebastian trusting his integrity,
He makes himself possessor of such fruits
As grow upon such great advantages.
Calip. But more dishonour hangs on such misdeeds
Than all the profit their return can bear:
Such secret judgments have the heavens impos'd
Upon the drooping state of Barbary,
As public merits in such lewd† attempts
Have drawn with violence upon our heads.

Re-enter the Moor, *with a piece of flesh upon his sword* ‡

The Moor. Hold thee, Calipolis, feed, and faint no more;
This flesh I forcèd from a lioness,
Meat of a princess, for a princess meet:
Learn by her noble stomach to esteem
Penury plenty in extremest dearth;
Who, when she saw her foragement bereft,
Pin'd not in melancholy or childish fear,
But as brave minds are strongest in extremes,
So she, redoubling§ her former force,
Rang'd through‖ the woods, and rent the breeding vaults
Of proudest savages to save herself.
Feed, then, and faint not, fair Calipolis; ¶
For rather than fierce famine shall prevail
To gnaw thy entrails with her thorny teeth,
The conquering lioness shall attend on thee,
And lay huge heaps of slaughter'd carcasses,
As bulwarks in her way, to keep her back.
I will provide thee of a princely osprey,
That as she flieth over fish in pools,**

* *wise*] Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c., vol ii. p. 299.—The 4to. "wife."
† *lewd*] i. e. vile, wicked.
‡ *Re-enter the Moor, with a piece of flesh upon his sword*] The 4to. has "Enter Muly Mahamet with lyons flesh vpon his swords"; which the following speech shows to be wrong:—the "flesh" was not "lion's flesh," but flesh forced from the mouth of a lioness.
§ *redoubling*] A trisyllable.
‖ *through*] The 4to. "thorough."
¶ *Feed, then, and faint not, fair Calipolis*] The reader need scarcely be reminded that Shakespeare ridicules this line and the last line but one of the scene, in the rants of Pistol, *Henry IV, Part Sec.*, act ii. sc. 4,—
"Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis."
** *That as she flieth over fish in pools*, &c.] The osprey was said to have the power of fascinating the fish on which it preyed.

The fish shall turn their glistering bellies up,
And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all:
Jove's stately bird with wide-commanding wings
Shall hover still about thy princely head,
And beat down fowl by shoals into thy lap:
Feed, then, and faint not, fair Calipolis.

Calip. Thanks, good my lord, and though my stomach be
Too queasy to digest* such bloody meat,
Yet, strength I it with virtue of my mind,
I doubt no whit but I shall live, my lord.

The Moor. Into the shades, then, fair Calipolis,
And make thy son and negroes here good cheer:
Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe
With strength and terror, to revenge our wrong.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter KING SEBASTIAN, *the* DUKE OF AVERO, *the* DUKE OF BARCELES, LEWES DE SILVA, CHRISTOPHERO DE TAVERA, *and* Attendants.

K. Seb. Call forth those Moors, those men of Barbary,
That came with letters from the King of Fess.

The Moorish Ambassadors *are brought in by an* Attendant.

Ye warlike lords, and men of chivalry,
Honourable ambassadors of this high regent,
Hark to Sebastian King of Portugal.
These letters sent from your distressèd lord,
Torn from his throne by Abdelmelec's hand,
Strengthen'd and rais'd by furious Amurath,
Import a kingly favour at our hands,
For aid to re-obtain his royal seat,
And place his fortunes in their former height.
For 'quital of which honourable arms,
By these his letters he doth firmly vow
Wholly to yield and to surrender up
The kingdom of Morocens to our hands,
And to become to us contributary;
And to content himself† with the realm of Fess.
These lines, my lords, writ in extremity,
Contain‡ therefore but during fortune's date;
How shall Sebastian, then, believe the same?

First Amb. Viceroys,§ and most Christian king of Portugal,
To satisfy thy doubtful mind herein,
Command forthwith a blazing brand of fire
Be brought in presence of thy majesty;
Then shalt thou see, by our religious vows
And ceremonies most inviolate,
How firm our sovereign's protestations are.

A brand is brought in by an Attendant.

Behold, my lord, this binds our faith to thee:
In token that great Muly Mahamet's hand
Hath writ no more than his stout heart allows,
And will perform to thee and to thine heirs,
We offer here our hands into this flame;
And as this flame doth fasten on this flesh,
So from our souls we wish it may consume
The heart of our great lord and sovereign,
Muly Mahamet King of Barbary,
If his intent agree not with his words!

K. Seb. These ceremonies and protestations
Sufficeth us, ye lords of Barbary,
Therefore return this answer to your king:
Assure him by the honour of my crown,
And by Sebastian's true unfeignèd faith,
He shall have aid and succour to recover,
And seat him in, his former empery.
Let him rely upon our princely word:
Tell him by August we will come to him
With such a power of brave impatient minds,
As Abdelmelec and great Amurath
Shall tremble at the strength of Portugal.

First Amb. Thanks* to the renownèd King of Portugal,
On whose stout promises our state depend [s].

K. Seb. Barbarians, go glad† your distressèd king,
And say Sebastian lives to right his wrong.
[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.

Duke of Avero, call in those Englishmen,
Don Stukeley, and those captains of the fleet,
That lately landed in our bay of Lisbon.
Now breathe, Sebastian, and in breathing blow
Some gentle gale of thy new-formèd joys.
Duke of Avero, it shall be your charge
To take the muster of the Portugals,
And bravest bloods of all our country.‡
[*Exit* DUKE OF AVERO.

Lewes de Silva, you shall be despatch'd
With letters unto Philip King of Spain:
Tell him we crave his aid in this behalf;

---

* *digest*] The 4to. has "disgest." See note †, p. 199, first col.

† *himself*] Qy. "him"?

‡ *Contain*] If not a misprint, means—Restrain: but surely there is some corruption here.

§ *Viceroys*] Qy. if right?

* *Thanks*, &c.] This line is to be *read* thus,—
"Thanks *to th'* renownèd," &c.

† *Barbarians, go glad*, &c.] Qy. "Go glad, Barbarians," &c.?

‡ *country*] A trisyllable here.

I know our brother Philip nill* deny
His futherance in this holy Christian war.
Duke of Barceles, as thy ancestors
Have always loyal been to Portugal,
So now, in honour of thy toward youth,
Thy charge shall be to Antwerp speedily,
To hire us mercenary men-at-arms:
Promise them princely pay; and be thou sure
Thy word is ours,—Sebastian speaks the word.

Christo. I beseech your majesty, employ me in this war.

K. Seb. Christopher de Tavera, next unto myself,
My good Hephæstion, and my bedfellow,†
Thy cares and mine shall be alike in this,
And thou and I will live and die together.

Re-enter the DUKE OF AVERO, *with the* Irish Bishop, STUKELEY, JONAS, HERCULES, *and others.*

And now,‡ brave Englishmen, to you
Whom angry storms have put into our bay;
Hold not your fortune e'er the worse in this:
We hold our strangers' honours in our hand,
And for distressèd frank and free relief.
Tell me, then, Stukeley, for that's thy name I trow,
Wilt thou, in honour of thy country's fame,
Hazard thy person in this brave exploit,
And follow us to fruitful Barbary,
With these six thousand soldiers thou hast brought,
And choicely pick'd through wanton Italy?
Thou art a man of gallant personage,
Proud in thy looks, and famous every way:
Frankly§ tell me, wilt thou go with me?

Stuke. Courageous king, the wonder of my thoughts,‖
And yet, my lord, with pardon understand,
Myself and these whom weather hath enforc'd
To lie at road upon thy gracious coast,
Did bend our course and made amain for Ireland.

K. Seb. For Ireland, Stukeley, (thou mak'st me wonder much,)¶
With seven ships, two pinnaces, and six thousand men?
I tell thee, Stukeley, they are far too weak
To violate the Queen of Ireland's right;
For Ireland's Queen commandeth England's force.
Were every ship ten thousand on the seas,
Mann'd with the strength of all the eastern kings,
Conveying all the monarchs of the world,
T' invade the island where her highness reigns,
'Twere all in vain, for heavens and destinies
Attend and wait upon her majesty.
Sacred, imperial, and holy is her seat,
Shining with wisdom, love, and mightiness:
Nature that every thing imperfect made,
Fortune that never yet was constant found,
Time that defaceth every golden show,
Dare not decay, remove, or her impair;*
Both nature, time, and fortune, all agree,
To bless and serve her royal majesty.
The wallowing ocean hems her round about;
Whose raging floods do swallow up her foes,
And on the rocks their ships in pieces split,
And even in Spain, where all the traitors dance
And play themselves upon a sunny day,
Securely guard the west part of her isle;
The south the narrow Britain-sea begirts,
Where Neptune sits in triumph to direct
Their course to hell that aim at her disgrace;
The German seas alongst the east do run,
Where Venus banquets all her water-nymphs,
That with her beauty glancing on the waves
Distains the cheek† of fair Proserpina.
Advise thee, then, proud Stukeley, ere thou pass
To wrong the wonder of the highest God;
Sith danger, death, and hell do follow thee,
Thee, and them all, that seek to danger her.
If honour be the mark whereat thou aim'st,
Then follow me in holy Christian wars,
And leave to seek thy country's overthrow.

Stuke. Rather, my lord, let me admire these words,
Than answer to your firm objections.
His Holiness Pope Gregory the Seventh
Hath made us four the leaders of the rest:
Amongst the rest, my lord, I am but one;
If they agree, Stukeley will be the first
To die with honour for Sebastian.

---

* *nill*] i. e. will not.

† *bedfellow*] We must remember that formerly the custom of men sleeping together, and terming each other *bedfellow*, was very common. Princes used occasionally to admit their favourite noblemen or gentlemen to the high honour of sharing their beds.

‡ *And now*, &c.] Something wanting in this line.

§ *Frankly*] Qy. is this word a trisyllable here? or did Peele write "Now, *frankly*," &c.?

‖ *thoughts*] After this a line at least has evidently dropt out.

¶ *thou mak'st me wonder much*] The 4to. "*thou* mistakst *me* wonderous *much*."

* *her impair*] The 4to. "be impure."

† *Distains the cheek*, &c.] i.e. So excels as to throw a stain on, sullies by contrast, the cheek, &c. In the preceding play, see p. 412, sec. col., "*stain'd*" occurs with the same meaning.—The 4to. has "Disdaines *the* cheeke," &c.; which the Rev. J. Mitford vainly attempts to defend and explain, *Gent. Mag* for Feby., 1833, p. 103. (The old copies of Shakespeare's *Pericles* have, by a like mistake,—

"She did *disdaine* my childe", &c.—Act iv. sc. 3.)

On reconsidering the passage, I am not sure but that we ought to read "their *beauty*" and "Distain *the cheek*," &c.

K. Seb. Tell me, lord bishop, captains, tell me, all,
Are you content to leave this enterprise
Against your country and your countrymen,
To aid Mahamet King of Barbary?
Bish. To aid Mahamet King of Barbary,
'Tis 'gainst our vows, great King of Portugal.
K. Seb. Then, captains, what say you?
Jon. I say, my lord,* as the bishop said,
We may not turn from conquering Ireland.
Herc. Our country and our countrymen will condemn
Us worthy of death,† if we neglect our vows.
K. Seb. Consider, lords, you are now in Portugal,
And I may now dispose of you and yours:
Hath not the wind and weather given you up,
And made you captives at our royal will?
Jon. It hath, my lord, and willingly we yield
To be commanded by your majesty;
But if you make us voluntary men,
Our course is then direct for Ireland.
K. Seb. That course will we direct for Barbary.—
Follow me, lords: Sebastian leads the way
To plant the Christian faith in Africa.
Stuke. Saint George for England! and Ireland now adieu,
For here Tom Stukeley shapes his course anew.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter the Presenter.

Lo, thus into a lake of blood and gore
The brave courageous King of Portugal
Hath drench'd himself, and now prepares amain
With sails and oars to cross the swelling seas,
With men and ships, courage and cannon-shot,
To plant this cursèd Moor in fatal hour;
And in this Catholic cause‡ the King of Spain
Is call'd upon by sweet Sebastian,
Who surfeiting in prime time of his youth
Upon ambitious poison, dies thereon.
By this time is the Moor to Tangier come,
A city 'longing to the Portugal;
And now doth Spain promise with holy face,
As favouring the honour of the cause,
His aid of arms, and levies men apace:
But nothing less than King Sebastian's good
He means; yet at Sucor de Tupea
He met, some say, in person with the Portugal,
And treateth§ of a marriage with the king:
But 'ware ambitious wiles and poison'd eyes!
There was nor aid of arms nor marriage,
For on his way without those Spaniards
King Sebastian went. [*Exit.*

* *lord*] A dissyllable here, as it not unfrequently is in our early poets: so again in act v. sc. 1 of this play,

"Labour, my *lords*, to renew our force
Of fainting Moors," &c.

And see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c, p. 32.

† *worthy of death*] Qy. "*worthy death*"?

‡ *cause*] The 4to. "case."

§ *treateth*] Qy. "treated"?

SCENE I.

Enter King Sebastian, Lords, Lewes de Silva, *and the* Ambassadors *and* Legate *of Spain.*

K. Seb. Honourable lords, ambassadors of Spain,
The many favours by our meetings done
From our beloved and renowned brother,
Philip the Catholic King of Spain,*
Say therefore, good my lord ambassador,
Say how your mighty master minded is
To propagate the fame of Portugal.
First Amb. To propagate the fame of Portugal,
And plant religious truth in Africa,
Philip the great and puissant king of Spain,
For love and honour of Sebastian's name,
Promiseth aid of arms, and swears by us
To do your majesty all the good he can,
With men, munition, and supply of war,
Of Spaniards proud, in king Sebastian's aid,
To spend their bloods in honour of their Christ.
Legate. And farther, to manifest unto your majesty
How much the Catholic king of Spain affects
This war with Moors and men of little faith,
The honour of your everlasting praise,
Behold, to honour† and enlarge thy name,
He maketh offer of his daughter Isabel

* *King of Spain*] Something has dropt out here.

† *The honour of your everlasting praise, Behold, to honour*, &c.] Corrupted.

To link in marriage with the brave Sebastian;
And to enrich Sebastian's noble wife,
His majesty doth* promise to resign
The titles of the Islands of Moloccus,†
That by his royalty in India‡ he commands.
These favours with unfeignèd love and zeal
Voweth King Philip to King Sebastian.

K. Seb. And God so deal with King Sebastian s
As justly he intends to fight for Christ! [soul
Nobles of Spain, sith our renownèd brother,
Philip the king of honour and of zeal,
By you the chosen orators of Spain§
The offer of the holds he makes
Are not‖ so precious in our account,
As is the peerless dame whom we adore,
His daughter, in whose loyalty consists
The life and honour of Sebastian.
As for the aid of arms he promiseth,
We will expect and thankfully receive,
At Cadiz,¶ as we sail alongst the coast.—
Sebastian, clap thy hands for joy,
Honourèd by this meeting and this match.—
Go, lords, and follow to the famous war
Your king; and be his fortune such in all
As he intends to manage arms in right.

[*Exeunt all except* STUKELEY *and Another.***

Stuke. Sit fast, Sebastian, and in this work
God and good men labour for Portugal!
For Spain, disguising with a double face,
Flatters thy youth and forwardness, good king.
Philip, whom some eall the Catholic king,
I fear me much thy faith will not be firm,
But disagree with thy profession.

The other. What, then, shall of those†† men of war become,
Those numbers that do multiply in Spain?

Stuke. Spain hath a vent for them and their supplies:
The Spaniard ready to embark himself,
Here gathers to a head; but all too sure
Flanders, I fear, shall feel the force of Spain.
Let Portugal fare as he may or can,
Spain means to spend no powder on the Moors.

The other. If kings do dally so with holy oaths,
The heavens will right the wrongs that they
Philip, if these forgeries be in thee, [sustain.
Assure thee, king, 'twill light on thee at last;
And when proud Spain hopes soundly to prevail,
The time may come that thou and thine shall fail.

[*Exeunt.*

* *doth*] The 4to. "with."

† *Moloccus*] So, I believe, Peele wrote. (In my former eds I altered the name to "Moluccas.")

‡ *India*] The 4to. "Iudah."

§ *By you the chosen orators of Spain*] Here again there is some omission.

‖ *The offer . . . . Are not*] See note ¶, p. 176, sec. col.

¶ *Cadiz*] The 4to. here, and elsewhere, "*Cardis.*"

** *Another*] So the 4to. †† *those*] The 4to. these."

SCENE II.

Enter ABDELMELEC, MULY MAHAMET SETH, AROEAD ZAREO, *and train.*

Abdelm. The Portugal, led with deceiving hope,
Hath rais'd his power, and receiv'd our foe
With honourable welcomes and regard,
And left his country-bounds, and hither bends
In hope to help Mahamet to a crown,
And chase us hence, and plant this Negro-Moor,
That clads* himself in coat of hammer'd steel
To heave us from the honour we possess.
But, for I have myself a soldier been,
I have, in pity to the Portugal,
Sent secret messengers to counsel him.
As for the aid of Spain, whereof they hop'd,
We have despatch'd our letters to their prince,
To crave that in a quarrel so unjust,
He that entitlèd is the Catholic king,
Would not assist a careless Christian prince.
And, as by letters we are let to know,
Our offer of the seven holds we made
He thankfully receives with all conditions,
Differing in mind [as] far from all his words
And promises to King Sebastian,
As we would wish, or you, my lords, desire.

Ar. Zareo. What resteth, then, but Abdelmelec may
Beat back this proud invading Portugal,
And châstise this ambitious Negro-Moor
With thousand deaths for thousand damnèd deeds?

Abdelm. Forward, Zareo, and ye manly Moors!—
Sebastian, see in time unto thyself:
If thou and thine misled do thrive amiss,
Guiltless is Abdelmelec of thy blood. [*Exeunt.*

* *clads*] See note †, p. 108, sec. col.

SCENE III.

Enter DON DE MENYSIS, *with* Captains *and others.*

De Men. Captain [s],
We have receivèd letters from the king,
That with such signs and arguments of love

We entertain the King of Barbary,
That marcheth toward Tangier with his men,
The poor remainders* of those that fled from Fess,
When Abdelmelec got the glorious day,
And stall'd himself in his imperial throne.

First Cap. Lord governor, we are in readiness
To welcome and receive this hapless king,
Chas'd from his land by angry Amurath;
And if the right rest in this lusty Moor,
Bearing a princely heart unvanquishable,
A noble resolution then it is
In brave Sebastian our Christian king,
To aid this Moor with his victorious arms,
Thereby to propagate religious truth,
And plant his springing praise in Africa.

Sec. Cap. But when arrives this brave Sebastian,
To knit his forces with this manly Moor,
That both in one, and one in both, may join
In this attempt of noble consequence?
Our men of Tangier long to see their king,
Whose princely face, that's† like the summer's sun,
Glads all these hither parts of Barbary.

De Men. Captains, he cometh hitherward amain,
Top and top-gallant, all in brave array:
The twenty-sixth day of June he left
The bay of Lisbon, and with all his fleet
At Cadiz happily he arriv'd in Spain
The eighth of July, tarrying for the aid
That Philip King of Spain had promisèd:
And fifteen days he there remain'd aboard,
Expecting when this Spanish force would come,
Nor stept ashore, as he were going still.
But Spain, that meant and minded nothing less,
Pretends a sudden fear and care to keep
His own from Amurath's fierce invasion,
And to excuse his promise to our king;
For which he storms as great Achilles erst
Lying for want of wind in Aulis'‡ gulf,
And hoiseth up his sails and anchors weighs,
And hitherward he comes, and looks to meet
This manly Moor whose case he undertakes.
Therefore go we to welcome and receive,§
With cannon-shot and shouts of young and old,
This fleet of Portugals and troop of Moors.

[*Exeunt.*

* *remainders*] Qy. "remains"?
† *that's*] The 4to. "that."
‡ *Aulis'*] The 4to "Aldest."
§ *receive*] The 4to. "rescue." Compare, in the second speech of this scene,—
"*To welcome and receive* this hapless king."

SCENE IV.

Trumpets sound, and chambers are discharged, within. Then enter* KING SEBASTIAN, *the* DUKE OF AVERO, LORD LODOWICK, STUKELEY, *&c.; the* Moor, CALIPOLIS, *their* Son, *&c.*

K. Seb. Muly Mahamet, King of Barbary,
Well met, and welcome to our town of Tangier,
After this sudden shock and hapless war.—
Welcome, brave Queen of Moors: repose thee here,
Thou and thy noble son.—And, soldiers all,
Repose you here in King Sebastian's town.—
Thus far in honour of thy name and aid,
Lord Mahamet, we have adventurèd,
To win for thee a kingdom, for ourselves
Fame, and performance of those promises
That in thy faith and royalty thou hast
Sworn to Sebastian King of Portugal;
And thrive it so with thee as thou dost mean,
And mean thou so as thou dost wish to thrive!
And if our Christ, for whom in chief we fight,
Hereby t' enlarge the bounds of Christendom,
Favour this war, and, as I do not doubt,
Send victory to light upon my crest,
Brave Moor, I will advance thy kingly son,
And with a diadem of pearl and gold
Adorn thy temples and enrich thy head.

The Moor. O brave Sebastian, noble Portugal,
Renown'd and honour'd ever mayst thou be,
Triúmpher over those that menace thee!
The hellish prince, grim Pluto, with his mace
Ding down my soul to hell, and with this soul
This son of mine, the honour of my house,
But I perform religiously to thee
That I have holily erst underta'en!
And that thy lords and captains may perceive
My mind in this single and pure to be,—
As pure as is the water of the brook,—
My dearest son to thee I do engage:
Receive him, lord, in hostage of my vow;
For even my mind presageth to myself,
That in some slavish sort I shall behold
Him dragg'd along this running river shore,
A spectacle to daunt the pride of those
That climb aloft by force, and not by right.

The Moor's Son. Nor can it otherwise befall the man
That keeps his seat and sceptre all in fear;
That wears his crown in eye of all the world,
Reputed theft and not inheritance.
What title, then, hath Abdelmelec here
To bar our father or his progeny?

* *chambers*] i. e. small pieces of cannon.

Right royal prince, hereof you make no doubt,
Agreeing with your wholesome Christian laws:
Help, then, courageous lord, with hand and sword,
To clear his way, whose lets * are lawless men;
And for this deed ye all shall be renown'd,
Renown'd and chronicled in books of fame,
In books of fame, and characters of brass,
Of brass, nay, beaten gold: fight, then, for fame,
And find th' Arabian Muly Hamet here
Adventurous, bold, and full of rich reward.

Stuke. Brave boy, how plain this princely mind in thee
Argues the height and honour of thy birth!
And well have I observ'd thy forwardness;—
Which being tender'd by your majesty,
No doubt the quarrel, open'd by the mouth
Of this young prince unpartially to us,
May animate and hearten all the host
To fight against the devil for Lord Mahamet.

K. Seb. True, Stukeley; and so freshly to my mind wrong,
Hath this young prince reduc'd * his father's
That in good time I hope this honour's fire,
Kindled already with regard of right,
Bursts into open flames, and calls for wars,
Wars, wars, to plant the true-succeeding prince.—
Lord Mahamet, I take thy noble son
A pledge of honour, and shall use him so.—
Lord Lodowick, and my good Lord of Avero,
See this young prince convey'd safe to Messegon,
And there accompanied as him fitteth best:
And to this war prepare ye more and less,
This rightful war, that Christians' God will bless.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter the Presenter.

Now harden'd is this hapless heathen prince,
And strengthen'd by the arms of Portugal,
This Moor, this murderer of his progeny;
And war and weapons now, and blood and death,
Wait on the counsels of this cursèd king;
And to a bloody banquet he invites
The brave Sebastian and his noble peers.

Dumb-show. Enter to the bloody banquet.

In fatal hour arriv'd this peerless prince,
To lose his life, his life, and many lives
Of lusty men, courageous Portugals,
Drawn by † ambitious golden looks.
Let fame of him no wrongful censure sound;
Honour was object of his thoughts, ambition was his ground. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter ABDELMELEC, CELYBIN, ARGERD ZAREO, *and others.*

Abdelm. Now tell me, Celybin, what doth the enemy?

Cel. The enemy, dread lord, hath left the town
Of Arzil with a thousand soldiers arm'd,
To guard his fleet of thirteen hundred sail;
And mustering of his men before the walls,
He found he had two thousand armèd horse,
And fourteen thousand men that serve on foot,
Three thousand pioners, † and a thousand coachmen,
Besides a number almost numberless
Of drudges, negroes, slaves, and muleters, ‡
Horse-boys, laundresses, and courtezans,
And fifteen hundred waggons full of stuff
For noblemen brought up in delicate.

Abdelm. Alas, good king, thy foresight hath been small,
To come with women into Barbary,
With laundresses, § with baggage, and with trash,
Numbers unfit to multiply thy host.

Cel. Their payment in the camp is passing slow,
And victuals scarce, that many faint and die.

* *lets*] i. e. impediments.

† *Drawn by*, &c.] Qy. "*Drawn* hither *by* ambition's *golden* hooks"? (In the 4to. "*Drawn*" is spelt "Drawen": but even if we pronounce it as a dissyllable, the metre will remain imperfect.)

* *reduc'd*] i. e. brought back.

† *pioners*] See note †, p. 164, first col.

‡ *muleters*] i. e. *muleteers*. So in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. 7,—

"Your mariners are *muleters*, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress."

§ *laundresses*] The 4to. "landresse."

Abdelm. But whither marcheth he in all this haste?

Cel. Some think he * marcheth hitherward,
And means to take this city of Alcazar.

Abdelm. Unto Alcazar? O unconstant chance!

Cel. The brave and valiant King of Portugal
Quarters his power in four battalions,
Afront the which, to welcome us withal,
Are six and thirty roaring-pieces plac'd:
The first, consisting of light-armèd horse
And of the garrisons from Tangier brought,
Is led by Alvaro Peres de Tavero;
The left or middle battle, of Italians
And German horsemen, Stukeley doth command,
A warlike Englishman sent by the Pope,
That vainly calls himself Marquis of Ireland;
Alonso Aquilaz conducts the third,—
That wing of German soldiers most consists;
The fourth legion is none but Portugals,
Of whom Lodevico Cæsar hath the chiefest † charge:
Besides there stand ‡ six thousand horse
Bravely attir'd, prest § where need requires.
Thus have I told your royal majesty
How he is plac'd to brave us in the fight.‖

Abdelm. But where's our nephew, Muly Mahamet?

Cel. He marcheth in the middle, guarded about
With full five hundred harquebuze ¶ on foot,
And twice three thousand needless armèd pikes.

Ar. Zarco. Great sovereign, vouchsafe to hear me speak,
And let Zareo's counsel now prevail:
Whilst time doth serve, and that these Christians dare
Approach the field with warlike ensigns spread,
Let us in haste with all our forces meet,
And hem them in, that not a man escape;
So will they be advis'd another time
How they do touch the shore of Barbary.

Abdelm. Zarco, hear our resolution:
And thus our forces we will first dispose.
Hamet, my brother, with a thousand shot
On horse-back, and choice harquebuziers all,
Having ten thousand with ** spear and shield,
Shall make the right wing of the battle up;
Zareo, you shall have in charge the left,
Two thousand argolets * and ten thousand horse;
The main battle of harquebuze on foot,
And twenty thousand horsemen in their troops,
Myself, environ'd with my trusty guard
Of janizaries, fortunate in war;†
And toward Arzil will we take our way.
If, then, our enemy will balk our force,
In God's name let him, it will be his best;
But if he level at Alcazar walls,
Then beat him back with bullets as thick as hail,
And make him know and rue his oversight,
That rashly seeks the ruin of this land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter KING SEBASTIAN, *the* DUKE OF AVERO, STUKELEY, HERCULES, *and others.*

K. Seb. Why, tell me, lords, why left ye Portugal,
And cross'd the seas with us to Barbary?
Was it to see the country and no more,
Or else to fly ‡ before ye were assail'd?
I am asham'd to think that such as you,
Whose deeds have been renownèd heretofore,
Should slack in such an act of consequence:
We come to fight, and fighting vow to die,
Or else to win the thing for which we came.
Because Abdelmelec, as pitying us,
Sends messages to counsel quietness,
You stand amaz'd, and think it sound advice,
As if our enemy would wish us any § good:
No, let him know we scorn his courtesy,
And will resist his forces whatsoe'er.
Cast fear aside: myself will lead the way,
And make a passage with my conquering sword,
Knee-deep in blood of these accursèd Moors;
And they that love my honour, follow me.‖
Were you as resolute as is your king,
Alcazar walls should fall before your face,
And all the force of this Barbarian lord
Should be confounded, were it ten times more.

---

* *Some think he*, &c.] Qy. "*Some think*, my lord, *he*," &c.?

† *chiefest*] An interpolation?

‡ *Besides there stand*, &c.] Mutilated.

§ *prest*] i. e. ready.

‖ *to brave us in the fight*] The 4to. "*to brave* his *fight*."

¶ *harquebuze*] Is here (as Walker notices, *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 260) a plural. (Spelt in the 4to. "*hargubuze*".)

** *ten thousand with*, &c.] Qy. "*ten thousand* foot *with*," &c.?

* *argolets*] See note ‡, p. 423, sec. col.

† *fortunate in war*] After these words something has dropt out.

‡ *fly*] The 4to. "slay."

§ *any*] Inserted by the transcriber?

‖ *And they that love my honour, follow me*] Resembles a line in Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, act iii. sc. 4,—

"The rest, that love me, rise and follow me."

Avero. So well become these words a kingly mouth,
That are of force to make a coward fight;
But when advice and prudent foresight
Is joinèd with such magnanimity,
Trophies * of victory and kingly spoils
Adorn his crown, his kingdom, and his fame.

Herc. We have descried upon the mountain-tops
A hugy † company of invading Moors;
And they, my lord, as thick as winter's hail,
Will fall upon our heads at unawares:
Best, then, betimes t' avoid this gloomy storm;
It is in vain to strive with such a stream.

Enter the Moor.

The Moor. Behold, thrice-noble lord, uncall'd I come
To counsel where necessity commands;
And honour of undoubted victory
Makes me exclaim upon this dastard flight.
Why, King Sebastian, wilt thou now foreslow,‡
And let so great a glory slip thy hands?
Say you do march unto Tarissa now,
The forces of the foe are come so nigh,
That he will let § the passage of the river;
So unawares you will be forc'd to fight.
But know, O king, and you, thrice-valiant lords,
Few blows will serve. I ask but only this,
That with your power you march into the field;
For now is all the army resolute
To leave the traitor helpless in the fight,
And fly to me as to their rightful prince.
Some horsemen have already led the way,
And vow the like for their companions:
The host is full of tumult and of fear.
Then as you come to plant me in my seat,
And to enlarge your fame in Africa,
Now, now or never, bravely execute
Your resolution sound and honourable,
And end this war together with his life
That doth usurp the crown with tyranny.

K. Seb. Captains, you hear the reasons of the king,
Which so effectually have pierc'd mine ears,
That I am fully resolute to fight;
And who refuseth now to follow me,
Let him be ever counted cowardly.

Avero. Shame be his share that flies when kings do fight!
Avero lays his life before your feet.

Stuke. For my part, lords, I cannot sell my blood
Dearer than in the company of kings.

[*Exeunt all except the* Moor.

The Moor. Now have I set these Portugals a-work
To hew a way for me unto the crown,
Or with their weapons here to dig their * graves.
You bastards of the Night and Erebus,†
Fiends, Furies, hags that fight in beds of steel,‡
Range through this army with your iron whips,
Drive forward to this deed this Christian crew,
And let me triumph in the tragedy,
Though it be seal'd and honour'd with the § blood
Both of the Portugal and barbarous Moor.
Ride, Nemesis, ride in thy fiery cart,
And sprinkle gore amongst these men of war,
That either party, eager of revenge,
May honour thee with sacrifice of death;
And having bath'd thy chariot-wheels in blood,
Descend and take to thy tormenting hell
The mangled body of that traitor-king
That scorns the power and force of Portugal:

---

* *Trophies*] The 4to. "Troupes."

† *hugy*] See note ‖, p. 424, sec. col.

‡ *foreslow*] i. e. delay.

§ *let*] i. e. hinder.

* *their . . . . . their*] The 4to. "your . . . . . your."

† *You bastards of the Night and Erebus*, &c.] The 4to. "*You* dastards *of*", &c.—One of the passages which may be cited as going far to prove that, in the opening of Milton's *L'Allegro*,—

"Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,"—

"Cerberus" is a misprint for "*Erebus.*"

‡ *Fiends, Furies, hags that fight in beds of steel*, &c.] The 4to. "*Fiends*, Fairies, *hags*, &c.—This is adduced by Mr. Halliwell to support the reading of the old copies in Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, act iv. sc. 2,—

"A fiend, a *fairy*, pitiless and rough," &c.:

but, even supposing that "*fairy*" may stand in the line just quoted, it is quite evident from the context that here Peele must have written "*Furies.*"—The Rev. J. Mitford, *Gent. Mag.* for Feb., 1833, p. 103, remarks on the present passage; "The editor very properly would substitute '*Furies*' for 'Fairies'; but how do they fight 'in *beds* of steel' We propose to read,

"'Fiends, Furies, hags that fight *with bats* of steel,'"—

a most wanton alteration: compare, in p. 425, first col.,

"whereas they lie
In cave as dark as hell and *beds of steel*,
The Furies," &c.

§ *the*] The 4to. "my."

Then let the earth discover to his ghost
Such tortures as usurpers feel below;
Rack'd let him be in proud Ixion's wheel,
Pin'd let him be with Tantalus' endless thirst,
Prey let him be to Tityus'* greedy bird,
Wearied with Sisyphus' immortal toil:
And lastly for revenge, for deep revenge,
Whereof thou goddess and deviser art,
Damn'd let him be, damn'd, and condemn'd to bear
All torments, tortures, plagues, and pains of hell. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter the Presenter.

Ill be to him that so much ill bethinks;
And ill betide this foul ambitious Moor,
Whose wily trains with smoothest course of speech
Have tied and tangled in a dangerous war
The fierce and manly King of Portugal.
[*Lightning and thunder.*
Now throw the heavens forth their lightning-flames,
And thunder over Afric's fatal fields:
Blood will have blood, foul murder scape no scourge.

Enter FAME, *like an angel, and hangs the crowns upon a tree.*

At last descendeth Fame, as Iris†
To finish fainting Dido's dying life;
Fame from her stately bower doth descend,
And on the tree, as fruit new-ripe to fall,
Placeth the crowns of these unhappy kings,
That erst she kept in eye of all the world.
[*Here the blazing star.*
Now fiery stars, and streaming comets blaze,
That threat the earth and princes of the same.
[*Fireworks.*
Fire, fire about the axletree of heaven
Whirls round, and from the foot of Cassiope,
In fatal hour, consumes these fatal crowns.
[*One crown falls.*
Down falls the diadem of Portugal.
[*The other crown falls.*
The crowns of Barbary and kingdoms fall;‡
Ay me, that kingdoms may not stable stand!
And now approaching near the dismal day,
The bloody day wherein the battles join,
Monday the fourth of August, seventy-eight,
The sun shines wholly on the parchèd earth,
The brightest planet in the highest heaven.
The heathens, eager bent against their foe,
Give onset with great ordnance to the war;
The Christians with great noise of cannon-shot
Send angry onsets* to the enemy.
Give ear, and hear how war begins his song
With dreadful clamours, noise, and trumpets' sound. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Alarums, and chambers† discharged, within: then enter to the battle; and the Moors, *who form* ABDELMELEC'S *army, fly.*

Skirmish still: then enter ABDELMELEC *in his chair,* ARGERD ZAREO, *and train.*

Abdelm. Say on, Zareo, tell me all the news,
Tell me what Fury rangeth in our camp,
That hath enforc'd our Moors to turn their backs;
Zareo, say what chance did bode this ill,
What ill enforc'd this dastard cowardice?

Ar. Zareo. My lord, such chance as wilful war affords;
Such chances and misfortunes as attend
On him, the god of battle and of arms.
My lord, when with our ordnance fierce we sent
Our Moors with smaller shot, as thick as hail
Follows apace, to charge the Portugal;
The valiant duke, the devil of Avero,
The bane of Barbary, fraughted full of ire,
Breaks through the ranks, and with five hundred horse,
All men-at-arms, forward and full of might,
Assaults the middle wing, and puts to flight
Eight thousand harquebuze‡ that serv'd on foot,
And twenty thousand Moors with spear and shield,§
And therewithal the honour of the day.

* *Tityus*] The 4to. "Tisons."

† *Iris*] Qy. is "*Iris*" a trisyllable here? or has a word dropt out?

‡ *The crowns of Barbary and kingdoms fall*] Qy. "*The* crown *of Barbary and* Morocco falls" (the word "*kingdoms*" having crept in here from the next line)?

* *onsets*] Qy. "answers"?

† *chambers*] See note *, p. 433, sec. col.

‡ *harquebuze*] See note ¶, p. 435, first col.

§ *with spear and shield*] After these words a line seems to be wanting.

Abdelm. Ah, Abdelmelec, dost thou live to hear
This bitter process of this first attempt?—
Labour, my lords,* to renew our force
Of fainting Moors, and fight it to the last.—
My horse, Zareo!—O, the goal is lost,
The goal is lost!—Thou King of Portugal,
Thrice-happy chance it is for thee and thine
That heaven† abates my strength and calls me hence.—
My sight doth fail; my soul, my feeble soul
Shall be releas'd from prison on this earth:
Farewell, vain world! for I have play'd my part.
[*Dies.*

A long skirmish; and then enter MULY MAHAMET SETH.

Muly Mah. Seth. Brave Abdelmelec, thou thrice-noble lord!
Not such a wound was given to Barbary,
Had twenty hosts of men been put to sword,
As death, pale death, with fatal shaft hath given.
Lo, dead is he, my brother and my king,
Whom I might have reviv'd with news I bring!

Ar. Zareo. His honours and his types he hath
Unto the world, and of a manly man, [resign'd
Lo, in a twinkling,‡ a senseless stock we see!

Muly Mah. Seth. You trusty soldiers of this warlike king,
Be counsell'd now by us in this advice;
Let not his death be bruited in the camp,
Lest with the sudden sorrow of the news
The army wholly be discomfited.
My Lord Zareo, thus I comfort you;
Our Moors have bravely borne themselves in fight,
Likely to get the honour of the day,
If aught may gotten be where loss is such.
Therefore, in this apparel as he died,
My noble brother will we here advance,
And set him in his chair with cunning props,
That our Barbarians may behold their king,
And think he doth repose him in his tent.

Ar. Zareo. Right politic and good is your advice.

Muly. Mah. Seth.§ Go, then, to see it speedily perform'd.—

[*The body of* ABDELMELEC *is propped up in his chair.*

Brave lord, if Barbary recover this,
Thy soul with joy will sit and see the fight.
[*Exeunt.*‖

* *lords*] See note *, p. 431, first col.

† *heaven*] The 4to. "heauens."

‡ *twinkling*] Qy. "twink"?

§ *Muly Mah. Seth.*] Not in the 4to.

‖ *Exeunt*] No change of scene is supposed here. The dead Abdelmelec has just been "set in his chair with cunning props"; and presently Muly Mahamet Seth, having returned victorious, addresses the body,—

"Now hast thou sit as in a trance, and seen," &c.

Alarums within: enter to the battle; and the Christians *fly: the* DUKE OF AVERO *is slain. Enter* KING SEBASTIAN *and* STUKELEY.

K. Seb. Seest thou not, Stukeley, O Stukeley, seest thou not
The great dishonour done to Christendom?
Our cheerful onset cross'd in springing hope;
The brave and mighty prince, Duke of Avero,
Slain in my sight: now joy betide his ghost,
For like a lion did he bear himself!
Our battles are all now disorderèd,
And by our horses' strange retiring-back
Our middle wing of foot-men over-rode.
Stukeley, alas, I see my oversight!
False-hearted Mahamet, now, to my cost,
I see thy treachery, warn'd to beware
A face so full of fraud and villany.

Alarums within, and they run out, and two set upon* STUKELEY, *and he drives them in. Then enter the* Moor *and his* Boy, *flying.*

The Moor. Villain, a horse!

Boy. O, my lord, if you return, you die!

The Moor. Villain, I say, give me a horse to fly,
To swim the river, villain, and to fly. [*Exit* Boy.
Where shall I find some unfrequented place,
Some uncouth walk, where I may curse my fill,
My stars, my dam, my planets, and my nurse,
The fire, the air, the water, and the earth,
All causes that have thus conspir'd in one,
To nourish and preserve me to this shame?
Thou that wert at my birth predominate,
Thou fatal star, what planet e'er thou be,
Spit out thy poison bad, and all the ill
That fortune, fate, or heaven, may bode a man.
Thou nurse infortunate, guilty of all,
Thou mother of my life, that brought'st me forth,
Curs'd mayst thou be for such a cursèd son!
Curs'd be thy son with every curse thou hast!
Ye elements of whom consists this clay,
This mass of flesh, this cursèd crazèd corpse,
Destroy, dissolve, disturb, and dissipate,
What water, [fire,] earth, and air congeal'd.

Alarums within, and re-enter the Boy.

Boy. O, my lord,
These ruthless Moors pursue you at the heels,
And come amain to put you to the sword!

The Moor. A horse, a horse, villain, a horse!
That I may take the river straight and fly.

Boy. Here is a horse, my lord,
As swiftly pac'd as Pegasus;
Mount thee thereon, and save thyself by flight.

* *Alarums within*, &c.] So the 4to., and unintelligibly enough.

The Moor. Mount me I will: but may I never
The river,* till I be reveng'd [pass
Upon thy soul, accursèd Abdelmelec!
If not on earth, yet when we meet in hell,
Before grim Minos, Rhadamanth, and Æacus,
The combat will I crave upon thy ghost,
And drag thee thorough the loathsome pools
Of Lethe, Styx, and fiery Phlegethon. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums within: re-enter STUKELEY *wounded, followed by* HERCULES *and* JONAS.

Herc. Stand, traitor, stand, ambitious Englishman,
Proud Stukeley, stand, and stir not ere thou die.
Thy forwardness to follow wrongful arms,
And leave our famous expedition erst
Intended by his Holiness for Ireland,
Foully hath here betray'd and tied us all
To ruthless fury of our heathen foe;
For which, as we are sure † to die,
Thou shalt pay satisfaction with thy blood.

Stuke. Avaunt, base villains! twit ye me with
Or infamy of this injurious war? [shame
When he that is the judge of right and wrong
Determines battle as him pleaseth best.
But sith my stars bode me this tragic end,
That I must perish by these barbarous Moors,
Whose weapons have made passage for my soul
That breaks from out the prison of my breast;
Ye proud malicious dogs of Italy,
Strike on, strike down this body to the earth,
Whose mounting mind stoops to no feeble stroke.

Jon. Why suffer we this Englishman to live?—
[*They stab* STUKELEY.
Villain, bleed on; thy blood in channels run,
And meet with those whom thou to death hast done. [*Exeunt* HERCULES *and* JONAS.

Stuke. Thus Stukeley, slain with many a deadly
Dies in these desert fields of Africa. [stab,
Hark, friends; and with the story of my life
Let me beguile the torment of my death.
In England's London, lordings, was I born,
On that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts the Thames.
My golden days, my younger careless years,
Were when I touch'd the height of Fortune's wheel,
And liv'd in affluence of wealth and ease.
Thus in my country carried long aloft,
A discontented humour drave me thence
To cross the seas to Ireland, then to Spain.
There had I welcome and right royal pay
Of Philip, whom some call the Catholic King:
There did Tom Stukeley glitter all in gold,
Mounted upon his jennet white as snow,
Shining as Phœbus in King Philip's court:
There, like a lord, famous Don Stukeley liv'd,
For so they call'd me in the court of Spain,
Till, for a blow I gave a bishop's man,
A strife gan rise between his lord and me,
For which we both were banish'd by the king.
From thence to Rome rides Stukeley all aflaunt:
Receiv'd with royal welcomes of the Pope,
There was I grac'd by Gregory the Great,
That then created me Marquis of Ireland.
Short be my tale, because my life is short.
The coast of Italy and Rome I left:
Then was I made lieutenant general
Of those small forces that for Ireland went,
And with my companies embark'd at Ostia.*
My sails I spread, and with these men of war
In fatal hour at Lisbon we arriv'd.
From thence to this, to this hard exigent,
Was Stukeley driven, to fight or else to die,
Dar'd to the field, that never could endure
To hear God Mars his drum but he must march.
Ah, sweet Sebastian, hadst thou been well advis'd,
Thou mightst have manag'd arms successfully!
But from our cradles we were markèd all
And destinate to die in Afric here.
Stukeley, the story of thy life is told;
Here breathe thy last, and bid thy friends farewell:
And if thy country's kindness be so much,
Then let thy country kindly ring thy knell.
Now go and in that bed of honour die,
Where brave Sebastian's breathless corse doth lie.
Here endeth Fortune rule† and bitter rage;
Here ends Tom Stukeley's pilgrimage.‡ [*Dies.*

Re-enter MULY MAHAMET SETH, ARGERD ZAREO, *and train, with drums and trumpets.*

Muly Mah. Seth. Retreat is sounded through our camp, and now
From battle's fury cease our conquering Moors.
Pay thanks to heaven with sacrificing fire,
Alcazar, and ye towns of Barbary.—
Now hast thou sit as in a trance, and seen,
To thy soul's joy and honour of thy house,
The trophies and the triumphs of thy men,

* *The river*, &c.] This, and the last line but one of the speech, mutilated.

† *are sure*] Qy. "*are* all now *sure*"? or "*are* all *sure*"? (for "*sure*" is frequently a dissyllable.)

* *Ostia*] The 4to. "Austria."

† *Here endeth Fortune rule*, &c.] i. e. Here Fortune endeth rule, &c.: but perhaps the author wrote "*Here endeth* Fortune's *rule*," &c.

‡ *Stukeley's pilgrimage*] Qy. "*Stukeley's* earthly *pilgrimage*"?

Great Abdelmelec; and the god of kings
Hath made thy war successful by thy right,
His friends,* whom death and fates have ta'en from thee.
Lo, this was he that was the people's pride,
And cheerful sunshine to his subjects all!
Now have him hence,† that royally he may
Be buried and embalmèd as is meet.
Zareo, have you through the camp proclaim'd
As erst we gave in charge?

Ar. Zareo. We have, my lord, and rich rewards propos'd
For them that find the body of the king;
For by those guard[s] that had him in their charge
We understand that he was done to death,
And for his search two prisoners, Portugals,
Are set at large to find their royal king.

Muly Mah. Seth. But of the traitorous Moor you hear no news
That fled the field and sought to swim the ford?

Ar. Zareo. Not yet, my lord; but doubtless God will tell
And with his finger point out where he haunts.

Muly Mah. Seth. So let it rest, and on this [earth bestow
This princely corse,
Till further for his funerals we provide.

Ar. Zareo. From him to thee as true-succeeding prince,
With all allegiance and with honour's types,
In name of all thy people and thy land,
We give this kingly crown and diadem.

Muly Mah. Seth. We thank you all, and as my lawful right,
With God's defence and yours, shall I [it] keep.

Enter two Portugals *with the body of* King Sebastian.

First Port. As gave your grace in charge, right royal prince,
The fields and sandy plains we have survey'd,
And even among the thickest of his lords
The noble King of Portugal we found,
Wrapt in his colours coldly on the earth,
And done to death with many a mortal wound.

Muly Mah. Seth. Lo, here, my lords, this is the earth and clay
Of him that erst was mighty King of Portugal!—
There let him lie, and you for this be free
To make return from hence to Christendom.

Enter two Peasants, *with the body of the* Moor.

First Peas. Long live the mighty King of Barbary!

* *His friends*, &c.] Something is wanting before this line.

† *Now have him hence*, &c.] But, from what presently follows, it would seem that the body is not removed.

Muly Mah. Seth. Welcome, my friend: what body hast thou there?

First Peas. The body of th' ambitious enemy
That squander'd all this blood in Africa,
Whose malice sent so many souls to hell,
The traitor Muly Mahamet do I bring,
And for thy slave I throw him at thy feet.

Muly Mah. Seth. Zareo, give this man a rich reward;
And thankèd be the god of just revenge,
That he hath given our foe into our hands,
Beastly, unarmèd, slavish, full of shame.—
But say, how came this traitor to his end?

First Peas. Seeking to save his life by shameful flight,
He mounteth on a hot Barbarian horse,
And so in purpose to have pass'd the stream,
His headstrong steed throws him from out his seat;
Where, diving oft for lack of skill to swim,
It was my chance alone to see him drown'd,
Whom by the heels I dragg'd from out the pool,
And hither have him brought thus fil'd with mud.

Muly Mah. Seth. A death too good for such a damnèd wretch:
But sith our rage and rigour of revenge
By violence of his end prevented is,
That all the world may learn by him t' avoid
To hale on princes to injurious war,
His skin we will be parted from his flesh,
And being stiffen'd out and stuff'd with straw,*
So to deter and fear the lookers-on
From any such foul fact or bad attempt:
Away with him!

[*Exeunt some with the body of the* Moor.

And now, my lords,† for this Christian king:
My Lord Zareo, let it be your charge
To see the soldiers tread a solemn march,
Trailing their pikes and ensigns on the ground,
So to perform the prince's funerals.‡

Here endeth the tragical battle of Alcazar.

* *stuff'd with straw*] After these words a line (about the stuffed skin being set up in some conspicuous place) is certainly wanting.

† *lords*] See note *, p. 431, first col.

‡ *the prince's funerals*] In the two earlier eds. of Peele's *Works* I printed "*the* princes' *funerals*", with a note, "i. e. of Abdelmelec and Sebastian",—wrongly, as I have long since seen, and as Walker (in his recently published *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c., vol. iii. p. 249) points out. The word "*funerals*" was formerly very often applied to the funeral rites of an individual (compare, a little before in this page, "his *funerals*"); and here "the prince's *funerals*" are the funeral rites of Sebastian: "for," observes Walker, "the body of Abdelmelec would naturally be reserved for more solemn obsequies."

THE OLD WIVES' TALE.

The Old Wives Tale. A pleasant conceited Comedie, played by the Queenes Maiesties players. Written by G. P. Printed at London by John Danter, and are to be sold by Raph Hancocke, and John Hardie. 1595. 4to. The imprint at the end is;

Printed at London by John Danter, for Raph Hancocke, and John Hardie, and are to be solde at the shop ouer against Saint Giles his Church without Criplegate. 1595.

The Old Wives' Tale had sunk into complete oblivion, till Steevens (see Wooll's *Life of J. Warton*, p. 398) communicated to Reed the account of it which appeared in the *Biographia Dramatica;* and it was afterwards more particularly described by T. Warton in his edition of Milton's Minor Poems.

"This very scarce and curious piece exhibits, among other parallel incidents, two Brothers wandering in quest of their Sister, whom an Enchanter had imprisoned. This magician had learned his art from his mother Meroe, as Comus had been instructed by his mother Circe. The Brothers call out on the Lady's name, and Echo replies. The Enchanter had given her a potion which suspends the powers of reason, and superinduces oblivion of herself. The Brothers afterwards meet with an Old Man who is also skilled in magic; and by listening to his soothsayings, they recover their lost Sister. But not till the Enchanter's wreath had been torn from his head, his sword wrested from his hand, a glass broken, and a light extinguished. The names of some of the characters as Sacrapant, Chorebus, and others, are taken from the Orlando Furioso. The history of Meroe a witch, may be seen in 'The xi. Bookes of the Golden Asse, containing the Metamorphosie of Lucius Apulcius interlaced with sundrie pleasant and delectable Tales, &c. Translated out of Latin into English by William Adlington, Lond. 1566.' See Chap. iii. 'How Socrates in his returne from Macedony to Larissa was spoyled and robbed, and how he fell acquainted with one Meroe a witch.' And Chap. iv. 'How Meroe the witch turned divers persons into miserable beasts.' Of this book there were other editions in 1571, 1596, 1600, and 1639. All in quarto and the black letter. The translator was of University College. See also Apuleius in the original. A Meroe is mentioned by Ausonius, Epigr. xix." *T. Warton,—Milton's Poems upon several occasions*, &c., pp. 135-6., ed. 1791. "There is another circumstance in this play taken from the old English Apulcius. It is where the *Old Man* every night is transformed by our magician into a bear, recovering in the daytime his natural shape." *Id.* p. 576. "That Milton had an eye on this ancient drama, which might have been the favourite of his early youth, perhaps it may be at least affirmed with as much credibility, as that he conceived the PARADISE LOST from seeing a Mystery at Florence, written by Andreini a Florentine in 1617, entitled ADAMO." *Id.* p. 136.

An incident similar to that in this play of the two sisters going to the well and meeting with the golden head, is to be found (as Mr. T. Rodd, one of the best-informed of booksellers, observes to me,) in a penny history called the *Tales of the Three Kings of Colchester.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SACRAPANT.*
First Brother, named CALYPHA.
Second Brother, named THELEA.
EUMENIDES.
ERESTUS.
LAMPRISCUS.
HUANEBANGO.
COREBUS.
WIGGEN.
Churchwarden.
Sexton
Ghost of JACK.
Friar, Harvest-men, Furies, Fiddlers, &c.

DELIA, sister to CALYPHA and THELEA.
VENELIA, betrothed to ERESTUS.
ZANTIPPA, CELANTA, } daughters to LAMPRISCUS.
Hostess

ANTIC.
FROLIC.
FANTASTIC.
CLUNCH, a smith.
MADGE, his wife.

* *Sacrapant*] So Peele most probably chose to write this name: but the proper spelling is "Sacripant" (as in Ariosto).

THE OLD WIVES' TALE.

Enter ANTIC, FROLIC, *and* FANTASTIC.

Ant. How now, fellow Frolic! * what, all amort? † doth this sadness become thy madness? What though we have lost our way in the woods? yet never hang the head as though thou hadst no hope to live till to-morrow; for Fantastic and I will warrant thy life to-night for twenty in the hundred.

Fro. Antic, and Fantastic, as I am frolic franion,‡ never in all my life was I so dead slain. What, to lose our way in the wood, without either fire or candle, so uncomfortable? *O cœlum! O terra! O maria!* O Neptune!

Fan. Why makes thou it so strange, seeing Cupid hath led our young master to the fair lady, and she is the only saint that he hath sworn to serve?

Fro. What resteth, then, but we commit him to his wench, and each of us take his stand up in a tree, and sing out our ill fortune to the tune of "*O man in desperation*"? §

Ant. Desperately spoken, fellow Frolic, in the dark: but seeing it falls out thus, let us rehearse the old proverb;

"Three merry men,‖ and three merry men,
And three merry men be we;
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
And Jack sleeps in the tree."

Fan. Hush! a dog in the wood, or a wooden* dog! O comfortable hearing! I had even as lief the chamberlain of the White Horse† had called me up to bed.

Fro. Either hath this trotting cur gone out of his circuit, or else are we near some village, which should not be far off, for I perceive the glimmering of a glow-worm, a candle, or a cat's eye, my life for a halfpenny!

Enter CLUNCH *with a lantern and candle.*

In the name of my own father, be thou ox or ass that appearest, tell us what thou art.

Clunch. What am I! why, I am Clunch the smith. What are you? what make you in my territories at this time of the night?

Ant. What do we make, dost thou ask? why, we make faces for fear; such as if thy mortal eyes could behold, would make thee water the long seams of thy side slops,‡ smith.

Fro. And, in faith, sir, unless your hospitality do relieve us, we are like to wander, with a sorrowful heigh-ho, among the owlets and hobgoblins of the forest. Good Vulcan, for Cupid's sake that hath cozened us all, befriend us as thou mayst; and command us howsoever, wheresoever, whensoever, in whatsoever, for ever and ever.

Clunch. Well, masters, it seems to me you have lost your way in the wood: in consideration

---

* *Frolic*] The 4to. (and here only) "Franticke."

† *all amort*] More properly *alamort*, i. e. dejected.

‡ *franion*] i. e. idle fellow: in a subsequent scene Wiggen says that Jack was "*the frolic'st franion* amongst you."

§ *to the tune of "O man in desperation"*] "By this straw and thrid, I sware you are no gentleman, no proper man, no honest man, to make me sing, *O man in desperation.*" Nash's *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600, Sig. E 3.

‖ *Three merry men*, &c.] This ballad is alluded to in Shakespeare's *Twelfth-Night*, Act ii. sc. 3, and in other old plays.

* *wooden*] i. e. mad. Let us not fail to observe Fantastic's precious pun, "a dog *in* the *wood*, or a wooden [*wood in*] dog."

† *the White Horse*] Was doubtless well-known to our author: "George was invited one night by certain of his friends to supper at *the White Horse in Friday Street*," &c.: see among *Peele's Jests* (appended to the present volume) the Jest "*How George helped his friend to a supper.*"

‡ *side slops*] i. e. long wide breeches or trousers.

whereof, if you will go with Clunch to his cottage, you shall have house-room and a good fire to sit by, although we have no bedding to put you in.

All. O blessed smith, O bountiful Clunch!

Clunch. For your further entertainment, it shall be as it may be, so and so.

[*A dog barks within.*

Hark!* this is Ball my dog, that bids you all welcome in his own language: come, take heed for stumbling on the threshold.—Open door, Madge; take in guests.

Enter MADGE.

Madge. Welcome, Clunch, and good fellows all, that come with my good-man: for my good-man's sake, come on, sit down: here is a piece of cheese, and a pudding of my own making.

Ant. Thanks, gammer: a good example for the wives of our town.

Fro. Gammer, thou and thy good-man sit lovingly together; we come to chat, and not to eat.

Clunch. Well, masters, if you will eat nothing, take away. Come, what do we to pass away the time? Lay a crab in the fire to roast for lamb's-wool.† What, shall we have a game at trump or ruff‡ to drive away the time? how say you?

Fan. This smith leads a life as merry as a king with Madge his wife. Sirrah Frolic, I am sure thou art not without some round or other: no doubt but Clunch can bear his part.

Fro. Else think you me ill brought up: so set to it when you will. [*They sing.*

SONG.

Whenas the rye reach to the chin,
And chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And school-boys playing in the stream;
Then, O, then, O, then O, my true-love said,
Till that time come again
She could not live a maid.

Ant. This sport does well; but methinks, gammer, a merry winter's tale would drive away the time trimly: come, I am sure you are not without a score.

Fan. I'faith, gammer, a tale of an hour long were as good as an hour's sleep.

Fro. Look you, gammer, of the giant and the king's daughter, and I know not what: I have seen the day, when I was a little one, you might have drawn me a mile after you with such a discourse.

Madge. Well, since you be so importunate, my good-man shall fill the pot and get him to bed; they that ply their work must keep good hours: one of you go lie with him; he is a clean-skinned man I tell you, without either spavin or windgall: so I am content to drive away the time with an old wives' winter's tale.

Fan. No better hay in Devonshire; o' my word, gammer, I'll be one of your audience.

Fro. And I another, that's flat.

Ant. Then must I to bed with the good-man.—*Bona nox*, gammer.—Good* night, Frolic.

Clunch. Come on, my lad, thou shalt take thy unnatural rest with me. [*Exit with* ANTIC.

Fro. Yet this vantage shall we have of them in the morning, to be ready at the sight thereof extempore.

Madge. Now this bargain, my masters, must I make with you, that you will say hum and ha to my tale, so shall I know you are awake.

Both. Content, gammer, that will we do.

Madge. Once upon a time, there was a king, or a lord, or a duke, that had a fair daughter, the fairest that ever was; as white as snow and as red as blood: and once upon a time his daughter was stolen away: and he sent all his men to seek out his daughter; and he sent so long, that he sent all his men out of his land.

Fro. Who drest his dinner, then?

Madge. Nay, either hear my tale, or kiss my tail.

Fan. Well said! on with your tale, gammer.

Madge. O Lord, I quite forgot! there was a

---

* *Hark!* &c.] Here the audience were to suppose a change of scene,—that the stage now represented the Smith's cottage. See note *, p. 160, first col., and note *, p. 237, first col.

† *lamb's-wool*] A drink made of strong ale and the pulp of roasted crab-apples.

‡ *trump or ruff*] Mr. Douce and other writers inform us, that *trump* (which greatly resembled our modern whist) was only a different name for *ruff*; but several passages, besides that in our text, might be quoted to show that they were sometimes considered as distinct games: e. g.;

"*Ruffe*, slam, *trump*, noddy, whisk, hole, saint, new-cut."
Taylor's *Motto*, *Workes*, 1630. p. 54.

Since I wrote the preceding part of this note, Mr. J. P. Collier has supplied me with the following illustration;—

"And to confounde all, to amende their badde games, having never a good carde in their handes, and leaving the ancient game of England (*Trumpe*), where every coate and sute are sorted in their degree, are running to *Ruffe*, where the greatest sorte of the sute carrieth away the game."—*Martins Months Minde*, 1589,—*Epistle to the Reader.*

* *Good*] The 4to. "God."

conjurer, and this conjurer could do any thing, and he turned himself into a great dragon, and carried the king's daughter away in his mouth to a castle that he made of stone; and there he kept her I know not how long, till at last all the king's men went out so long that her two brothers went to seek her. O, I forget! she (he, I would say,) turned a proper* young man to a bear in the night, and a man in the day, and keeps by a cross† that parts three several ways; and he made his lady run mad,—Gods me bones, who comes here?

Enter the Two Brothers.

Fro. Soft, gammer, here some come to tell your tale for you.

Fan. Let them alone; let us hear what they will say.

First Bro. Upon these chalky cliffs of Albion
We are arrivèd now with tedious toil;
And compassing the wide world round about,
To seek our sister, to seek fair‡ Delia forth,
Yet cannot we so much as hear of her.

Second Bro. O fortune cruel, cruel and unkind!
Unkind in that we cannot find our sister,
Our sister, hapless in her cruel chance.—
Soft! who have we here?

Enter Erestus§ *at the cross, stooping to gather.*

First Bro. Now, father, God be your speed! what do you gather there?

Erest. Hips and haws, and sticks and straws, and things that I gather on the ground, my son.

First Bro. Hips and haws, and sticks and straws! why, is that all your food, father?

Erest. Yea, son.

Second Bro. Father, here is an alms-penny for me; and if I speed in that I go for, I will give thee as good a gown of grey as ever thou didst wear.

First Bro. And, father, here is another alms-penny for me; and if I speed in my journey, I will give thee a palmer's staff of ivory, and a scallop-shell of beaten gold.

Erest. Was she fair?‖

Second Bro. Ay, the fairest for white, and the purest for red, as the blood of the deer, or the driven snow.

Erest. Then hark well, and mark well, my old spell:—
Be not afraid of every stranger;
Start not aside at every danger;
Things that seem are not the same;
Blow a blast at every flame;
For when one flame of fire goes out,
Then come your wishes well about:
If any ask who told you this good,
Say, the white bear of England's wood.

First Bro. Brother, heard you not what the old man said?
Be not afraid of every stranger;
Start not aside for every danger;
Things that seem are not the same;
Blow a blast at every flame;
[For when one flame of fire goes out,
Then come your wishes well about:]
If any ask who told you this good,
Say, the white bear of England's wood.

Second Bro. Well, if this do us any good,
Well fare the white bear of England's wood!

[*Exeunt the* Two Brothers.

Erest. Now sit thee here, and tell a heavy tale,
Sad in thy mood, and sober in thy cheer;
Here sit thee now, and to thyself relate
The hard mishap of thy most wretched state.
In Thessaly I liv'd in sweet content,
Until that fortune wrought my overthrow;
For there I wedded was unto a dame,
That liv'd in honour, virtue, love, and fame.
But Sacrapant, that cursèd sorcerer,
Being besotted with my beauteous love,
My dearest love, my true betrothèd wife,
Did seek the means to rid me of my life.
But worse than this, he with his 'chanting spells
Did turn me straight unto an ugly bear;
And when the sun doth settle in the west,
Then I begin to don my ugly hide:
And all the day I sit, as now you see,
And speak in riddles, all inspir'd with rage,
Seeming an old and miserable man,
And yet I am in April of my age.

Enter Venelia *mad; and goes in again.*

See where Venelia, my betrothèd love,
Runs madding, all enrag'd, about the woods,
All by his cursèd and enchanting spells.—
But here comes Lampriscus, my discontented neighbour.

---

* *proper*] i. e. handsome.

† *and keeps by a cross*, &c.] i. e. (unless we ought to read "*and keeps* him *by a cross*," &c.) and he (the transformed young man) keeps by a cross, &c. Compare *post*, p. 458, first col.; "for, master, this conjurer took the shape of the old man that *kept the cross*." &c.

‡ *fair*] Qy. *dele*?

§ *Erestus*] The 4to. "Senex."

‖ *Was she fair?*] Something, which suggested this question, has dropt out.

Enter LAMPRISCUS *with a pot of honey.*

How now, neighbour! you look toward the ground as well as I: you muse on something.

Lamp. Neighbour, on nothing but on the matter I so often moved to you: if you do anything for charity, help me; if for neighbourhood or brotherhood, help me: never was one so cumbered as is poor Lampriscus; and to begin, I pray receive this pot of honey, to mend your fare.

Erest. Thanks, neighbour, set it down; honey is always welcome to the bear. And now, neighbour, let me hear the cause of your coming.

Lamp. I am, as you know, neighbour, a man unmarried, and lived so unquietly with my two wives, that I keep every year holy the day wherein I buried them both: the first was on Saint Andrew's day, the other on Saint Luke's.

Erest. And now, neighbour, you of this country say, your custom is out. But on with your tale, neighbour.

Lamp. By my first wife, whose tongue wearied me alive, and sounded in my ears like the clapper of a great bell, whose talk was a continual torment to all that dwelt by her or lived nigh her, you have heard me say I had a handsome daughter.

Erest. True, neighbour.

Lamp. She it is that afflicts me with her continual clamours, and hangs on me like a bur: poor she is, and proud she is; as poor as a sheep new-shorn, and as proud of her hopes as a peacock of her tail well-grown.

Erest. Well said, Lampriscus! you speak it like an Englishman.

Lamp. As curst as a wasp, and as froward as a child new-taken from the mother's teat; she is to my age, as smoke to the eyes, or as vinegar to the teeth.

Erest. Holily praised, neighbour. As much for the next.

Lamp. By my other wife I had a daughter so hard-favoured, so foul,* and ill-faced, that I think a grove full of golden trees, and the leaves of rubies and diamonds, would not be a dowry answerable to her deformity.

Erest. Well, neighbour, now you have spoke, hear me speak: send them to the well for the water of life; there shall they find their fortunes unlooked for. Neighbour, farewell.

Lamp. Farewell, and a thousand.† [*Exit* ERESTUS.] And now goeth poor Lampriscus to put in execution this excellent counsel. [*Exit.*

Fro. Why, this goes round without a fiddling-stick: but, do you hear, gammer, was this the man that was a bear in the night and a man in the day?

Madge. Ay, this is he; and this man that came to him was a beggar, and dwelt upon a green.* But soft! who come here? O, these are the harvest-men; ten to one they sing a song of mowing.

Enter the Harvest-men *a-singing, with this song double repeated.*

All ye that lovely lovers be,
Pray you for me:
Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love;
In your sweet hearts well may it prove!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter HUANEBANGO *with his two-hand sword, and* COREBUS.†

Fan. Gammer, what is he?

Madge. O, this is one that is going to the conjurer: let him alone, hear what he says.

Huan. Now, by Mars and Mercury, Jupiter and Janus, Sol and Saturnus, Venus and Vesta, Pallas and Proserpina, and by the honour of my house, Polimackeroeplacidus, it is a wonder to see what this love will make silly fellows adventure, even in the wane of their wits and infancy of their discretion. Alas, my friend! what fortune calls thee forth to seek thy fortune among brazen gates, enchanted towers, fire and brimstone, thunder and lightning? [Her] beauty, I tell thee, is peerless, and she precious whom thou affectest. Do off these desires, good countryman: good friend, run away from thyself; and, so soon as thou canst, forget her, whom none must inherit but he that can monsters tame, labours achieve, riddles absolve, loose enchantments, murder magic, and kill conjuring,—and that is the great and mighty Huanebango.

Cor. Hark you, sir, hark you. First know I have here the flurting feather, and have given the parish, the start for the long stock: ‡ now, sir, if

* *foul*] i. e. ugly.

† *Farewell, and a thousand*] i. e. a thousand times farewell. So Middleton; "let me hug thee: *farewell, and a thousand.*" *A Trick to catch the old one,—Works*, vol. ii. p. 86, ed. Dyce. And S. Rowley; "God ye *god night, and twenty, sir.*" *When you see me, you know me*, Sig. D 3, ed 1621.

* *was a beggar, and dwelt upon a green*] So we read of the Blind Beggar of Bethnal-*Green*, &c.

† *Corebus*] Here the 4to. has "Booby"; but in subsequent scenes it names him "*Corebus.*"

‡ *stock*] i. e. sword, I believe. Corebus means, as it appears to me, that he has run away from the parish, and become a sort of knight-errant.

it be no more but running through a little lightning and thunder, and "riddle me, riddle me what's this?" I'll have the wench from the conjurer, if he were ten conjurers.

Huan. I have abandoned the court and honourable company, to do my devoir against this sore sorcerer and mighty magician: if this lady be so fair as she is said to be, she is mine, she is mine; *meus, mea, meum, in contemptum omnium grammaticorum.*

Cor. O falsum Latinum!
The fair maid is *minum,*
Cum apurtinantibus gibletis and all.

Huan. If she be mine, as I assure myself the heavens will do somewhat to reward my worthiness, she shall be allied to none of the meanest gods, but be invested in the most famous stock * of Huanebango,—Polimackeroeplacidus my grandfather, my father Pergopolineo, my mother Dionora de Sardinia, famously descended.

Cor. Do you hear, sir? had not you a cousin that was called Gusteceridis?

Huan. Indeed, I had a cousin that sometime followed the court infortunately, and his name Bustegusteceridis.

Cor. O Lord, I know him well! he is the knight of the neat's-feet.

Huan. O, he loved no capon better! he hath oftentimes deceived his boy of his dinner; that was his fault, good Bustegusteceridis.

Cor. Come, shall we go along?

Enter Erestus *at the Cross.*

Soft! here is an old man at the cross: let us ask him the way thither.—Ho, you gaffer! I pray you tell where the wise man the conjurer dwells.

Huan. Where that earthly goddess keepeth her abode, the commander of my thoughts, and fair mistress of my heart.

Erest. Fair enough, and far enough from thy fingering, son.

Huan. I will follow my fortune after mine own fancy, and do according to mine own discretion.

Erest. Yet give something to an old man before you go.

Huan. Father, methinks a piece of this cake might serve your turn.

Erest. Yea, son.

* *the most famous stock,* &c.] Here Peele seems to have had an eye to the hard names in the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus.

Huan. Huanebango giveth no cakes for alms: ask of them that give gifts for poor beggars.—Fair lady, if thou wert once shrined in this bosom, I would buckler thee haratantara. [*Exit.*

Cor. Father, do you see this man? you little think he'll run a mile or two for such a cake, or pass for * a pudding. I tell you, father, he has kept such a begging of me for a piece of this cake! Whoo! he comes upon me with "a superfantial substance, and the foison † of the earth," that I know not what he means. If he came to me thus, and said, "My friend Corebus,"‡ or so, why, I could spare him a piece with all my heart; but when he tells me how God hath enriched me above other fellows with a cake, why, he makes me blind and deaf at once. Yet, father, here is a piece of cake for you, as hard as the world goes.§ [*Gives cake.*

Erest. Thanks, son, but list to me;
He shall be deaf when thou shalt not see.
Farewell, my son: things may so hit,
Thou mayst have wealth to mend thy wit.

Cor. Farewell, father, farewell; for I must make haste after my two-hand sword that is gone before. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Sacrapant *in his study.*

Sac. The day is clear, the welkin bright and grey,
The lark is merry and records || her notes;
Each thing rejoiceth underneath the sky,
But only I, whom heaven hath in hate,
Wretched and miserable Sacrapant.
In Thessaly was I born and brought up;
My mother Meroe hight,¶ a famous witch,
And by her cunning I of her did learn
To change and alter shapes of mortal men.
There did I turn myself into a dragon,
And stole away the daughter to the king,
Fair Delia, the mistress of my heart;

* *pass for*] i. e. care for. See note †, p. 156, first col.

† *foison*] i. e. plenty.

‡ *Corebus*] The 4to. "Booby". See note †, p. 448, sec. col.

§ *as hard as the world goes*] Lest the reader should suppose that Corebus means to say, "his *cake* is as *hard* as the world goes," I subjoin a passage from the *Returne from Pernassus,* 1606, where the expression in the text occurs: "Ile now to Paul's churchyard: meete me, an houre hence, at the signe of the Pegasus in Cheapside; and ile moyst thy temples with a cup of claret, *as hard as the world goes.*" Act 1. sc. 2. Sig. B 3..

|| *records*] i. e. sings, tunes. In Coles's *Dict.* we find; "To Record as birds, *Certatim modulari, alternis canere.*"

¶ *hight*] i. e. called.

And brought her hither to revive the man,
That seemeth young and pleasant to behold,
And yet is agèd, crookèd, weak, and numb.
Thus by enchanting spells I do deceive
Those that behold and look upon my face;
But well may I bid youthful years adieu.
See where she comes from whence my sorrows grow!

Enter DELIA *with a pot in her hand.*

How now, fair Delia! where have you been?

Del. At the foot of the rock for running water, and gathering roots for your dinner, sir.

Sac. Ah, Delia,
Fairer art thou than the running water,
Yet harder far than steel or adamant!

Del. Will it please you to sit down, sir?

Sac. Ay, Delia, sit and ask me what thou wilt,
Thou shalt have it brought into thy lap.

Del. Then, I pray you, sir, let me have the best meat from the King of England's table, and the best wine in all France, brought in by the veriest knave in all Spain.

Sac. Delia, I am glad to see you so pleasant:
Well, sit thee down.—
Spread, table, spread,
Meat, drink, and bread,
Ever may I have
What I ever crave,
When I am spread,
Meat for* my black cock,
And meat for my red.

Enter a Friar *with a chine of beef and a pot of wine.*

ere, Delia, will ye fall to?

Del. Is this the best meat in England?

Sac. Yea.

Del. What is it?

Sac. A chine of English beef, meat for a king and a king's followers.

Del. Is this the best wine in France?

Sac. Yea.

Del. What wine is it?

Sac. A cup of neat wine of Orleans, that never came near the brewers in England.

Del. Is this the veriest knave in all Spain?†

Sac. Yea.

Del. What, is he a friar?

Sac. Yea, a friar indefinite, and a knave infinite.

Del. Then, I pray ye, Sir Friar, tell me before you go, which is the most greediest Englishman?

Fri. The miserable and most covetous usurer.

Sac. Hold thee there, friar. [*Exit* Friar.] But, soft!
Who have we here? Delia, away, be gone!

Enter the Two Brothers.

Delia, away! for beset are we.—
But heaven or hell shall rescue her for me.

[*Exeunt* DELIA *and* SACRAPANT.

First Bro. Brother, was not that Delia did appear,
Or was it but her shadow that was here?

Second Bro. Sister, where art thou? Delia, come again!
He calls, that of thy absence doth complain.—
Call out, Calypha, that * she may hear,
And cry aloud, for Delia is near.

Echo. Near.

First Bro. Near! O, where? hast thou any tidings?

Echo. Tidings.

Second Bro. Which way is Delia, then? or that, or this?

Echo. This.

First Bro. And may we safely come where Delia is?

Echo. Yes.

Second Bro. Brother, remember you the white bear of England's wood?
"Start not aside for every danger,
Be not afeard of every stranger;
Things that seem are not the same."

First Bro. Brother,
Why do we not, then, courageously enter?

Second Bro. Then, brother, draw thy sword and follow me.

Re-enter SACRAPANT: *it lightens and thunders; the* Second Brother *falls down.*

First Bro. What, brother, dost thou fall?

Sac. Ay, and thou too, Calypha.

[*The* First Brother *falls down.*

Adeste, dæmones!

Enter Two Furies.

Away with them:
Go carry them straight to Sacrapanto's cell,
There in despair and torture for to dwell.

[*Exeunt* Furies *with the* Two Brothers.

* *Meat for*, &c.] The 4to. "for *meate for*," &c. Corrected by the Rev. J. Mitford,—*Gent. Mag.* for Feb. 1833, p. 104.

† *Is this the veriest knave in all Spain?*] Perhaps there is an allusion here to the conspiracies of the Catholic Priests against the Queen, encouraged by Philip of Spain.

* *Call out, Calypha, that*, &c.] Qy. "*Call out, Catypha*, call, *that*," &c.?

These are Thenores' sons of Thessaly,
That come to seek Delia their sister forth:
But, with a potion I to her have given,
My arts have made her to forget herself.
[*Removes a turf, and shows a light in a glass.*
See here the thing which doth prolong my life,
With this enchantment I do any thing;
And till this fade, my skill shall still endure,
And never none shall break this little glass,
But she that's neither wife, widow, nor maid:
Then cheer thyself; this is thy destiny,
Never to die but by a dead man's hand. [*Exit.*

Enter EUMENIDES.

Eum. Tell me, Time,
Tell me, just Time, when shall I Delia see?
When shall I see the loadstar of my life?
When shall my wandering course end with her sight,
Or I but view my hope, my heart's delight?

Enter ERESTUS *at the Cross.*

Father, God speed! if you tell fortunes, I pray, good father, tell me mine.

Erest. Son, I do see in thy face
Thy blessèd fortune work apace:
I do perceive that thou hast wit;
Beg of thy fate to govern it,
For wisdom govern'd by advice,
Makes many fortunate and wise.
Bestow thy alms, give more than all,
Till dead men's bones come at thy call.
Farewell, my son: dream of no rest,
Till thou repent that thou didst best. [*Exit.*

Eum. This man hath left me in a labyrinth:
He biddeth me give more than all,
Till dead men's bones come at my* call;
He biddeth me dream of no rest,
Till I repent that I do best. [*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter WIGGEN, COREBUS, Churchwarden, *and* Sexton.

Wig. You may be ashamed, you whoreson scald Sexton and Churchwarden, if you had any shame in those shameless faces of yours, to let a poor man lie so long above ground unburied. A rot on you all, that have no more compassion of a good fellow when he is gone!

Church.† What, would you have us to bury him, and to answer it ourselves to the parish?

Sex. Parish me no parishes; pay me my fees, and let the rest run on in the quarter's accounts, and put it down for one of your good deeds, o' God's name! for I am not one that curiously stands upon merits.

Cor. You whoreson, sodden-headed sheep's-face, shall a good fellow do less service and more honesty to the parish, and will you not, when he is dead, let him have Christmas burial?

Wig. Peace, Corebus! as sure as Jack was Jack, the frolic'st franion * amongst you, and I, Wiggen, his sweet sworn brother, Jack shall have his funerals,† or some of them shall lie on God's dear earth for it, that's once.‡

Church. Wiggen, I hope thou wilt do no more than thou darest answer.

Wig. Sir, sir, dare or dare not, more or less, answer or not answer, do this, or have this.

Sex. Help, help, help!

[WIGGEN *sets upon the parish with a pike-staff* §: EUMENIDES *awakes and comes to them.*

Eum. Hold thy hands, good fellow.

Cor. Can you blame him, sir, if he take Jack's part against this shake-rotten parish that will not bury Jack?

Eum. Why, what was that Jack?

Cor. Who, Jack, sir? who, our Jack, sir? as good a fellow as ever trod upon neat's-leather.

Wig. Look you, sir; he gave fourscore and nineteen mourning gowns to the parish, when he died, and because he would not make them up a full hundred, they would not bury him: was not this good dealing?

Church. O Lord, sir, how he lies! he was not worth a halfpenny, and drunk out every penny; and now his fellows, his drunken companions, would have us to bury him at the charge of the parish. An we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell the bells, and thatch the chancel: he shall lie above ground till he dance a galliard about the church-yard, for Steeven Loach.

Wig. *Sic argumentaris, Domine* Loach,—An we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell the bells, and thatch the chancel? in good time, sir, and hang yourselves in the bell-ropes, when you have done. *Domine, opponens præpono tibi hanc quæstionem,* whether will you have the ground broken or your pates broken first? for one of them shall be done

* *my*] The 4to. "thy."

† *Church.*] Here, and here only, the 4to. has "Simon",—by mistake, I suppose, for "*Steeven,*" which is the name of the Churchwarden.

* *franion*] See note ‡, p. 445, first col.

† *funerals*] See note ‡, p. 440, sec. col.

‡ *that's once*] See note §, p. 393, first col.

§ *Wiggen sets upon the parish with a pike-staff*] Stands in the 4to. as a portion of the Sexton's speech.

presently, and to begin mine,* I'll seal it upon your coxcomb.

Eum. Hold thy hands, I pray thee, good fellow; be not too hasty.

Cor. You capon's face, we shall have you turned out of the parish one of these days, with never a tatter to your arse; then you are in worse taking than Jack.

Eum. Faith, and he is bad enough. This fellow does but the part of a friend, to seek to bury his friend: how much will bury him?

Wig. Faith, about some fifteen or sixteen shillings will bestow him honestly.

Sex. Ay, even thereabouts, sir.

Eum. Here, hold it, then:—[*aside.*] and I have left me but one poor three half-pence: now do I remember the words the old man spake at the cross, "Bestow all thou hast," and this is all, "till dead men's bones come at thy call:"—here, hold it [*gives money*]; and so farewell.

Wig. God, and all good, be with you, sir! [*Exit* EUMENIDES.] Nay, you cormorants, I'll bestow one peal of† Jack at mine own proper costs and charges.

Cor. You may thank God the long staff and the bilbo-blade crossed not your coxcomb[s].—Well, we'll to the church-stile and have a pot, and so trill-lill. [*Exit with* WIGGEN.

Church.
Sex. } Come, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

Fan. But, hark you, gammer, methinks this Jack bore a great sway in the parish.

Madge. O, this Jack was a marvellous fellow! he was but a poor man, but very well beloved: you shall see anon what this Jack will come to.

Enter the Harvest-men *singing,*‡ *with women in their hands.*

Fro. Soft! who have we here? our amorous harvesters.§

Fan. Ay, ay, let us sit still, and let them alone.

Here the Harvest-men *sing, the song doubled.*

Lo, here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,
To reap our harvest-fruit!
And thus we pass the year so long,
And never be we mute.

[*Exeunt the* Harvest-men.

Enter HUANEBANGO.

Fro. Soft! who have we here?

Madge. O, this is a choleric gentleman! All you that love your lives, keep out of the smell of his two-hand sword: now goes he to the conjurer.

Fan. Methinks the conjurer should put the fool into a juggling-box.

Huan. Fee, fa, fum,
Here is the Englishman,—
Conquer him that can,—
Come * for his lady bright,
To prove himself a knight,
And win her love in fight.

Enter COREBUS.

Cor. Who-haw, Master Bango, are you here? hear you, you had best sit down here, and beg an alms with me.

Huan. Hence, base cullion! here is he that commandeth ingress and egress with his weapon, and will enter at his voluntary, whosoever saith no.

Voice. No.

[*A flame of fire; and* HUANEBANGO *falls down.*

Madge. So with that they kissed, and spoiled the edge of as good a two-hand sword as ever God put life in. Now goes Corebus in, spite of the conjurer.

Enter SACRAPANT *and* Two Furies.†

Sac. Away with him into the open fields,
To be a ravening prey to crows and kites:

[HUAN. *is carried out by the* Two Furies.

And for this villain, let him wander up and down,
In naught but darkness and eternal night.

[*Strikes* COREBUS *blind.*

Cor. Here hast thou slain Huan, a slashing knight,
And robbèd poor Corebus of his sight.

Sac. Hence, villain, hence!

[*Exit* COREBUS.

Now I have unto Delia
Given a potion of forgetfulness,

* *mine*] Some word, or words, wanting here.

† *of*] i. e. on.

‡ *Enter the Harvest-men singing, &c.*] T. Warton (*Milton's Poems upon several occasions*, &c., p. 576. ed. 1791.) thinks that to the present scene Shakespeare had an eye in *The Tempest*, act iv. sc. 1., where Iris says, "You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary," &c. and where the stage-direction is, "*Enter certain Reapers properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance,*" &c.

§ *harvesters*] The 4to. "haruest starres."

* *Come*] The 4to. "Came."

† *Two Furies*] Are not mentioned here in the 4to.: but it afterwards makes Huanebango be brought in by "*two Furies*" and laid beside the Well of Life.

That, when she comes, she shall not know her brothers.
Lo, where they labour, like to country-slaves,
With spade and mattock, on this enchanted ground!
Now will I call her by another name;
For never shall she know herself again,
Until that Sacrapant hath breath'd his last.
See where she comes.

Enter DELIA.

Come hither, Delia, take this goad; here hard
At hand two slaves do work and dig for gold:
Gore them with this, and thou shalt have enough.
[*Gives her a goad.*

Del. Good sir, I know not what you mean.

Sac. [*aside.*] She hath forgotten to be Delia,
But not forgot the same she should forget;
But I will change her name.—
Fair Berecynthia, so this country calls you,
Go ply these strangers, wench; they dig for gold.
[*Exit.*

Del. O heavens, how
Am I beholding* to this fair young man!
But I must ply these strangers to their work:
See where they come.

Enter the Two Brothers *in their shirts, with spades, digging.*

First Bro. O brother, see where Delia is!

Second Bro. O Delia,
Happy are we to see thee here!

Del. What tell you me of Delia, prating swains?
I know no Delia, nor know I what you mean.
Ply you your work, or else you 're like to smart.

First Bro. Why, Delia, know'st thou not thy brothers here?
We come from Thessaly to seek thee forth;
And thou deceiv'st thyself, for thou art Delia.

Del. Yet more of Delia? then take this, and smart: [*Pricks them with the goad.*
What, feign you shifts for to defer your labour?
Work, villains, work; it is for gold you dig.

Second Bro. Peace, brother, peace: this vile† enchanter
Hath ravish'd Delia of her senses clean,
And she forgets that she is Delia.

First Bro. Leave, cruel thou, to hurt the miserable.—
Dig, brother, dig, for she is hard as steel.

Here they dig, and descry a light in a glass under a little hill.

* *beholding*] i. e. beholden.

† *vile*] The 4to. vild. See note †, p. 167, sec. col.

Second Bro. Stay, brother; what hast thou descried?

Del. Away, and touch it not; 'tis something that
My lord hath hidden there. [*Covers the light again.*

Re-enter SACRAPANT.

Sac. Well said!* thou plyest these pioners† well.—
Go get you in, you labouring slaves.
[*Exeunt the* Two Brothers.
Come, Berecynthia, let us in likewise,
And hear the nightingale record‡ her notes.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ZANTIPPA,§ *to the Well of Life, with a pot in her hand.*

Zan. Now for a husband, house, and home: God send a good one or none, I pray God! My father hath sent me to the well for the water of life, and tells me, if I give fair words, I shall have a husband. But here comes Celanta my sweet sister: I'll stand by and hear what she says.
[*Retires.*

Enter CELANTA,‖ *to the Well of Life, with a pot in her hand.*

Cel. My father hath sent me to the well for water, and he tells me, if I speak fair, I shall have a husband, and none of the worst. Well, though I am black, I am sure all the world will not forsake me; and, as the old proverb is, though I am black, ¶ I am not the devil.

Zan. [*coming forward.*] Marry-gup with a murren, I know wherefore thou speakest that: but go thy ways home as wise as thou camest, or I'll set thee home with a wanion.

Here she strikes her pitcher against her sister's, and breaks them both, and then exit.

Cel. I think this be the curstest quean in the world: you see what she is, a little fair, but as proud as the devil, and the veriest vixen that lives upon God's earth. Well, I'll let her alone, and go home, and get another pitcher, and, for all this, get me to the well for water. [*Exit.*

* *Well said!*] Equivalent to—*Well done!*—in which sense, as I was the first to observe, the words are frequently used by our early writers.

† *pioners*] See note ‡, p. 164, first col.

‡ *record*] See note ‖, p. 449, sec. col.

§ *Zantippa*] The 4to. adds, "*the curst Daughter.*"

‖ *Celanta*] The 4to. "the fowle wench."

¶ *though I am black*, &c.] "Marry, quoth hee that lookt like Lucifer, *though I am blacke, I am not the Divell*, but indeed a Collyer of Croydon."—Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, Sig E 2, ed. n. d.

Enter, out of SACRAPANT'S *cell, the* Two Furies *carrying* HUANEBANGO: *they lay him by the Well of Life, and then exeunt. Re-enter* ZANTIPPA *with a pitcher to the well.*

Zan. Once again for a husband; and, in faith, Celanta, I have got the start of you; belike husbands grow by the well-side. Now my father says I must rule my tongue: why, alas, what am I, then? a woman without a tongue is as a soldier without his weapon: but I'll have my water, and be gone.

Here she offers to dip her pitcher in, and a Head *rises in the well.*

Head. Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear you make the golden beard to weep.
Fair maiden, white and red,
Stroke me smooth, and comb my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread.*

Zan. What is this?
"Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread"?
"Cockell" callest thou it, boy? faith, I'll give you cockell-bread.

She breaks her pitcher upon the Head: *then it thunders and lightens; and* HUANEBANGO, *who is deaf and cannot hear, rises up.*

Huan. Philida, philerídos, pamphilida, florida, flortos:
Dub dub-a-dub, bounce, quoth the guns, with a sulphurous huff-snuff: *

---

* *cockell-bread*] After many inquiries on the important subject of *cockell-bread*, I regret to say I am unable to inform the reader what it was. A lady tells me that she perfectly remembers to have heard in her youth the following fragment of a nursery-rhyme;

"My grandmother is sick, I wish she was dead,
For she taught me the way to make *cockelly-bread*."

And to "*mould cocklebread*" is noticed as a sport or pastime in Brome's *Jovial Crew*: "And then at home here, or wheresoever he comes, our father is so pensive (what muddy spirit soe're possesses him, would I could conjure't out!), that he makes us even sick of his sadness, that were wont *to see my ghossips cock to day, mould cocklebread, daunce clutterdepouch and hannykin booby, binde barrels,* or do any thing before him, and he would laugh at us." Sig. D 2. ed. 1652.—So I wrote on the present passage in 1828.

The following Article is from Thoms's *Anecdotes and Traditions*, &c., printed for the Camden Society, 1839:—

"COCKLE BREAD.

Young wenches [Aubrey *loquitur*] have a wanton sport which they call moulding of Cockle-bread, viz. they get upon a table-board, and then gather up their knees and their coates with their hands as high as they can, and then they wabble to and fro, as if they were kneading of dowgh, and say these words, viz.

My dame is sick and gonne to bed,
And I'le go mould my Cockle-bread.

I did imagine nothing to have been in this but meer wantonnesse of youth. But I find in Burchardus, in his 'Methodus Confitendi', printed at Colon, 1549, (he lived before the Conquest,) one of the Articles (on the vii. Commandment) of interrogating a young woman is, 'If she did ever 'subigere panem clunibus', and then bake it, and give it to one she loved to eate, 'ut in majorem modum exardesceret amor.' So here I find it to be a relique of naturall magick—an unlawful philtrum.

White Kennet adds, in a side note,—'In Oxfordshire, the Maids, when they put themselves into the fit posture, sing thus,

My granny is sick, and now is dead,
And wee'l goe mould some Cockle Bread,
Up with my heels and down with my head,
And this is the way to mould Cockle-bread.'
Aubrey, 1232°."

Mr. Thoms subjoins: "The question in Burchardus, and which we here quote at length (from Grimm, xxxix), fully establishes the correctness of Aubrey's views as to the origin of this game.

'Fecisti quod quædam mulieres facere solent, prosternunt se in faciem, et discoopertibus natibus jubent, ut supra nudas nates conficiatur panis, et eo decocto tradunt maritis suis ad comedendum. Hoc ideo faciunt ut plus exardescant in amorem illorum [illarum].'

The rhyme still heard in our nurseries—

'When I was a little girl, I wash'd my mother's dishes;
I put my finger in my eye, and pull'd out little fishes—'

is likewise given by Aubrey, with a verbal alteration, and another reference to Burchardus, which seems to establish it as another 'relique of natural magick, an unlawful philtrum'.

From the following passage in another part of the MS. fo. 161, it would seem as if Cockle-Bread derived its name from the peculiar manner in which it was kneaded.

'I have some reason to believe, that the word Cockle is an old antiquated Norman word, which signifies *nates*, from a beastly rustic kind of play, or abuse, which was used when I was a schoolboy by a Norman gardner that lived at Downton near me. So Hott Cockles is as much as to say Hott or Heated Buttocks'.

The name Hot Cockles is derived by Strutt, in his '*Sports and Pastimes*', p. 393, ed. 1833, (which contains, however, no allusion to any such Norman word as that to which Aubrey refers,) from the 'Hautes Coquilles' of the French. In the '*Memoires de l' Academie Celtique*', tom. iii.. we have a description of a curious marriage custom, which may possibly bear some reference to the '*Cockel Bread*' or at least to the etymology of the name." pp. 94–6.

* *Dub dub-a-dub, bounce, quoth the guns, with a sulphurous huff-snuff*] So Stanyhurst in *The First Fovre Bookes of Virgils Æneis, with other Poeticall deuises thereto annexed*, 1583;

"Lowd *dub a dub* tabering with frapping rip rap of Ætna."
The Description of Liparen, p. 91.

"Thee whil'st in the skie seat great *bouncing* rumbelo thundring
Rattleth," &c.
Æneid 4. p. 66.

"Linckt was in wedlock a loftye Thrasonical *huf snuffe*."
Of a cracking Cutter, p. 95.

Wak'd with a wench, pretty peat, pretty love,
and my sweet pretty pigsnie,*
Just by thy side shall sit surnamèd great Huanebango:
Safe in my arms will I keep thee, threat Mars, or thunder Olympus.

Zan. [*aside.*] Foh, what greasy groom have we here? He looks as though he crept out of the backside of the well, and speaks like a drum perished at the west end.

Huan. O, that I might,—but I may not, woe to my destiny therefore! †—
Kiss that I clasp! but I cannot: tell me, my destiny, wherefore?

Zan. [*aside.*] Whoop! now I have my dream. Did you never hear so great a wonder as this, three blue beans in a blue bladder, rattle, bladder, rattle?

Huan. [*aside.*] I'll now set my countenance, and to her in prose; it may be, this rim-ram-ruff‡ is too rude an encounter.—Let me, fair lady, if you be at leisure, revel with your sweetness, and rail upon that cowardly conjurer, that hath cast me, or congealed me rather, into an unkind sleep, and polluted my carcass.

Zan. [*aside.*] Laugh, laugh, Zantippa; thou hast thy fortune, a fool and a husband under one.

Huan. Truly, sweet-heart, as I seem, about some twenty years, the very April of mine age.

Zan. [*aside.*] Why, what a prating ass is this!

Huan. Her coral lips, her crimson chin,
Her silver teeth so white within,
Her golden locks, her rolling eye,
Her pretty parts, let them go by,
Heigh-ho, have wounded me,
That I must die this day to see!

Zan. By Gogs-bones, thou art a flouting knave: "her coral lips, her crimson chin"! ka, wilshaw!

Huan. True, my own, and my own because mine, and mine because mine, ha, ha! above a thousand pounds in possibility, and things fitting thy desire in possession.

Zan. [*aside.*] The sot thinks I ask of his lands. Lob be your comfort, and cuckold be your destiny!—Hear you, sir; an if you will have us, you had best say so betime.

Huan. True, sweet-heart, and will royalize thy progeny with my pedigree. [*Exeunt.*

Enter EUMENIDES.

Eum. Wretched Eumenides, still unfortunate,
Envied by fortune and forlorn by fate,
Here pine and die, wretched Eumenides,
Die in the spring, the April of thy* age!
Here sit thee down, repent what thou hast done:
I would to God that it were ne'er begun!

Enter the GHOST OF JACK.

G. of Jack. You are well overtaken, sir.

Eum. Who's that?

G. of Jack. You are heartily well met, sir.

Eum. Forbear, I say: who is that which pincheth me?

G. of Jack. Trusting in God, good Master Eumenides, that you are in so good health as all your friends were at the making hereof,—God give you good morrow, sir! Lack you not a neat, handsome, and cleanly young lad, about the age of fifteen or sixteen years, that can run by your horse, and, for a need, make your mastership's shoes as black as ink? how say you, sir?

Eum. Alas, pretty lad, I know not how to keep myself, and much less a servant, my pretty boy; my state is so bad.

G. of Jack. Content yourself, you shall not be so ill a master but I'll be as bad a servant. Tut, sir, I know you, though you know not me: are not you the man, sir, deny it if you can, sir, that came from a strange place in the land of Catita, where Jack-an-apes† flies with his tail in his mouth, to seek out a lady as white as snow and as red as blood‡? ha, ha! have I touched you now?

Eum. [*aside.*] I think this boy be a spirit.—How knowest thou all this?

G. of Jack. Tut, are not you the man, sir, deny it if you can, sir, that gave all the money you had to the burying of a poor man, and but one three half-pence left in your purse? Content you, sir, I'll serve you, that is flat.

---

* *pigsnie*] i. e. little pig. (A term of endearment.)

† *O, that I might,—but I may not, woe to my destiny therefore!*] Taken verbatim from Gabriel Harvey's *Encomium Lauri*:

"Faine wod I craue, might I so presume, some farther acquaintaunce:
O that I might! but I may not: woe to my destinie therefore!"

See p. 64, first note, of the present volume.

‡ *this rim-ram-ruff*] So the copy of the 4to. in the British Museum (King's Library, Pamphlets); while my copy reads "*this* rude *ram ruffe*";—the passage having been corrected before the whole of the impression was struck off.—Compare Stanyhurst;

"Of *ruffe* raffe roaring, mens harts with terror agrysing."
The Description of Liparon, p. 91.

* *thy*] The 4to. "my"

† *Jack-an-apes*] i. e. monkey, ape.

‡ *a lady as white as snow and as red as blood*] Compare the third speech of Madge in p. 446, sec. col.

Eum. Well, my lad, since thou art so impor[tu]nate, I am content to entertain thee, not as a servant, but a copartner in my journey. But whither shall we go? for I have not any money more than one bare three half-pence.

G. of Jack. Well, master, content yourself, for if my divination be not out, that shall be spent at the next inn or alehouse we come to; for, master, I know you are passing hungry: therefore I'll go before and provide dinner until that you come; no doubt but you'll come fair and softly after.

Eum. Ay, go before; I'll follow thee.

G. of Jack. But do you hear, master? do you know my name?

Eum. No, I promise thee, not yet.

G. of Jack, Why, I am Jack. [*Exit.**

Eum. Jack! why, be it so, then.

Enter the Hostess *and* Jack, *setting meat on the table; and Fiddlers come to play.* Eumenides *walks up and down, and will eat no meat.*

Host. How say you, sir? do you please to sit down?

Eum. Hostess, I thank you, I have no great stomach.

Host. Pray, sir, what is the reason your master is so strange? doth not this meat please him?

G. of Jack. Yes, hostess, but it is my master's fashion to pay before he eats; therefore, a reckoning, good hostess.

Host. Marry, shall you, sir, presently. [*Exit.*

Eum. Why, Jack, what dost thou mean? thou knowest I have not any money; therefore, sweet Jack, tell me what shall I do?

G. of Jack. Well, master, look in your purse.

Eum. Why, faith, it is a folly, for I have no money.

G. of Jack. Why, look you, master; do so much for me.

Eum. [*looking into his purse.*] Alas, Jack, my purse is full of money!

Jack. "Alas," master! does that word belong to this accident? why, methinks I should have seen you cast away your cloak, and in a bravado dance† a galliard round about the chamber: why, master, your man can teach you more wit than this.

Re-enter Hostess.

Come, hostess, cheer up my master.

Host. You are heartily welcome; and if it please you to eat of a fat capon, a fairer bird, a finer bird, a sweeter bird, a crisper bird, a neater bird, your worship never eat of.

Eum. Thanks, my fine, eloquent hostess.

G. of Jack. But hear you, master, one word by the way: are you content I shall be halves in all you get in your journey?

Eum. I am, Jack, here is my hand.

G. of Jack. Enough, master, I ask no more.

Eum. Come, hostess, receive your money; and I thank you for my good entertainment.

[*Gives money.*

Host. You are heartily welcome, sir.

Eum. Come, Jack, whither go we now?

G. of Jack. Marry, master, to the conjurer's presently.

Eum. Content, Jack.—Hostess, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Corebus, *and* Celania,* *to the Well of Life for water.*

Cor. Come, my duck, come: I have now got a wife: thou art fair, art thou not? †

Cel. My Corebus, the fairest alive; make no doubt of that.

Cor. Come, wench, are we almost at the well?

Cel. Ay, Corebus, we are almost at the well now. I'll go fetch some water: sit down while I dip my pitcher in.

A Head *comes up with ears of corn, which she combs into her lap.*

Head. Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear you make the golden beard to weep.
Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread.

A Second Head *comes up full of gold, which she combs into her lap.*

Sec. Head. Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear thou make the golden beard to weep.
Fair maid, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And every hair a sheaf shall be,
And every sheaf a golden tree.

Cel. O, see, Corebus, I have combed a great deal of gold into my lap, and a great deal of corn!

Cor. Well said,‡ wench! now we shall have just § enough: God send us coiners to coin our gold. But come, shall we go home, sweet-heart?

* *Exit*] After Jack's exit, as there was no change of scenery in Peele's days, the audience were to suppose Eumenides already arrived at the inn. See note *, p. 446, first col.

† *dance*] The 4to. "daunced."

* *Celanta*] Spelt, throughout this scene, in the 4to., "Zelanto."

† *art thou not?*] The reader must not forget that Corebus has been struck blind by Sacrapant.

‡ *Well said*] See note *, p. 453, sec. col.

§ *just*] So the Museum copy of the 4to.; while my copy has "tost": see note ‡, p. 455, first col.

Cel. Nay, come, Corebus, I will lead you.

Cor. So, Corebus, things have well hit;
Thou hast gotten wealth to mend thy wit.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the GHOST OF JACK *and* EUMENIDES.

G. of Jack. Come away, master, come.

Eum. Go along, Jack, I'll follow thee. Jack, they say it is good to go cross-legged, and say prayers* backward; how sayest thou?

G. of Jack. Tut, never fear, master; let me alone. Here sit you still; speak not a word; and because you shall not be enticed with his enchanting speeches, with this same wool I'll stop your ears [*Puts wool into the ears of* EUMENIDES]: and so, master, sit still, for I must to the conjurer. [*Exit.*

Enter SACRAPANT.

Sac. How now! what man art thou, that sits so sad?
Why dost thou gaze upon these stately trees
Without the leave and will of Sacrapant?
What, not a word but mum?† Then, Sacrapant,
Thou art betray'd.

Re-enter the GHOST OF JACK *invisible, and takes* SACRAPANT'S *wreath off from his head, and his sword out of his hand.*

What hand invades the head of Sacrapant?
What hateful‡ Fury doth envy my happy state?
Then, Sacrapant, these are thy latest days.
Alas, my veins are numb'd, my sinews shrink,
My blood is pierc'd, my breath fleeting away,
And now my timeless date is come to end!
He in whose life his acts have§ been so foul,
Now in his death to hell decends his soul. [*Dies.*

G. of Jack. O, sir, are you gone? now I hope we shall have some other coil.—Now, master, how like you this? the conjurer he is dead, and vows never to trouble us more: now get you to your fair lady, and see what you can do with her. —Alas, he heareth me not all this while! but I will help that.

[*Pulls the wool out of the ears of* EUMENIDES.

Eum. How now, Jack! what news?

G. of Jack. Here, master, take this sword, and dig with it at the foot of this hill.

[*Gives sword.*

EUMENIDES *digs, and spies a light in a glass.*

Eum. How now, Jack! what is this?

* *say prayers*] The 4to. "*say* his *prayers*.

† *What, not a word but mum?*] See note *, p. 226, sec. col.

‡ *What hateful*, &c.] Qy. "*What Fury doth* envý *my happy state?*"?

§ *acts have*] The 4to. "actions hath."

G. of Jack. Master, without this the conjurer could do nothing; and so long as this light lasts, so long doth his art endure, and this being out, then doth his art decay.

Eum. Why, then, Jack, I will soon put out this light.

G. of Jack. Ay, master, how?

Eum. Why, with a stone I'll break the glass, and then blow it out.

G. of Jack. No, master, you may as soon break the smith's anvil as this little vial: nor the biggest blast that ever Boreas blew cannot blow out this little light; but she that is neither maid, wife, nor widow. Master, wind this horn, and see what will happen. [*Gives horn.*

EUMENIDES *winds the horn.* *Enter* VENELIA, *who breaks the glass, blows out the light, and then exit.*

So, master, how like you this? this is she that ran madding in the woods, his betrothed love that keeps the cross; and now, this light being out, all are restored to their former liberty: and now, master, to the lady that you have so long looked for.

The GHOST OF JACK *draws a curtain, and discovers* DELIA *sitting asleep.*

Eum. God speed, fair maid, sitting alone,—there is once; God speed, fair maid,—there is twice; God speed, fair maid,—that is thrice.

Del. Not so, good sir, for you are by.

G. of Jack. Enough, master, she hath spoke; now I will leave her with you. [*Exit.*

Eum. Thou fairest flower of these western parts,
Whose beauty so reflecteth in my sight
As doth a crystal mirror in the sun;
For thy sweet sake I have cross'd the frozen Rhine;•
Leaving fair Po, I sail'd up Danuby,
As far as Saba, whose enhancing streams
Cut twixt the Tartars and the Russians:
These have I cross'd for thee, fair Delia:
Then grant me that which I have su'd for long.

Del. Thou gentle knight, whose fortune is so good
To find me out and set my brothers free,
My faith, my heart, my hand I give to thee.

Eum. Thanks, gentle madam: but here comes

* *For thy sweet sake I have cross'd the frozen Rhine*, &c.] This and the next three lines are found, with slight variations, in Greene's *Orlando Furioso:* see p. 90, first col., of the present volume.

Jack; thank him, for he is the best friend that we have.

Re-enter the GHOST OF JACK, *with* SACRAPANT'S *head in his hand.**

How now, Jack! what hast thou there?

G. of Jack. Marry, master, the head of the conjurer.

Eum. Why, Jack, that is impossible; he was a young man.

G. of Jack. Ah, master, so he deceived them that beheld him! but he was a miserable, old, and crooked man, though to each man's eye he seemed young and fresh; for, master, this conjurer took the shape of the old man that kept the cross, and that old man was in the likeness of the conjurer. But now, master, wind your horn.

EUMENIDES *winds his horn. Enter* VENELIA, *the* Two Brothers, *and* ERESTUS.

Eum. Welcome, Erestus! welcome, fair Venelia!
Welcome, Thelea and Calypha† both!
Now have I her that I so long have sought;
So saith fair Delia, if we have your consent.

First Bro. Valiant Eumenides, thou well deservest
To have our favours; so let us rejoice
That by thy means we are at liberty:
Here may we joy each in other's‡ sight,
And this fair lady have her wandering knight.

G. of Jack. So, master, now ye think you have done; but I must have a saying to you: you know you and I were partners, I to have half in all you got.

Eum. Why, so thou shalt, Jack.

G. of Jack. Why, then, master, draw your sword, part your lady, let me have half of her presently.

Eum. Why, I hope, Jack, thou dost but jest: I promised thee half I got, but not half my lady.

G. of Jack. But what else, master? have you not gotten her? therefore divide her straight, for I will have half; there is no remedy.

Eum. Well, ere I will falsify my word unto my friend, take her all: here, Jack, I'll give her thee.

G. of Jack. Nay, neither more nor less, master, but even just half.

Eum. Before I will falsify my faith unto my friend, I will divide her: Jack, thou shalt have half.

First Bro. Be not so cruel unto our sister, gentle knight.

Second Bro. O, spare fair Delia! she deserves no death.

Eum. Content yourselves; my word is passed to him.—Therefore prepare thyself, Delia, for thou must die.

Del. Then farewell, world! adieu, Eumenides!

EUMENIDES *offers to strike, and the* GHOST OF JACK *stays him.*

G. of Jack. Stay, master; it is sufficient I have tried your constancy. Do you now remember since you paid for the burying of a poor fellow?

Eum. Ay, very well, Jack.

G. of Jack. Then, master, thank that good deed for this good turn: and so God be with you all! [*Leaps down in* the ground.*

Eum. Jack, what, art thou gone? then farewell, Jack!—
Come, brothers, and my beauteous Delia,
Erestus, and thy dear Venelia,
We will to Thessaly with joyful hearts.

All. Agreed: we follow thee and Delia.

[*Exeunt all except* FROLIC, FANTASTIC, *and* MADGE.

Fan. What, gammer, asleep?

Madge. By the mass, son, 'tis almost day; and my windows shut at the cock's-crow.

Fro. Do you hear, gammer? methinks this Jack bore a great sway amongst them.

Madge. O, man, this was the ghost of the poor man that they kept such a coil to bury; and that makes him to help the wanderiug knight so much. But come, let us in: we will have a cup of ale and a toast this morning, and so depart.†

Fan. Then you have made an end of your tale, gammer?

Madge. Yes, faith: when this was done, I took a piece of bread and cheese, and came my way; and so shall you have, too, before you go, to your breakfast. [*Exunt.*

* *with Sacrapant's head in his hand*] But where did the decapitation take place? Perhaps when (p. 457, sec. col.) "the Ghost of Jack drew a curtain, and discovered Delia,"—the curtain was at the same time so drawn as to conceal the body of the conjurer.

† *Calypha*] Spelt here in the 4to. "Kalepha."

‡ *in other's*] Qy. "*in* the *other's*"? (unless "*joy*" be a dissyllable here.)

* *in*] i. e. into.

† *depart*] i. e. part.

DAVID AND BETHSABE.

The love of King David and Fair Bethsabe. With the Tragedie of Absalon. As it hath ben diuers times plaied on the stage. Written by George Peele. London, Printed by Adam Islip. 1599. 4to.

This play was reprinted by Hawkin in the second volume of *The Origin of the English Drama*, 1773; and, excepting one or two errors of the press, the text was, on the whole, accurately given. Octavius Gilchrist (*Letter to Gifford on Ford's Works*, p. 11.) talks rather too contemptuously of Hawkins.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

—♦—

DAVID.
AMNON, son of DAVID by AHINOAM.
CHILEAB, son of DAVID by ABIGAIL.
ABSALON, son of DAVID by MAACAH.
ADONIA, son of DAVID by HAGGITH.
SALOMON, son of DAVID by BETHSABE.
JOAB, captain of the host to DAVID, } nephews of DAVID and sons of his sister ZERUIAH.
ABISAI, }
AMASA, nephew of DAVID and son of his sister ABIGAIL; captain of the host to ABSALON.
JONADAB, nephew of DAVID and son of his brother SHIMEAH; friend to AMNON.
URIAS, husband of BETHSABE, and a warrior in DAVID's army.
NATHAN, a prophet.
SADOC, high-priest.*
AHIMAAS, his son.
ABIATHAR, a priest.
JONATHAN, his son.
ACHITOPHEL, chief-counsellor to ABSALON.
CUSAY.
ITHAY.
SEMEI.
JETHRAY.
HANON, King of Ammon.
MACHAAS, King of Gath.
Messenger, Soldiers, Shepherds, and Attendants.

THAMAR, daughter of DAVID by MAACAH.
BETHSABE, wife of URIAS.
Woman of Thecoa.
Concubines to DAVID.
Maid to BETHSABE.

Chorus.

---

* *Sadoc, high-priest*] So he is described in the play, p. 475, sec. col.,—

"*Sadoc, high-priest*, preserver of the ark," &c.

The 4to gives no list of *Dram. Pers.*).

THE LOVE OF DAVID AND FAIR BETHSABE, WITH THE TRAGEDY OF ABSALON.

—•—

PROLOGUS.

Of Israel's sweetest singer now I sing,
His holy style and happy victories;
Whose Muse was dipt in that inspiring dew
Arch-angels stillèd from the breath of Jove,*
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers
Heavens rain'd on tops of Sion and Mount Sinai.
Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
The cherubins and angels laid their breasts;
And, when his consecrated fingers struck
The golden wires of his ravishing harp,
He gave alarum to the host of heaven,
That, wing'd with lightning, brake the clouds, and cast
Their crystal armour at his conquering feet.
Of this sweet poet, Jove's musician,
And of his beauteous son, I prease† to sing.
Then help, divine Adonai, to conduct
Upon the wings of my well-temper'd verse
The hearers' minds above the towers of heaven,
And guide them so in this thrice-haughty flight,
Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire
That none can temper but thy holy hand:
To thee for succour flies my feeble Muse,
And at thy feet her iron pen doth use.

---

* *Jove*] Equivalent to—Jehovah. See note on Marlowe's *Works*, p. 80, ed. Dyce, 1858, and note on Shakespeare's *Works*, vol. iv. p. 203, ed. Dyce.

† *prease*] i. e. press.

DAVID AND BETHSABE.

The Prologue-speaker, before going out, draws a curtain and discovers BETHSABE, *with her Maid, bathing over a spring: she sings, and* DAVID *sits above viewing her.*

THE SONG.

HOT sun, cool fire, temper'd with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me, and please me:
Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause cause of [my] mourning.
Let not my beauty's fire
Inflame unstaid desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

Beth. Come, gentle Zephyr, trick'd with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweeten'd Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with thy * silken fan:
This shade, sun-proof, is yet no proof for thee;
Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his lances cannot pierce:
Thou, and thy sister, soft and sacred Air,
Goddess of life, and governess of health,
Keep every fountain fresh and arbour sweet;
No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
Nor bushy † thicket bar thy subtle breath:
Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wanton ‡ with us through the leaves.

Dav. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
My soul, incensèd with a sudden fire?
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame?
Fair Eva, plac'd in perfect happiness,
Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
Struck with the accents of arch-angels' tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts
Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight
Be still enamell'd with discolour'd * flowers;
That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
And, for the pebble, let the silver streams
That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
The brims let be embrac'd with golden curls
Of moss that sleeps with sound the waters make
For joy to feed the fount with their recourse;
Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
Bear manna every morn instead of dew,
Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
That hangs, like chains of pearl, on Hermon hill,
Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.—
Cusay, come up, and serve thy lord the king.

Enter CUSAY *above.*

Cu. What service doth my lord the king command?

Dav. See, Cusay, see the flower of Israel,
The fairest daughter that obeys the king
In all the land the Lord subdu'd to me;
Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,
Brighter than inside-bark of new-hewn cedar,
Sweeter than flames of fine-perfumèd † myrrh,

* *thy*] The 4to. "the."

† *bushy*] The 4to. "bushly."—Qy. "busky"=bosky? see note †, p. 407, first col.

‡ *wanton*] The 4to. "wantons."

* *discoloured*] i. e. variously coloured.

† *fine-perfumèd*] *England's Parnassus*, 1600, (where this passage is given, p. 397, under the head "*Descriptions of Beauty and Personage,*") "fire-*perfumed.*"

And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
On Zephyr's* wings before the King of Heaven.
Cu. Is it not Bethsabe the Hethite's wife,
Urias, now at Rabbah † siege with Joab?
Dav. Go know, and bring her quickly to the king;
Tell her, her graces have found grace with him.
Cu. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Dav. Bright Bethsabe shall wash, in David's bower,
In water mix'd with purest almond-flower,
And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids:
Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires;‡
Verdure to earth; and to that verdure flowers;
To flowers sweet odours; and to odours wings
That carry pleasures to the hearts of kings.

Enter CUSAY, *below, to* BETHSABE, *she starting as something affright.*

Cu. Fair Bethsabe, the King of Israel
From forth his princely tower hath seen thee bathe;
And thy sweet graces have found grace with him:
Come, then, and kneel unto him where he stands;
The king is gracious, and hath liberal hands.
Beth. Ah, what is Bethsabe to please the king?
Or what is David, that he should desire,
For fickle beauty's sake, his servant's wife?
Cu. David, thou know'st, fair dame, is wise and just,
Elected to the heart of Israel's God;
Then do not thou expostulate with him
For any action that contents his soul.
Beth. My lord the king, elect to God's own heart,
Should not his gracious jealousy incense
Whose thoughts are chaste: I hate incontinence.
Cu. Woman, thou wrong'st the king, and doubt'st his honour,
Whose truth maintains the crown of Israel,
Making him stay that bade me bring thee straight.
Beth. The king's poor handmaid will obey my lord.

* *Zephyr's*] *England's Parnassus* "Zephyrus'."

† *Rabbah*] In the earlier part of our play the 4to. spells the name of this city "Rabath."

‡ *Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires, &c.*] Here "*earth*" (in spite of the repetitions, "*earth, earth*"; "*verdure, verdure*"; "*flowers, flowers*"; "*odours, odours*",) seems unintelligible: but assuredly the right reading is not "birth",—as Mr. Collier boldly asserts that it is, *Hist. of the Engl. Stage*, p. 34, note, *Shakespeare*, vol. i. ed. 1853.

Cu. Then come, and do thy duty to his grace;
And do what seemeth favour in his sight.
[*Exit, below, with* BETHSABE.
Dav. Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.
To joy* her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,†
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests
In oblique turnings, wind their‡ nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks;
And with their murmur summon easeful sleep
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.—
Open the doors, and entertain my love;
Open, I say, and, as you open, sing,
Welcome fair Bethsabe, King David's darling.

Enter, above, CUSAY *with* BETHSABE.

Welcome, fair Bethsabe, King David's darling.
Thy bones' fair covering, erst discover'd fair,
And all mine eyes § with all thy beauties pierc'd:
As heaven's bright eye burns most when most he climbs
The crookèd zodiac with his fiery sphere,
And shineth furthest from this earthly globe;
So, since thy beauty scorch'd my conquer'd soul,
I call'd thee nearer for my nearer cure.
Beth. Too near, my lord, was your unarmèd heart
When furthest off my hapless beauty pierc'd;
And would this dreary day had turn'd to night,
Or that some pitchy cloud had cloak'd the sun,
Before their lights had caus'd my lord to see
His name disparag'd and my chastity!
Dav. My love, if want of love have left thy soul
A sharper sense of honour than thy king,
(For love leads princes sometimes from their seats,)
As erst my heart was hurt, displeasing thee,
So come and taste thy case with easing me.
Beth. One medicine cannot heal our different harms;
But rather make both rankle at the bone:
Then let the king be cunning in his cure,
Lest flattering both, both perish in his hand.
Dav. Leave it to me, my dearest Bethsabe,

* *joy*] i. e. enjoy.

† *joys*] Is not this an error originating in the word "*joy*" a little above? The sense seems to require "charms."

‡ *their*] Walker's correction, *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c., vol. ii. p. 231.—The 4to. "tho."

§ *And all mine eyes, &c.*] To connect this with what precedes, a friend would read "Have *all mine eyes*," &c.: but the probability is, that a line has dropt out.

Whose skill is conversant in deeper cures.—
And, Cusay, haste thou to my servant Joab,
Commanding him to send Urias home
With all the speed can possibly be us'd.
Cu. Cusay will fly about the king's desire.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter JOAB, ABISAI, URIAS, *and others, with drum and ensign.*

Joab. Courage, ye mighty men of Israel,
And charge your fatal instruments of war
Upon the bosoms of proud Ammon's sons,
That have disguis'd your king's ambassadors,
Cut half their beards and half their garments off,
In spite of Israel and his daughters' sons!
Ye fight the holy battles of Jehovah,
King David's God, and ours, and Jacob's God,
That guides your weapons to their conquering strokes,
Orders your footsteps, and directs your thoughts
To stratagems that harbour victory:
He casts his sacred eyesight from on high,
And sees your foes run seeking for their deaths,
Laughing their labours and their hopes to scorn;
While 'twixt your bodies and their blunted swords
He puts on armour of his honour's proof,
And makes their weapons wound the senseless winds.
Abis. Before this city Rabbah we will lie,
And shoot forth shafts as thick and dangerous
As was the hail that Moses mix'd with fire,
And threw with fury round about the fields,
Devouring Pharaoh's friends and Egypt's fruits.
Ur. First, mighty captains, Joab and Abisai,
Let us assault, and scale this kingly tower,
Where all their conduits and their fountains are;
Then we may easily take the city too.
Joab. Well hath Urias counsell'd our attempts;
And as he spake us, so assault the tower:
Let Hanon now, the king of Ammon's sons,*
Repulse our conquering passage if he dare.

Enter HANON, MACHAAS, *and others, upon the walls.*

Ha. What would the shepherd's-dogs of Israel
Snatch from the mighty issue of King Ammon,
The valiant Ammonites and haughty Syrians?
'Tis not your late successive victories
Can make us yield, or quail our courages;
But if ye dare assay to scale this tower,
Our angry swords shall smite ye to the ground,
And venge our losses on your hateful lives.

Joab. Hanon, thy father Nahas gave relief
To holy David in his hapless exile,
Liv'd his fix'd date, and died in peace:
But thou, instead of reaping his reward,
Hast trod it under foot, and scorn'd our king;
Therefore thy days shall end with violence,
And to our swords thy vital blood shall cleave.
Mach. Hence, thou that bear'st poor Israel's shepherd's-hook,
The proud lieutenant of that base-born king,
And keep within the compass of his fold;
For, if ye seek to feed on Ammon's fruits,
And stray into the Syrians' fruitful meads,
The mastives of our land shall worry * ye,
And pull the weesels† from your greedy throats.
Abis. Who can endure these pagans' blasphemies?
Ur. My soul repines at this disparagement.
Joab. Assault, ye valiant men of David's host,
And beat these railing dastards from their doors.

Assault, and they win the tower; and then JOAB *speaks above.*

Thus have we won the tower, which we will keep,
Maugre the sons of Ammon and of Syria.

Enter CUSAY *below.*

Cu. Where is Lord Joab, leader of the host?
Joab. Here is Lord Joab, leader of the host.
Cusay, come up, for we have won the hold.
Cu. In happy hour,‡ then, is Cusay come.

CUSAY *goes up.*

Joab. What news, then, brings Lord Cusay from the king?
Cu. His majesty commands thee out of hand
To send him home Urias from the wars,
For matter of some service he should do.
Ur. 'Tis for no choler hath surpris'd the king,
I hope, Lord Cusay, 'gainst his servant's truth?
Cu. No; rather to prefer Urias' truth.
Joab. Here, take him with thee, then, and go in peace;
And tell my lord the king that I have fought
Against the city Rabbah with success,
And scal'd where the royal palace is,
The conduit-heads and all their sweetest springs:
Then let him come in person to these walls,
With all the soldiers he can bring besides,

* *sons*] The 4to. "sonne."—Compare the third line of Joab's first speech in this scene, and more particularly, the last line but two of page 468, first col.

* *worry*] The 4to. "werry."
† *weesels*] i. e. weasands. (This word is spelt by some of our old writers "*wesils.*")
‡ *hour*] A dissyllable here (and so spelt in the 4to.,—"hower").

And take the city as his own exploit,
Lest I surprize it, and the people give
The glory of the conquest to my name.
Cu. We will, Lord Joab; and great Israel's God
Bless in thy hands the battles of our king!
Joab. Farewell, Urias; haste away the king.
Ur. As sure as Joab breathes a victor here,
Urias will haste him and his own return.
[*Exeunt* CUSAY *and* URIAS.

Abis. Let us descend, and ope the palace' gate,
Taking our soldiers in to keep the hold.
Joab. Let us, Abisai:—and, ye sons of Judah,
Be valiant, and maintain your victory. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AMNON,* JONADAB, JETHRAY, *and* AMNON'S Page.

Jonad. What means my lord, the king's belovèd son,
That wears upon his right triumphant arm
The power of Israel for a royal favour,
That holds upon the tables of his hands
Banquets of honour and all thought's content,
To suffer pale and grisly abstinence
To sit and feed upon his fainting cheeks,
And suck away the blood that cheers his looks?
Am. Ah, Jonadab, it is my sister's looks,
On whose sweet beauty I bestow my blood,
That make me look so amorously lean;
Her beauty having seiz'd upon my heart,
So merely† consecrate to her content,
Sets now such guard about his vital blood,
And views the passage with such piercing eyes,
That none can scape to cheer my pining cheeks,
But all is thought too little for her love.
Jonad. Then from her heart thy looks shall be reliev'd,
And thou shalt joy ‡her as thy soul desires.
Am. How can it be, my sweet friend Jonadab,
Since Thamar is a virgin and my sister?
Jonad. Thus it shall be: lie down upon thy bed,
Feigning thee fever-sick and ill-at-ease;
And when the king shall come to visit thee,
Desire thy sister Thamar may be sent
To dress some dainties for thy malady:
Then when thou hast her solely with thyself,
Enforce some favour to thy manly love.
See where she comes: entreat her in with thee.

Enter THAMAR.

Tha. What ailcth Amnon, with such sickly looks
To daunt the favour* of his lovely face?
Am. Sweet Thamar, sick, and wish some wholesome cates
Dress'd with the cunning of thy dainty hands.
Tha. That hath the king commanded at my hands:
Then come and rest thee, while I make thee ready
Some dainties easeful to thy crazèd soul.
Am. I go, sweet sister, easèd with thy sight.
[*Exeunt* THAMAR, AMNON, JETHRAY, *and* Page.

Jonad. Why should a prince, whose power may command,
Obey the rebel passions of his love,
When they contend but 'gainst his conscience,
And may be govern'd or suppress'd by will?
Now, Amnon, loose those loving knots of blood,
That suck'd the courage from thy kingly heart,
And give it passage to thy wither'd cheeks.
Now, Thamar, ripen'd are the holy fruits
That grew on plants of thy virginity;
And rotten is thy name in Israel:
Poor Thamar, little did thy lovely hands
Foretell an action of such violence
As to contend with Amnon's lusty arms
Sinew'd with vigour of his kindless† love:
Fair Thamar, now dishonour hunts thy foot,
And follows thee through every covert shade,
Discovering thy shame and nakedness,
Even from the valleys of Jehosaphat
Up to the lofty mounts of Lebanon;
Where cedars, stirr'd with anger of the winds,
Sounding in storms the tale of thy disgrace,
Tremble with fury, and with murmur shake
Earth with their feet and with their heads the heavens,
Beating the clouds into their swiftest rack,‡
To bear this wonder round about the world.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter AMNON *thrusting out* THAMAR, *and* JETHRAY.

Am. Hence from my bed, whose sight offends my soul
As doth the parbreak § of disgorgèd bears!
Tha. Unkind, unprincely, and unmanly Amnon,
To force, and then refuse || thy sister's love,
Adding unto the fright of thy offence

* *Amnon*] The 4to. throughout "Ammon."
† *merely*] i. e. wholly, absolutely.—The 4to "merrily."
‡ *joy*] i. e. enjoy.

* *favour*] i. e. beauty.
† *kindless*] i. e. unnatural.
‡ *rack*] i. e. moving masses of vapour. "The winds in the upper region which move the clouds above (which we call the *rack*)", &c.—Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum, or A Naturall Historie*, § 115, p. 32, ed. 1653.
§ *parbreak*] i. e. vomit.
|| *refuse*] i. e. reject.

The baneful torment of my publish'd shame!
O, do not this dishonour to thy love,
Nor clog thy soul with such increasing sin!
This second evil far exceeds the first.
Am. Jethray, come thrust this woman from my sight,
And bolt the door upon her if she strive. [*Exit.*
Jeth. Go, madam, go; away; you must be gone;
My lord hath done with you: I pray, depart.
[*Shuts her out.—Exit.*
Tha. Whither, alas, ah, whither shall I fly,
With folded arms and all-amazèd soul!
Cast as was Eva from that glorious soil,
(Where all delights sat bating, wing'd with thoughts,
Ready to nestle in her naked breasts,)
To bare and barren vales with floods made waste,
To desert woods, and hills with lightning scorch'd,
With death, with shame, with hell, with horror sit;*
There will I wander from my father's face;
There Absalon, my brother Absalon,
Sweet Absalon shall hear his sister mourn;
There will I lure† with my windy sighs
Night-ravens and owls to rend my bloody side,
Which with a rusty weapon I will wound,
And make them passage to my panting heart.
Why talk'st thou, wretch, and leav'st the deed undone?
Rend hair and garments, as thy heart is rent
With inward fury of a thousand griefs,
And scatter them by these unhallow'd doors,
To figure Amnon's resting cruelty,
And tragic spoil of Thamar's chastity.

Enter ABSALON.

Abs. What causeth Thamar to exclaim so much?
Tha. The cause that Thamar shameth to disclose.
Abs. Say; I thy brother will revenge that cause.
Tha. Amnon, our father's son, hath forcèd me,
And thrusts me from him as the scorn of Israel.
Abs. Hath Amnon forcèd thee? by David's hand,
And by the covenant God hath made with him,
Amnon shall bear his violence to hell;
Traitor to heaven, traitor to David's throne,
Traitor to Absalon and Israel.
This fact hath Jacob's ruler seen from heaven,
And through a cloud of smoke and tower of fire,
As he rides vaunting him upon the greens,
Shall tear his chariot-wheels with violent winds,
And throw his body in the bloody sea;
At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt;
And his fair spouse, with bright and fiery wings,*
Sit ever burning on his hateful bones:
Myself, as swift as thunder or his spouse,
Will hunt occasion with a secret hate,
To work false Amnon an ungracious end.—
Go in, my sister; rest thee in my house;
And God in time shall take this shame from thee.
Tha. Nor God nor time will do that good for me. [*Exit.*

Enter DAVID *with his train.*

Dav. My Absalon, what mak'st thou here alone,
And bear'st such discontentment in thy brows?
Abs. Great cause hath Absalon to be displeas'd,
And in his heart to shroud the wounds of wrath.
Dav. 'Gainst whom should Absalon be thus displeas'd?
Abs. 'Gainst wicked Amnon, thy ungracious son,
My brother and fair Thamar's by the king,
My step-brother by mother and by kind:†
He hath dishonour'd David's holiness,
And fix'd a blot of lightness on his throne,
Forcing my sister Thamar when he feign'd
A sickness, sprung from root of heinous lust.
Dav. Hath Amnon brought this evil on my house,
And suffer'd sin to smite his father's bones?
Smite, David, deadlier than the voice of heaven,
And let hate's fire be kindled in thy heart:
Frame in the arches of thy angry brows,
Making thy forehead, like a comet, shine,
To force false Amnon tremble at thy looks.
Sin, with his sevenfold crown and purple robe,
Begins his triumphs in my guilty throne;
There sits he watching with his hundred eyes
Our idle minutes and our wanton thoughts;
And with his baits, made of our frail desires,
Gives us the hook that hales our souls to hell:
But with the spirit of my kingdom's God
I'll thrust the flattering tyran‡ from his throne,

* *sit*] An error, I believe: but qy. as to the right reading?
† *lure*] Is here a disyllable.—The 4to. "liue."

* *And his fair spouse, with bright and fiery wings*] Hawkins (Preface to *The Origin of the English Drama*, vol. i. p. 11.) thinks this "a metaphor worthy of Æschylus."
† *kind*] i. e. nature.
‡ *tyran*] For *tyrant*, is a form frequently used by our old poets.

And scourge his bondslaves from my hallow'd court
With rods of iron and thorns of sharpen'd steel.
Then, Absalon, revenge not thou this sin;
Leave it to me, and I will chasten him.
Abs. I am content: then grant, my lord the king,
Himself with all his other lords would come
Up to my sheep-feast on the plain of Hazor.
Dav. Nay, my fair son, myself with all my lords
Will bring thee too much charge; yet some shall go.
Abs. But let my lord the king himself take pains;
The time of year is pleasant for your grace,
And gladsome summer in her shady robes,
Crownèd with roses and with painted* flowers,
With all her nymphs, shall entertain my lord,
That, from the thicket of my verdant groves,
Will sprinkle honey-dews about his breast,
And cast sweet balm upon his kingly head:
Then grant thy servant's boon, and go, my lord.
Dav. Let it content my sweet son Absalon,
That I may stay, and take my other lords.
Abs. But shall thy best-belovèd Amnon go?
Dav. What needeth it, that Amnon go with thee?
Abs. Yet do thy son and servant so much grace.
Dav. Amnon shall go, and all my other lords,
Because I will give grace to Absalon.

Enter CUSAY *and* URIAS, *with others.*

Cu. Pleaseth my lord the king, his servant Joab
Hath sent Urias from the Syrian wars.
Dav. Welcome, Urias, from the Syrian wars,
Welcome to David as his dearest lord.
Ur. Thanks be to Israel's God and David's grace,
Urias finds such greeting with the king.
Dav. No other greeting shall Urias find
As long as David sways th' elected scat
And consecrated throne of Israel.
Tell me, Urias, of my servant Joab;
Fights he with truth the battles of our God,
And for the honour of the Lord's anointed?
Ur. Thy servant Joab fights the chosen wars
With truth, with honour, and with high success,
And, 'gainst the wicked king of Ammon's sons,
Hath, by the finger of our sovereign's God,
Besieg'd the city Rabbah, and achiev'd
The court of waters, where the conduits run,
And all the Ammonites' delightsome springs:
Therefore he wisheth David's mightiness
Should number out the host of Israel,
And come in person to the city Rabbah,
That so her conquest may be made the king's,
And Joab fight as his inferior.
Dav. This hath not God and Joab's prowess done
Without Urias' valour*, I am sure,
Who, since his true conversion from a Hethite
To an adopted son of Israel,
Hath fought like one whose arms were lift by heaven,
And whose bright sword was edg'd with Israel's wrath.
Go, therefore, home, Urias, take thy rest;
Visit thy wife and household with the joys
A victor and a favourite of the king's
Should exercise with honour after arms.
Ur. Thy servant's bones are yet not half so craz'd,
Nor constitute on such a sickly mould,
That for so little service he should faint,
And seek, as cowards, refuge of his home:
Nor are his thoughts so sensually stirr'd,
To stay the arms with which the Lord would smite
And fill their circle with his conquer'd foes,
For wanton bosom of a flattering wife.
Dav. Urias hath a beauteous sober wife,
Yet young, and fram'd of tempting flesh and blood;
Then, when the king hath summon'd thee from arms,
If thou unkindly shouldst refrain her bed,
Sin might be laid upon Urias' soul,
If Bethsabe by frailty hurt her fame:
Then go, Urias, solace in her love;
Whom God hath knit to thee, tremble to loose.
Ur. The king is much too tender of my ease:
The ark and Israel and Judah dwell
In palaces and rich pavilions;
But Joab and his brother in the fields,
Suffering the wrath of winter and the sun:
And shall Urias (of more shame than they)
Banquet, and loiter in the work of heaven?
As sure† as thy soul doth live, my lord,
Mine ears shall never lean to such delight,
When holy labour calls me forth to fight.
Dav. Then be it with Urias' manly heart
As best his fame may shine in Israel.

* *painted*] The 4to. "planted."

* *valour*] The 4to. "valours."
† *sure*] A dissyllable here.

Ur. Thus shall Urias' heart be best content,
Till thou dismiss me back to Joab's bands :
This ground before the king my master's doors
Shall be my couch, and this unwearied arm
The proper pillow of a soldier's head ;
[*Lies down.*
For never will I lodge within my house,
Till Joab triumph in my secret vows.

Dav. Then fetch some flagons of our purest wine,
That we may welcome home our hardy friend
With full carouses to his fortunes past
And to the honours of his future arms ;
Then will I send him back to Rabbah siege,
And follow with the strength of Israel.

Enter one with flagons of wine.

Arise, Urias ; come and pledge the king.

Ur. If David think me worthy such a grace,
I will be bold and pledge my lord the king.
[*Rises.*

Dav. Absalon and Cusay both shall drink
To good Urias and his happiness.

Abs. We will, my lord, to please Urias' soul.

Dav. I will begin, Urias, to thyself,
And all the treasure of the Ammonites,
Which here I promise to impart to thee,
And bind that promise with a full carouse.
[*Drinks.*

Ur. What seemeth pleasant in my sovereign's eyes,
That shall Urias do till he be dead.

Dav. Fill him the cup. [URIAS *drinks.*]—
Follow, ye lords that love
Your sovereign's health, and do as he hath done.

Abs. Ill may he thrive, or live in Israel,
That loves not David, or denies his charge.—
Urias, here is to Abisai's health,
Lord Joab's brother and thy loving friend.
[*Drinks.*

Ur. I pledge Lord Absalon and Abisai's health.
[*Drinks.*

Cu. Here now, Urias, to the health of Joab,
And to the pleasant journey we shall have
When we return to mighty Rabbah siege.
[*Drinks.*

Ur. Cusay, I pledge thee all with all my heart.—
Give me some drink, ye servants of the king ;
Give me my drink. [*Drinks.*

Dav. Well done, my good Urias ! drink thy fill,
That in thy fulness David may rejoice.

Ur. I will, my lord.

Abs. Now, Lord Urias, one carouse to me.

Ur. No, sir, I'll drink to the king ;
Your father is a better man than you.

Dav. Do so, Urias; I will pledge thee straight

Ur. I will indeed, my lord and sovereign ;
I'll* once in my days be so bold.

Dav. Fill him his glass.

Ur. Fill me my glass.†

Dav. Quickly, I say.

Ur. Quickly, I say.—Here, my lord, by your favour now I drink to you. [*Drinks.*

Dav. I pledge thee, good Urias, presently.
[*Drinks.*

Abs. Here, then, Urias, once again for me,
And to the health of David's children. [*Drinks.*

Ur. David's children !

Abs. Ay, David's children : wilt thou pledge me, man ?

Ur. Pledge me, man !

Abs. Pledge me, I say, or else thou lov'st us not.

Ur. What, do you talk ? do you talk ? I'll no more ; I'll lie down here.

Dav. Rather, Urias, go thou home and sleep.

Ur. O, ho, sir ! would you make me break my sentence ? [*Lies down.*] Home, sir ! no, indeed, sir : I'll sleep upon mine arm, like a soldier ; sleep like a man as long as I live in Israel.

Dav. [*aside.*] If naught will serve to save his wife's renown,
I'll send him with a letter unto Joab
To put him in the forefront of the wars,
That so my purposes may take effect.—
Help him in, sirs.
[*Exeunt* DAVID *and* ABSALON.

Cu. Come, rise, Urias ; get thee in and sleep.

Ur. I will not go home, sir ; that's flat.

Cu. Then come and rest thee upon David's bed.

Ur. On, afore, my lords, on, afore. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. O proud revolt of a presumptuous man,
Laying his bridle in the neck of sin,
Ready to bear him past his grave to hell !
Like as the fatal raven,‡ that in his voice

---

* *I'll*] The 4to. "I."

† *Fill me my glass*] Here the 4to. has a stage-direction "*He gives him the glasse*", which means, I suppose, that Urias gives the glass to the person who pours out the wine, to be filled.

‡ *Like as the fatal raven*, &c.] Imitated from Du Bartas ;

"Ainsi que les corbeaux d'vne penne venteuse
Passans les bois pleurans de l'Arabie heureuse,
Mesprisent les iardins et parcs delicieux,
Qui de fleurs esmaillez vont parfumant les cieux,
Et s'arrestent, gloutons, sur la salle carcasse
D'vn criminel rompu n'aguere à coups de masse," &c.
L'Arche,—Premiere Partie du Second Jour de la Seconde Semaine, p. 270, ed. 1632, 12°.

(In Chapman and Shirley's *Chabot, Admiral of France*, act iv. sc. 1, we find,—

Carries the dreadful summons of our deaths,
Flies by the fair Arabian spiceries,
Her pleasant gardens and delightsome parks,*
Seeming to curse them with his hoarse exclaims,
And yet doth stoop with hungry violence
Upon a piece of hateful carrion;
So wretched man, displeas'd with those delights
Would yield a quickening savour to his soul,
Pursues with eager and unstanchèd thirst
The greedy longings of his loathsome flesh.
If holy David so shook hands with sin,
What shall our baser spirits glory in?
This kingly† giving lust her rein
Pursues the sequel with a greater ill.
Urias in the forefront of the wars
Is murder'd by the hateful heathens' sword,
And David joys his too dear Bethsabe.
Suppose this past, and that the child is born,
Whose death the prophet solemnly doth mourn.
[*Exit.*

Enter BETHSABE *with her* Maid.‡

Beth. Mourn, Bethsabe, bewail thy foolishness,
Thy sin, thy shame, the sorrow of thy soul:
Sin, shame, and sorrow swarm about thy soul;
And, in the gates and entrance of my heart,
Sadness, with wreathèd arms, hangs her complaint.
No comfort from the ten-string'd instrument,
The tinkling§ cymbal, or the ivory lute;
Nor doth the sound of David's kingly harp
Make glad the broken heart of Bethsabe:
Jerusalem is fill'd with thy complaint,
And in the streets of Sion sits thy grief.
The babe is sick, sick to the death, I fear,
The fruit that sprung from thee to David's house;
Nor may the pot of honey and of oil
Glad David or his handmaid's countenance.
Urias—wo is me to think hereon!
For who is it among the sons of men
That saith not to my soul, "The king hath sinn'd;
David hath done amiss, and Bethsabe
Laid snares of death unto Urias' life"?
My sweet Urias, fall'n into the pit
Art thou, and gone even to the gates of hell
For Bethsabe, that wouldst not shroud her shame.
O, what is it to serve the lust of kings!
How lion-like th[e]y rage when we resist!
But, Bethsabe, in humbleness attend
The grace that God will to his handmaid send.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter DAVID *in his gown, walking sadly;* Servants *attending.*

Dav. [*aside.*] The babe is sick, and sad is David s heart,
To see the guiltless bear the guilty's pain.
David, hang up thy harp; hang down thy head;
And dash thy ivory lute against the stones.
The dew, that on the hill of Hermon falls,
Rains not on Sion's tops and lofty towers;
The plains of Gath * and Askaron rejoice,
And David's thoughts are spent in pensiveness:
The babe is sick, sweet babe, that Bethsabe
With woman's pain brought forth to Israel.

Enter NATHAN.

But what saith Nathan to his lord the king?

Na. Thus Nathan saith unto his lord the king.
There were two men both dwellers in one town:
The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field;
The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
Nor other cattle, save one little lamb
Which he had bought and nourish'd by the hand;
And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
And eat and drank as he and his were wont,
And in his bosom slept, and was to him †
As was his daughter or his dearest child.
There came a stranger to this wealthy man;
And he refus'd and spar'd to take his own,
Or of his store to dress or make him meat,
But took the poor man's sheep, partly, poor man's store, ‡
And dress'd it for this stranger in his house.
What, tell me, shall be done to him for this?

Dav. Now, as the Lord doth live, this wicked man
Is judg'd and shall become the child of death;
Fourfold to the poor man shall he restore,
That without mercy took his lamb away.

Na. Thou art the man; and thou hast judg'd thyself.
David, thus saith the Lord thy God by me:
I thee anointed king in Israel,
And sav'd thee from the tyranny of Saul;
Thy master's house I gave thee to possess;

"like crows and carrion birds,
They fly o'er flowery meads, clear springs, fair gardens,
And stoop at carcasses,"—
which I formerly supposed (see my note on Shirley's *Works*, vi. 132) to have been borrowed from the passage of our text, as I was not then acquainted with the lines of Du Bartas just cited.)

* *delightsome parks*] *England's Parnassus*, 1600, (where several lines of this Chorus are given, p. 195, under the head "*Man*",) has "delightfull parts."

† *This kingly, &c.*] A mutilated line. (In my former eds. I queried if "*kingly*" should be "king by".)

‡ *Maid*] Here the 4to. "handmaid": but see *ante*, p. 463, first col.

§ *tinkling*] The 4to. "twinckling."

* *The plains of Gath, &c.*] This and the next line are transposed in the 4to. † *him*] The 4to. "liue."

‡ *But took the poor man's sheep, partly, poor man's store*] Some deep corruption here.

His wives into thy bosom did I give,
And Judah and Jerusalem withal;
And might, thou know'st, if this had been too small,
Have given thee more:
Wherefore, then, hast thou gone so far astray,
And hast done evil, and sinnèd in my sight?
Urias thou hast killèd with the sword;
Yea, with the sword of the uncircumcis'd
Thou hast him slain: wherefore, from this day forth,
The sword shall never go from thee and thine;
For thou hast ta'en this Hethite's wife to thee:
Wherefore, behold, I will, saith Jacob's God,
In thine own house stir evil up to thee;
Yea, I before thy face will take thy wives,
And give them to thy neighbour to possess:
This shall be done to David in the day,
That Israel openly may see thy shame.

Dav. Nathan, I have against the Lord, I have
Sinnèd; O, sinnèd grievously! and, lo,
From heaven's throne doth David throw himself,
And groan and grovel to the gates of hell!
[*Falls down.*

Na. [*raising him.*] David, stand up: thus saith the Lord by me:
David the king shall live, for he hath seen
The true repentant sorrow of thy heart;
But, for thou hast in this misdeed of thine
Stirr'd up the enemies of Israel
To triumph, and blaspheme the God of Hosts,
And say, he set a wicked man to reign
Over his lovèd people and his tribes,—
The child shall surely die, that erst was born,
His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.*
[*Exit.*

Dav. How just is Jacob's God in all his works!
But must it die that David loveth so?
O, that the Mighty One of Israel
Nill† change his doom, and says the babe must die!
Mourn, Israel, and weep in Sion-gates;
Wither, ye cedar-trees of Lebanon;
Ye sprouting almonds, with your flowering tops,
Droop, drown, and drench in Hebron's fearful streams:
The babe must die that was to David born,
His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.
[*Sits sadly.*

Enter CUSAY.

First Serv. What tidings bringeth Cusay to the king?

* *scorn*] i. e. "disgrace, reproach." Walker's *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c., vol. ii. p. 81.

† *Nill*] i. e. will not.

Cu. To thee, the servant of King David's court,
This bringeth Cusay, as the prophet spake;
The Lord hath surely stricken to the death
The child new-born by that Urias' wife,
That by the sons of Ammon erst was slain.

First Serv. Cusay, be still; the king is vexèd sore:
How shall he speed that brings this tidings first,
When, while the child was yet alive, we spake,
And David's heart would not be comforted?

Dav. Yea, David's heart will not be comforted!
What murmur ye, the servants of the king?
What tidings telleth Cusay to the king?
Say, Cusay, lives the child, or is he dead?

Cu. The child is dead, that of Urias' wife
David begat.

Dav. Urias' wife, saist thou?
The child is dead, then ceaseth David's shame:
Fetch me to eat, and give me wine to drink;
Water to wash, and oil to clear my looks;
Bring down your shalms, your cymbals, and your pipes;
Let David's harp and lute, his hand and voice,
Give laud to him that loveth Israel,
And sing his praise that shendeth* David's fame,
That put away his sin from out his sight,
And sent his shame into the streets of Gath.
Bring ye to me the mother of the babe,
That I may wipe the tears from off her face,
And give her comfort with this hand of mine,
And deck fair Bethsabe with ornaments,
That she may bear to me another son,
That may be lovèd of the Lord of Hosts;
For where he is, of force must David go,
But never may he come where David is.

They bring in water, wine, and oil. Music and a banquet; and enter BETHSABE.

Fair Bethsabe, sit thou, and sigh no more:—
And sing and play, you servants of the king:
Now sleepeth David's sorrow with the dead,
And Bethsabe liveth to Israel.

They use all solemnities together and sing, &c.

Now arms and warlike engines for assault
Prepare at once, ye men of Israel,

* *shendeth*] "In the following passage," says Nares in his *Glossary*, "it [*shend*] seems to mean to protect, which must be considered as an error, being contrary to all analogy:—

'This I must succour, this I must defend,
And from the wild boare's rooting ever *shend*.'

Brown, *Brit. Past.* part ii. p. 144."

In the passage just cited "*shend*" is certainly equivalent to "defend", as in our text "*shendeth*" is equivalent to "defendeth."

Ye men of Judah and Jerusalem,
That Rabbah may be taken by the king,
Lest it be callèd after Joab's name,
Nor David's glory shine in Sion streets.
To Rabbah marcheth David with his men,
To chástise Ammon and the wicked ones.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ABSALON *with several others.*

Abs. Set up your mules, and give them well to eat,
And let us meet our brothers at the feast.
Accursèd is the master of this feast,
Dishonour of the house of Israel,
His sister's slander, and his mother's shame:
Shame be his share that could such ill contrive,
To ravish Thamar, and, without a pause,
To drive her shamefully from out his house:
But may his wickedness find just reward!
Therefore doth Absalon conspire with you,
That Amnon die what time he sits to eat;
For in the holy temple have I sworn
Wreak of his villany in Thamar's rape.
And here he comes: bespeak him gently, all,
Whose death is deeply gravèd in my heart.

Enter AMNON, ADONIA, *and* JONADAB.

Am. Our shearers are not far from hence, I wot;
And Amnon to you all his brethren*
Giveth such welcome as our fathers erst
Were wont in Judah and Jerusalem;—
But, specially, Lord Absalon, to thee,
The honour of thy house and progeny:
Sit down and dine with me, King David's son,
Thou fair young man, whose hairs shine in mine eye
Like golden wires of David's ivory lute.

Abs. Amnon, where be thy shearers and thy men,
That we may pour in plenty of thy wines,†
And eat thy goats'-milk, and rejoice with thee?

Am. Here cometh Amnon's shearers and his men:—
Absalon, sit and‡ rejoice with me.

Enter a company of Shepherds, *who dance and sing.*

Drink, Absalon, in praise of Israel;
Welcome to Amnon's fields from David's court.

Abs. [*stabbing* AMNON.] Die with thy draught; perish, and die accurs'd;
Dishonour to the honour of us all;
Die for the villany to Thamar done,
Unworthy thou to be King David's son!
[*Exit with others.*

Jonad. O, what hath Absalon for Thamar done,
Murder'd his brother, great King David's son!

Ad. Run, Jonadab, away, and make it known,
What cruelty this Absalon hath shown.
Amnon, thy brother Adonia shall
Bury thy body 'mong the dead men's bones;
And we will make complaint to Israel
Of Amnon's death and pride of Absalon.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter DAVID, JOAB, ABISAI, CUSAY, *and others, with drum and ensign against* RABBAH.

Dav. This is the town of the uncircumcis'd,
The city of the kingdom, this is it,
Rabbah, where wicked Hanon sitteth king.
Despoil this king, this Hanon of his crown;
Unpeople Rabbah and the streets thereof;
For in their blood, and slaughter of the slain,
Lieth the honour of King David's line.
Joab, Abisai, and the rest of you,
Fight ye this day for great Jerusalem.

Enter HANON *and others on the walls.*

Joab. And see where Hanon shows him on the walls;
Why, then, do we forbear to give assault,
That Israel may, as it is promisèd,
Subdue the daughters of the Gentiles' tribes?
All this must be perform'd by David's hand.

Dav. Hark to me, Hanon, and remember well:
As sure as He doth live that kept my host,
What time our young men, by the pool of Gibeon,
Went forth against the strength of Isboseth,
And twelve to twelve did with their weapons play;
So sure* art thou and thy men of war
To feel the sword of Israel this day,
Because thou hast defièd Jacob's God,
And suffer'd Rabbah with the Philistine
To rail upon the tribe of Benjamin.

Ha. Hark, man: as sure as Saul thy master fell,
And gor'd his sides upon the mountain-tops,
And Jonathan, Abinadab, and Melchisua,
Water'd the dales and deeps of Askaron
With bloody streams, that from Gilboa ran
In channels through the wilderness of Ziph,
What time the sword of the uncircumcis'd
Was drunken with the blood of Israel;
So sure shall David perish with his men

---

* *brethren*] See note *, p. 421, sec. col.
† *wines*] The 4to. "vines."
‡ *sit and*, &c.] Qy. "*sit* down *and*," &c.?

* *sure*] A dissyllable here.

Under the walls of Rabbah, Hanon's town.
Joab. Hanon, the God of Israel hath said,
David the king shall wear that crown of thine
That weighs a talent of the finest gold,
And triumph in the spoil of Hanon's town,
When Israel shall hale thy people hence,
And turn them to the tile-kiln, man and child,
And put them under harrows made of iron,
And hew their bones with axes, and their limbs
With iron swords divide and tear in twain.
Hanon, this shall be done to thee and thine,
Because thou hast defièd Israel.—
To arms, to arms, that Rabbah feel revenge,
And Hanon's town become King David's spoil!

Alarum, excursions, assault; exeunt. Then the trumpets sound, and re enter DAVID *with* HANON'S *crown*, JOAB, *&c.*

Dav. Now clattering arms and wrathful storms of war
Have thunder'd over Rabbah's razèd towers;
The wreakful ire of great Jehovah's arm,
That for his people made the gates to rend,
And cloth'd the cherubins in fiery coats
To fight against the wicked Hanon's town.
Pay thanks, ye men of Judah, to the King,
The God of Sion and Jerusalem,
That hath exalted Israel to this,
And crownèd David with this diadem.
Joab. Beauteous and bright is he among the tribes;
As when the sun,* attir'd in glistering robe,
Comes dancing from his oriental gate,
And bridegroom-like hurls through the gloomy air
His radiant beams, such doth King David show,
Crown'd with the honour of his enemies' town,
Shining in riches like the firmament,
The starry vault that overhangs the earth:
So looketh David King of Israel.
Abis. Joab, why doth not David mount his throne
Whom heaven hath beautified with Hanon's crown?
Sound trumpets, shalms, and instruments of praise,
To Jacob's God for David's victory.

[*Trumpets, &c.*

* *As when the sun*, &c.] Hawkins, who (Preface to *The Origin of the English Drama*, vol. i. p. 11.) justly praises this simile, had forgotten the following lines of Spenser;

"At last, the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre;
And Phœbus, frosh as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre;
And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre."

The Faerie Queene, B 1. c. 5. st. 2.

Enter JONADAB.

Jonad. Why doth the King of Israel rejoice?
Why sitteth David crown'd with Rabbah's rule?
Behold, there hath great heaviness befall'n
In Amnon's fields by Absalon's misdeed;
And Amnon's shearers and their feast of mirth
Absalon hath o'erturnèd with his sword;
Nor liveth any of King David's sons
To bring this bitter tidings to the king.
Dav. Ay me, how soon are David's triumphs dash'd,
How suddenly declineth David's pride!
As doth the daylight settle in the west,
So dim is David's glory and his gite.*
Die, David; for to thee is left no seed
That may revive thy name in Israel.
Jonad. In Israel is left of David's seed.
Comfort your lord, you servants of the king.—
Behold, thy sons return in mourning weeds,
And only Amnon Absalon hath slain.

Enter ADONIA *with other* Sons *of* DAVID.

Dav. Welcome, my sons; dearer to me you are
Than is this golden crown or Hanon's spoil.
O, tell me, then, tell me, my sons, I say,
How cometh it to pass that Absalon
Hath slain his brother Amnon with the sword?
Ad. Thy sons, O king, went up to Amnon's fields,
To feast with him and eat his bread and oil;
And Absalon upon his mule doth come,
And to his men he saith, "When Amnon's heart
Is merry and secure, then strike him dead,
Because he forcèd Thamar shamefully,
And hated her, and threw her forth his doors."
And this did he; and they with him conspire,
And kill thy son in wreak of Thamar's wrong.
Dav. How long shall Judah and Jerusalem
Complain, and water Sion with their tears!
How long shall Israel lament in vain,
And not a man among the mighty ones
Will hear the sorrows of King David's heart!
Amnon, thy life was pleasing to thy lord,
As to mine ears the music of my lute,
Or songs that David tuneth to his harp;
And Absalon hath ta'en from me away
The gladness of my sad distressèd soul.

[*Exeunt* JOAB *and some others.* †

* *gite*] In the present passage, as well as in the following line of our author's *Tale of Troy*, seems to mean—splendour, brightness;

"Done is thy pride, dim is thy glorious *gite*"

† *Exeunt Joab and some others.*] The 4to. has "*Exeunt* omnes. *Manet David.*" But see David's last speech in the sec. col. of the next page.

Enter Woman of Thecoa.*

Wo. of T. [*kneeling.*] God save King David,
King of Israel,
And bless the gates of Sion for his sake!
Dav. Woman, why mournest thou? rise from
the earth;
Tell me what sorrow hath befall'n thy soul.
Wo. of T. [*rising.*] Thy servant's soul, O king,
is troubled sore,
And grievous is the anguish of her heart;
And from Thecoa doth thy handmaid come.
Dav. Tell me, and say, thou woman of
Thecoa,
What aileth thee or what is come to pass.
Wo of T. Thy servant is a widow in Thecoa.
Two sons thy handmaid had; and they, my lord,
Fought in the field, where no man went betwixt,
And so the one did smite and slay the other.
And, lo, behold, the kindred doth arise,
And cry on him† that smote his brother,
That he therefóre may be the child of death;
"For we will follow and destroy the heir."
So will they quench that sparkle that is left,
And leave nor name nor issue on the earth
To me or to thy handmaid's husband dead.
Dav. Woman, return; go home unto thy
house:
I will take order that thy son be safe.
If any man say otherwise than well,
Bring him to me, and I shall châstise him;
For, as the Lord doth live, shall not a hair
Shed from thy son or fall upon the earth.
Woman, to God alone belongs revenge:
Shall, then, the kindred slay him for his sin?
Wo. of T. Well hath King David to his hand-
maid spoke:
But wherefore, then, hast thou determinèd
So hard a part against the righteous tribes,
To follow and pursue the banishèd,
Whenas‡ to God alone belongs revenge?
Assuredly thou saist against thyself:
Therefore call home again the banishèd;
Call home the banishèd, that he may live,
And raise to thee some fruit in Israel.
Dav. Thou woman of Thecoa, answer me,
Answer me one thing I shall ask of thee:
Is not the hand of Joab in this work?
Tell me, is not his finger in this fact?
Wo. of T. It is, my lord; his hand is in this
work:
Assure thee, Joab, captain of thy host,
Hath put these words into thy handmaid's mouth;
And thou art as an angel from on high,
To understand the meaning of my heart:
Lo, where he cometh to his lord the king.

Re-enter JOAB.

Dav. Say, Joab, didst thou send this woman in
To put this parable for Absalon?
Joab. Joab, my lord, did bid this woman speak,
And she hath said; and thou hast understood.
Dav. I have, and am content to do the thing.
Go fetch my son, that he may live with me.
Joab. [*kneeling.*] Now God be blessèd for King
David's life!
Thy servant Joab hath found grace with thee,
In that thou sparest Absalon thy child. [*Rises.*
A beautiful and fair young man is he,
In all his body is no blemish seen;
His hair is like the wire of David's harp,
That twines about his bright and ivory neck;
In Israel is not such a goodly man;
And here I bring him to entreat for grace.

JOAB *brings in* ABSALON.

Dav. Hast thou* slain in the fields of Hazor——
Ah, Absalon, my son! ah, my son, Absalon!
But wherefore do I vex thy spirit so?
Live, and return from Gesur to thy house;
Return from Gesur to Jerusalem:
What boots it to be bitter to thy soul?
Amnon is dead, and Absalon survives.
Abs. Father, I have offended Israel,
I have offended David and his house;
For Thamar's wrong hath Absalon misdone:
But David's heart is free from sharp revenge,
And Joab hath got grace for Absalon.
Dav. Depart with me, you men of Israel,
You that have follow'd Rabbah with the sword,
And ransack Ammon's richest treasuries.—
Live, Absalon, my son, live once in peace:
Peace [be] with thee, and with Jerusalem!
[*Exeunt all except* ABSALON.
Abs. David is gone, and Absalon remains,
Flowering in pleasant spring-time of his youth:
Why liveth Absalon and is not honour'd
Of tribes and elders and the mightiest ones,

* *Woman of Thecoa*] The 4to. "widdow *of Thecoa*": but she is only *a pretended widow.*

† *And cry on him, &c.*] Some slight omission here. he words of Scripture are; "And they said, Deliver him that smote his brother, that we may kill him for the ife of his brother whom he slew; and we will destroy the heir also," &c.—*See. Samuel*, xiv. 7.

‡ *Whenas*] i. e. When.

* *Hast thou, &c.*] Qy. "*Hast thou slain* Amnon *in the fields of Hazor?*" for I cannot think that this line of nine syllables is to be defended on the supposition that David here avoids mentioning the name of his murdered son.

That round about his temples he may wear
Garlands and wreaths set on with reverence;
That every one that hath a cause to plead
Might come to Absalon and call for right?
Then in the gates of Sion would I sit,
And publish laws in great Jerusalem;
And not a man should live in all the land
But Absalon would do him reason's due:
Therefore I shall address me, as I may,
To love the men and tribes of Israel. [*Exit.*

Enter DAVID, ITHAY, SADOC, AHIMAAS, JONATHAN, *and others;* DAVID *barefoot, with some loose covering over his head; and all mourning.*

Dav. Proud lust, the bloodiest traitor to our souls,
Whose greedy throat nor earth, air, sea, or heaven,
Can glut or satisfy with any store,
Thou art the cause these torments suck my blood,
Piercing with venom of thy poison'd eyes
The strength and marrow of my tainted bones.
To punish Pharaoh and his cursèd host,
The waters shrunk* at great Adonai's voice,
And sandy bottom of the sea appear'd,
Offering his service at his servant's feet;
And, to inflict a plague on David's sin,
He makes his bowels traitors to his breast,
Winding about his heart with mortal gripes.
Ah, Absalon, the wrath of heaven inflames
Thy scorchèd bosom with ambitious heat,
And Satan sets thee on a lofty† tower,
Showing thy thoughts the pride of Israel,
Of choice to cast thee on her ruthless stones!—
Weep with me, then, ye sons of Israel;
Lie down with David, and with David mourn
Before the Holy One that sees our hearts;
[*Lies down, and all the rest after him.*
Season this heavy soil with showers of tears,
And fill the face of every flower with dew,
Weep, Israel, for David's soul dissolves,
Lading the fountains of his drownèd eyes,
And pours her substance on the senseless earth.

Sa. Weep, Israel; O, weep for David's soul,
Strewing the ground with hair and garments torn,
For tragic witness of your hearty woes!

Ahi. O, would our eyes were conduits to our hearts,
And that our hearts were seas of liquid blood,
To pour in streams upon this holy mount,
For witness we would die for David's woes!

Jonath. Then should this Mount of Olives seem a plain
Drown'd with a sea, that with our sighs should roar,
And, in the murmur of his mounting waves,
Report our bleeding sorrows to the heavens,
For witness we would die for David's woes.

Ith. Earth cannot weep enough for David's woes:
Then weep, you heavens, and, all you clouds, dissolve,
That piteous stars may see our miseries,
And drop their golden tears upon the ground,
For witness how they weep for David's woes.

Sa. Now let my sovereign raise his prostrate bones,
And mourn not as a faithless man would do;
But be assur'd that Jacob's righteous God,
That promis'd never to forsake your throne,
Will still be just and pure* in his vows.

Dav. Sadoc, high-priest, preserver of the ark,
Whose sacred virtue keeps the chosen crown,
I know my God is spotless in his vows,
And that these hairs shall greet my grave in peace:
But that my son should wrong his tender'd soul,
And fight against his father's happiness,
Turns all my hopes into despair of him,
And that despair feeds all my veins with grief.

Ith. Think of it, David, as a fatal plague
Which grief preserveth, but preventeth not;
And turn thy drooping eyes upon the troops
That, of affection to thy worthiness,
Do swarm about the person of the king:
Cherish their valours and their zealous loves
With pleasant looks and sweet encouragements.

Dav. Methinks the voice of Ithay fills mine ears.

Ith. Let not the voice of Ithay loathe thine ears,
Whose heart would balm thy bosom with his tears.

Dav. But wherefore go'st thou to the wars with us?
Thou art a stranger here in Israel,
And son to Achis, mighty King of Gath;
Therefore return, and with thy father stay:
Thou cam'st but yesterday; and should I now
Let thee partake these troubles here with us?
Keep both thyself and all thy soldiers safe:
Let me abide the hazards of these arms,
And God requite the friendship thou hast show'd.

* *shrunk*] The 4to. "shrinke."
† *lofty*] The 4to. "lustie."

* *pure*] A dissyllable here.

Ith. As sure as Israel's God gives David life,
What place or peril shall contain the king,
The same will Ithay share in life and death.

Dav. Then, gentle Ithay, be thou still with us,
A joy to David, and a grace to Israel.—
Go, Sadoc, now, and bear the ark of God
Into the great Jerusalem again:
If I find favour in his gracious eyes,
Then will he lay his hand upon my heart
Yet once again before I visit death;
Giving it strength, and virtue to mine eyes,
To taste the comforts and behold the form
Of his fair ark and holy tabernacle:
But, if he say, "My wonted love is worn,
And I have no delight in David now,"
Here lie I armèd with an humble heart
T' embrace the pains that anger shall impose,
And kiss the sword my lord shall kill me with.
Then, Sadoc, take Ahimaas thy son,
With Jonathan son to Abiathar;
And in these fields will I repose myself,
Till they return from you some certain news.

Sa. Thy servants will with joy obey the king,
And hope to cheer his heart with happy news.
[*Exeunt* Sadoc, Ahimaas, *and* Jonathan.

Ith. Now that it be no grief unto the king,
Let me for good inform his majesty,
That, with unkind and graceless Absalon,
Achitophel your ancient counsellor
Directs the state of this rebellion.

Dav. Then doth it aim with danger at my crown.—
O thou, that hold'st his raging bloody bound
Within the circle of the silver moon,
That girds earth's centre with his watery scarf,
Limit the counsel of Achitophel,
No bounds extending to my soul's distress,
But turn his wisdom into foolishness!

Enter Cusay *with his coat turned and head covered.*

Cu. Happiness and honour to my lord the king!

Dav. What happiness or honour may betide
His state that toils in my extremities?

Cu. O, let my gracious sovereign cease these griefs,
Unless he wish his servant Cusay's death,
Whose life depends upon my lord's relief!
Then let my presence with my sighs perfume
The pleasant closet of my sovereign's soul.

Dav. No, Cusay, no; thy presence unto me
Will be a burden, since I tender thee,
And cannot brook * thy sighs for David's sake:
But if thou turn to fair Jerusalem,
And say to Absalon, as thou hast been
A trusty friend unto his father's seat,
So thou wilt be to him, and call him king,
Achitophel's counsel may be brought to naught.
Then having Sadoc and Abiathar,
All three may learn the secrets of my son,
Sending the message by Ahimaas,
And friendly Jonathan, who both are there.

Cu. Then rise,* referring the success to heaven.

Dav. Cusay, I rise; though with unwieldy bones
I carry arms against my Absalon. [*Exeunt.*

Absalon, Amasa, Achitophel, *with the* Concubines *of* David, *and others, are discovered in great state;* Absalon *crowned.*

Abs. Now you that were my father's concubines,
Liquor to his inchaste and lustful fire,
Have seen his honour shaken in his house,
Which I possess in sight of all the world;
I bring ye forth for foils to my renown,
And to eclipse the glory of your king,
Whose life is with his honour fast enclos'd
Within the entrails of a jetty cloud,
Whose dissolution shall pour down in showers
The substance of his life and swelling pride:
Then shall the stars light earth with rich aspects,
And heaven shall burn in love with Absalon,
Whose beauty will suffice to chase† all mists,
And clothe the sun's sphere with a triple fire,
Sooner than his clear eyes should suffer stain,
Or be offended with a lowering day.

First Conc. Thy father's honour, graceless Absalon,
And ours thus beaten with thy violent arms,
Will cry for vengeance to the host of heaven,
Whose power is ever arm'd against the proud,
And will dart plagues at thy aspiring head
For doing this disgrace to David's throne.

Second Conc. To David's throne, to David's holy throne,
Whose sceptre angels guard with swords of fire,
And sit as eagles on his conquering fist,
Ready to prey upon his enemies:
Then think not thou, the captain of his foes,
Wert thou much swifter than Azahell‡ was,

* *brook*] The 4to. "breake."

* *Then rise,* &c.] This line is given in the 4to. to David.
† *chase*] The 4to. "chast."
‡ *Azahell*] "And there were three sons of Zeruiah there, Joab, and Abishai, and Asahel: and Asahel was as light of foot as a wild roe." *Sec. Samuel*, ii. 18.

That could outpace the nimble-footed roe,
To scape the fury of their thumping beaks
Or dreadful scope of their commanding wings.
Ach. Let not my lord the King of Israel
Be angry with a silly woman's threats;
But, with the pleasure he hath erst enjoy'd,
Turn them into their cabinets again,
Till David's conquest be their overthrow.
Abs. Into your bowers, yo daughters of disdain,
Gotten by fury of unbridled lust,
And wash your couches with your mourning tears,
For grief that David's kingdom is decay'd.
First Conc. No, Absalon, his kingdom is enchain'd
Fast to the finger of great Jacob's God,
Which will not loose it for a rebel's love.
[*Exeunt* Concubines.
Ama. If I might give advice unto the king,
These concubines should buy their taunts with blood.
Abs. Amasa, no; but let thy martial sword
Empty the veins* of David's armèd men,
And let these foolish women scape our hands
To recompense the shame they have sustain'd.
First, Absalon was by the trumpet's sound
Proclaim'd through Hebron King of Israel;
And now is set in fair Jerusalem
With cómplete state and glory of a crown:
Fifty fair footmen by my chariot run,
And to the air whose rupture rings my fame,
Where'er I ride, they offer reverence.
Why should not Absalon, that in his face
Carries the final purpose of his God,
That is, to work him grace in Israel,
Endeavour to achieve with all his strength
The state that most may satisfy his joy,
Keeping his statutes and his covenants pure?
His thunder is entangled in my hair,
And with my beauty is his lightning quench'd:
I am the man he made to glory in,
When by the errors of my father's sin
He lost the path that led into the land
Wherewith our chosen ancestors were bless'd.

Enter CUSAY.

Cu. Long may the beauteous King of Israel live,
To whom the people do by thousands swarm!
Abs. What meaneth Cusay so to greet his foe?

* *veins*] The 4to. "paines."

Is this the love thou show'st * to David's soul,
To whose assistance thou hast vow'd thy life?
Why leav'st thou him in this extremity?
Cu. Because the Lord and Israel chooseth thee;
And as before I serv'd thy father's turn
With counsel acceptable in his sight,
So likewise will I now obey his son.
Abs. Then welcome, Cusay, to King Absalon.—
And now, my lords and loving counsellors,
I think it time to exercise our arms
Against forsaken David and his host.
Give counsel first, my good Achitophel,
What times and orders we may best observe
For prosperous manage of these high exploits.
Ach. Let me choose out twelve thousand valiant men:
And, while the night hides with her sable mists
The close endeavours cunning soldiers use,
I will assault thy discontented sire;
And, while with weakness of their weary arms,
Surcharg'd with toil, to shun thy sudden power,
The people fly in huge disorder'd troops
To save their lives, and leave the king alone,
Then will I smite him with his latest wound,
And bring the people to thy feet in peace.
Abs. Well hath Achitophel given his advice.
Yet let us hear what Cusay counsels us,
Whose great experience is well worth the ear.
Cu. Though wise Achitophel be much more meet
To purchase hearing with my lord the king,
For all his former counsels, than myself,
Yet, not offending Absalon or him,
This time it is not good nor worth pursuit;
For, well thou know'st, thy father's men are strong,
Chafing as she-bears robbèd of their whelps:
Besides, the king himself a valiant man,
Train'd up in feats and stratagems of war;
And will not, for prevention of the worst,
Lodge with the common soldiers in the field;
But now, I know, his wonted policies
Have taught him lurk within some secret cave,
Guarded with all his stoutest soldiers;
Which, if the forefront of his battle faint,
Will yet give out that Absalon doth fly,
And so thy soldiers be discouragèd:
David himself withal, whose angry heart
Is as a lion's lotted of his walk,
Will fight himself, and all his men to one.

* *show'st*] The 4to. "shewdst."

Before a few shall vanquish him by fear.
My counsel therefore is, with trumpet's sound
To gather men from Dan to Bersabe,
That they may march in number like sea-sands,
That nestle close in [one] another's neck:
So shall we come upon him in our strength,
Like to the dew that falls in showers from heaven,
And leave him not a man to march withal.
Besides, if any city succour him,
The numbers of our men shall fetch us ropes,
And we will pull it down the river's stream,
That not a stone be left to keep us out.

Abs. What says my lord to Cusay's counsel now?

Ama. I fancy Cusay's counsel better far
Than that is given us from Achitophel;
And so, I think, doth every soldier here.

All. Cusay's counsel is better than Achitophel's.

Abs. Then march we after Cusay's counsel all:
Sound trumpets through the bounds of Israel,
And muster all the men will serve the king,
That Absalon may glut his longing soul
With sole fruition of his father's crown.

Ach. [*aside.*] Ill shall they fare that follow thy attempts,
That scorns the counsel of Achitophel.

[*Exeunt all except* CUSAY.

Cu. Thus hath the power of Jacob's jealous God
Fulfill'd his servant David's drifts by me,
And brought Achitophel's advice to scorn.

Enter SADOC, ABIATHAR, AHIMAAS, *and* JONATHAN.

Sa. God save Lord Cusay, and direct his zeal
To purchase David's conquest 'gainst his son!

Abi. What secrets hast thou glean'd from Absalon?

Cu. These, sacred priests that bear the ark of God:—
Achitophel advis'd him in the night
To let him choose twelve thousand fighting men,
And he would come on David at unwares,
While he was weary with his violent toil:
But I advis'd to get a greater host,
And gather men from Dan to Bersabe,
To come upon him strongly in the fields.
Then send Ahimaas and Jonathan
To signify these secrets to the king,
And will* him not to stay this night abroad;
But get him over Jordan presently,
Lest he and all his people kiss the sword.

Sa. Then go, Ahimaas and Jonathan,
And straight convey this message to the king.

Ahi. Father, we will, if Absalon's chief spies
Prevent not this device, and stay us here.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SEMEI.

Sem. The man of Israel that hath rul'd as king,
Or rather as the tyrant of the land,
Bolstering his hateful head upon the throne
That God unworthily hath bless'd him with,
Shall now, I hope, lay it as low as hell,
And be depos'd from his detested chair.
O, that my bosom could by nature bear
A sea of poison, to be pour'd upon
His curséd head that sacred balm hath grac'd
And consecrated King of Israel!
Or would my breath were made the smoke of hell,
Infected with the sighs of damnèd souls,
Or with the reeking of that serpent's gorge
That feeds on adders, toads, and venomous roots,
That, as I open'd my revenging lips
To curse the shepherd for his tyranny,
My words might cast rank poison to his pores,
And make his swoln and rankling sinews crack,
Like to the combat-blows that break the clouds
When Jove's* stout champions fight with fire.
See where he cometh that my soul abhors!
I have prepar'd my pocket full of stones
To cast at him, mingled with earth and dust,
Which, bursting with disdain, I greet him with.

Enter DAVID, JOAB, ABISAI, ITHAY, *and others.*

Come forth, thou murderer and wicked man:
The lord hath brought upon thy curséd head
The guiltless blood of Saul and all his sons,
Whose royal throne thy baseness hath usurp'd;
And, to revenge it deeply on thy soul,
The Lord hath given the kingdom to thy son,
And he shall wreak the traitorous wrongs of Saul:
Even as thy sin hath still importun'd heaven,
So shall thy murders and adultery
Be punish'd in the sight of Israel,
As thou deserv'st, with blood, with death, and hell.

* *will*] i. e. desire.

* *When Jove's*, &c.] A mutilated line.

Hence, murderer, hence!

[*Throws** *stones and earth at* DAVID.

Abis. Why doth [t]his dead dog curse my lord the king?

Let me alone to take away his head.

Dav. Why meddleth thus the son of Zeruia
To interrupt the action of our God?
Semei useth me with this reproach
Because the Lord hath sent him to reprove
The sins of David, printed in his brows
With blood, that blusheth for his conscience' guilt;
Who dares, then, ask him why he curseth me?

Sem. If, then, thy conscience tell thee thou hast sinn'd,
And that thy life is odious to the world,
Command thy followers to shun thy face;
And by thyself here make away thy soul,
That I may stand and glory in thy shame.

Dav. I am not desperate, Semei, like thyself,
But trust unto the covenant of my God,
Founded on mercy, with repentance built,
And finish'd with the glory of my soul.

Sem. A murderer, and hope for mercy in thy end!
Hate and destruction sit upon thy brows
To watch the issue of thy damnèd ghost,
Which with thy latest gasp they'll take and tear,
Hurling in every pain of hell a piece.
Hence, murderer, thou shame to Israel,
Foul lecher, drunkard, plague to heaven and earth!

[*Throws again at* DAVID.

Joab. What, is it piety in David's thoughts,
So to abhor from laws of policy
In this extremity of his distress,
To give his subjects cause of carelessness?
Send hence the dog with sorrow to his grave.

Dav. Why should the sons of Zeruia seek to check †
His spirit, which the Lord hath thus inspir'd?
Behold, my son which issu'd from my flesh,
With equal fury seeks to take my life:
How much more then the son of Jemini,
Chiefly since he doth naught but God's command?
It may be, he will look on me this day
With gracious eyes, and for his cursing bless
The heart of David in his bitterness.

Sem. What, dost thou fret my soul with sufferance?
O, that the souls of Isboseth and Abner,
Which thou sent'st swimming to their graves in blood,
With wounds fresh bleeding, gasping for revenge,
Were here to execute my burning hate!
But I will hunt thy foot with curses still:
Hence, monster, murderer, mirror of contempt!

[*Throws again at* DAVID.

Enter AHIMAAS *and* JONATHAN.

Ahi. Long life to David, to his enemies death!

Dav. Welcome, Ahimaas and Jonathan:
What news sends Cusay to thy lord the king?

Ahi. Cusay would wish* my lord the king
To pass the river Jordan presently,
Lest he and all his people perish here;
For wise Achitophel hath counsell'd Absalon
To take advantage of your weary arms,
And come this night upon you in the fields.
But yet the Lord hath made his counsel scorn,
And Cusay's policy with praise preferr'd;
Which was to number every Israelite,
And so assault you in their pride of strength.

Jonath. Abiathar besides entreats the king
To send his men of war against his son,
And hazard not his person in the field.

Dav. Thanks to Abiathar, and to you both,
And to my Cusay, whom the Lord requite;
But ten times treble thanks to his soft hand
Whose pleasant touch hath made my heart to dance,
And play him praises in my zealous breast,
That turn'd the counsel of Achitophel
After the prayers of his servant's lips.
Now will we pass the river all this night,
And in the morning sound the voice of war,
The voice of bloody and unkindly war.

Joab. Then tell us how thou wilt divide thy men,
And who shall have the special charge herein.

Dav. Joab, thyself shall for thy charge conduct
The first third part of all my valiant men;
The second shall Abisai's valour lead;
The third fair Ithay, which I most should grace
For comfort he hath done to David's woes;
And I myself will follow in the midst.

Ith. That let not David; for, though we should fly,

* *Throws*, &c.] In the 4to. this stage-direction and the end of the speech are confounded thus;

"*Hence murtherer, hence, he threw at him.*"

† *Why should the sons of Zeruia seek to check*, &c.] "The sons of Zeruia," be it remembered, are Abisai (who a little before has said "Let me alone to take away his [Semei's] head") and Joab.—In this line "*seek to*" would seem to be an interpolation.

* *Cusay would wish*, &c.] Another mutilated line.

Ten thousand of us were not half so much
Esteem'd with David's enemies as himself:
Thy people, loving thee, deny thee this.
Dav. What seems them best, then, that will David do.
But now, my lords and captains, hear his voice
That never yet pierc'd piteous heaven in vain;
Then let it not slip lightly through your ears;—
For my sake spare the young man Absalon.
Joab, thyself didst once use friendly words
To reconcile my heart incens'd to him;
If, then, thy love be to thy kinsman sound,
And thou wilt prove a perfect Israelite,
Friend him with deeds, and touch no hair of him,—
Not that fair hair with which the wanton winds
Delight to play, and love to make it curl,
Wherein the nightingales would build their nests,
And make sweet bowers in every golden tress
To sing their lover every night asleep:
O, spoil not, Joab, Jove's* fair ornaments,
Which he hath sent to solace David's soul!
The best, ye see, my lords, are swift to sin;
To sin our feet are wash'd with milk of roes,†
And dried again with coals of lightning.‡
O Lord, thou see'st the proudest sin's poor slave,
And with his bridle § pull'st him to the grave!
For my sake, then, spare lovely Absalon.
Ith. We will, my lord, for thy sake favour him.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ACHITOPHEL *with a halter.*

Ach. Now hath Achitophel order'd his house,
And taken leave of every pleasure there:
Hereon depend Achitophel's delights,
And in this circle must his life be clos'd.
The wise Achitophel, whose counsel prov'd
Ever as sound for fortunate success
As if men ask'd the oracle of God,
Is now us'd like the fool of Israel:
Then set thy angry soul upon her wings,
And let her fly into the shade of death;
And for my death let heaven for ever weep,
Making huge floods upon the land I leave,
To ravish them and all their fairest fruits.
Let all the sighs I breath'd for this disgrace,
Hang on my hedges like eternal mists,
As mourning garments for their master's death.
Ope, earth, and take thy miserable son
Into the bowels of thy cursèd womb:
Once in a surfeit thou didst spew him forth;
Now for fell hunger suck him in again,
And be his body poison to thy veins.
And now, thou hellish instrument of heaven,
Once execute th' arrest of Jove's just doom,
And stop his breath* that curseth Israel. [*Exit.*

Enter ABSALON, *with* AMASA *and the rest of his train.*

Abs. Now for the crown and throne of Israel,
To be confirm'd with virtue of my sword,
And writ with David's blood upon the blade.
Now, Jove, let forth the golden firmament,
And look on him, with all thy fiery eyes,
Which thou hast made to give their glories light:
To show thou lov'st the virtue of thy hand,
Let fall a wreath of stars upon my head,
Whose influence may govern Israel
With state exceeding all her other kings.
Fight, lords and captains, that your sovereign's face
May shine in honour brighter than the sun;
And with the virtue of my beauteous rays
Make this fair land as fruitful as the fields
That with sweet milk and honey overflow'd.
God, in the whizzing of a pleasant wind,
Shall march upon the tops of mulberry-trees,†
To cool all breasts that burn with any griefs,
As whilom he was good to Moses' men.
By day the Lord shall sit within a cloud,
To guide your footsteps to the fields of joy;
And in the night a pillar, bright as fire,
Shall go before you, like a second sun,
Wherein the essence of his godhead is;
That day and night you may be brought to peace,
And never swerve from that delightsome path
That leads your souls to perfect happiness.

---

* *Jove's*] See note *, p. 462.

† *milk of roes*] Walker, who (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 18) quotes this as if the reading of the old copy was "*milk of* roses," justly calls it "a strange passage."

‡ *lightning*] Is here a trisyllable. (Indeed, the 4to. has "lightening.")

§ *And with his bridle*, &c.] Mr. Collier, quoting the present passage in his *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poetry*, iii. 204, gives,

"*And with his bridle* pulls *him to the grave*";

remarking (*ibid*); "This line, as printed by the Rev. Mr. Dyce, exhibits almost the solitary verbal blemish of his edition: it there stands,

'And with his bridle pull st him to the grave':

as if David, addressing the Lord, said, 'Thou pull'st man to the grave with the bridle of sin'; whereas the meaning is, that 'sin with his bridle pulls man to the grave.' The passage would read better, could we alter *and* in the last line to 'who.'"

* *breath*] The 4to. "breast."

† *Shall march upon the tops of mulberry-trees*, &c.] "And it shall be, when thou shalt hear a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry-trees, that then thou shalt go out to battle: for God is gone first before thee," &c.—*First Chron.* xiv 15.

This shall he do for joy when I am king.
Then fight, brave captains, that these joys may fly
Into your bosoms with sweet victory. [*Exeunt.*

The battle; and then ABSALON *hangs by the hair.**

Abs. What angry angel, sitting in these shades,
Hath laid his cruel hands upon my hair,
And holds my body thus 'twixt heaven and earth?
Hath Absalon no soldier near his hand
That may untwine me this unpleasant curl,
Or wound this tree that ravisheth his lord?
O God, behold the glory of thy hand,
And choicest fruit of nature's workmanship,
Hang, like a rotten branch, upon this tree,
Fit for the axe and ready for the fire!
Since thou withhold'st all ordinary help
To loose my body from this bond of death,
O, let my beauty fill these senseless plants
With sense and power to loose me from this plague,
And work some wonder to prevent his death
Whose life thou mad'st a special miracle!

Enter JOAB *with a* Soldier.

Sold. My lord, I saw the young Prince Absalon
Hang by the hair upon a shady oak,
And could by no means get himself unloos'd.

Joab. Why slew'st thou not the wicked Absalon,
That rebel to his father and to heaven,
That so I might have given thee for thy pains
Ten silver shekels† and a golden waist?‡

Sold. Not for a thousand shekels would I slay
The son of David, whom his father charg'd
Nor thou, Abisai, nor the son of Gath,§
Should touch with stroke of deadly violence.
The charge was given in hearing of us all;
And, had I done it, then, I know, thyself,
Before thou wouldst abide the king's rebuke,
Wouldst have accus'd me as a man of death.

Joab. I must not now stand trifling here with thee.

Abs. Help, Joab, help, O, help thy Absalon!
Let not thy angry thoughts be laid in blood,
In blood of him that sometimes nourish'd thee,
And soften'd thy sweet heart with friendly love:
O, give me once again my father's sight,
My dearest father and my princely sovereign!
That, shedding tears of blood before his face,
The ground may witness, and the heavens record,
My last submission sound and full of ruth.

Joab. Rebel to nature, hate to heaven and earth!
Shall I give help to him that thirsts the soul
Of his dear father and my sovereign lord?
Now see, the Lord hath tangled in a tree
The health and glory of thy stubborn heart,
And made thy pride curb'd with a senseless plant:
Now, Absalon, how doth the Lord regard
The beauty whereupon thy hope was built,
And which thou thought'st his grace did glory in?
Find'st thou not now, with fear of instant death,
That God affects not any painted shape
Or goodly personage, when the virtuous soul
Is stuff'd with naught but pride and stubbornness?
But, preach I to thee, while I should revenge
Thy cursèd sin that staineth Israel,
And makes her fields blush with her children's blood?
Take that as part of thy deservèd plague,
Which worthily no torment can inflict.
[*Stabs him.*

Abs. O Joab, Joab, cruel, ruthless Joab!
Herewith thou wound'st thy kingly sovereign's heart,
Whose heavenly temper hates his children's blood,
And will be sick, I know, for Absalon.
O, my dear father, that thy melting eyes
Might pierce this thicket to behold thy son,
Thy dearest son, gor'd with a mortal dart!
Yet, Joab, pity me: pity my father, Joab;
Pity his soul's distress that mourns my life,
And will be dead, I know, to hear my death.

Joab. If he were so remorseful* of thy state,
Why sent he me against thee with the sword?
All Joab means to pleasure thee withal
Is, to despatch thee quickly of thy pain:
Hold, Absalon, Joab's pity is in this;
In this, proud Absalon, is Joab's love.
[*Stabs him again; and then exit with* Soldier.

Abs. Such love, such pity Israel's God send thee,
And for his love to David pity me!
Ah, my dear father, see thy bowels bleed;
See death assault thy dearest Absalon;
See, pity, pardon, pray for Absalon!

Enter five or six Soldiers.

First Sold. See where the rebel in his glory hangs.—

* *Absalon hangs by the hair*] The following entry occurs in Henslowe's *Diary*, under Octr. 1602;
"Pd for poleyes and workmanshipp for to hange Absalonie xiiij^{s}."
p. 241, ed. Shake. Soc. Does Henslowe allude to the present play, or to some other drama in which Absalon was "hung"?

† *shekels*] The 4to. "sickles."

‡ *waist*] i. e. girdle.—The 4to. "wast."

§ *the son of Gath*] i. e. the native of Gath, viz. Ithay (Ittai).

* *remorseful*] i. e. compassionate.

Where is the virtue of thy beauty, Absalon?
Will any of us here now fear thy looks,
Or be in love with that thy golden hair
Wherein was wrapt rebellion 'gainst thy sire,
And cords prepar'd to stop thy father's breath?
Our captain Joab hath begun to us;
And here's an end to thee and all thy sins.
[*They stab* Absalon; *who dies.*
Come, let us take the beauteous rebel down,
And in some ditch, amids this darksome wood,
Bury his bulk* beneath a heap of stones,
Whose stony heart did hunt his father's death.

Re-enter, in triumph with drum and ensign, Joab; Abisai *and* Soldiers.

Joab. Well done, tall† soldiers! take the traitor down,
And in this miry ditch inter his bones,
Covering his hateful breast with heaps of stones.
This shady thicket of dark Ephraim
Shall ever lower on his cursèd grave;
Night-ravens and owls shall ring his fatal knell,
And sit exclaiming on his damnèd soul;
There shall they heap their preys of carrion,
Till all his grave be clad with stinking bones,
That it may loathe the sense of every man:
So shall his end breed horror to his name,
And to his traitorous fact eternal shame.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. O dreadful precedent of his just doom,
Whose holy heart is never touch'd with ruth
Of fickle beauty or of glorious shape,‡
But with the virtue of an upright soul,
Humble and zealous in his inward thoughts,
Though in his person loathsome and deform'd!
Now, since this story lends us other store,
To make a third discourse of David's life,
Adding thereto his most renownèd death,
And all their deaths that at his death he judg'd,
Here end we this, and what here wants to please,
We will supply with treble willingness.§ [*Exit.*

* *bulk*] i. e. body.

† *tall*] i. e. brave.

‡ *shape*] The 4to. "shapes."

§ *willingness*] In the 4to., after this speech of the Chorus, the page ends with the following fragment, which belongs to some earlier scene of the play that has been lost;

"*Absalon with three or foure of his seruants or gentlemen.*
Abs. What boots it Absalon, vnhappie Absalon,
Sighing I say what boots it Absalon,
To haue disclos'd a farre more worthy wombe
Then"

Trumpets sound. Enter Joab, Ahimaas, Cusay; Amasa, *with all the other followers of* Absalon.

Joab. Soldiers of Israel, and ye sons of Judah,
That have contended in these irksome broils,
And ript old Israel's bowels with your swords;
The godless general of your stubborn arms
Is brought by Israel's helper to the grave,
A grave of shame, and scorn of all the tribes:
Now, then, to save your honours from the dust,
And keep your bloods in temper by your bones,
Let Joab's ensign shroud your manly heads,
Direct your eyes, your weapons, and your hearts,
To guard the life of David from his foes.
Error hath mask'd your much-too-forward minds,
And you have sinn'd against the chosen state,
Against his life, for whom your lives are bless'd,
And follow'd an usurper to the field;
In whose just death your deaths are threatenèd;
But Joab pities your disorder'd souls,
And therefore offers pardon, peace, and love,
To all that will be friendly reconcil'd
To Israel's weal, to David, and to heaven.
Amasa, thou art leader of the host
That under Absalon have rais'd their arms;
Then be a captain wise and politic,
Careful and loving for thy soldiers' lives,
And lead them to this honourable league.

Ama. I will; * at least, I'll do my best:
And for the gracious offer thou hast made
I give thee thanks, as much as for my head.—
Then, you deceiv'd poor souls of Israel,
Since now ye see the errors you incurr'd,
With thanks and due submission be appeas'd;
And as ye see your captain's precedent,
Here cast we, then, our swords at Joab's feet,
Submitting with all zeal and reverence
Our goods and bodies to his gracious hands.
[*Kneels with others.*

Joab. Stand up, and take ye all your swords again: [*All stand up.*
David and Joab shall be bless'd herein.

Ahi. Now let me go inform my lord the king
How God hath freed him from his enemies.

Joab. Another time, Ahimaas, not now.—
But, Cusay, go thyself, and tell the king
The happy message of our good success.

Cu. I will, my lord, and thank thee for thy grace. [*Exit.*

Ahi. What if thy servant should go too, my lord?

Joab. What news hast thou to bring since he is gone?

* *I will*, &c] Qy. "Joab, *I will*," &c.? or "*I will*, my lord," &c.

Ahi. Yet do Ahimaas so much content,
That he may run about so sweet a charge.
Joab. Run, if thou wilt; and peace be with thy steps. [*Exit* AHIMAAS.
Now follow, that you may salute the king
With humble hearts and reconcilèd souls.
Ama. We follow, Joab, to our gracious king;
And him our swords shall honour to our deaths.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter DAVID, BETHSABE, SALOMON, NATHAN, ADONIA, CHILEAB, *with their train.*

Beth. What means my lord, the lamp of Israel,
From whose bright eyes all eyes receive their light,
To dim the glory of his sweet aspéct,*
And paint his countenance with his heart's distress?
Why should his thoughts retain a sad conceit,
When every pleasure kneels before his throne,
And sues for sweet acceptance with his grace?
Take but your lute, and make the mountains dance,
Retrieve the sun's sphere, and restrain the clouds,
Give ears to trees, make savage lions tame,
Impose still silence to the loudest winds,
And fill the fairest day with foulest storms:
Then why should passions of much meaner power
Bear head against the heart of Israel?
Dav. Fair Bethsabe, thou mightst increase the strength
Of these thy arguments, drawn from my skill,
By urging thy sweet sight to my conceits,
Whose virtue ever serv'd for sacred balm
To cheer my pinings past all earthly joys:
But, Bethsabe, the daughter of the Highest,
Whose beauty builds the towers of Israel,
She that in chains of pearl and unicorn
Leads at her train the ancient golden world,
The world that Adam held in paradise,
Whose breath refineth all infectious airs,
And makes the meadows smile at her repair,—
She, she, my dearest† Bethsabe,
Fair Peace, the goddess of our graces here,
Is fled the streets of fair Jerusalem,
The fields of Israel, and the heart of David,
Leading my comforts in her golden chains,
Link'd to the life and soul of Absalon.
Beth. Then is the pleasure of my sovereign's heart
So wrapt within the bosom of that son,
That Salomon, whom Israel's God affects,
And gave the name unto him for his love,
Should be no salve to comfort David's soul?
Dav. Salomon, my love, is David's lord;*
Our God hath nam'd him lord of Israel:
In him (for that, and since he is thy son,)
Must David needs be pleasèd at the heart;
And he shall surely sit upon my throne.
But Absalon, the beauty of my bones,
Fair Absalon, the counterfeit† of love,
Sweet Absalon, the image of content,
Must claim a portion in his father's care,
And be in life and death King David's son.
Nath. Yet, as my lord hath said, let Salomon
Whom God in naming hath anointed king. [reign,
Now is he apt to learn th' eternal laws,
Whose knowledge being rooted in his youth
Will beautify his age with glorious fruits;
While Absalon, incens'd with graceless pride,
Usurps and stains the kingdom with his sin:
Let Salomon be made thy staff of age,
Fair Israel's rest, and honour of thy race.
Dav. Tell me, my Salomon, wilt thou embrace
Thy father's precepts gravèd in thy heart,
And satisfy my zeal to thy renown
With practice of such sacred principles
As shall concern the state of Israel?
Sal. My royal father, if the heavenly zeal,
Which for my welfare feeds upon your soul,
Were not sustain'd with virtue of mine own;
If the sweet accents of your cheerful voice
Should not each hour‡ beat upon mine ears
As sweetly as the breath of heaven to him
That gaspèth scorchèd with the summer's sun;
I should be guilty of unpardon'd sin,
Fearing the plague of heaven and shame of earth:
But since I vow myself to learn the skill
And holy secrets of his mighty hand
Whose cunning tunes the music of my soul,
It would content me, father, first to learn
How the Eternal fram'd the firmament;
Which bodies lend§ their influence by fire,
And which are fill'd with hoary winter's ice;
What sign is rainy, and what star is fair;
Why by the rules of true proportion
The year is still divided into months,
The months to days, the days to certain hours;
What fruitful race shall fill the future world;
Or for what time shall this round building stand;
What magistrates, what kings shall keep in awe
Men's minds with bridles of th' eternal law.

* *aspéct*] The 4to. "aspects."
† *She, she, my dearest*, &c.] Qy. "*She, she*, alas, *my dearest*," &c.?
* *Salomon, my love, is David's lord*] Corrupted.
† *counterfeit*] i. e. portrait.
‡ *hour*] A dissyllable here. (The 4to. "hower.")
§ *lend*] The 4to. "lead."

Dav. Wade not too far, my boy, in waves so*
The feeble eyes of our aspiring thoughts [deep:
Behold things present, and record things past;
But things to come exceed our human reach,
And are not painted yet in angels' eyes:
For those, submit thy sense, and say—"Thou power,
That now art framing of the future world,
Know'st all to come, not by the course of heaven,
By frail conjectures of inferior signs,
By monstrous floods, by flights and flocks of birds,
By bowels of a sacrificèd beast,
Or by the figures of some hidden art;
But by a true and natural presage,
Laying the ground and perfect architect†
Of all our actions now before thine eyes,
From Adam to the end of Adam's seed:
O heaven, protect my weakness with thy strength!
So look on me that I may view thy face,
And see these secrets written in thy brows.
O sun, come dart thy rays upon my moon!
That now mine eyes, eclipsèd to the earth,
May brightly be refin'd and shine to heaven;
Transform me from this flesh, that I may live,
Before my death, regenerate with thee.
O thou great God, ravish my earthly sprite!
That for the time a more than human skill
May feed the organons of all my sense;
That, when I think, thy thoughts may be my guide,
And, when I speak, I may be made by choice
The perfect echo of thy heavenly voice."
Thus say, my son, and thou shalt learn them all.

Sal. A secret fury ravisheth my soul,
Lifting my mind above her human bounds;
And, as the eagle, rousèd from her stand
With violent hunger, towering in the air,
Seizeth her feather'd prey, and thinks to feed,
But seeing then a cloud beneath her feet,
Lets fall the fowl, and is emboldenèd
With eyes intentive to bedare‡ the sun,
And styeth§ close unto his stately sphere;
So Salomon, mounted on the burning wings
Of zeal divine, lets fall his mortal food,
And cheers his senses with celestial air,
Treads in the golden starry labyrinth,
And holds his eyes fix'd on Jehovah's brows.
Good father, teach me further what to do.

Nath. See, David, how his haughty spirit mounts,
Even now of height to wield a diadem:
Then make him promise that he may succeed,
And rest old Israel's bones from broils of war.

Dav. Nathan, thou prophet, sprung from Jesse's root,
I promise thee and lovely Bethsabe,
My Salomon shall govern after me.

Beth. He that hath touch'd thee with this righteous thought
Preserve the harbour of thy thoughts in peace!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, thy servants of the watch have seen
One running hitherward from forth the wars.

Dav. If he be come alone, he bringeth news.

Mess. Another hath thy servant seen, my lord,
Whose running much resembles Sadoc's son.

Dav. He is a good man, and good tidings brings.

Enter Ahimaas.

Ahi. Peace and content be with my lord the king,
Whom Israel's God hath bless'd with victory.

Dav. Tell me, Ahimaas, lives my Absalon?

Ahi. I saw a troop of soldiers gatherèd,
But know not what the tumult might import.

Dav. Stand by, until some other may inform
The heart of David with a happy truth.

Enter Cusay.

Cu. Happiness and honour live with David's soul,
Whom God hath bless'd with conquest of his foes.

Dav. But, Cusay, lives the young man Absalon?

Cu. The stubborn enemies to David's peace,
And all that cast their darts against his crown,
Fare ever like the young man Absalon!
For as he rid the woods of Ephraim,
Which fought for theo as much as all thy men,
His hair was tangled in a shady oak;
And hanging there, by Joab and his men
Sustain'd the stroke of well-deservèd death.

Dav. Hath Absalon sustain'd the stroke of death?
Die, David, for the death of Absalon,
And make these cursèd news the bloody darts
That through his bowels rip thy wretched breast.
Hence, David, walk the solitary woods,
And in some cedar's shade the thunder slew,

---

* *so*] The 4to. "too."

† *architect*] Qy. "archetype"? unless Peele uses the ormer word in the sense of the latter.

‡ *bedare*] i. e. defy.

§ *styeth*] i. e. soareth, ascendeth.

And fire from heaven hath made his branches
Sit mourning the decease of Absalon: [black,
Against the body of that blasted plant
In thousand shivers break thy ivory lute,
Hanging thy stringless harp upon his boughs;
And through the hollow sapless sounding trunk
Bellow the torments that perplex thy soul.
There let the winds sit sighing till they burst;
Let tempest, muffled with a cloud of pitch,
Threaten the forests with her hellish face,
And, mounted fiercely on her iron wings,
Rend up the wretched engine by the roots
That held my dearest Absalon to death.
Then let them toss my broken lute to heaven,
Even to his hands that beats me with the strings,
To show how sadly his poor shepherd sings.
[*Goes to his pavilion and sits close a while.*

Beth. Die, Bethsabe, to see thy David mourn,
To hear his tunes of anguish and of hell.
O, help, my David, help thy Bethsabe,
Whose heart is piercèd with thy breathy swords,*
And bursts with burden of ten thousand griefs!
[*Lies down.*
Now sit thy sorrows sucking of my blood:
O, that it might be poison to their powers,
And that their lips might draw my bosom dry,
So David's love might ease him, though she die!

Nath. These violent passions come not from
David and Bethsabe offend the Highest, [above;
To mourn in this immeasurable sort.

Dav. [*looking forth.*] O Absalon, Absalon! O my son, my son!
Would God that I had died for Absalon!
But he is dead; ah, dead! Absalon is dead:
And David lives to die for Absalon.
[*Sits close again.*

Enter JOAB, ABISAI, ITHAY, *and their train.*

Joab. Why lies the queen so prostrate on the ground?
Why is this company so tragic-hu'd? [ground?
Why is the king now absent from his men,
And marcheth not in triumph through the gates? [*Unfolds the pavilion.*
David, awake; if sleep have shut thine eyes,
Sleep of affection, that thou canst not see
The honour offer'd to the victor's head:
Joab brings conquest piercèd on his spear,
And joy from all the tribes of Israel.

* *breathy swords*] "We suggest whether it should not be 'breathed words'; but if the text is suffered to remain, we can only say, that 'thy breathy swords', for 'the swords of thy breath', is more barbaric than anything which we have met with in Peele." *Rev. J. Mitford,—Gent. Mag.* for Feby. 1833, p. 103. "Barbaric" as the expression may be, I nevertheless believe that it is the genuine reading.

Dav. Thou man of blood, thou sepulchre of death,
Whose marble breast intombs* my bowels quick,
Did I not charge thee, nay, entreat thy hand,
Even for my sake, to spare my Absalon?
And hast thou now, in spite of David's health,
And scorn to do my heart some happiness,
Given him the sword and spilt his purple soul?

Joab. What, irks it David, that he victor
That Juda and the fields of Israel [breathes,
Should cleanse their faces from their children's
What, art thou weary of thy royal rule? [blood?
Is Israel's throne a serpent in thine eyes,
And he that set thee there so far from thanks,
That thou must curse his servant for his sake?
Hast thou not said that, as the morning light,
The cloudless morning, so should be thine house,
And not as flowers by the brightest rain
Which grow up quickly and as quickly fade?
Hast thou not said, the wicked are as thorns,
That cannot be preservèd† with the hand,
And that the man shall touch them must be arm'd
With coats of iron and garments made of steel,
Or with the shaft of a defencèd spear?
And art thou angry he is now cut off
That led the guiltless swarming to their deaths,
And was more wicked than an host of men?
Advance thee from thy melancholy den,
And deck thy body with thy blissful robes,
Or, by the Lord that sways the heaven I swear,
I'll lead thine armies to another king
Shall cheer them for their princely chivalry,
And not sit daunted, frowning in the dark,
When his fair looks, with oil and wine refresh'd,
Should dart into their bosoms gladsome beams,
And fill their stomachs with triumphant feasts;
That when elsewhere stern war shall sound his trump,
And call another battle to the field, [trump,
Fame still may bring thy valiant soldiers home,
And for their service happily confess

* *intombs*] The 4to. "intombe."

†. *preservèd*] Qy. "repressèd"?—The passage of Scripture to which our author here alludes is as follows:

"And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain.

"Although my house be not so with God; yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure: for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although he make it not to grow.

"But the sons of Belial shall be all of them as thorns thrust away, because they cannot be taken with hands [The Vulgate "*quæ non tolluntur manibus*"]:

"But the man that shall touch them must be fenced with iron and the staff of a spear," &c.

See Samuel, xxiii. 4, sqq.

She wanted worthy trumps to sound their prowess:
Take thou this course and live; refuse and die.
Abis. Come, brother, let him sit there till he sink;
Some other shall advance the name of Joab.
[*Offers to go out with* JOAB.
Beth. [*rising.*] O, stay, my lords, stay! David mourns no more,
But riseth to give honour to your acts.
Dav. [*rising, and coming from his pavilion.*] Then happy art thou, David's fairest son,
That, freèd from the yoke of earthly toils,
And séquester'd from sense of human sins,
Thy soul shall joy* the sacred cabinet
Of those divine ideas that present
Thy changèd spirit with a heaven of bliss.

* *joy*] i. e. enjoy.

Then thou art gone; ah, thou art gone, my son!
To heaven, I hope, my Absalon is gone:
Thy soul there plac'd in honour of the saints,
Or angels clad with immortality,
Shall reap a sevenfold grace for all thy griefs;
Thy eyes, now no more eyes but shining stars,
Shall deck the flaming heavens with novel lamps;
There shalt thou taste the drink of seraphins,
And cheer thy feelings with archangels' food;
Thy day of rest, thy holy sabbath-day,
Shall be eternal; and, the curtain drawn,
Thou shalt behold thy sovereign face to face,
With wonder, knit in triple unity,
Unity infinite and innumerable.——
Courage, brave captains! Joab's tale hath stirr'd,
And made the suit of Israel preferr'd.
Joab. Bravely resolv'd, and spoken like a king:
Now may old Israel and his daughters sing.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SIR CLYOMON AND SIR CLAMYDES.

The Historie of the two valiant Knights, Syr Clyomon Knight of the Golden Sheeld, sonne to the King of Denmarke: And Clamydes the white Knight, sonne to the King of Suauia. As it hath bene sundry times Acted by her Maiestie Players. London Printed by Thomas Creede. 1599. 4to.

See *Account of Peele and his Writings*, p. 345.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alexander the Great.
King of Denmark.
Clyomon, his son.
King of Suavia.
Clamydes, his son.
Thrasellus, King of Norway.
Mustantius, brother to the Queen of the Isle of Strange Marshes.
Bryan Sans-foy.
Subtle Shift.
Corin, a shepherd.
Boatswain.
Lords, Knights, Soldiers, Servants.

Queen of Denmark.
Juliana, her daughter.
Queen, widow of Patranius King of the Isle of Strange Marshes.
Neronis, her daughter.
Two Ladies.

Providence.
Rumour.

THE PROLOGUE.

As lately lifting up the leaves of worthy writers' works,
Wherein the noble acts and deeds of many hidden lurks,*
Our author he hath found the glass of glory shining bright,
Wherein their lives are to be seen which honour did delight,
To be a lantern unto those which daily do desire
Apollo's garland by desert in time for to aspire ;
Wherein the froward chances oft of fortune you shall see,
Wherein the cheerful countenance of good successes be,
Wherein true lovers findeth joy with hugy† heaps of care,
Wherein, as well as famous facts, ignomious‡ placèd are,
Wherein the just reward of both is manifestly shown,
That virtue from the root of vice might openly be known ;
And doubting naught, right courteous all, in your accustom'd wont
And gentle ears, our author he is prest § to bide the brunt
Of babblers' tongues, to whom he thinks as frustrate all his toil
As pearls || cast ¶ to filthy swine which in the mire do moil.**
Well,
What he hath done for your delight, he gave not me in charge :
The actors come, who shall express the same to you at large.

---

* *lurks*] In this line the rhyme, and in line 9 (which has "lovers *findeth*") the metre, forbids any deviation from the 4to.

† *hugy*] i. e. huge.

‡ *ignomious*] i. e. ignominious.

§ *prest*] i. e. ready.

|| *pearls*] A dissyllable here.

¶ *cast*] The 4to. "taste."

** *moil*] i. e. dabble, defile themselves.

SIR CLYOMON AND SIR CLAMYDES.

Enter CLAMYDES.

Clam. As to the weary wandering wights whom waltering* waves environ,
No greater joy of joys may be than when from out the ocean
They may behold the altitude of billows to abate,
For to observe the longitude of seas in former rate,
And having then the latitude of sea-room for to pass,
Their joy is greater, through the grief, than erst before it was;
So likewise I Clamydes, Prince of Suavia, noble soil,
Bringing my bark to Denmark here, to bide the bitter broil
And beating blows of billows high, while raging storms did last,
My griefs were greater than might be, but, tempests overpast,
Such gentle calms ensuèd have as make† my joys more,‡
Through terror of the former fear, than erst it was before;
So that I sit in safety,§ as sea-man under shrouds
When he perceives the storms be past through vanishing‖ of clouds;

For why*
The doubtful care that drave me off, in danger to prevail,
Is dash'd through bearing lesser brain and keeping under sail,
So that I have through travail long at last possess'd the place
Whereas† my bark in harbour safe doth pleasures great embrace,
And hath such license limited as heart can seem to ask,
To go and come, of custom free or any other task:
I mean by Juliana she, that blaze of beauty's breeding,
And for her noble gifts of grace all other dames exceeding;
She hath from bondage set me free, and freèd yet still bound
To her above all other dames that live upon the ground,
For, had not she been merciful, my ship had rush'd on rocks,
And so decay'd amids the storms through force of clubbish knocks;
But when she saw the danger great where subject I did stand
In bringing of my silly‡ bark full-fraught from out my land,
She, like a meek and modest dame,—what should I else say more?—
Did me permit with full consent to land upon her shore,
Upon true promise that I would here faithful still remain,
And that perform which she had vow'd for those that should obtain

---

* *waltering*] i. e. *weltering*,—rolling.

† *have as make*] The 4to. "hath *as* makes."

‡ *my joys more*] Qy. "*my* joy the *more*,"—as "*it*" occurs in the next line? But our early writers sometimes apply "*it*" to a preceding plural substantive; and here "*joy*" (spelt in the 4to. "*ioyes*") would seem to be a dissyllable,—as in p. 499, first col.,

"Which makes the mind of Clyomon with *joys* to be clad."

See, too, note ‡, p. 458, first col.

§ *safety*] A trisyllable here: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification, &c.*, p. 158.

‖ *vanishing*] The 4to. "vanquishing."

* *For why*] i. e. Because.

† *Whereas*] i. e. Where.

‡ *silly*] i. e. poor, weak.

Her princely person to possess; which thing to know I stay,
And then adventurously for her to pass upon my way:
Lo where she comes!

Enter JULIANA *with a white shield.*

Ah peerless dame, my Juliana dear!

Juli. My Clamydes! of troth, sir prince, to make you stay thus here
I proffer too much injury, that's doubtless on my part;
But let it no occasion give to breed within your heart
Mistrust that I should forge or feign with you my love in aught.

Clam. No, lady, touching you in me doth lodge no such a thought,
But thanks for your great courtesy, that would so friendly here
In mids of misery receive a foreign stranger mere.
But, lady, say what is your will, that it I may perstand.*

Juli. Sir prince,
Upon a vow who spouseth me must needsly† take in hand
The flying serpent for to slay, which in the Forest is
That of Strange Marvels beareth name; which serpent doth not miss,
By daily use, from every coast that is adjacent there,
To fetch a virgin-maid, or wife, or else some lady fair,
To feed his hungry paunch withal, if case he can them take;
His nature, lo, it only is of women spoil to make:
Which thing, no doubt, did daunt me much, and made me vow indeed,
Who should espouse me for his wife should bring to me his head;
Whereto my father willingly did give his like consent:
Lo, Sir Clamydes, now you know what is my whole intent;
And if you will, as I have said, for me this travail take,
That I am yours with heart and mind your full account do make.

Clam. Ah lady,
If case these travails should surmount the travails whereby came
Unto the worthies of the world such noble bruit* and fame,
Yea, though the dangers should surpass stout Hercules his toil,
Who, fearing naught the doggèd fiend, stern Cerberus did foil;
Take here my hand, if life and limb the living gods do lend,
To purchase thee the dearest drop of blood my heart shall spend:
And therefore, lady, link with me thy loyal heart for aye,
For I am thine till Fates untwine of vital life the stay,
Protesting here, if gods assist, the serpent for to kill.

Juli. Then shalt thou of all women win the heart and great good-will,
And me possess for spousèd wife, who in election am
To have the crown of Denmark here as heir unto the same;
For why† no children hath my sire besides me but one other,
And he, indeed, is heir before for that he is my brother,
And Clyomon so hight‡ his name; but where he doth remain
Unto my parents is unknown, for once he did obtain
Their good-wills for to go abroad, a while to spend his days
In purchasing through active deeds both honour, laud, and praise,
Whereby he might deserve to have the order of a knight:
But, this omitting, unto thee, Clamydes, here I plight
My faith and troth, if what is said by me thou dost perform.

Clam. If not,
Be sure, O lady, with my life I never will return.

Juli. Then as thou seem'st in thine attire a virgin § knight to be,
Take thou this shield likewise of white, and bear thy name by me—
The White Knight of the Silver Shield, to elevate thy praise. [*Gives shield.*

* *perstand*] i. e. understand. The word occurs several times in this drama.
† *needsly*] i. e. necessarily.

* *bruit*] i. e. report.
† *For why*] i. e. Because.
‡ *hight*] i. e. called.
§ *virgin*] The 4to. "Virgins."

Clam. O lady, as your pleasure is, I shall at all assays
Endeavour* my good-will to win, if Mars do send me might,
Such honour as your grace with joy shall welcome home your knight.
Juli. Then farewell, my dear Clamydes: the gods direct thy way,
And grant that with the serpent's head behold thy face I may!
Clam. You shall not need to doubt thereof, O faithful dame so true!
And, humbly kissing here thy hand, I bid thy grace adieu. [*Exit* JULIANA.
Ah happy time and blissful day, wherein by fate I find
Such friendly favours as are food to feed both heart and mind!
To Suavia soil I swiftly will prepare my footsteps right,
There of my father to receive the order of a knight,
And afterwards address myself, in hope of honour's crown,
Both tiger fell and monster fierce by dint for to drive down.
The flying serpent soon shall feel how boldly I dare vaunt me,
An if that Hydra's head she had, yet dread should never daunt me;
If murdering Minotaur a man might count this ugly beast,
Yet for to win a lady such I do account it least
Of travails toil to take in hand; and therefore, farewell care,
For hope of honour sends me forth 'mongst warlike wights to share. [*Exit.*

Enter SIR CLYOMON.†

Clyo. [*To* SUBTLE SHIFT *within.*] Come on, good fellow, follow me, that I may understand
Of whence thou art, thus travelling here in a foreign land;
Come, why dost thou not leave loitering there and follow after me?
S. Shift. [*within.*] Ah, I am in, an 't shall please you!
Clyo. In! why, where art thou in?
S. Shift. Faith, in a dirty ditch with a wanion,* so beray'd † as it's pity to see.
Clyo. Well, I see thou art a merry companion, I shall like better of thy company:
But, I pray thee, come away.
S. Shift. [*within.*] If I get out one of my legs, as fast as I may.
Ha lo! ah my buttock! the very foundation thereof doth break;
Ha lo! once again I am as fast as though I had frozen here a week.

Here let him slip unto the stage backwards, as though he had pulled his leg out of the mire, one boot off, and then rise up to run in again.

Clyo. Why, how now! whither runn'st thou? art thou foolish in thy mind?
S. Shift. But to fetch one of my legs, an't shall please, that I have left in the mire behind.
Clyo. One of thy legs! why, look, man, both thy legs thou hast;
It is but one of thy boots thou hast lost, thy labour thou dost wast.‡
S. Shift. But one of my boots! Jesu, I had such a wrench with the fall,
That, I assure, I did think one of my legs had gone withal.
Clyo. Well, let that pass, and tell me what thou art, and what is thy name,
And from whence thou cam'st, and whither thy journey thou dost frame,
That I have met thee by the way, thus travelling in this sort.
S. Shift. What you have requested, an't shall please, I am able to report.
What I am by my nature each wight shall perceive
That frequenteth my company by the learning I have:
I am the son of Apollo, and from his high seat I came;
But whither I go, it skills§ not, for Knowledge is my name,
And whoso hath knowledge, what needs he to care
Which way the wind blow, his way to prepare?

---

* *Endeavour*] i. e. Exert.

† *Enter Sir Clyomon*] The 4to. has "*Enter Sir Clyomon* Knight of the Golden Sheeld, sonne to the King of Denmarke, with subtill Shift the Vice, booted."—"The Vice"—equivalent in this stage-direction to "the buffoon"—was a prominent character in the early Moral Plays: see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 264.

* *with a wanion*] i. e. with a curse.—The 4to. "*with a* woman."

† *beray'd*] i. e. befouled.

‡ *wast*] i. e. waste,—for the rhyme.

§ *skills*] i. e. matters, signifies.

Clyo. And art thou Knowledge? of troth, I am glad that I have met with thee.

S. Shift. I am Knowledge, and have as good skill in a woman as any man whatsoever he be,

For this I am certain of, let me but lie with her all night,

And I'll tell you in the morning whether she is maid, wife, or sprite;

And as for other matters, speaking of languishes* or any other thing,

I am able to serve, an't shall please, an't were great Alexander the King.

Clyo. Of troth, then, for thy excellency I will thee gladly entertain,

If in case that with me thou wilt promise to remain.

S. Shift. Nay, an't shall please ye, I am like to a woman,—say nay, and take it;†

When a gentleman proffers entertainment, I were a fool to forsake it.

Clyo. Well, Knowledge, then sith thou art content my servant to be,

And endu'd with noble qualities thy personage I see,

Thou having perfect knowledge how thyself to behave,

I will send thee of mine errand; but haste thither, I crave,

For here I will stay thy coming again.

S. Shift. Declare your pleasure, sir, and whither I shall go, and then the case is plain.

Clyo. Nay, of no great importance, but being here in Suavia

And near unto the court, I would have thee to take thy way

Thither with all speed, because I would hear

If any shows or triumphs be towards,‡ else would I not come there;

For only upon feats of arms is all my delight.

S. Shift. [*aside.*] If I had known so much before, serve that serve will, I would have serv'd no martial knight.—

Well, sir, to accomplish your will, to the court I will hie,

And what news is there stirring bring word by and by.

Clyo. Do so, good Knowledge, and here in place thy coming I will stay,

For nothing doth delight me more than to hear of martial play. [*Exit* S. Shift.

Can food unto the hungry corpse be cause of greater joy

Than for the haughty heart to hear, which doth itself employ

Through martial exercises much to win the bruit * of fame,

Where mates do meet which thereunto their fancies seem to frame?

Can music more the pensive heart or daunted mind delight,

Can comfort more the careful corpse and over-pallèd sprite

Rejoice, than sound of trumpet doth each warlike wight allure,

And drum and fife unto the fight do noble hearts procure,

To see in sunder shiverèd the lance that leads the way,

And worthy knights unbeaverèd in field amidst the fray?

To hear the rattling cannons roar, and hilts on helmets ring,

To see the soldiers swarm on heaps where valiant hearts do bring

The cowardly crew into the case of careful captives' band,

Where ancients † brave displayèd be and won by force of hand?

What wight would not as well delight as this to hear and see

Betake himself in like affairs a fellow mate to be

With Clyomon, to Denmark King the only son and heir,

Who of the Golden Shield as now the knightly name doth bear

In every land, since that I foil'd the worthy knight of fame,

Sir Samuel, before the king and prince of martial game,

Alexander call'd the Great; which when he did behold,

He gave to me in recompense this shield of glittering gold,

Requesting for to know my name, the which shall not be shown

To any knight unless by force he make it to be known;

For so I vow'd to Denmark King, my father's grace, when I

First got his leave that I abroad my force and strength might try,

* *languishes*] A corruption of *languages*.

† *say nay, and take it*] See note *, p. 123, first col.

‡ *towards*] i. e. in preparation, at hand.

* *bruit*] i. e. report.

† *ancients*] i. e. ensigns, standards.

And so I have myself behav'd in city, town, and field,
That never yet did fall reproach to the Knight of the Golden Shield.

Re-enter SUBTLE SHIFT *running.*

S. Shift. God's ames,* where are you, where are you? an you be a man, come away.

Clyo. Why, what is the matter, Knowledge? to tell thy errand stay.

S. Shift. Stay! what talk you of staying? why, then, all the sight will be past:
Clamydes the king's son shall be dubb'd knight in all hast.†

Clyo. Ah Knowledge, then come indeed, and good pastime thou shalt see!
I will take the honour from him that dubbèd I may be:
Upon a courageous stomach, come, let us haste thither.

S. Shift. Lead you the way and I'll follow; we'll be both made knights togither.‡

[*Exit* CLYOMON.

Ah sirrah, is my master so lusty or dares he be so bold?
It is no marvel, then, if he bear a shield of gold:
But, by your patience, if he continue in this business, farewell master than,§
For, I promise you, I intend not very long to be his man.
Although under the title of Knowledge my name I do feign,
Subtle Shift I am callèd, that is most plain;
And as it is my name, so it is my nature also
To play the shifting knave wheresoever I go.
Well, after him I will—but, soft now! if my master chance to be lost,
And any man examine me, in telling his name I am as wise as a post:
What a villain was I that, ere he went, could not ask it!
Well, it's no great matter, I am but half bound, I may serve whom I will yet. [*Exit.*

Enter the KING OF SUAVIA *with the* Herald *before him,* CLAMYDES, *and three* Lords.

King of S. Come, Clamydes, thou our son, thy father's talk attend.
Since thou art prest‖ thy youthful days in prowess for to spend,
And dost of us the order ask of knighthood for to have,
We know thy deeds deserve the same, and that which thou dost crave
Thou shalt possess: but first, my son, know thou thy father's charge,
And what to knighthood doth belong, thine honour to enlarge;
Unto what end a knight is made that likewise thou mayst know,
And bear the same in mind also, that honour thine may flow
Amongst the worthies of the world to thy immortal fame.
Know thou, therefore, Clamydes dear, to have a knightly name
Is, first, above all other things, his God for to adore,
In truth, according to the laws prescrib'd to him before;
Secondly, that he be true unto his lord and king;
Thirdly, that he keep his faith and troth in every thing;
And then before all other things that else we can commend,
That he be always ready prest* his country to defend;
The widow poor, and fatherless, or innocent bearing blame,
To see their cause redressèd right a faithful knight must frame;
In truth he always must be tried: this is the total charge,
That will receive a knightly name his honour to enlarge.

Clam. O father, this your gracious counsel given to me your only son,
Shall not be in oblivion cast till vital race be run!
What way doth win Dame Honour's crown, those paths my steps shall trace,
And those that to Reproach do lead, which seeketh to deface
True Honour in her regal seat, I shall detest for aye,
And be as utter enemy to them both night and day.
By flying force of flickering fame your grace shall understand
Of my behaviour, noble sire, in every foreign land;

---

* *God's ames*] Does it mean God's soul (Fr. *ame*)?
† *hast*] i. e. haste,—for the rhyme.
‡ *togither*] So spelt for the rhyme.
§ *than*] i. e. then: see note *, p. 206, sec. col.
‖ *prest*] i. e. ready, prompt,—here, perhaps, eager.

* *ready prest*] A sort of pleonasm. See the preceding note.

And if you hear by true report I venture in the barge
Of Wilfulness, contráry this your grace's noble charge,
Let Ignomy to my reproach, instead of Lady Fame,
Sound through the earth and azure skies the strainèd blast of shame,
Whereby within Oblivion's tomb my deeds shall be detain'd,
Where* otherwise of Memory the mind I might have gain'd,
So that the den of Darksomeness shall ever be my chest,†
Where* worthy deeds prefer each wight with honour to be blest.

Enter, behind, CLYOMON *and* SUBTLE SHIFT.

King of S. Well, Clamydes, then kneel down, according as is right,
That here thou mayst receive of me the order of a knight.

[CLAMYDES *kneels*; CLYOMON *with* SUBTLE SHIFT *watching in place.*

S. Shift. Now prepare yourself, or I'll be either a knight or a knave.

Clyo. Content thyself, Knowledge, for I'll quickly him deceive.

King of S. The noble order‡ of a knight, Clamydes, unto thee
We give through due desert; wherefore see that thou be
Both valiant, wise, and hardy.

As the KING OF S. *goes about to lay the mace on* CLAMYDES'S *head,* CLYOMON *takes the blow.*

S. Shift. Away now quickly, lest we be take tardy.

[*Exeunt* CLYOMON *and* SUBTLE SHIFT.

King. of S. Ah stout attempt of baron bold, that hath from this my son
The knighthood ta'en! My lords, pursue ere far he can be run. [*Exeunt two* Lords.
Ah Clamydes, how art thou bereft of honour here!
Was like presumption ever seen, that one, a stranger mere,§
Should come in presence of a prince and tempt,‖ as he hath done,
To take the knighthood thus away from him who is his son?

Clam. Ah father, how am I perplex'd, till I revengèd be
Upon the wretch which here hath ta'en the honour thus from me!
Was ever any one deceiv'd of knighthood so before?

King of S. Well, Clamydes, my lords return; stay till we do know more.

Re-enter the two Lords, *bringing in* SUBTLE SHIFT.

First Lord. O king, the knight is fled and gone, pursuit prevaileth* nought;
But here his slave we taken have to tell why this he wrought.

King of S. Ah cruel grudge that grieves my ghost! shall he escape me so?
Shall he with honour from my son, without disturbance, go?—
Ah caitiff thou, declare his name, and why he ventur'd here,
Or death shall be thy guerdon sure, by all the gods I swear!

S. Shift. Ah, an't shall please you, I know neither him, his country, nor name.

Sec. Lord. What, what, sir? are not you his servant? will you deny the same?

King of S. Nay, then you are a dissembling knave, I know very well.

S. Shift. An't shall please your grace, even the very troth I shall tell:
I should have been his servant when we met togither,†
Which was not full three hours before we came hither.

King of S. Well, what is his name, and of what country, declare.

S. Shift. That cannot I tell, an't shall please you: you never saw servant in such care
To know his master's name, neither in town nor field,
And what he was he would [not] tell but the Knight of the Golden Shield.

King of S. Well, Clamydes, mark my charge, what I to thee shall say:
Prepare thyself for to pursue that traitor on his way,
Which hath thine honour reft from thee, and, either by force of hand
Or love, his name and native soil see that thou understand,

* *Where*] i. e. whereas.
† *chest*] i. e. coffin.
‡ *order*] The 4to. "orders": but see *ante* and *post.*
§ *mere*] i. e. utter, entire.
‖ *tempt*] i. e. attempt.

* *prevaileth*] i. e. availeth.
† *togither*] So written for the rhyme.

That I may know for what intent he bare this grudge to thee,
Else see thou never do * return again to visit me;
For this imports him for to be of valiant heart and mind,
And therefore do pursue thy foe until thou dost him find,
To know his name and what he is, or, as I said before,
Do never view thy father I in presence any more.

Clam. Well, father, sith it is your charge and precept given to me,
And more for mine own honour's sake, I frankly do agree
To undertake the enterprise, his name to understand,
Or never else to show my face again in Suavia land.
Wherefore I humbly do desire the order to receive
Of knighthood, which my sole desire hath ever been to have:
It is the name and mean whereby true honour is achiv'd; †
Let me not, then, O father dear, thereof be now depriv'd,
Sith that mine honour cowardly was stoln by caitiff he,
And not by dinted dastard's deed, O father, lost by me!

King of S. Well, Clamydes, then kneel down: here in our nobles' sight,
We give to thee that art our son the order of a knight;
But, as thou wilt our favour win, accomplish my desire.

Clam. Else never to your royal court, O father, I'll retire.

King of S. Well, then, adieu, Clamydes dear: the gods thine aider[s] be!—
But come, my lords, to have his hire, that caitiff bring with me.

S. Shift. Alas, an't shall please you, I am Knowledge, and no evil did pretend! ‡
Set me at liberty; it was the knight that did offend.

Clam. O father, sith that he is Knowledge, I beseech your grace set him free;
For in these affairs he shall wait and tend on me,
If he will protest to be true to me ever.

S. Shift. Ah noble Clamydes, here's my hand, I'll deceive you never!

* *do*] The 4to. "doest."
† *achiv'd*] i. e. achiev'd,—for the rhyme.
‡ *pretend*] i. e. intend.

Clam. Well, then, father, I beseech your grace grant that I may have him.

King of S. Well, Clamydes, I am content, sith thou, my son, dost crave him:
Receive him therefore at my hands.—My lords, come, let's depart.

All the Lords. We ready are to wait on you, O king, with willing heart.

[*Exeunt all except* CLAMYDES *and* SUBTLE SHIFT.

Clam. Well, Knowledge, do prepare thyself, for here I do protest,
My father's precepts to fulfill, no day nor night to rest
From toilsome travel till I have reveng'd my cause aright
On him who of the Golden Shield now beareth name of Knight;
Who of mine honour hath me robb'd in such a cowardly sort
As for to be of noble heart it doth him not import.
But, Knowledge, to me thy service still thou must with loyal heart profess.

S. Shift. Use me that all other villains may take ensample by me, if I digress.

Clam. Well, then, come follow speedily, that him pursue we may.

S. Shift. Keep you before, an't shall please you, for I mind not to stay. [*Exit* CLAMYDES.

Ah sirrah Shift, thou wast driven to thy shifts now indeed!
I dream'd before that untowardly I should speed;
And yet it is better luck than I lookèd to have;
But, as the proverb saith, good fortune ever happeneth to the veriest knave:
And yet I could not escape with my master, do what I can:
Well, by this bargain he hath lost his new serving-man.
But if Clamydes overtake him now, what buffets will there be!
Unless it be four miles off the fray, there will be no standing for me.
Well, after him I will; but howsoever my master speed,
To shift for myself I am fully decreed. [*Exit.*

Enter KING ALEXANDER THE GREAT, *as valiantly set forth as may be, and as many* Lords *and* Soldiers *as can.*

K. Alex. After many invincible victories and conquests great achiv'd,*
I, Alexander, with sound of fame, in safety am arriv'd

* *achiv'd*] i. e. achiev'd,—for the rhyme (as before)

Upon my borders long wish'd-for of Macedonia soil,
And all the world subject have through force of warlike toil.
O Mars, I laud thy sacred name! and, for this safe return,
To Pallas' temple will I wend, and sacrifices burn
To thee, Bellona, and the rest, that warlike wights do guide,
Who for King Alexander did such good success provide.
Who bows not now unto my beck? my force who doth not fear?
Who doth not of my conquests great throughout the world hear?
What king as to his sovereign lord doth now not bow his knee?
What prince doth reign upon the earth which yields not unto me
Due homage for his regal mace? what country is at liberty?
What dukedom, island, or province else, to me now are not tributary?
What fort of force, or castle strong, have I not batter'd down?
What prince is he that now by me his princely seat and crown
Doth not acknowledge for to hold? not one the world throughout
But of King Alexander's power they all do stand in doubt: *
They fear, as fowls that hovering fly from out the falcon's way;
As lamb the lion, so my power the stoutest do obey:
In field who hath not felt my force where battering blows abound?
King or keysar,† who hath not fix'd his knees to me on ground?
And yet, Alexander, what art thou? thou art a mortal wight,
For all that ever thou hast got or won by force in fight.

First Lord. Acknowledging thy state, O king, to be as thou hast said,
The gods, no doubt, as they have been, will be thy shield and aid
In all attempts thou tak'st in hand, if case no glory vain
Thou seekest, but acknowledging thy victories and gain
Through the providence of sacred gods to happen unto thee,
For vain is trust that in himself man doth repose we see;
And, therefore, lest these victories which thou, O king, hast got
Should blind thine eyes with arrogancy, thy noble fame to blot,
Let that victorious Prince his words of Macedon, thy sire,
T' acknowledge still thy state, O king, thy noble heart inspire;
Who, after all his victories triumphantly obtain'd,
Lest that the great felicity of that which he* had gain'd
Should cause him to forget himself, a child he did provide,
Which came unto his chamber-door, and every morning cried,
"Philip, thou art a mortal man!" This practice of thy sire,
Amidst all these thy victories, thy servant doth desire,
O Alexander, that thou wilt emprint† within thy mind,
And then, no doubt, as father did, thou solace sweet shalt find.

K. Alex. My lord,‡
Your counsel doubtless I esteem, and with great thanks again
I do requite your courtesy, rejecting—this is plain—
All vain-glory from my heart; and since the gods divine
To us above all other§ kings this fortune do assign,
To have in our subjection the world for most part,
We will at this one hour['s] return, with fervent zeal of heart,
In Pallas' temple, to the gods such sacrifices make
Of thankfulness for our success, as they in part shall take
The same a gratulation sufficient from us sent:
Come, therefore, let us homewards march t' accomplish our intent.

All the Lords. We ready are, most famous king, to follow thee with victory.

K. Alex. Then sound your drums and trumpets both, that we may march triumphantly.

[*Exeunt.*

* *doubt*] i. e. dread.
† *keysar*] i. e. emperor.

* *he*] The 4to. "she."
† *emprint*] The 4to. "them print."
‡ *lord*] The 4to. "Lords."
other] The 4to. "others."

Enter CLYOMON.

Clyo. Now, Clyomon, a knight thou art, though some perhaps may say
Thou cowardly cam'st to Clamydes and stole his right away.
No, no,
It was no cowardly part to come in presence of a king,
And in the face of all his court to do so worthy a thing;
Amidst the mates that martial be and stern knights of his hall,
To take the knighthood from their prince even maugre* of them all,
It gives a guerdon of good-will to make my glory glance;
When warlike wights shall hear thereof, my fame they will advance:
And where I was pretended† late to Denmark King, my sire,
His royal grace‡ to see, homeward to retire,
Now is my purpose altered by bruit of late report; §
And where fame resteth to be had, thither Clyomon will resort.
For, as I understand by fame, that worthy prince of might,
The conqueror of conquerors, who Alexander hight,‖
Returning is to Macedon from many a bloody broil,
And there to keep his royal court now after weary toil;
Which makes the mind of Clyomon with joys¶ to be clad,
For there, I know, of martial mates is company to be had.
Adieu, therefore, both Denmark King and Suavia Prince beside:
To Alexander's court I will; the gods my journey guide!

Enter CLAMYDES *and* SUBTLE SHIFT.

Clam. Come, Knowledge, here he is.—Nay, stay, thou cowardly knight,
That, like a dastard, cam'st to steal away my right.

Clyo. What, what? you rail, sir princox-prince,* me coward for to call.

S. Shift. An't shall please you, he is a coward; he would have hir'd me, amidst your father's hall,
To have done it for him, being himself in such fear†
That scarcely he durst before your presence appear.

Clyo. Why, how now, Knowledge! what, forsake thy master so soon?

S. Shift. Nay, master was, but not master is; with you I have done.

Clam. Well, for what intent cam'st thou my honour to steal away?

Clyo. That I took aught from thee, I utterly denay.‡

Clam. Didst not thou take the honour which my father to me gave?

Clyo. Of that thou hadest not, I could thee not deprave.§

Clam. Didst not thou take away my knighthood from me?

Clyo. No, for I had it before it was given unto thee;
And having it before thee, what argument canst thou make
That ever from thee the same I did take?

S. Shift. That's true; he receiv'd the blow before at you it came,
And therefore he took it not from you, because you had not the same.

Clam. Well, what hight‖ thy name? let me that understand;
And wherefore thou travelled'st here in my father's land,
So boldly to attempt in his court such a thing?

Clyo. The bolder the attempt is, more fame it doth bring:
But what my name is desirest thou to know?

S. Shift. Nay, he hath stolu sheep, I thiuk, for he is asham'd his name for to show.

Clam. What thy name is I would gladly perstand.¶

Clyo. Nay, that shall never none know, unless by force of hand

---

* *maugre*] i. e. in spite.
† *where I was pretended*] i. e. whereas I intended.
‡ *His royal grace, &c.*] A mutilated line.
§ *bruit of late report*] i.e. noise of late report,—a pleonasm.
‖ *hight*] i. e. is called.
¶ *joys*] See note ‡, p. 491, first col.

* *princox-prince*] i. e. coxcomb-prince.
† *fear*] The 4to. "stay."
‡ *denay*] i. e. deny.
§ *deprave*] i. e. deprive. So written for the rhyme: it occurs several times in this play.
‖ *hight*] i. e. is called.
¶ *perstand*] i. e. understand: as before and afterwards.

He vanquish me in fight, such a vow have I made;
And therefore to combat with me thyself do persuade,
If thou wilt know my name.
Clam. Well, I accord to the same.
S. Shift. Nay, then, God be with you! if you be at that point, I am gone;
If you be of the fighter's disposition, I'll leave you alone.
Clam. Why, stay, Knowledge: although I fight, thou shalt not be molested.
S. Shift. An't shall please you, this fear hath made me beray* myself with a proin-stone† that was not digested.
Clyo. Well, Clamydes, stay thyself, and mark my sayings here,
And do not think I speak this same for that thy force I fear,
But that more honour may redound unto the victor's part:
Wilt thou here give thy hand to me, withouten fraud of heart,
Upon the faith which to a knight doth rightly appertain?
And by the loyalty of a knight I'll swear to thee again
For to observe my promise just; which is, if thou agree
The fifteenth day next following to meet, sir prince, with me
Before King Alexander's grace, in Macedonia soil,
Who all the world subject hath through force of warlike toil,
For he is chief of chivalry and king of martial mates,
And to his royal court, thou know'st, repair all estates:
Give me thy hand upon thy faith of promise not to fail,
And here is mine to thee again, if Fortune's froward gale
Resist me not, the day forespoke to meet, sir prince, with thee,
Before that king to try our strengths: say if thou dost agree;
For triple honour will it be to him that gets the victory
Before so worthy a prince as he and nobles all so publicly,
Where* otherwise, if in this place we should attempt the same,
Of the honour that were got thereby but small would be the fame.
Clam. Well, sir knight, here is my hand, I'll meet in place forespoke.
Clyo. And, by the loyalty of a knight, I'll not my words revoke.
Clam. Till then adieu; I'll keep my day.
Clyo.† And I, if fates do not gainsay. [*Exit.*
S. Shift. What, is he gone, and did take no leave of me?
Jesu, so unmannerly a gentleman did any man see?
But now, my lord, which way will you travel, declare.
Clam. Sith I have fifteen days' respite myself to prepare,
My lady's charge for to fulfill, behold, I do intend.
S. Shift. Your lady! an't shall please you, why, who is your lady? may a man be so bold as ask and not offend?
Clam. Juliana, daughter to the King of Denmark, lo, is she,
Whose knight I am, and from her hands this shield was given to me
In sign and token of good-will; whose noble grace to gain,
I have protested in her cause for to omit no pain
Nor travail till I have subdu'd the flying serpent's force,
Which in the Forest of Marvels is, who taketh no remorse‡
Of womenkind, but doth devour all such as are astray,
So that no one dares go abroad nor wander forth the way;
And sith I have yet fifteen days myself for to prepare
To meet the Knight of the Golden Shield, my heart is void of care:
I will unto the forest wend, sith it is in my way,
And for my Juliana's sake that cruel serpent slay.
S. Shift. What, are you a madman? will you wilfully be slain?
If you go into that forest, you will never come out again.

* *beray*] i. e. befoul.
† *proin-stone*] i. e. prune-stone.

* *Where*] i. e. Whereas.
† *Clyo*] The 4to. "Clamy."
‡ *remorse*] i. e. pity.

Clam. Why so, Knowledge? dost thou think the serpent I fear?

S. Shift. No; but do you not know of Bryan Sans-foy, the champion, dwells there?

Clam. A cowardly knight, Knowledge, is he, and dares fight with no man.

S. Shift. Ah, a noble match! couple him and me together than.*

Yea, but although he dares not fight, an† enchanter he is,

And whosoever comes in that forest to enchant he doth not miss.

Clam. Tush, tush, I fear him not, Knowledge; and therefore come away.

S. Shift. Well, seeing you are so wilfull, go you before, I'll not stay. [*Exit* CLAMYDES.

Ah sirrah, now I know all my master's mind, the which I did not before:

He adventureth for a lady—well, I say no more.

But to escape the enchantments of Bryan Sans-foy,—

That's Bryan Without-faith,—I have devis'd a noble toy;‡

For he and I am § both of one consanguinity;

The veriest cowardly villain that ever was born, that's of a certainty,

I'll fight with no man; no more will Bryan, that's plain,

But by his enchantments he putteth many to great pain,

And in a forest of strange marvels doth he keep, ||

Altogether by enchantments to bring men asleep

Till he have wrought his will of them. To Bryan straight will I,

And of my master's coming to the forest inform him privily:

So shall I win his favour; and, Subtle Shift, in the end

Thou shalt escape his enchantment, for he will be thy friend.

Well, unknown to my master, for mine own safeguard, this will I do;

And now, like a subtle shifting knave, after him I'll go. [*Exit.*

Enter BRYAN SANS-FOY.*

B. Sans-foy. Of Bryan Sans-foy who hath not heard? not for his valiant acts,

But well I know throughout the world do ring his cowardly facts.

What though, I pray? all are not born to be God Mars his men;

To toy with dainty dames in courts should be no copesmates† then:

If all were given to chivalry, then Venus might go weep,

For any court in venery that she were like to keep.

But shall I frame, then, mine excuse by serving Venus she,

When I am known throughout the world faint-hearted for to be?

No, no, alas, it will not serve! for many a knight in love,

Most valiant hearts no doubt they have, and knightly prowess prove

To get their ladies' loyal hearts; but I in Venus' yoke

Am forc'd for want of valliancy my freedom to provoke,

Bearing the name and port of knight, enchantments for to use,

Wherewith full many a worthy wight most cowardly I abuse;

As witnesseth the number now which in my castle lie,

Who, if they were at liberty, in arms I durst not try

The feeblest there though he unarm'd, so is my courage daunted

Whenas‡ I see the glittering arms whereby each knight is vaunted.

But how I vanquish these same knights is wonderful to see;

And knights that ventur'd for her love, whom I do love, they be,

That's Juliana, daughter to the King of Denmark's grace,

Whose beauty is the cause that I do haunt or keep this place,

For that no wight may her possess, unless by vow decreed

He bring and do present to her the flying serpent's head:

---

* *than*] i. e. then: see note *, p. 206, sec. col.

† *an*] The 4to. "and."

‡ *toy*] i. e. conceit, fancy, scheme.

§ *he and I am*] So *post*, p. 503, sec. col., "such as you and I *am*," &c.

|| *keep*] i. e. dwell.

* *Bryan Sans-foy*] Our author probably borrowed the name *Sans-foy* from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, B. I. C. ii.: see *Account of Peele and his Writings*, p. 344.

† *copesmates*] "A Copesmate, *Socius*." Coles's *Dict.*

‡ *Whenas*] i. e. When.

Which many have attempt * to do, but none yet could him slay,
Ne † afterward hence back again for me could pass away,
For that through my enchantments, lo, which here this forest keep,
So soon as I did look on them, they straight were in a sleep;
Then presently I them unarm'd and to my castle brought,
And there in prison they do lie, not knowing what was wrought.
Lo, thus I range the woods to see who doth the serpent slay,
That by enchantment I may take the head from him away,
And it present unto the dame, as though I were her knight.
Well, here comes one: I'll shroud myself, for sure I will not fight.

Enter SUBTLE SHIFT.

S. Shift. Gog's blood,‡ where might I meet with that cowardly knave, Bryan Sans-foy?
I could tell him such a tale now as would make his heart leap for joy.
Well, yonder I have espied one, whatsoever he be.
B. Sans-foy. [*aside.*] Nay, Gog's blood, I'll be gone; he shall not fight with me:
But by enchantment I'll be even with him by and by.
S. Shift. Ah, an't shall please you, I'll fight with no man; never come so nigh.
B. Sans-foy. Why, what art thou, declare; whither dost thou run?
S. Shift. Even the cowardliest villain, an't shall please you, that lives under the sun.
B. Sans-foy. What, of my fraternity? dost thou not know Bryan Sans-foy?
S. Shift. What, Master Bryan! Jesu, how my heart doth leap for joy
That I have met with you! who ever had better luck?
But touch me not.§
B. Sans-foy. Wherefore?
S. Shift. Ah, lest you enchant me into the likeness of a buck!

B. Sans-foy. Tush, tush, I warrant thee: but what art thou, declare.
S. Shift. Knowledge, an it shall please you; who hither doth repair
To tell you good news.
B. Sans-foy. Good news! what are they, Knowledge, express.
S. Shift. A knight hath slain the flying serpent.
B. Sans-foy. Tush, it is not so.
S. Shift. It is most true that I do confess.
B. Sans-foy. Ah, what hight * his name, Knowledge? let me that understand.
S. Shift. Clamydes, the White Knight, son to the King of Suavia land,
Who for Juliana, daughter to the King of Denmark's grace,
Did take the attempt in hand: now you know the whole case.
B. Sans-foy. Ah happy news of gladsomeness unto my daunted mind!
Now for to win my lady's love good fortune is assign'd;
For though she be Clamydes' right, won worthily indeed,
Yet will I sure possess that dame by giving of the head.
But, Knowledge, whereabout declare doth that Clamydes rest.
S. Shift. Even hard by in the forest here, where he slew the beast,
I left him, and to seek you did hie:
But let us go further into the woods, you shall meet him by and by.
B. Sans-foy. Well, Knowledge, for thy pains take this as some reward; [*Gives money.*
And if thou wilt abide with me, be sure I'll thee regard
Above all others of my men; besides I'll give to thee
A thing that from enchantments aye preservèd shalt thou be.
S. Shift. Then here is my hand, I'll be your servant ever.
B. Sans-foy. And, seeing thou art a coward as well as I, I'll forsake thee never.
But come, let us go Clamydes to meet.
S. Shift. Keep on your way and I'll follow.
[*Exit* BRYAN SANS-FOY.
I trust if he meet him, he 'll take him to his feet.

---

* *attempt*] i. e attempted.
† *Ne*] i. e. Nor.
‡ *Gog's blood*] A corruption of *God's blood*.
§ *But touch me not.*] Given to "Bryan," in the 4to.; where also the next nine speeches are wrongly distributed, what belongs to Bryan being assigned to Shift, and vice versâ.

* *hight*] i. e. is called |

Gog's blood, was ever seen such a jolt-headed villain as he,
To be so afraid of such a faint-heart knave as I am to see?
Of the fraternity, quoth you? by'rlady,* it's a notable brood!
Well, Shift, these chinks† doeth‡ thy heart some good;
And I'll close with Bryan till I have gotten the thing
That he hath promis'd me, and then I'll be with him to bring: §
Well, such shifting knaves as I am, the ambo-dexter ‖ must play,
And for commodity ¶ serve every man, whatsoever the world say.
Well, after Bryan I will, and close with him a while,
But, as well as Clamydes, in the end I'll him beguile. [*Exit.*

Enter CLAMYDES *with the head of the flying serpent upon his sword.*

Clam. Ah happy day! my deadly foe submitted hath to death:
Lo, here the hand, lo, here the sword that stopt the vital breath!
Lo, here the head that shall possess my Juliana** dear!
The Knight of the Golden Shield his force what need I now to fear?
Since I by force subdu'd have this serpent fierce of might,
Who vanquish'd hath, as I have heard, full many a worthy knight,
Which, for to win my lady's love, their lives have ventur'd here:
Besides, that cowardly Bryan, which the Faithless Shield†† doth bear.

A number keeps, as I have heard, as captives in his hold,
Whom he hath by enchantment got and not through courage bold.
Shall such defamèd dastards, dar'd* by knights, thus bear their name?
Shall such as are without all faith live to impair our fame?
Shall valiant hearts by cowardly charm be kept in captives' thrall?
Shall knights live subject to a wretch which hath no heart at all?
Nay, first, Clamydes, claim to thee fell Atropos her† stroke,
Ere thou dost see such worthy knights to bear the heavy yoke
Of cowardly Bryan Without-faith: his charms let daunt not thee;
And for his force thou need'st not fear, the gods thy shield will be.
Well, to meet the Knight of the Golden Shield yet ten days' space I have
And to set free these worthy knights; but rest a while I crave:
Here in this place near to this fort, for that I weary am
With travail since from killing of the serpent late I came,‡
Lo, here a while I mind to rest, and Bryan then subdue,
And then to Alexander's court, to keep my promise true. [*Lies down and falls asleep.*

Enter BRYAN SANS-FOY *and* SUBTLE SHIFT.

B. Sans-foy. Come, Knowledge, for here he lies, laid weary on the ground.
S. Shift. Nay, I'll not come in his sight, if you would give me a thousand pound,
For he is the terriblest knight of any you have heard spoke;
He'll beat a hundred such as you and I am § down at one stroke.
B. Sans-foy. Tush, fear thou naught at all: I have charm'd him, and he is fast asleep,
Lying near unto the castle here which I do keep;

* *by'rlady*] i. e. by our Lady.

† *chinks*] i. e. pieces of money.

‡ *doeth*] See note *, p. 490: but here perhaps "*doeth*" might be altered to "do" without injury to the metre.

§ *I'll be with him to bring*] The very obscure expression *to be with a person to bring* occurs also in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, act i. sc. 2, in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, act iv., in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, act v. sc. 4 (which passages are cited at full in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, &c., p. 149), and in Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, B. xxxix. 48.

‖ *ambodexter*] Or *ambidexter*, i. e. one who acts with either party, double-dealer. ("Ambodexter, Jack-on-both-side, *Ambidexter*." Coles's *Dict.*)

¶ *commodity*] i. e. interest, gain.

** *Juliana*] The 4to. "Iulianas."

†† *the Faithless Shield*] i. e. the shield which has the impress *Sans-foy*.

* *dar'd*] i. e. terrified, caused to cower.

† *her*] The 4to. "his."

‡ *for that I weary am*
With travail since from killing of the serpent late I came,
&c.] Here I formerly printed "*With* travel," &c.: but Clamydes had not *travelled* far since that adventure; and compare what he says in p. 530, sec. col.,—
"and when I had subdu'd the monster fell
Through weary fight and *travail* great," &c.

§ *you and I am*] See note §, p. 501, first col.

And ten days in this sleep I have charm'd him to remain
Before nature shall overcome it that he might* wake again.
In the mean season, lo, behold, the serpent's head I'll take away,
His shield, and his apparel: this done, then will I convey
His body into prison, with other his companions to lie,
Whose strengths, ah Knowledge, I durst never attempt to try!

S. Shift. Ah, handle him softly, or else you will cause him to awake!

B. Sans-foy. Tush, tush, not if all the noise in the world I were able to make:
Till ten days be expirèd the charm will not leave him;
And then, I am sure, he will marvel who did thus deceive him.

[*Takes away from* CLAMYDES *his apparel, his shield, and the serpent's head.*

So, now he is strippèd, stay thou here for a season,
And I'll go fetch two of my servants to carry him into prison.

S. Shift. Well, do so, Master Bryan, and for your coming I'll stay. [*Exit* BRYAN.

Gog's blood,† what a villain am I my master to betray!
Nay, sure, I'll awake him, if it be possible, ere they carry him to jail.—
Master! what, master! awake, man! what, master!—Ah, it will not prevail!‡
Am not I worthy to be hang'd? was ever seen such a deceitful knave?
What villany was in me when unto Bryan understanding I gave
Of my master's being in this forest? but much I muse, indeed,
What he means to do with my master's apparel, his shield, and the head.
Well, seeing it is through my villany my master is at this drift,
Yet, when he is in prison, Shift shall not be void of a shift
To get him away; but if it ever come to his ear
That I was the occasion of it, he'll hang me, that's clear.

Well, here comes Bryan: I'll cloak with him, if I may,
To have the keeping of my master in prison night and day.

Re-enter BRYAN SANS-FOY *with two* Servants.

B. Sans-foy. Come, sirs, take up this body, and carry it in to the appointed place,
And there let it lie, for as yet he shall sleep ten days' space.

[*Exeunt* Servants, *carrying out* CLAMYDES.

S. Shift. How say you, Master Bryan, shall I of him have the guard?

B. Sans foy. By my troth, policy thy good-will to reward;
In hope of thy just service, content, I agree
For to resign the keeping of this same knight unto thee:
But give me thy hand that thou wilt deceive me never.

S. Shift. Here's my hand: charm, enchant, make a spider-catcher* of me, if I be false to you ever.

B. Sans-foy. Well, then, come, follow after me, and the guard of him thou shalt have.

S. Shift. A thousand thanks I give you: this is all the promotion I crave.

[*Exit* BRYAN SANS-FOY.

Ah sirrah, little knows Bryan that Clamydes my master is;
But to set him free from prison I intend not to miss:
Yet still in my mind I can do no other but muse
What practice† with my master's apparel and shield he will use.
Well, seeing I have play'd the crafty knave with the one, I'll play it with the other;
Subtle Shift for advantage will deceive his own brother. [*Exit.*

Here a noise of Mariners *within.*

Clyo. [*within.*] Ah, set me to shore, sirs, in what country soever we be!

Shipmaster.‡ [*within.*] Well, hale out the cock-boat, seeing so sick we do him see:
Strike sail, cast anchors, till we have rigg'd our ship again,
For never were we in such storms before, that's plain.

* *might*] Qy. "may"?
† *Gog's blood*] A corruption of *God's blood*.
‡ *prevail*] i. e. avail.

* *spider-catcher*] i. e. monkey.
† *practice*] i. e. artful tricks.
‡ *Shipmaster*] The 4to. "Shiftmai."

Enter CLYOMON *and* Boatswain.

Clyo. Ah, boatswain, gramercies for thy setting me to shore!

Boat. Truly, gentleman, we were never in the like tempests before.

Clyo. What country is this wherein now we be!

Boat. Sure, the Isle of Strange Marshes, as our master told to me.

Clyo. How far is it from Macedonia canst thou declare?

Boat. More than twenty days' sailing, an if the weather were fair.

Clyo. Ah cruel hap of Fortune's spite, which sign'd* this luck to me!—

What palace, boatswain, is this same, canst thou declare, we see?

Boat. There King Patranius keeps his court, so far as I do guess,

And by this train of ladies here I sure can judge no less.

Clyo. Well, boatswain, there is for thy pains; and here upon the shore [*Gives money.*

I'll lie to rest my weary bones; of thee I crave no more.

[*Exit* Boatswain. CLYOMON *lies down.*†

Enter NERONIS, *two* Lords, *and two* Ladies.

Nero. My lords,

Come, will it please you walk abroad to take the pleasant air,

According to our wonted use, in fields both fresh and fair?

My ladies here, I know right well, will not gainsay the same.

First Lord. Nor we, sure, for to pleasure you, Neronis, noble dame.

Nero. Yes, yes, men they love entreaty much before they will be won.

Sec. Lord. No, princess, that hath women's nature‡ been since first the world begun.

Nero. So you say.

First Lord. We boldly may,

Under correction of your grace.

Nero. Well, will it please you forth to trace?

That, when we have of fragrant fields the dulcet fumes obtain'd, [gain'd

We may unto the sea-side go, whereas§ are to be

More strange* sights among Neptune's waves in seeing ships to sail,

Which pass here by my father's shore with merry western gale.

First Lord. We shall your highness lead the way to fields erst spoke before.

Nero. Do so, and, as we do return, we'll come hard by the shore. [*Exeunt.*

Clyo. What greater grief can grow to gripe the heart of grievèd wight

Than thus to see fell Fortune she to hold his state in spite?

Ah cruel chance, ah luckless lot, to me poor wretch assign'd!

Were ever seen such contraries by fraudulent goddess blind

To any one, save only I, imparted for to be?

T' amate† the mind of any man, did ever Fortune she

Show forth herself so cruel bent as thus to keep me back

From pointed place by weather driven, my sorrows more to sack?‡

Ah fatal hap! herein, alas, what further shall I say?

Since I am forcèd for to break mine oath and pointed day

Before King Alexander's grace: Clamydes will be there,

And I through Fortune's cruel spite oppress'd with sickness here;

For now within two days it is that we should meet togither:§

Woe worth the wind and raging storms, alas, that brought me hither!

Now will Clamydes me accuse a faithless knight to be,

And eke report that cowardliness did daunt the heart of me:

The worthy praise that I have won through fame shall be defac'd,

The name of the Knight of the Golden Shield, alas, shall be eras'd!‖

---

* *sign'd*] i. e. assigned.

† *Clyomon lies down.*] The audience, of course, were to suppose that a change of scene took place on the entrance of Neronis; and that after her exit the stage again represented the sea-shore. See note *, p. 160, sec. col.; note *, p. 237, first col.; note *, p. 456, first col.

‡ *nature*] The 4to. "natures."

§ *whereas*] i. e. where.

* *strange*] The 4to. "straunger." The double comparative was frequently used; but here it mars the verse, unless we alter "*among*" to "'mong."

† *amate*] i. e. daunt, dismay.—The 4to. "animate."

‡ *sack*] i. e. heap—as by pouring out of a *sack*: so we afterwards find in the present play, p. 515, first col.,

"Hath *sack'd* on me such hugy heaps of ceaseless sorrows here,"

—a sense in which I do not remember to have seen the word used elsewhere.

§ *togither*] So written for the rhyme.

‖ *eras'd*] The 4to. "defaced."

Before that noble prince of might whereas Clamydes he
Will show himself in combat-wise for to exclaim on me
For breaking of my pointed day; and, Clyomon, to thy grief,
Now art thou in a country strange, clean void of all relief,
Oppress'd with sickness through the rage of stormy blasts and cold:—
Ah Death, come with thy direful mace! for longer to unfold
My sorrows here it booteth not: yet, Clyomon, do stay;
The ladies, lo, come towards thee that walk'd the other way.

Enter NERONIS, *two* Lords, *and two* Ladies.

Nero. Come, fair dames, sith that we have in fragrant fields obtain'd
Of dulcet flowers the pleasant smell, and that these knights disdain'd
Not to bear us company, our walk more large to make,
Here by the sea of surging waves our home-return we'll take.*—
My lords, therefore, do keep your way.

First Lord. As it please your grace, we shall obey.

But, behold, madam, what woful wight here in our way before, [shore.
As seemeth very sick to me, doth lie upon the

Nero. My lords, let's know the cause of grief whereof he is oppress'd,
That, if he be a knight, it may by some means be redress'd.—
Fair sir, well met: why lie you here? what is your cause of grief?

Clyo. O lady, sickness by the sea hath me oppress'd, in brief.

Nero. Of truth, my lords, his countenance bewrays him for to be,
In health, of valiant heart and mind and eke of high degree.

Second Lord. It doth no less than so import, O princess, as you say.

Nero. Of whence are you, or what's your name, you wander forth this way?

Clyo. Of small valure,† O lady fair, alas, my name it is!
And for not telling of the same hath brought me unto this.

* *take*] The 4to. "make."
† *valure*] i. e. value, worth.

Nero. Why, for what cause, sir knight, should you not express your name?

Clyo. Because, O lady, I have vow'd contrary to the same;
But where I travel, lady fair, in city, town, or field,
I'm called and do bear by name the Knight of the Golden Shield.

Nero. Are you that Knight of the Golden Shield, of whom such fame doth go?

Clyo. I am that selfsame knight, fair dame, as here my shield doth show.

Nero. Ah worthy, then, of help indeed!—
My lords, assist, I pray,
And to my lodging in the court see that you him convey,
For certainly within my mind his state is much deplor'd.—
But do despair in naught, sir knight, for you shall be restor'd,
If physic may your grief redress; for I, Neronis, lo,
Daughter to Patranius King, for that which fame doth show
Upon your acts, will be your friend, as after you shall prove.

First Lord. In doing so you shall have meed* of mighty Jove above.

Clyo. O princess, if I ever be to health restor'd again,
Your faithful servant, day and night, I vow here to remain.

Nero. Well, my lords, come after me; do bring him, I require.

Both Lords. We shall, O princess, willingly accomplish your desire. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BRYAN SANS-FOY, *having on the apparel of* CLAMYDES, *with his shield, and the serpent's head.*

B. Sans-foy. Ah sirrah,
Now are the ten days full expir'd wherein Clamydes he
Shall wake out of his charmed sleep, as shortly you shall see.
But here I have what I desir'd, his shield, his coat, and head:
To Denmark will I straight prepare,† and there present with speed.

* *meed*] The 4to. "need."
† *prepare*] I should have felt no hesitation in altering this word to "repair," had I not found in the previous portion of the play;
"To Suavia soile I swiftly will *prepare* my footsteps right."
p. 493, first col.

The same to Juliana's grace, as in Clamydes' name,
Whereby I am assur'd I shall enjoy that noble dame;
For why* Clamydes he is safe for ever being free,
And unto Knowledge is he left here guarded for to be.
But no man knows of my pretence,† ne‡ whither I am gone;
For secretly from castle I have stoln this night alone,
In this order as you see, in the attire of a noble knight;
But yet, poor Bryan, still thy heart holds courage in despite.
Well, yet the old proverb to disprove I purpose to begin,
Which always saith that cowardly hearts fair ladies never win:
Shall I not Juliana win, and who hath a cowardlier heart?
Yet for to brag and boast it out, I'll will none take my part;
For I can look both grim and fierce as though I were of might,
And yet three frogs out of a bush my heart did so affright
That I fell dead almost therewith: well, cowardly as I am,
Farewell, forest, for now I will, in Knight Clamydes' name,
To Denmark to present this head to Juliana bright,
Who shall a cowardly dastard wed instead of a worthy knight. [*Exit.*

Enter SUBTLE SHIFT *with sword and target.*

S. Shift. Be§ your leave, I came up so early this morning that I cannot see my way;
I am sure it's scarce yet in the break of the day.
But you muse, I am sure, wherefore these weapons I bring:
Well, listen unto my tale, and you shall know every thing;
Because I play'd the shifting knave to save myself from harm,
And by my procurement my master was brought in this charm.
The ten days are expir'd, and this morning he shall awake,
And now, like a crafty knave, to the prison my way will I take
With these same weapons, as though I would fight to set him free,
Which will give occasion that he shall mistrust there was no deceit in me;
And having the charge of him here under Bryan Saus-foy,
I'll open the prison-doors, and make as though I did employ
To do it by force, through good-will and only for his sake;
Then shall Clamydes, being at liberty, the weapons of me take,
And set upon Bryan and all his men, now that they are asleep,
And so be revengèd for that he did him keep
By charm: in this order so shall they both deceivèd be,
And yet upon neither part mistrust towards me.
Well, near to the prison I'll draw to see if he be awake:
Hark, hark, this same is he, that his lamentation doth make!

Clam. [*in prison.*] Ah fatal hap! where am I, wretch? in what distressèd case!
Bereft of tire, of* head, and shield, not knowing in what place
My body is! Ah heavenly gods, was e'er such strangeness seen?
What, do I dream? or am I still within the forest green?
Dream! no, no, 'las, I dream not I! my senses all do fail,
The strangeness of this cruel hap doth make my heart to quail.
Clamydes, ah, by Fortune she what froward luck and fate
Most cruelly assignèd is unto thy noble state!
Where should I be? or in what place hath destiny assign'd
My silly† corpse for want of food and comfort to be pin'd?

---

and, in the subsequent part, a passage which is still more to the point;

"I, Providence, *prepaire*
To thee from scate of mightie Joue."
p. 520, sec. col.

* *For why*] i. e. Because.
† *pretence*] i. e. intention.
‡ *ne*] i. e. nor.
§ *Be*] i. e. By.

* *tire. of*] The 4to. "Tyro."
† *silly*] i.e. poor, wretched.—Here the 4to has "scly"; but in p. 491, sec. col., it has "my *silly* barke," and in p. 533, sec. col., "a *sillie* [*silly*] shepheards boy."

Ah, farewell hope of purchasing my lady! since is lost
The serpent's head, whereby I should possess that jewel most.
Ah, farewell hope of honour eke! now shall I break my day
Before King Alexander's grace, whereon my faith doth stay.
And shall I be found a faithless knight? fie on fell Fortune, she
Which hath her wheel of froward chance thus whirlèd back on me!
Ah, farewell King of Suavia land! ah, farewell Denmark dame!
Farewell, thou Knight of the Golden Shield! to thee shall rest all fame;
To me this direful destiny; to thee, I know, renown;
To me the blast of Ignomy; to thee Dame Honour's crown.
Ah, hateful hap! what shall I say? I see the gods have sign'd *
Through cruelty my careful corpse in prison to be pin'd;
And naught, alas, amates† me so, but that I know not where I am,
Nor how into this doleful place my woful body came!

S Shift. Alas, good Clamydes, in what an admiration is he,
Not knowing in what place his body should be!

Clam. [*in prison.*] Who nameth poor Clamydes there? reply to him again.

S. Shift. An't shall please you, I am your servant Knowledge, which in a thousand woes for you remain.

Clam. [*in prison.*] Ah Knowledge, where am I, declare, and be brief.

S. Shift. Where are you! faith, even in the castle of that false thief,
Bryan Sans-foy, against whom to fight and set you free,
Look out at the window, behold, I have brought tools with me.

Clam. [*in prison.*] Ah Knowledge, then cowardly that caitiff did me charm?

S. Shift. Yea, or else he could never have done you any harm:
But be of good cheer; for such a shift I have made,
That the keys of the prison I have got, yourself persuade,
Wherewith this morning I am come to set you free,
And, as they lie in their beds, you may murder Bryan and his men, and set all other at liberty.

Clam. [*in prison.*] Ah Knowledge, this hath me bound to be thy friend for ever!

S. Shift. A true servant, you may see, will deceive his master never.

[*Opens the prison-door.*

So, the doors are open; now come and follow after me.

Enter CLAMYDES.

Clam. Ah heavens, in what case myself do I see!
But speak, Knowledge, canst thou tell how long have I been here?

S. Shift. These ten days full, and sleeping still; this sentence is most clear.

Clam. Alas, then this same is the day the which appointed was
By the Knight of the Golden Shield to me that combat ours should pass
Before King Alexander's grace; and there I know he is!
Ah cruel Fortune, why shouldst thou thus wrest my chance amiss,
Knowing I do but honour seek, and thou dost me defame,
In that contrary mine expect thou all things seeks to frame?
The faith and loyalty of a knight thou causest me to break:
Ah hateful dame, why shouldst thou thus thy fury on me wreak?
Now will King Alexander judge the thing in me to be
The which, since first I arms could bear, no wight did ever see.
But, Knowledge, give from thee to me those weapons, that I may
Upon that Bryan be reveng'd, which cowardly did betray
Me of my things, and here from thrall all other knights set free
Whom he by charm did bring in bale * as erst he did by me.
Come, into his lodging will I go, and challenge him and his.

S. Shift. Do so, and to follow I will not miss.

[*Exit* CLAMYDES *with the weapons.*

* *sign'd*] i. e. assigned.
† *amates*] i. e. daunts, dismays.

* *bale*] i. e. misery.

Ah sirrah, here was a shift according to my nature and condition ! *
And a thousand shifts more I have to put myself out of suspicion :
But it doth me good to think how that cowardly knave, Bryan Sans-foy,
Shall be taken in the snare ; my heart doth even leap for joy.
Hark, hark ! my master is amongst them ; but let him shift as he can,
For not, to deal with a dog, he shall have help of his man. [*Exit.*

Re-enter, after a little fight within, CLAMYDES, *with three* Knights.

Clam. Come, come, sir knights ; for so unfortunate was never none as I ;
That I should joy † that is my joy the heavens themselves deny :
That cowardly wretch that kept you here, and did me so deceive,
Is fled away, and hath the shield the which my lady gave
To me in token of her love, the serpent's head like case,
For which this mine adventure was, to win her noble grace.
First Knight. And sure that same th' occasion was why we adventur'd hether.‡
Clam. Well, sith I have you deliver'd, whenas § you please, together,
Each one into his native soil his journey do prepare ;
For though that I have broke my day, as erst I did declare,
Through this most cowardly caitiff's charms, in meeting of the knight
Which of the Golden Shield bears name, to know else what he hight ||
I will to Alexander's court, and if that thence he be,
Yet will I seek to find him out, lest he impute to me
Some cause of cowardliness to be ; and therefore, sir knights, depart ;
As to myself I wish to you with fervent zeal of heart :
Yet, if that any one of you do meet this knight by way,
What was the cause of this my let,* let him perstand † I pray.
All the Knights. We shall not miss, O noble knight, t' accomplish this your will.
Clam. Well, then, adieu, sir knights, each one ; the gods protect you still !
[*Exeunt* Knights.
What, Knowledge, ho ! where art thou, man ? come forth, that hence we may.
S. Shift. [*within.*] Where am I ! faith, breaking open of chests here within, for I'll have the spoil of all away.
Clam. Tush, tush,
I pray thee come, that hence we may ; no riches thou shalt lack.

Re-enter SHIFT *with a bag on his back.*

S. Shift. I come now with as much money as I am able to carry of ‡ my back ;
Ah, there was never poor ass so loaden ! But how now ! that cowardly Bryan have you slain ?
And your shield, the serpent's head, and coat, have you again ?
Clam. Ah, no, Knowledge !
The knights that here were captives kept, they are by me at liberty,
But that false Bryan this same night is fled away for certainty,
And hath all things he took from me convey'd where none doth know.
S. Shift. O the bones of me ! how will you, then, do for the serpent's head to Juliana to show ?
Clam. I have no other hope, alas, but only that her grace
Will credit give unto my words, whenas § I show my case,
How they were lost : but first, ere I unto that dame return,
I'll seek the Knight of the Golden Shield whereas || he doth sojourn,
T' accomplish what my father will'd ; and therefore come away.
S. Shift. Well, keep on before, for I mind not to stay. [*Exit* CLAMYDES.

* *condition*] i. e. quality, disposition.
† *joy*] i. e. enjoy.
‡ *hether*] So spelt for the rhyme.
§ *whenas*] i. e. when.
|| *hight*] i. e. is called.

* *let*] i. e. hindrance.
† *perstand*] i. e. understand : as before and afterwards.
‡ *of*] i. e. on.
§ *whenas*] i. e. when.
|| *whereas*] i. e. where.

Ah sirrah, the craftier knave, the better luck! that's plain:
I have such a deal of substance here, where Bryan's men are slain,
That it passeth:* O, that I had while for to stay!
I could load a hundred carts full of kitchen-stuff away.
Well, it's not best to tarry too long behind, lest my master over-go,
And then some knave, knowing of my money, a piece of cozenage show. [*Exit.*

Enter NERONIS.

Nero. How can that tree but wither'd be,
That wanteth sap to moist the root?
How can that vine but waste and pine,
Whose plants are trodden under foot?
How can that spray but soon decay,
That is with wild weeds overgrown?
How can that wight in aught delight,
Which shows and hath no good-will shown?
Or else how can that heart, alas,
But die, by whom each joy doth pass?
Neronis, ah, I am the tree which wanteth sap to moist the root!
Neronis, ah, I am the vine whose plants are trodden under foot!
I am the spray which doth decay, and is with wild weeds overgrown;
I am the wight without delight, which shows and hath no good-will shown:
Mine is the heart by whom, alas, each pleasant joy doth pass!
Mine is the heart which vades† away as doth the flower or grass:
In wanting sap to moist the root, is joys that made me glad;
And plants being trodden under foot, is pleasures that were had:
I am the spray which doth decay, whom cares have overgrown—
But stay, Neronis; thou saist thou show'st and hast‡ no good-will shown:
Why, so I do; how can I tell? Neronis, force§ no cruelty;
Thou seest thy knight endued is with all good gifts of courtesy:
And doth Neronis love indeed? to whom love doth she yield?
Even to that noble bruit of fame,* the Knight of the Golden Shield.
Ah woful dame, thou know'st not thou of what degree he is!
Of noble blood his gestures show, I am assur'd of this.
Why, belike he is some runagate, that will not show his name:
Ah, why should I this allegate?† he is of noble fame.
Why dost thou not express thy love to him, Neronis, then?
Because‡ shamefacedness and womanhood bid us not seek to men.
Ah careful dame, lo, thus I stand, as 'twere one in a trance,
And lacketh boldness for to speak which should my words advance!
The Knight of the Golden Shield it is to whom a thrall I am,
Whom I to health restorèd have since that to court he came:§
And now he is prest‖ to pass again upon his weary way
Unto the court of Alexander; yet hath he broke his day,
As he to me the whole express'd.—Ah sight that doth me grieve!
Lo where he comes to pass away, of me to take his leave!

Enter CLYOMON.

Clyo. Who hath more cause to praise the gods than I, whose state deplor'd,
Through physic and Neronis' help, to health am now restor'd?
Whose fervent thrall I am become: yet urgent causes dooth
Constrain me for to keep it close, and not to put in proof
What I might do to win her love; as first my oath and vow
In keeping of my name unknown, which she will not allow.

---

* *passeth*] i. e. exceedeth.
† *vades*] i. e. fades,—passes.
hast] The 4to. "hath."
§ *force*] Does it mean—regard, or urge?

* *bruit of fame*] i. e. report of fame,—person celebrated by fame.
† *allegate*] i. e. allege. ‡ *Because*] Qy. "'Cause"?
§ *came*] Here the 4to. has "cam": but in p. 503, sec. col., and in p. 508, first col., it has "*came*" as the rhyme to "*am*."
‖ *prest*] i. e. ready, or, perhaps, eager, as in p. 495, first col.

If I should seem to break * my mind, being a princess born,
To yield her love to one unknown, I know she'll think it scorn : [stay,
Besides, here longer in this court, alas, I may not
Although that with Clamydes he I have not kept my day,
Lest this he should suppose in me for cowardliness of heart :
To seek him out elsewhere I will from out this land depart.
Yet though unto Neronis she I may not show my mind,
A faithful heart, when I am gone, with her I leave behind,
Whose bounteousness I here have felt : but since I may not stay,
I will to take my leave of her before I pass away.
Lo where she walks.—O princess, well met: why are you here so sad?

Nero. Good cause I have, since pleasures pass, the which should make me glad.

Clyo. What you should mean, O princess dear, hereby I do not know.

Nero. Then listen to my talk a while, sir knight, and I will show,
If case you will re-answer me my question to absolve,†
The which propound‡ within my mind doth oftentimes revolve.

Clyo. I will, O princess, answer you as aptly as I may.

Nero. Well, then, sir knight, apply your ears and listen what I say.
A ship, that storms had tossèd long amidst the mounting waves,
Where harbour none was to be had, fell Fortune so depraves,§
Through ill success, that ship of hope, that anchor's hold doth fail,
Yet at the last she's driven to land with broken mast and sail,
And, through the force of furious wind and billows' bouncing blows,
She is a simple shipwreck made in every point, God knows.
Now this same ship by chance being found, the finders take such pain,
That fit to sail upon the seas they rig her up again,
And, where she was through storms sore shak'd, they make her whole and sound :
Now answer me directly here upon this my propound,
If this same ship thus rent and torn, being brought in former rate,
Should not supply the finder's turn * to profit [his estate
In what she might.

Clyo. Herein a-right
I will, O princess, as I may, directly answer you.
This ship thus found, I put the case it hath an owner now ;
Which owner shall sufficiently content the finder's charge,
And have again, to serve his use, his ship, his boat, or barge.
The ship, then, cannot serve the turn of finder,† this is plain,
If case the owner do content or pay him for his pain ;
But otherwise if none lay claim nor seem that ship to stay,
Then is it requisite it should the finder's pains repay
For such endeavour, as it is to serve for his behoof.

Nero. What owner truly that it hath, I have no certain proof.

Clyo. Then can I not define thereof, but thus I wish it were,
That you would me accept to be that ship, O lady fair,
And you the finder ! then it should be needless for to move,
If I the ship of duty ought to serve at your behoove.

Nero. Thou art the ship, O worthy knight, so shiver'd found by me.

Clyo. And owner have I none, dear dame, I yield me whole to thee :
For as this ship, I must confess, that was a shipwreck made,
Thou hast restor'd me unto health whom sickness caus'd to vade ; ‡
For which I yield, O princess dear, at pleasure thine to be,
If your grace, O noble dame, will so accept of me !

Nero. If case I will, what have you shown?

Clyo. Because § I am to you unknown.

---

* *break*] i. e. open, disclose.

† *absolve*] Here the 4to. has "obsolue": but afterwards, p. 533, first col., "*absolue.*"

‡ *propound*] i. e. proposition.

§ *depraves*] i. e. deprives : as before and afterwards.

* *turn*] The 4to. "true." Compare 6th line of the next speech.

† *finder*] The 4to. "finders." ‡ *vade*] i. e. fade.

§ *If case I will, what have you shown?*

Clyo. Because, &c.] Some mutilation here, it would seem.

Nero. Your fame importeth what you be.
Clyo. You may your pleasure say of me.
Nero. What I have said due proof[s] do show.
Clyo. Well, lady dear, to thee I owe
More service than of duty I am able to profess,
For that thou didst preserve my life amidst my deep distress:
But at this time I may not stay, O lady, here with thee:
Thou know'st the cause; but this I vow, within three-score days to be,
If destiny restrain me not, at court with thee again,
Protesting whilst that life doth last thine faithful to remain.
Nero. And is there, then, no remedy, but needs you will depart?
Clyo. No, princess, for a certainty; but here I leave my heart
In gage with thee till my return, which, as I said, shall be.
Nero. Well,
Sith no persuasion may prevail, this jewel take of me,
And keep it always for my sake. [*Gives jewel.*
Clyo. Of it a dear account I'll make:
Yet let us part, dear dame, with joy,
And to do the same I will myself employ.
Nero. Well, now adieu till thy return: the gods thy journey guide!
Clyo. And happily in absence mine for thee, dear dame, provide! [*Exit* NERONIS.
Ah Clyomon, let dolours die, drive daunts from out thy mind!
Since in the sight of Fortune now such favour thou dost find
As for to have the love of her, whom thou didst sooner judge
Would have denied thy loyalty and 'gainst thy good-will grudge.
But that I may here keep my day, you sacred gods, provide
Most happy fate unto my state, and thus my journey guide,
The which I tempt to take in hand Clamydes for to meet,
That the whole cause of my first let * to him I may repeat:
So shall I seem for to excuse myself in way of right,
And not be counted of my foe a false perjurèd knight. [*Exit.*

* *let*] i. e. hindrance.

Enter THRASELLUS *and two* Lords.

Thra. Where deep desire hath taken root, my lords, alas, you see
How that persuasion booteth not, if contrary it be
Unto the first expected hope where fancy * hath take place;
And vain it is for to withdraw by counsel in that case
The mind who with affection is to one only thing affected,
The which may not till dint of death from thence† be sure rejected.
You know, my lords, through fame what force of love hath taken place
Within my breast as touching now Nerenis' noble grace,
Daughter to Patranius King, who doth the sceptre sway
And in the Isle of Marshes eke bear rule now at this day:
Through love of daughter his my sorrows daily grow,
And daily dolours do me daunt, for that, alas, I show
Such friendship whereas ‡ favour none is to be found again;
And yet from out my careful mind naught may her love restrain.
I sent to crave her of the king; he answer'd me with nay:
But shall I not provide by force to fetch her thence away?
Yes, yes, my lords; and therefore let your aids be prest § with mine,
For I will sure Neronis have, or else my days I'll pine;
For King Patranius and his power I hold of small account:
To win his daughter to my spouse amids his men I'll mount.
First Lord. Most worthy prince, this rash attempt I hold not for the best,
For sure Patranius' power is great and not to be supprest;
For why || the isle environ'd is with sea on every side,
And landing-place, lo, is there none whereas you may have tide

* *fancy*] i. e. love.
† *thence*] The 4to. "them."
‡ *whereas*] i. e. where.
§ *prest*] i. e. ready.
|| *For why*] i. e. Because.

To set your men from ship to shore, but by one only way,
And in that place a garrison great he keepeth at this day;
So that if you should bring your power, your travail were in vain:
That is not certainly the way Neronis for to gain.
But this your grace may do indeed, and so I count it best;
To be in all points with a ship most like a merchant prest,
And sail with such as you think best, all dress'd in merchants' guise,
And for to get her to your ship some secret mean devise,
By showing of strange merchandise, or other such like thing:
Lo, this is best advice I can, Thrasellus, lord and king.

Second Lord. And certainly, as you have said, my lord, it is the way:—
Wherefore, O king, do prosecute the same without delay.

Thra. Of truth, my lords, this your advice doth for our purpose frame:
Come, therefore, let us hence depart to put in ure* the same
With present speed, for merchant-wise myself will thither sail.

First Lord. This is the way, if any be, of purpose to prevail. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CLYOMON *and a* Knight.

Clyo. Sir knight, of truth this fortune was most luckily assign'd,
That we should meet in travel thus, for thereby to my mind
You have a castle of comfort brought in that you have me told
Clamydes our appointed day no more than I did hold.

Knight. No, certis,† sir, he kept not day, the cause I have express'd,
Through that enchanter Bryan's charms he came full sore distress'd;
Yet fortune favour'd so his state that through his help all we,
Which captives were through cowardly craft, from bondage were set free,

* *ure*] i. e. use.
† *certis*] i. e. certainly.

And at our parting willèd* us, if any with you met,
We should inform you with the truth what was his only let.

Clyo. Well, know you where he abideth now, sir knight, I crave of courtesy.

Knight. No, questionless, I know not I, to say it of a certainty.

Clyo. Well, then, adieu, sir knight, with thanks; I let you on your way.

Knight. Unto the gods I you commit; naught else I have to say. [*Exit.*

Clyo. Ah sirrah, now the hugy† heaps of cares that lodgèd in my mind
Are scalèd‡ from their nestling-place, and pleasures passage find,
For that, as well as Clyomon, Clamydes broke his day;
Upon which news my passage now in seeking him I'll stay,
And to Neronis back again my joyful journey make,
Lest that she should in absence mine some cause of sorrow take:
And now all dumps of deadly dole that daunted knightly breast,
Adieu, since salve of solace sweet hath sorrows all supprest.
For that Clamydes cannot brag nor me accuse in ought,
Unto the gods of destinies, that thus our fates have brought
In equal balance to be weigh'd, due praises shall I send,
That thus to weigh each cause a-right their eyes to earth did bend.
Well,
To keep my day with lady now I mind not to be slack,
Wherefore unto Patranius' court I'll dress my journey back:
But stay, methinks I Rumour hear throughout this land to ring;
I will attend his talk to know what tidings he doth bring.

Enter RUMOUR§ *running.*

Rum. Ye rolling clouds, give Rumour room, both air and earth below,

* *willèd*] i. e. *he* willed, desired.
† *hugy*] i. e. huge.
‡ *scalèd*] i. e. separated, dispersed.
§ *Rumour*] Compare *The Induction* to Shakespeare's *Henry IV. Part Second.*

By sea and land, that every ear may understand and know
What woful hap is chancèd now, within the Isle, of late,
Which of Strange Marshes beareth name, unto the noblest state.
Neronis, daughter to the king, by the King of Norway * he
Within a ship of merchandise convey'd away is she.
The king with sorrow for her sake hath to death resign'd;
And having left his queen with child to guide the realm behind,
Mustantius, brother to the king, from her the crown would take;
But till she be deliverèd the lords did order make
That they before King Alexander thither coming should appeal,
And he, by whom they hold the crown, therein should rightly deal
For either part: lo, this to tell I Rumour have in charge,
And through all lands I do pretend † to publish it at large. [*Exit.*

Clyo. Ah woful Rumour ranging thus! what tidings do I hear?
Hath that false King of Norway stoln my love and lady dear?
Ah heart, ah hand, ah head, and mind, and every sense beside,
To serve your master's turn in need do every one provide!
For till that I revengèd be upon that wretched king,
And have again my lady dear and her from Norway bring,
I vow this body takes no rest. Ah Fortune, fickle dame,
That canst make glad and so soon sad a knight of worthy fame!
But what should I delay the time, now that my dear is gone?
Availeth aught to ease my grief, to make this pensive moan?
No, no;
Wherefore come, courage, to my heart, and, happy hands, prepare!
For of ‡ that wretched king I will wreak all my sorrow and care,
And, maugre all the might he may be able for to make,
By force of arms my lady I from him and his will take. [*Exit.*

Enter CLAMYDES, *and* SUBTLE SHIFT *with the bag on his back as before.*

Clam. Come, Knowledge, thou art much to blame thus for to load thyself,
To make thee on thy way diseas'd * with carrying of that pelf.
But now take courage unto thee, for to that Isle I will
Which of Strange Marshes callèd is; for fame declareth still
The Knight of the Golden Shield is there and in the court abideth:
Thither will I him to meet, whatsoever me betideth,
And know his name, as, thou canst tell, my father chargèd me,
Or else no more his princely court nor person for to see.
Come, therefore, that unto that isle we may our journey take,
And afterwards, having met with him, our viage † for to make
To Denmark, to my lady there, to show her all my case,
And then to Suavia, if her I have, unto my father's grace.

S. Shift. Nay, but, an't shall please you, are you sure the Knight of the Golden Shield in the Isle of Strange Marshes is?

Clam. I was informèd credibly; I warrant thee, we shall not miss.

S. Shift. Then keep on your way; I'll follow as fast as I can. [*Exit* CLAMYDES.

Faith, he even means to make a martris ‡ of poor Shift his man:
And I am so tied to this bag of gold I got at Bryan Sans-foy's,
That, I tell you, where this is, there all my joy is.
But I am so weary, sometimes with riding, sometimes with running, and other times going a-foot,
That, when I come § to my lodging at night, to bring me a woman it is no boot;

* *the King of Norway*] i. e. Thrasellus.
† *pretend*] i. e. intend.
‡ *of*] i. e. on.

* *diseas'd*] i. e. troubled, uneasy.
† *viage*] i. e. voyage.
‡ *martris*] i. e. (I suppose) martyr.
§ *come*] The 4to. "came."

And such care I take for this pelf, lest I should it lose,
That where I come, that it is gold for my life I dare not disclose.
Well, after my master I must: here's nothing still but running and riding;
But I'll give him the slip, sure, if I once come where I may have quiet biding. [*Exit.*

Enter NERONIS *in the forest, in man's apparel.*

Nero. As hare the hound, as lamb the wolf, as fowl the falcon's diut,
So do I fly from tyrant he, whose heart more hard than flint
Hath sack'd* on me such hugy† heaps of ceaseless sorrows here,
That sure it is intolerable the torments that I bear.
Neronis, ah, who knoweth thee a princess to be born,
Since fatal gods so frowardly thy fortune do adorn?
Neronis, ah, who knoweth her in painful page's show?
But no good lady will me blame which of my case doth know,
But rather, when they hear the truth wherefore I am disguis'd,
They'll say it is an honest shift the which I have devis'd;
Since I have given my faith and troth to such a bruit of fame ‡
As is the Knight of the Golden Shield, and tyrants seek to frame
Their engines to detract § our vows, as the King of Norway ‖ hath,
Who of all princes living now I find devoid of faith:
For, like a wolf in lambskin clad, he cometh with his aid,
All merchant-like, to father's court, and ginneth ¶ to persuade
That he had precious jewels brought,** which in his ship did lie,
Whereof he will'd me take my choice, if case I would them buy;
Then I, mistrusting no deceit, with handmaids one or two,
With this deceitful merchant then unto the ship did go.
No sooner were we under hatch but up they hois'd their sail,
And, having then to serve their turn a merry western gale,
We were lash'd out from the haven, lo, a dozen leagues and more,
When still I thought the bark had been at anchor by the shore.
But being brought by Norway here, not long in court I was,
But that to get from thence away I brought this feat to pass;
For making semblance unto him as though I did him love,
He gave me liberty or aught that serv'd for my behove;
And having liberty, I wrought by such a secret slight,*
That in this tire like to a page I scap'd away by night.
But, ah, I fear that by pursuit he will me overtake!
Well,
Here entereth one to whom some suit for service I will make.

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Go's† bones, turn in that sheep there, an you be good fellows!—Jesu, how cham‡ beray'd!§
Chave‖ a cur here, an a were my yellow, cha¶ must him conswade;
And yet an cha should kiss, look you, of the arse, cha must run myself an chill,**
An cha should entreat him with my cap in my hand, ha wad†† stand still.
But 'tis a world‡‡ to zee what merry lives we shepherds lead:
Why, we're gentlemen an we get once a thornbush over our head;

---

* *sack'd*] See note ‡, p. 505, sec. col.
† *hugy*] i. e. huge.
‡ *bruit of fame*] See note *, p. 510, sec. col.
§ *detract*] i. e. draw from each other, pull asunder.
‖ *the King of Norway*] i. e. Thrasellus.
¶ *ginneth*] i. e. (as perhaps I need hardly observe) beginneth.
** *brought*] The 4to. "bought."

* *slight*] i. e. artifice, contrivance.
† *Go's*] i. e. God's.
‡ *cham*] i. e. I am.
§ *beray'd*] i. e. befouled.
‖ *Chave*] i. e. I have.
¶ *cha*] i. e. I.
** *chill*] i. e. I will.
†† *ha wad*] i. e. he would. (In my former edition I queried "*ha wad* not"?—very improperly.)
‡‡ *a world*] i. e. a matter of wonder or admiration.

We may sleep with our vaces against the zon, an were hogs,
Bathe ourselves, stretch out our legs, an't were a kennel of dogs;
And then at night, when maids come to milking, the games begin:
But I may zay to you, my neighbour Hodge's* maid had a clap,—well, let them laugh that win!
Chave but one daughter, but chould† not vor vorty pence she were zo sped;
Cha may zay to you, she looks every night to go to bed:
But 'tis no matter, the whores be so whiskish when they're under a bush,
That they're never satisfied till their bellies be flush.
Well, cha must abroad about my flocks, lest the fengeance wolves catch a lamb,
Vor, by my cursen‡ zoul, they'll steal an cha stand by; § they're not averd of the dam.

Nero. [*aside.*] Well,
To scape the pursuit of the king, of this same shepherd here,
Suspicion wholly to avoid, for service I'll inquire.—
Well met, good father: for your use a servant do you lack?

Cor. What, you will not flout an old man, you courtnold‖ Jack?

Nero. No, truly, father, I flout you not; what I ask, I would have.

Cor. Go's bones, thee leest: ¶ serve a shepherd an be zo brave? **
You courtnoll crackropes, would be hang'd! you do nothing now and then
But come up and down the country, thus to flout poor men.
Go to, goodman boy; chave no zervice vor no zuch flouting Jacks as you be.

Nero. Father, I think as I speak; upon my faith and troth, believe me;
I will willingly serve you, if in case you will take me.

Cor. Dost not mock?

Nero. No, truly, father.

Cor. Then come with me; by Go's bones, chill never vorsake thee.
Whow, bones of my zoul, thou'lt be the bravest shepherd's boy in our town;
Thous go to church in this coat bevore Madge a Sunday in her grey gown:
Good Lord, how our church-wardens will look upon thee! bones of God, zeest,
There will be more looking at thee than our Sir John the parish-priest;
Why, every body will ask whose boy thou'rt; an cha can tell thee this by the way,
Thou shalt have all the varest wenches of our town in the vields vor to play;
There's neighbour Nichol's daughter, a jolly smug whore with vat cheeks,
And neighbour Hodge's maid—meddle not with her, she hath eaten set leeks,—
But there's Frumpton's wench in the frieze sack,* it will do thee good to see
What canvosing is at the milking-time between her and me;
And those wenches will love thee bonomably† in every place,
But do not vall in with them in any kind of case.

Nero. Tush, you shall not need to fear me: I can be merry with measure as well as they.

Cor. Well, then, come follow after me, and home chill lead thee the way. [*Exit.*

Nero. Alas, poor simple shepherd! by this princes may see
That, like man, like talk, in every degree. [*Exit.*

Enter THRASELLUS *and two* Lords.

Thra. My lords, pursue her speedily, she cannot far be gone;
And, lo, himself to seek her out, your king he will be one.
Ah fraudulent dame, how hath she gloz'd from me to get away!
With sugred words how hath she fed my senses night and day!
Professing love with outward shows, and inwardly her heart
To practise such a deep deceit, whereby she might depart
From out my court so suddenly, when I did wholly judge
She lov'd me most entirely and not against me grudge,

* *Hodge's*] The 4to. here "Hogs," but afterwards "*Hodges.*"
† *chould*] i. e. I would.
‡ *cursen*] i. e. christened.
§ *stand by*] Qy. "*stand* not *by*"?
‖ *courtnold*] i. e. courtier-like: the exact meaning of the subs. *courtnoll* is uncertain.
¶ *thee leest*] i. e. thou liest.—The 4to. "they *leest.*"
** *brave*] i. e. finely dressed.

* *sack*] i. e. a sort of loose upper-dress.—The 4to. "scake."
† *bonomably*] i. e. abominably, excessively.

She made such signs by outward shows! I blame not wit and policy,
But here I may exclaim and say, "Fie, fie, on women's subtilty!"
Well, well, my lords, no time delay, pursue her with all speed,
And I this forest will seek out myself, as is decreed,
With aid of such as are behind and will come unto me.

Both Lords. We shall not slack what here in charge to us is given by thee. [*Exeunt.*

Thra. Ah subtle Neronis, how hast thou me vexèd!
Through thy crafty dealings how am I perplexèd!
Did ever any win a dame and lose her in such sort?
The maladies are marvellous the which I do support
Through her deceit; but forth I will my company to meet:
If ever she be caught again, I will her so entreat*
That others all shall warning take by such a subtle dame,
How that a prince for to delude such engines they do frame.

Enter CLYOMON.

Clyo. Nay, traitor, stay, and take with thee that mortal blow or stroke
The which shall cause thy wretched corpse this life for to revoke:†
It joyeth me at the heart that I have met thee in this place.

Thra. What, varlet, dar'st thou be so bold with words in such a case
For to upbraid thy lord and king? what art thou, soon declare.

Clyo. My lord and king I thee defy;‡ and in despite I dare
Thee for to say, thou art no prince, for thou a traitor art;
And what reward is due therefore, to thee I shall impart.

Thra. Thou braggest all too boldly still: what hight § thy name, express.

Clyo. What hight my name thou shalt not know, ne‖ will I it confess;
But for that thou my lady stol'st from father's court away,
I'll sure revenge that traitorous fact upon thy flesh this day,
Since I have met so luckily with thee here all alone,
Although, as I do understand, from thee she now is gone;
Yet therefore do defend thyself, for here I thee assail.

Thra. Alas, poor boy, thinkest thou against me to prevail?

They fight, and THRASELLUS *falls.*

Thra. Ah heavens, Thrasellus he is slain!—Ye gods, his ghost receive! [*Dies.*

Clyo. Now hast thou justice for thy fact, as thy desert doth crave.
But, ah, alas, poor Clyomon, though thou thy foe hast slain,
Such grievous wounds thou hast receiv'd as do increase thy pain:
Unless I have some speedy help, my life must needly* waste,
And then, as well as traitor false, my corpse of death shall taste.
Ah my Neronis, where art thou? ah, where art thou become?
For thy sweet sake thy knight shall here receive his vital doom:
Lo, here, all gor'd in blood, thy faithful knight doth lie!
For thee, ah faithful dame, thy knight for lack of help shall die!
For thee, ah, here thy Clyomon his mortal stroke hath ta'en!
For thee, ah, these same hands of his the Norway King have slain!
Ah, bleeding wounds from longer talk my foltring† tongue do stay,
And, if I have not speedy help, my life doth waste away!

Enter CORIN *and his dog.*

Cor. A plague on thee for a cur! a ha‡ driven my § sheep above from the flock:
Ah thief, art not asham'd? I'll beat thee like a stock;

* *entreat*] i. e. treat.
† *revoke*] i. e. renounce.
‡ *My lord and king I thee defy*] i. e. I reject you for my lord and king.
§ *hight*] i. e. is called.
‖ *ne*] i. e. nor.

* *needly*] i. e. necessarily.
† *foltring*] i. e. faltering.
‡ *a ha*] Is evidently used here in the sense of "thou hast."—For explanations of some of the other words in this speech, see *ante*, pp. 515, 516.
§ *my*] The 4to. "me."

And cha been a-zeeking here above vour miles and more:
But chill tell you what, chave the bravest lad of Jack the courtnoll that ever was zeen bevore.
Ah, the whorecop* is plaguily well lov'd in our town!
An you had zeen [him] go to church bevore Madge my wife in her holiday gown,
You would have bless'd yourzelves t'ave seen it: she went even cheek by jowl
With our head-controm's† wife, brother to my neighbour Nichol;
You know ha dwells by Master Justice over the water on the other side of the hill,
Cham zure you know it, between my neighbour Filcher's varm-house and the wind-mill.
But an you did zee how Joan Jenkin and Gillian Geffrey love my boy Jack,—
Why, it is marvellation to see; Joan did so baste Gillian's back,
That, by Go's bones, I laugh'd till cha be-piss'd myzelf when cha zaw it:
All the maids in town vall out for my boy, but an the young men know it,
They'll be zo jealisom over them, that cham in doubt
Ich shall not keep Jack my boy till seven years go about.
Well, cham ne'er the near‡ vor my sheep, chave sought it this vour mile;
But chill home and send Jack foorth to zeek it another while.
But, bones of God, man, stay! Jesu, whather wilt? wha, what mean'st lie here?

Clyo. Ah, good father, help me!

Cor. Nay, who there,§ by your leave! chill not come near.—
What, another? bones of me, he is either kill'd or dead!—
Nay, varewell: vorty pence,‖ ye're a knave!—Go's death, 'a doth bleed!

Clyo. I bleed, indeed, father; so grievous my wounds be,
That if I have not speedy help, long life is not in me.

Cor. Why, what art thou? or how chanc'd thou camest in this case?

Clyo. Ah father, that dead corpse which thou seest there in place,
He was a knight and mine enemy whom here I have slain,
And I a gentleman whom he hath wounded with marvellous pain.
Now thou knowest the truth, good father, show some courtesy
To stop my bleeding wounds, that I may find some remedy
My life to preserve, if possible I may.

Cor. Well, hear you, gentleman, chould have you know this by the way,
Cham but vather Corin the shepherd, cham no suringer* I;
But chill do what cha can vor you, cha were loth to see you die.
Lo, how zay you by this? have cha done you any ease?†

Clyo. Father, thy willingness of a certainty doth me much please.
But, good father, lend me thy helping hand once again,
To bury this same knight whom here I have slain:
Although he was to me a most deadly enemy,
Yet to leave his body unburied were great cruelty.

Cor. Bones of God, man, our priest dwells too far away.

Clyo. Well, then, for want of a priest, the priest's part I will play:
Therefore, father, help me to lay his body aright,
For I will bestow a hearse of‡ him because he was a knight,
If thou wilt go to a cottage hereby and fetch such things as I lack.

Cor. That chill, gentleman, and by and by return back. [*Exit.*

Clyo. But, Clyomon, pluck up thy heart with courage once again;
And I will set o'er his dead corse, in sign of victory [plain],
My golden shield, and sword but with the point hanging down,
As one conquer'd§ and lost his renown,

---

* *whorecop*] i. e. bastard.

\+ *controm's*] i.e. perhaps, comptor's, countor's—(auditor of some sort).

‡ *ne'er the near*] i. e. never the nearer.

§ *who there*] i. e. ho there,—stop there.

‖ *vorty pence*] i. e. I will lay forty pence: see Steevens's note on the words, "forty pence, no," in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.* act ii. sc. 3.

* *suringer*] i. e. surgeon.

\+ *have cha done you any ease?*] The 4to. has no stage-direction here. Most probably we are to suppose that Corin binds up the wounds of Clyomon.

‡ *of*] i. e. on.

§ *As one conquer'd*, &c.] Some mutilation here.

Writing likewise thereupon, that all passengers may see, [by me.
That the false King of Norway here lieth slain

Re-enter CORIN *with a hearse.**

Cor. Lo, gentleman, cha brought zuch things as are requisite for the zame.

Clyo. Then, good father, help me the hearse for to frame.

Cor. That† chall, gentleman, in the best order that cha may.

O, that our parish-priest were here ! that you might hear him say ; ‡
Vor, by Go's bones, an there be any noise in the church, in the midst of his prayers he'll swear :
Ah, he loves hunting a-life ! § would to God you were acquainted with him a while !
And as vor a woman,—well, chill zay nothing, but cha know whom he did beguile.

Clyo. Well, father Corin, let that pass, we have nothing to do withal :
And now that this is done, come, reward thy pain I shall ;
There is part of a recompense thy good-will to requite. [*Gives money.*

Cor. By my troth, cha thank you, cham bound to pray vor you day and night :
And now chill even home, and send Jack my boy this sheep to seek out.

Clyo. Tell me, father, ere thou goest, didst thou not see a lady wandering here about ?

Cor. A lady ! no, good vaith, gentleman, cha zaw none, cha tell you plain.

Clyo. Well, then, farewell, father ; gramercies for thy pain. [*Exit* CORIN.

Ah Neronis, where thou art or where thou dost abide,
Thy Clyomon to seek thee out shall rest no time nor tide !
Thy foe here lieth slain on ground, and living is thy friend, [an end.
Whose travel till he see thy face shall never have
My ensign here I leave behind ; these verses writ shall yield
A true report of traitor slain by the Knight of the Golden Shield ;
And, as unknown to any wight, to travel I betake,
Until I may her find whose sight my heart may joyful make. [*Exit.*

Enter SUBTLE SHIFT *very brave.**

S. Shift. Jesu, what a gazing do you make at me to see me in a gown !
Do you not know, after travel men being in court or in town,
And specially such as are of any reputation, they must use this guise,
Which signifieth a fool to be sage, grave, and of counsel wise ?
But where are we, think you now, that Shift is so brave ?
Not running to seek the Knight of the Golden Shield ; another office I have ;
For coming here to the court of Strange Marshes so nam'd,
Where King Alexander in his own person lies, that prince mightily fam'd,
Between Mustantius brother to the late king deceas'd,
And the queen, through King Alexander, a strife was appeas'd,
But how or which way I think you do not know :
Well, then, give ear to my tale, and the truth I will show.
The old king being dead through sorrow for Neronis,
Whom we do hear lover to the Knight of the Golden Shield is,
The queen, being with child, the sceptre askèd to sway,
But Mustantius the king's brother he did it denay,†
Whereof great contention grew amongst the nobles on either side ;
But being by them agreed the judgment to abide
Of King Alexander the Great, who then was coming hither,
At his arrival to the court they all were call'd togither : ‡
The matter being heard, this sentence was given, §
That either party should have a champion to combat them between,
That which champion were overcome, the other should sway,
And to be foughten after that time the sixteen day.

---

* *a hearse*] i. e., as Corin himself tells us, "such things as are requisite for the same,"—materials to form some sort of monument over the dead body.

† *Cor. That*] The 4to. "Chat," omitting the prefix to this speech.

‡ *hear him say*] After these words a line is evidently wanting.

§ *a-life*] i. e. as his life, exceedingly.

* *brave*] i. e. finely dressed. † *denay*] i. e. deny.

‡ *togither*] So written for the rhyme.

§ *given*] To be pronounced "gi'en" for the rhyme.

Now, my master Clamydes coming hither, for
Mustantius will he be;
But upon the queen's side to venture none can
we see,
And yet she maketh proclamation through every
land
To give great gifts to any that will take the
combat in hand.
Well, within ten days is the time, and King
Alexander he
Stayeth till the day appointed the trial to see;
And if none come* at the day for the queen to
fight,
Then, without travail to my master, Mustantius
hath his right.
But to see all things in a readiness against th'
appointed day,
Like a shifting knave, for advantage to court I'll
take my way. [*Exit.*

Enter NERONIS *disguised as a shepherd's boy.*

Nero. The painful paths, the weary ways, the
travails and ill fare,
That simple feat to princess seem[s] in practice
very rare,
As I, poor dame, whose pensive heart no pleasure
can delight
Since that my state so cruelly fell Fortune holds
in spite.
Ah poor Neronis, in thy hand is this† a seemly
show,
Who shouldst in court thy lute supply where
pleasures erst did flow?
Is this an instrument for thee, to guide a shep-
herd's flock,
That art a princess by thy birth and born of
noble stock?
May mind from mourning more refrain, to think
on former state?
May heart from sighing eke abstain, to see this
simple rate?
May eyes from down-distilling tears, when thus
alone‡ I am,
Resistance make, but must they not through
ceaseless sorrows frame
A river§ of distillèd drops for to bedew my face?
Ah heavens, when you 're reveng'd enough, then
look upon my case!
For till I hear some news, alas, upon my loving
knight,
I dare not leave this loathsome life for fear of
greater spite:
And now, as did my master will, a* sheep that is
astray
I must go seek her out again by wild and weary
way.—
Ah woful sight! what is, alas, with these mine
eyes beheld?
That to my loving knight belong'd I view the
golden shield.
Ah heavens, this hearse doth signify my knight†
is slain!
Ah death, no longer do delay, but rid the lives of
twain!
Heart, hand, and every sense, prepare, unto the
hearse draw nigh,
And thereupon submit yourselves; disdain not
for to die
With him that was your mistress' joy, her life
and death like case;
And well I know in seeking me he did his end
embrace;
That cruel wretch, that Norway King, this cursèd
deed hath done:
But now to cut that lingering thread that
Lachis‡ long hath spun,
The sword of this my loving knight, behold, I
here do take,
Of this my woful corpse, alas, a final end to
make!
Yet, ere I strike that deadly stroke that shall my
life deprave,§
Ye Muses, aid me to the gods for mercy first to
crave! [*Sings here.*‖
Well, now, you heavens, receive my ghost! my
corpse I leave behind,
To be enclos'd with his in earth by those that
shall it find.

PROVIDENCE *descends.*

Prov. Stay, stay thy stroke, thou woful dame:
what wilt thou thus despair?
Behold, to let¶ this wilful fact, I, Providence,
prepare**

---

* *come*] The 4to. "came."

† *this*] i. e. her crook.

‡ *alone*] The 4to. "a lone."

§ *A river*, &c.] The 4to. has "*A Riuer of* bedewed *drops, for to* distill *my face?*"

* *a*] The 4to. "as."

† *my knight*] Qy. "*my* loving *knight*"?

‡ *Lachis*] i. e. Lachesis,—contracted, it appears, for the sake of the measure.

§ *deprave*] i. e. deprive, take away: as before and afterwards.

‖ *Sings here*] See note **, p. 196, first col.

¶ *let*] i. e. hinder.

** *prepare*] See note †, p. 506, sec. col.

To thee from seat of mighty Jove. Look hereupon again;
Read that, if case thou canst it read, and see if he be slain
Whom thou dost love.
Nero. [*after reading the verses on the hearse.*] Ah heavens above,
All laud and praise and honour due to you I here do render,
That would vouchsafe your handmaid here in woful state to tender!
But by these same* verses do I find my faithful knight doth live,
Whose hand unto my deadly foe the mortal stroke did give,
Whose cursèd carcass, lo, it is which here on ground doth lie:
Ah, honour due for this I yield to mighty Jove on high!
Prov. Well,
Let desperation die in thee: I may not here remain,
But be assurèd that thou shalt erelong thy knight attain. [*Ascends.*
Nero. And for their providence divine the gods above I'll praise,
And show their works so wonderful unto their laud always.
Well,
Sith that the gods by providence have signèd† unto me
Such comfort sweet in my distress, my knight again to see,
Farewell all feeding shepherd's flocks, unseemly for my state;
To seek my love I will set forth in hope of friendly fate:
But first to shepherd's house I will, my page's tire to take,
And afterwards depart from thence my journey for to make. [*Exit.*

Enter CLYOMON.

Clyo. Long have I sought, but all in vain, for neither far nor near
Of my Neronis, woful dame, by no means can I hear.
Did ever fortune violate two lovers in such sort?
The griefs, ah, are intolerable the which I do support
For want of her! but hope somewhat revives my pensive heart,
And doth to me some sudden cause of comfort now impart
Through news I hear, as I abroad in weary travel went;
How that the queen her mother hath her proclamations sent
Through every land, to get a knight to combat on her side,
Against Mustantius duke and lord to have a matter tried;
And now the day is very nigh, as I do understand:
In hope to meet my lady there I will into that land,
And for her mother undertake the combat for to try,
Yea, though the other Hector were, I would him not deny,
Whatsoever he be: but, ere I go, a golden shield I'll have;
Although unknown, I will come in as doth my knighthood crave;
But cover'd will I keep my shield, because I'll not be known,
If case my lady be in place, till I have prowess shown.
Well,
To have my shield in readiness, I will no time delay,
And then to combat for the queen I straight will take my way. [*Exit.*

Enter NERONIS *disguised as a page.*

Nero. Ah weary paces that I walk with steps unsteady still!
Of all the gripes of grisly griefs Neronis hath her fill:
And yet amids these miseries which were my first mishaps,
By bruit* I hear such news, alas, as more and more enwraps
My wretched corpse with thousand woes more than I may support;
So that I am to be compar'd unto the scalèd fort,
Which doth, so long as men and might and sustenance prevail,
Give to the enemy† repulse that cometh to assail,

* *same*] Qy. an interpolation?
† *signed*] i. e. assigned.

* *bruit*] i. e. report.
† *enemy*] The 4to. "enemies."

But when assistance gins to fail, and strength of foes increase,
They forcèd are through battering blows the same for to release:
So likewise I, so long as hope my comfort did remain,
The grisly griefs that me assail'd I did repulse again,
But now that hope begins to fail, and griefs anew do rise,
I must of force yield up the fort, I can no way devise [corse
To keep the same; the fort I mean it is the weary
Which sorrows daily do assail and siege without remorse.*
And now, to make my griefs the more, report, alas, hath told
How that my father's agèd bones are shrinèd up in mould,
Since Norway King did me betray, and that my mother she
Through Duke Mustantius uncle mine in great distress to be
For swaying of the sceptre there: what should I herein say?
Now that I cannot find my knight, I would at combat-day
Be gladly there, if case I could with some good master meet,
That as his page in these affairs would seem me to entreat†:—
And in good time here cometh one; he seems a knight to be;
I'll proffer service, if in case he will accept of me.

Enter CLYOMON *with his shield covered, strangely disguised.*

Clyo. Well, now, as one unknown, I will go combat for the queen:
Who can bewray me since my shield is not for to be seen?
But stay, who do I here espy? of truth, a proper‡ boy:
If case he do a master lack, he shall sustain no noy,§
For why‖ in these affairs he may stand me in passing steed.¶
Nero. [*aside.*] Well,
I see to pass upon my way this gentleman's decreed:
To him I will submit myself in service for to be,
If case he can his fancy frame to like so well on me.—
Well met, sir knight, upon your way.
Clyo. My boy, gramercies; but to me say
Into what country is thy journey dight?*
Nero. Towards the Strange Marshe[s], of truth, sir knight.
Clyo. And thither am I going; high Jove be my guide!
Nero. Would gods I were worthy to be your page by your side!
Clyo. My page, my boy! why, what is thy name? that let me hear.
Nero. Sir knight, by name I am callèd Cœur-d'acier.
Clyo. Cœur-d'acier! what, Heart of Steel? now, certis,† my boy,
I am a gentleman, and do entertain thee with joy;
And to the Strange Marshes am I going, the queen to defend:
Come, therefore, for, without more saying, with me thou shalt wend.
Nero. As diligent to do my duty as any in this land. [*Exit* CLYOMON.
Ah Fortune, how favourably my friend doth she stand!
For thus, no man knowing mine estate nor degree,
May I pass safely a page as you see. [*Exit.*

Enter BRYAN SANS-FOY *with the head of the serpent.*

B. Sans-foy. Even as the owl that hides her head in hollow tree till night,
And dares not, while Sir Phœbus shines, attempt abroad in flight,
So likewise I, as buzzard bold, while cheerful day is seen,
Am forc'd with owl to hide myself amongst the ivy green,
And dare‡ not with the silly§ snail from cabin show my head,
Till Vesper I behold aloft in skies begin to spread,
And then, as owl that flies abroad when other fowls do rest,
I creep out of my drowsy den when Somnus‖ hath supprest

* *remorse*] i. e. pity.
† *entreat*] i. e. treat, entertain.
‡ *proper*] i. e. handsome.
§ *noy*] i. e. annoy, hurt, harm.
‖ *For why*] i. e. Because.
¶ *steed*] So written for the rhyme.

* *dight*] i. e. prepared.
† *certis*] i. e. certainly.
‡ *dare*] The 4to. "dares."
§ *silly*] i. e. simple, harmless.—Here the 4to. has the spelling "seelie": but vide note †, p. 507, sec. col.
‖ *Somnus*] The 4to. "summous."

The head of every valiant heart; lo, thus I shroud the day,
And travel, as the owl, by night upon my wished way;
The which hath made more tedious my journey by half part:
But blame not Bryan; blame, alas, his cowardly caitiff's heart,
Which dares not show itself by day for fear of worthy wights,
For none can travel openly t' escape the venturous knights,
Unless he have a noble mind and eke a valiant heart,
The which I will not brag upon, I assure you, for my part;
For if the courage were in me the which in other is,
I doubtless had enjoy'd the wight whom I do love ere this.
Well,
I have not long to travel now, to Denmark I draw nigh,
Bearing Knight Clamydes' name, yet Bryan Sans-foy am I;
But though I do usurp his name his shield or ensign here,
Yet can I not usurp his heart, still Bryan's heart I bear:
Well,
I force* not that; he's safe enough; and Bryan, as I am,
I will unto the court whereas† I shall enjoy that dame. [*Exit.*

Enter SUBTLE SHIFT *as a whifler.*‡

S. Shift. Room there for a reckoning! see, I beseech you, if they'll stand out of the way!
Jesu, Jesu, why, do you not know that this is the day
That the combat must pass for Mustantius and the queen?
But to fight upon her side as yet no champion is seen;
And Duke Mustantius he smiles in his sleeve because he doth see
That neither for love nor rewards any one her champion will be:
An't were not but that my master the other champion is,
To fight for the queen myself I surely would not miss.
Alas, good lady! she and her child are like to lose all the land
Because none will come in in her defence for to stand;
For where* she was in election, if any champion had come,
To rule till she was deliver'd and have the prince's room,
Now shall Duke Mustantius be sure the sceptre to sway,
If that none do come in to fight in her cause this day;
And King Alexander all this while hath he stay'd the trial to see:
Well, here they come.—Room there for the king! here's such thrusting of women as it grieveth me.

Enter KING ALEXANDER, *the* QUEEN *of the Isle of Strange Marshes,* MUSTANTIUS, *two* Lords, *and* CLAMYDES *as a champion.*

Must. O Alexander, lo, behold, before thy royal grace
My champion here at pointed day I do present in place.
K. Alex. Well, sir duke, in your defence is he content to be?
Clam. Yea, worthy prince, not fearing who encounter shall with me;
Although he were with Hercules of equal power and might,
Yet in the cause of this same duke I['d] challenge him the fight.
K. Alex. I like your courage well, sir knight; what shall we call your name?
Clam. Clamydes, son to the Suavian King, O prince, so hight† the same.
K. Alex. Now certainly I am right glad, Clamydes, for to see
Such valiant courage to remain within the mind of thee.—
Well, lady,
According to the order ta'en herein, what do you say?
Have you your champion in like case now ready at the day?

---

* *force*] i. e. care for, regard.
† *whereas*] i. e. where.
‡ *a whifler*] i. e. a person who clears the way for a procession.

* *where*] i. e. whereas.
† *hight*] i. e. is called.

Queen of the S. M. No, sure, O king, no champion I have for* to aid my cause,
Unless 'twill please your noble grace on further day to pause;
For I have sent throughout this isle and every foreign land,
But none as yet hath profferèd to take the same in hand.
K. Alex. No?
I am more sorry certainly your chance to see so ill,
But day deferrèd cannot be unless Mustantius will,
For that his champion ready here in place he doth present;
And whoso missèd at this day should lose, by full consent
Of either part, the title, right, and sway of regal mace:
To this was your consentment given as well as his in place,
And therefore without his assent we cannot defer† the day.
S. Shift. An't shall please your grace, herein try Mustantius what he will say.
K. Alex. How say you, Mustantius? are you content the day to defer?
Must. Your grace will not will me, I trust, for then from law you err;
And having not her champion here according to decree,
There resteth naught for her to lose, the crown belongs to me.
S. Shift. Nay, an't shall please your grace, rather than she shall it lose,
I myself will be her champion for half a dozen blows.
Must. Wilt thou? then by full congé‡ to the challenger there stands.
S. Shift. Nay, soft! Of sufferance cometh ease; though I cannot rule my tongue, I'll rule my hands.
Must. Well, noble Alexander, sith that she wants her champion as you see,
By greement of your royal grace the crown belongs to me.
K. Alex. Nay, Mustantius, she shall have law: wherefore to sound begin,
To see if that in three hours' space no champion will come in.— [*Sound here once.*
Of truth, madam, I sorry am none will thy cause maintain.—
Well
According to the law of arms, yet, trumpet, sound again.— [*Sound second time.*

*Enter, behind,** Clyomon *as to combat, and* Neronis *disguised as a page.*

What, and is there none will take in hand to combat for the queen?
S. Shift. Faith, I think it must be I must do the deed, for none yet is seen.
Queen of the S. M. O king, let pity plead for me here in your gracious sight,
And for so slender cause as this deprive me not of right!
Consider once I had to spouse a prince of worthy fame,
Though now blind Fortune spurn at me, her spite I needs must blame;
And though I am bereft, O king, both of my child and mate,
Your grace some greement may procure: consider of my state,
And suffer not a widow-queen with wrong oppressèd so,
But pity the young infant's case wherewith, O king, I go,
And, though I suffer wrong, let that find favour in your sight.
K. Alex. Why, lady, I respect you both, and sure would, if I might,
Entreat Mustantius thereunto some such good order frame,
Your strife should cease, and yet each one well pleasèd with the same.
Queen of the S. M. I know your grace may him persuade, as reason wills no less.
K. Alex. Well, Sir Mustantius, then your mind to me in brief express;
Will you unto such order stand here limited by me,
Without deferring longer time? say on, if you agree.
Must. In hope your grace my state will weigh, I give my glad consent.
K. Alex. And for to end all discord, say, madam, are you content?

* *for*] An interpolation?
† *defer*] The 4to. "referre:" but see *ante* and *post.*
‡ *congé*] i. e. leave, permission.—The 4to. "congo."

* *Enter, behind,* &c.] That this stage-direction is necessary, appears from what follows. The 4to. makes Clyomon enter immediately before his first speech,—"*Enter Clyomon, as to combat*": but he himself expressly says, "I enter'd *with the blast*" (i. e. *at the sound of the trumpet*).

Queen of the S. M. Yea, noble king.

K. Alex. Well, then, before my nobles all, give ear unto the thing,*

For swaying of the sword and mace all discord to beat down:

The child, when it is born, we elect to wear the crown;

And till that time, Mustantius, you of lands and living here

Like equal part in every point with this the queen shall share,

But to the child, when it is born, if gods grant it to live,

The kingdom whole in every part as title we do give.

But yet, Mustantius, we will yield this recompense to you,

You shall receive five thousand crowns for yearly pension due,

To maintain your estate while you here live and do remain;

And after let the whole belong unto the crown again.

Now say your minds if you agree.

Nero.† [*aside.*] I would the like choice were put to me!

Queen of the S. M. I, for my part,‡ O noble king, therewith am well content.

Must. Well, better half than naught at all: I likewise give consent.

Clyo. [*coming forward.*] Renownèd king and most of fame, before thy royal grace,

The queen to aid, I do present my person here in place.

Must. You come too late, in faith, sir knight; the hour and time is past.

Clyo. Your hour I am not to respect; I enter'd with the blast.

Clam. What, princox,§ is it you are come to combat for the queen?

Good fortune now! I hope ere long your courage shall be seen.

Clyo. And sure I count my hap as good to meet with you, sir knight:

Come,

According to your promise made, prepare yourself to fight.

Clam. I knew you well enough, sir, although your shield were hid from me.

Clyo. Now you shall feel me as well as know me, if hand and heart agree.

K. Alex. Stay, stay, sir knights, I charge you not in combat to proceed,

For why the quarrel ended is and the parties are agreed;

And therefore we discharge* you both the combat to refrain.

Nero. [*aside.*] The heavens therefore, O noble king, thy happy shield remain!

Clam. O king, although we be discharg'd for this contention now,

Betwixt us twain there resteth yet a combat made by vow,

Which should be fought before your grace; and since we here be met,

To judge 'twixt us for victory let me your grace entreat.

K. Alex. For what occasion is your strife,† sir knights, first let me know.

Clam. The truth thereof, renownèd king, thy servant he shall show.

What time, O king, as I should take of Suavia King my sire [desire,

The noble order‡ of a knight, which long I did

This knight a stranger comes to court, and at that present day

In cowardly wise he comes by stealth, and takes from me away

The honour that I should have had; for which my father he [to me,

Did of his blessing give in charge, O noble king,

That I should know his name that thus bereav'd me of my right,

The which he will not show unless he be subdu'd in fight;

Whereto we either plighted faith that I should know his name,

If that before thy grace, O king, my force in fight could frame

To vanquish him: now having met thus happily togither,§

Though they are greed, our combat rest[s], decreed ere we came hither.

---

* *thing*] The 4to. "King."—This line is intended to rhyme with the short line spoken by the Queen.

† *Nero.*] Old ed. "Page"; which can only mean Neronis.

‡ *I, for my part*, &c.] The 4to. gives this as well as the next line to "Must."

§ *princox*] i. e. coxcomb.

* *discharge*] But for the first line of the next speech of Clamydes, I should have supposed that this word had usurped the place of "do charge."

† *strife*] The 4to. "strifes."

‡ *order*] So the 4to. several times elsewhere: but here (and in p. 496, first col.) "orders."

§ *togither*] So written for the rhyme.

[*K. Alex.*] Are you that knight that did subdue
Sir Samuel in field,
For which you had in recompense of us that
golden shield?
Clyo. I am that knight, renownèd prince,
whose name is yet unknown,
And since I foil'd Sir Samuel, some prowess I
have shown.
Queen of the S. M. Then, as I guess, you are
that knight, by that same shield you bear,
Which sometime was restor'd to health, within
our palace here,
By Neronis our daughter, she betray'd by
Norway King.
Clyo. I am that knight, indeed, O queen,
whom she to health did bring;
Whose servant ever I am bound wheresoever
that she be,
Whose enemy, O queen, is slain, pursuing her,
by me.
Queen of the S. M. Know you not where she
abides? sir knight, to us declare.
Clyo. No, certis;* would to gods I did! she
should not live in care;
But escap'd from the Norway King I am assur'd
she is.
Queen of the S. M. Well,
Her absence was her father's death, which
turn'd to bale† my bliss.
Clyo. And till I find her out again, my toil no
end shall have.
Nero.‡ [*aside.*] Alas, he's nigh enough to her!
small toil the space doth crave.
K. Alex. Well, sir knights, since that you
have declar'd before me here
The cause of this the grudge which you to each
other bear,
I wish you both a while to pause and to my
words attend:
If reason rest with you, be sure, knights, this
quarrel I will end
Without the shedding any blood betwixt you
here in fight.
Clamydes, weigh you are nobly born, and will
you, then, sir knight,
Go hazard life so desperately? I charge you both
refrain,
Since for so small a cause the strife doth grow
betwixt you twain:

* *certis*] i. e. certainly.
† *bale*] i. e. misery.
‡ *Nero.*] The 4to. "Queene."

And let him know your name, sir knight, and so
your malice end.
Clyo. I have vow'd to the contrary, which vow
I must defend.
K. Alex. Well,
Though so it be that you have vow'd your name
shall not be known,
Yet, not detracting* this your vow, your country
may be shown,
And of what stock by birth you be. [see.
S. Shift. [*aside.*] By'rlady,† he is dash'd now, I
Clyo. [*aside.*] Indeed, this hath aston'd‡ me
much: I cannot but confess
My country, and my birth, my state; which
plainly will express
My name, for that unto them all my state is not
[un] known.
K. Alex. Sir knight,
Of our demand from you again what answer
shall be shown?
Clyo. Of Denmark, noble prince, I am, and son
unto the king.
K. Alex. Why, then Sir Clyomon hight§ your
name, as rare report doth ring?
Clyo. It doth indeed so hight my name, O
prince of high renown;
I am the Prince of Denmark's son, and heir unto
the crown.
Clam. And are you son to Denmark King?
then do embrace your friend,
Within whose heart here towards you all malice
makes an end, [heart.
Who with your sister linkèd is in love with loyal
Clyo. And, for her sake and for thine own, like
friendship I impart.
K. Alex. Well, sir knights, since friendship
rests where rancour did remain,
And that you are such friends become, I certain
am right fain
In hope you will continue still: you shall to
court repair,
And remain, if that you please, a while to rest
you there,
Till time you have decreed which way your
journey you will frame.
Clyo. } We yield you thanks, beseeching Jove
Clam. } still to augment your fame.
[*Exeunt all except* CLAMYDES, CLYOMON, *and* NERONIS.

* *detracting*] i. e. taking from, violating: the expression "detract our vows," has occurred before, p. 515, first col., in a somewhat different sense.
† *By'rlady*] i. e. By our Lady.
‡ *aston'd*] confounded, perplexed.
§ *hight*] i. e. is called.

Clam. Well, come, my Clyomon, let us pass,
and, as we journ * by way,
My most misfortunes unto thee I wholly will
bewray,
What happen'd in my last affairs and for thy
sister's sake.
Clyo. Well, then, Cœur-d'acier, come and wait,
your journey you shall take;
And, seeing thou art prepar'd and hast all things
in readiness,
Haste thee † before to Denmark with speedi-
ness,
And tell the king and the queen that Clyomon
their son
In health and happy state to their court doth
return;
But in no wise to Juliana say anything of
me.
Nero. I will not show one word amiss contrary
your decree.
Clam. Well, then,
My Clyomon, to take our leave, to court let us
repair.
Clyo. As your friend and companion, Cla-
mydes, everywhere.

[*Exeunt* CLAMYDES *and* CLYOMON.

Nero. O heavens, is this my loving knight
whom I have serv'd so long?
Now have I tried his faithful heart: O, so my
joys do throng
To think how Fortune favoureth me! Neronis,
now be glad,
And praise the gods thy journey now such good
success hath had.
To Denmark will I haste with joy, my message
to declare,
And tell the king how that his son doth home-
ward now repair;
And more to make my joys abound, Fortune
could never frame
A finer mean to serve my turn than this, for by
the same
I may unto the queen declare my state in secret
wise,
As by the way I will recount how best I can
devise.
Now pack, Neronis, like a page; haste hence lest
thou be spied,
And tell thy master's message there: the gods
my journey guide! [*Exit.*

Enter the KING *and* QUEEN OF DENMARK, JULIANA, *and two* Lords.

King of D. Come, lady queen; and daughter
eke, my Juliana dear,
We muse that of your knight as yet no news
again you hear,
Which did adventure for your love the serpent
to subdue.
Juli. O father,
The sending of that worthy knight my woful
heart doth rue,
For that, alas, the furious force of his outrageous
might,
As I have heard, subduèd hath full many a
worthy knight!
And this last night, O father, past, my mind was
troubled sore;
Methought in dream I saw a knight, not known
to me before,
Which did present to me the head of that same
monster slain;
But my Clamydes still in voice methought I
heard complain
As one bereft of all his joy: now what this
dream doth signify,
My simple skill will not suffice the truth thereof
to specify;
But sore I fear to contraries th' expect thereof
will hap,
Which will in huge calamities my woful corpse
bewrap
For sending of so worthy a prince, as was
Clamydes he,
To sup * his dire destruction there for wretched
love of me.
Queen of D. Tush, daughter, these but fancies
be, which run within your mind.
King of D. Let them for to suppress your joys
no place of harbour find.
First Lord. O princess, let no dolours daunt:
behold your knight in place.
Juli. Ah happy sight! do I behold my knight
Clamydes' face?

Enter BRYAN SANS-FOY *with the serpent's head on his sword.*

B. Sans-foy. Well,
I have at last through travel long achiev'd my
journey's end:
Though Bryan, yet Clamydes' name I stoutly
must defend.—

* *journ*] i. e. journey.
† *Haste thee*, &c.] Some mutilation here.

* *sup*] Seems to be equivalent here to—taste. Com
pare "my corpse of death shall *taste*," p. 517, sec. col.

Ah happy sight! the king and queen with daughter in like case
I do behold: to them I will present myself in place.—
The mighty gods, renownèd king, thy princely state maintain!
King of D. Sir Clamydes, most welcome sure you are to court again.
B. Sans-foy. O princess, lo, my promise here performèd thou mayst see;
The serpent's head by me subdu'd I do present to thee
Before thy father's royal grace.
Juli. My Clamydes, do embrace
Thy Juliana, whose heart thou hast till vital race be run,
Sith for her sake so venturously this deed by thee was done:
Ah, welcome home, my faithful knight!
B. Sans-foy. Gramercies, noble lady bright.
King of D. Well, Juliana, in our court your lover cause to stay:
For all our nobles we will send against your nuptial day.
Go carry him to take his rest.
Juli. I shall obey your grace's hest.—
Come, my Clamydes, go with me in court your rest to take.
B. Sans-foy. I thank you, lady; now I see account of me you make.
[*Exeunt* JULIANA *and* BRYAN SANS-FOY.
King of D. Well, my queen, sith daughter ours hath chosen such a make,*
The terror of whose valiant heart may cause our foes to quake,
Come, let us presently depart, and, as we did decree,
For all our nobles will we send, their nuptials for to see.
Queen of D. As pleaseth thee, thy lady queen, O king, is well agreed.
First Lord. May it please your graces to arrest,† for, lo, with posting speed
A messenger doth enter place.
King of D. Then will we stay to know the case.

Enter NERONIS *disguised as a page.*

Nero. The mighty powers, renownèd prince, preserve your state for aye!
King of D. Messenger, thou art welcome: what hast thou to say?
Nero. Sir Clyomon, your noble son, Knight of the Golden Shield,
Who for his valiant victories in town and eke in field
Is famèd through the world, to your court doth now return,
And hath sent me before to court, your grace for to inform.
King of D. Ah messenger, declare, is this of truth the which that thou hast told?
Nero. It is most true, O noble king, you may thereof be bold.
King of D. Ah joy of joys, surpassing all! what joy is this to me,
My Clyomon in court to have, the nuptial for to see
Of Juliana sister his! O, so I joy in mind!
Queen of D. My boy, where is thy master, speak; what, is he far behind?
Declare with speed, for these my eyes do long his face to view.
Nero. O queen, this day he will be here, 'tis truth I tell to you:
But, noble queen, let pardon here my bold attempt excuse,
And for to hear a simple boy in secret not refuse,
Who hath strange tidings from your son to tell unto your grace.
[*Exit with the* QUEEN OF D.
First Lord. Behold, my lord, where, as I guess, some straugers enter place.
King of D. I hope my Clyomon be not far.—
O joy, I see his face!

Enter CLYOMON, CLAMYDES, *and* SUBTLE SHIFT.

Clyo. Come, Knowledge, come forward; why art thou always slack?
Get you to court, brush up our apparel, untruss your pack:
Go seek out my page, bid him come to me with all speed you can.
S. Shift. Go seek out, fetch, bring here! Gog's ounds,* what am I, a dog or a man?
I were better be a hangman an live so like a drudge:
Since your new man came to you, I must pack, I must trudge.
Clyo. How, stands thou, knave? why gets thou not away?
S. Shift. Now, now, sir, you are so hasty now, I know not what to say. [*Exit.*

* *make*] i. e. mate.
† *arrest*] i. e. stop.

* *Gog's ounds*] i. e. God's wounds.

Clyo. O noble prince, the gods above preserve thy royal grace!

King of D. How joyful is my heart, dear son, to view again thy face!

Clyo. And I as joyful in the view of parents' happy plight,

Whom sacred gods long time maintain in honour day and night!

But this my friend, O father dear, even as myself entreat,*

Whose nobleness, when time shall serve, to you he shall repeat.

King of D. If case my son he be thy friend, with heart I thee embrace.

Clam.† With loyal heart in humble wise I thank your noble grace.

King of D. My Clyomon, declare, my son, in thine adventures late

What hath been wrought by Fortune most t' advance thy noble state.

Clyo. O father,

The greatest joy of all the joys which was to me‡ assign'd,

Since first I left your noble court, by cruel Fortune blind,

Is now bereft from me away through her accursèd fate,

So that I rather find she doth envy my noble state

Than seek for to advance the same; so that I boldly may

Express she never gave so much but more she took away;

And that which I have lost by her and her accursèd ire,

From travail will I never cease until I may aspire

Unto the view thereof, O king, wherein is all my joy.

King of D. Why, how hath Fortune wrought to thee this care and great annoy?

Clyo. O father,

Unto me the heavenly powers assign'd a noble dame,

With whom to live in happy life my heart did wholly frame;

But not long did that glazing§ star give light unto mine eyes

But this‖ fell Fortune gins to frown, which every state despise,

And takes away through canker'd hate that happy light from me,

In which I fixèd had my hope a blessèd state to see:

And daughter to the King she was which of Strange Marshes hight,*

Bearing bruit† each where to be Dame Beauty's darling bright,

Right heir unto Dame Virtue's grace, Dame Nature's pattern true,

Dame Prudence' scholar for her wit, Dame Venus for her hue,

Diana for her dainty life, Susanna being sad,‡

Sage Saba for her soberness, mild Marpha§ being glad;

And if I should re-entry make amongst the Muses Nine,

My lady lack'd no kind of art which man may well define

Amongst those dainty dames to be: then let all judge that hear,

If that my cause it be not just for which this pensive cheer

Fell Fortune forceth me to make.

King of D. Yet, Clyomon, good counsel take;

Let not the loss of lady‖ thine so pinch thy heart with grief

That nothing may unto thy mind give comfort or relief:

What, man! there ladies are enow, although that she be gone;

Then leave to wail the want of her, cease off to make this moan.

Clyo. No, father,

Never seem for to persuade, for, as is said before,

What travail I have had for her it shall be triple

Until I meet with her again. [more

Clam. Well, Clyomon, a while refrain,

And let me here my woes recount before your father's grace;

But let me crave your sister may be sent for into place.—

O king, vouchsafe I may demand a simple bound;¶

Although a stranger, yet I hope such favour may be found:

---

* *entreat*] i. e treat.

† *Clam.*] The 4to. "Clyomon."

‡ *me*] The 4to. "one."

§ *glazing*] i. e. shining

‖ *this*] Is sometimes, as here, little more than redundant in our early writers.

* *hight*] i. e. is called.

† *bruit*] i. e. report.

‡ *sad*] i. e. serious, grave.

§ *Marpha*] Qy. "Martha"?

‖ *of lady*] The 4to. "*of* the *Lady*."

¶ *demand a simple bound*] Qy. "*demand* of thee *a simple bound*"?—*bound*, i. e. boon,—for the rhyme.

The thing is this, that you will send for Juliana hither,
Your daughter fair, that we may talk a word or twain togither.*

King of D. For what, let me know, sir knight, do you her sight desire.

Clyo. The cause pretends no harm, my liege, why he doth this require.

King of D. My lord, go bid our daughter come and speak with me straightway.

First Lord. I shall, my liege, in every point your mind herein obey. [*Exit.*

Clyo. O father, this is Clamydes and son to Suavia King,
Who for my sister ventur'd life the serpent's head to bring,
With whom I met in travel mine; but more what did befall
To work his woe, whenas† she comes, your grace shall know it all.

King of D. My son, you are deceivèd much, I you assure, in this;
The person whom you term him for in court already is.

Clyo.‡ No, father, I am not deceiv'd; this is Clamydes sure.

King of D. Well, my son, do cease a while such talk to put in ure,§
For, lo, thy sister entereth place, which soon the doubt shall end.

Clam. Then for to show my name to her I surely do pretend.‖

Re-enter JULIANA *and* First Lord; *and, after them,* SUBTLE SHIFT.

My Juliana, noble dame, Clamydes do embrace,
Who many a bitter brunt hath bode since that he saw thy face.

Juli. Avaunt, dissembling wretch! what credit canst thou yield?
Where's the serpent's head thou brought, where is my glittering shield?¶
Tush, tush, sir knight, you counterfeit; you would Clamydes be,
But want of these bewrays you quite and shows you are not he.

Clam. O princess, do not me disdain! I certain am your knight.

Juli. What, art thou frantic, foolish man? avaunt from out my sight!
If thou art he, then show my shield and bring the serpent's head.

Clam. O princess, hear me show my case by Fortune fell decreed!
I am your knight, and when I had subdu'd the monster fell
Through weary fight and travail great, as Knowledge here can tell,
I laid me down to rest a space within the forest, where
One Bryan then, who Sans-foy hight,* with cowardly usage there
By chanting charm brought me asleep; then did he take from me
The serpent's head, my coat, and shield the which you gave to me,
And left me in his prison, lo, still sleeping as I was:†
Lo, lady, thus I lost those things the which to me you gave;
But certainly I am your knight, and he who did deprave‡
The flying serpent of his life, according as you will'd,
That whoso won your love, by him the same should be fulfill'd.

Juli. Alas, poor knight, how simply have you framèd this excuse!
The name of such a noble knight t' usurp and eke abuse.

Clyo. No, sister, you are deceiv'd; this is Clamydes sure.

Juli. No, brother, then you are deceiv'd, such tales to put in ure;§
For my Clamydes is in court, who did present to me,
In white attire, the serpent's head and shield as yet to see.

Clam. That shall I quickly understand.—O king, permit I may
Have conference a while with him, who,‖ as your grace doth say,

---

* *togither*] So written for the rhyme.
† *whenas*] i. e. when.
‡ *Clyo.*] The 4to. "Clamy."
§ *ure*] i. e. use.
‖ *pretend*] i. e. intend.
¶ *my glittering shield*] i.e. the glittering shield which I gave to you: see p. 492, sec. col.

* *hight*] i. e. is called.—In the 4to. the line stands thus; "*One Bryan* than *Sancefoy hight*, who *with cowardly vsage there*."
† *was*] The want of a rhyme shows that a line has dropt out here.
‡ *deprave*] i. e. deprive: as several times before.
§ *ure*] i. e. use.
‖ *who*] The 4to. "whom."

Presents* Clamydes for to be before your royal
Juli. Behold, [grace.
No whit aghast to show himself, where he doth
enter place.

Re-enter BRYAN SANS-FOY.

Clam. Ah traitor, art thou he that doth my
name and state abuse?
Juli. Sir knight,
You are too bold, in presence here such talk
against him for to use.
B. Sans-foy. Wherefore dost thou upbraid me
thus? thou varlet, do declare.
Clyo. No varlet he; to call him so, sir knight,
to blame you are.†
Clam. Wouldst thou perstand‡ for what intent
such talk I here do frame?
Because I know thou dost usurp my state and
noble name.
B. Sans-foy. Who art thou, or what's thy
name? re-answer quickly make.
Clam. I am Clamydes, whose name to bear
thou here dost undertake.
B. Sans-foy. Art thou Clamydes? 'vaunt, thou
false usurper of my state!
Avoid this place, or death shall be thy most
accursèd fate:
How dar'st thou enterprise to take my name
thus unto thee?
Clam. Nay, rather, how dar'st thou attempt.t'
usurp the name of me?
Juli. You lie, sir knight, he doth not so;
'gainst him you have it done.
Clyo. Sister, you are deceiv'd,
My friend here is Clamydes Prince, the King of
Suavia's son.
Juli. Nay, brother, neither you nor he can me
deceive herein.§
Clam. O king, bow down thy princely ears, and
listen what I say: [grace,
To prove myself the wight I am before your royal
And to disprove this faithless knight, which here
I find in place
For to usurp my name so much, the combat will
I try;
For before I will mine honour lose, I rather
choose to die.

King of D. I like well your determin'd mind.—
But how say you, sir knight?
S. Shift. Nay, by his ounds,* I'll gage my
gown he dares not fight.
B. Sans-foy. [*aside.*] By Gog's blood,† I shall be
slain now if the combat I deny, [try.
And not for the ears of my head with him I dare
King of D. Sir knight,
Why do you not re-answer make in trial of
your name?
B. Sans-foy. I will, O king, if case he dare in
combat try the same.
King of D. Well, then, go to prepare your-
selves, each one his weapons take.
Juli. Good father, let it not be so; restrain
them for my sake;
I may not here behold my knight in danger for
to be
With such a one who doth usurp his name to
purchase me:
I speak not this for that I fear his force or
strength in fight,
But that I will not have him deal with such a
desperate wight.
King of D. Nay, sure there is no better way
than that which is decreed;
And therefore for to end their strife the combat
shall proceed.— [to try.
Sir knights, prepare yourselves the truth thereof
Clam. I ready am, no cowar[d]ly heart shall
cause me to deny.
B. Sans-foy. [*aside.*] Nay, I'll never stand the
trial of it, my heart to fight doth faint;
Therefore I'll take me to my legs, seeing my
honour I must attaint.
King of D. Why, whither runs Clamydes?
Sir knight, seem‡ to stay him.
Clyo. Nay, it is Clamydes, O king, that doth
fray him. [will try.
Clam. Nay, come, sir, come, for the combat we
B. Sans-foy. Ah, no, my heart is done!§ to be
Clamydes I deny.
King of D. Why, how now, Clamydes! how
chance you do the combat here thus shun?
B. Sans-foy. O king, grant pardon unto me!
the thing I have begun

---

* *Presents*] Qy. "Pretends"?

† *to blame you are*] The 4to. "you are too blame."—Corrected by Mr. Collier, note on *Shakespeare*, vol. vi. p. 393, ed. 1853.

‡ *perstand*] i. e. understand: as several times before.

§ *herein*] Some error or defect here, this line not rhyming with the next.

* *his ounds*] i. e. his (God's) wounds.—The 4to. gives this line, as well as the two next lines, to "Bryan."—S. Shift has already mentioned his "gown": see p. 519, sec. col.

† *Gog's blood*] i. e. God's blood.

‡ *seem*] Is this reading to be defended by "would *seem* me to entreat," p. 522, first col., and by "Never *seem* for to persuade," p. 529, sec. col.?

§ *done*] Qy. "gone"?

I must deny; for I am not Clamydes, this is plain,
Though greatly to my shame I must my words revoke again;
I am no other than the knight whom they Sans-foy call:
This is Clamydes, the fear of whom my daunted mind doth pal.*

Juli. Is this Clamydes? Ah worthy knight, then do forgive thy dear!
And welcome eke ten thousand times unto thy lady here!

Clam. Ah my Juliana bright! what's past I do forgive,
For well I see thou constant art; and, whilst that I do live,
For this my firmèd faith in thee for ever I'll repose.

Juli. O father,
Now I do deny† that wretch, and do amongst my foes
Recount him for this treason wrought.‡

King of D. Well, Knowledge, take him unto thee; and for the small regard
The which he had to valiant knights, this shall be his reward:
Sith he by charms his cruelty in cowardly manner wrought
On knights, who, as Clamydes did, the crown of honour sought,
And traitourously did them betray in prison for to keep,
The fruits of such-like cruelty himself by us shall reap
By due desert: therefore I charge to prison him convey,
There for to lie perpetually unto his dying day.

B. Sans-foy. O king, be merciful and show some favour in this case!

King of D. Nay, never think that at my hands thou shalt find any grace.

[*Exit* Bryan Sans-foy *with* Subtle Shift.

Clamydes, ah, most welcome thou our daughter to enjoy!
The heavens be prais'd that this have wrought to foil all future noy!§

Clam. I thank your grace that you thus so well esteem of me.‖

Re-enter Subtle Shift.

S. Shift. What, is all things finish'd and every man eas'd?
Is the pageant pack'd up and all parties pleas'd?
Hath each lord his lady and each lady her love?

Clyo. Why, Knowledge, what mean'st thou those motions to move?

S. Shift. You were best stay a while and then you shall know,
For the queen herself comes the motion to show.
You sent me, if you remember, to seek out your page,
But I cannot* find him; I went whistling and calling through the court in such a rage!
At the last very sea[r]cely in at a chamber I did pry,
Where the queen with other ladies very busy I did spy
Decking up a strange lady very gallant and gay,
To bring her here in presence, as in court I heard say.

Clyo. A strange lady, Knowledge! of whence is she canst thou tell me?

S. Shift. Not I, an't shall please you, but anon you shall see,
For, lo, where the lady with your mother doth come.

Clyo. Then straightway my duty to her grace shall be done.

Re-enter the Queen of Denmark *with* Neronis *in female attire.*

The mighty gods preserve your state, O queen and mother dear,
Hoping your blessing I have had, though absent many a year!

Queen of D. My Clyomon! thy sight, my son, doth make thy agèd mother glad,
Whose absence long and many a year hath made thy pensive parents sad;
And more to let thee know, my son, that I do love and tender thee,
I have here for thy welcome home a present which I'll render† thee;
This lady, though she be unknown, refuse her not, for sure her state
Deserves a prince's son to wed, and therefore take her for thy mate.

Clyo. O noble queen and mother dear, I thank you for your great good-will,
But I am otherwise bestow'd, and sure I must my oath fulfil,

* *pal*] i. e. appal.
† *deny*] i. e. reject, renounce.
‡ *wrought*] Some imperfection here.
§ *noy*] i. e. annoy, hurt, harm.
‖ *me*] Here again something is wanting.

* *cannot*] Qy. "could *not*"?
† *render*] The 4to. "giue to."

And so I mind, if gods tofore,* on such decree I mean to pause,
For sure I must of force deny, my noble father knows the cause.
King of D. Indeed, my queen, this much he told, he lov'd a lady since he went,
Who hath his heart and ever shall, and none but her to love he's bent.
Clyo. So did I say, and so I will; no beauty's blaze, no glistering wight,
Can cause me to forget her love to whom my faith I first did plight.
Nero. Why, are you so strait-lac'd, sir knight, to cast a lady off so coy?
Turn once again and look on me; perhaps my sight may bring you joy.
Clyo. Bring joy to me! alas, which way? no lady's looks can make me glad.
Nero. Then were my recompense but small to quit† my pain for you I had:
Wherefore, sir knight, do weigh my words, set not so light the love I show,
But when you have bethought yourself, you will recant and turn, I know.
Queen of D. My Clyomon, refuse her not; she is and must thy lady be.
Clyo. If otherwise my mind be bent, I trust your grace will pardon me.
Nero. Well, then, I see 'tis time to speak: sir knight, let me one question crave.
Clyo. Say on your mind.‡
Nero. Where is that lady now become, to whom your plighted faith you gave?
Clyo. Nay, if I could absolve that doubt, then were my mind at ease.
Nero. Were you not brought to health by her, when you came sick once off the seas?
Clyo. Yea, sure, I must confess a truth, she did restore my health to me,
For which good deed I rest her own in hope one day her face to see.
Nero. But did you not promise her to return to see her at a certain day,
And, ere you came that to perform, the Norway King stole her away,
And so your lady there you lost?
Clyo. All this I grant, but to his cost,
For, stealing her against her will, this hand of mine bereft his life.
Nero. Now, sure, sir knight, you serv'd him well, to teach him know another man's wife:
But yet once more, sir knight, reply, the truth I crave to understand,
In forest once who gave you drink whereas* you stood with sword in hand,
Fearing lest some had you pursu'd for slaying of your enemy?
Clyo. That did a silly shepherd's boy, which there I took my page to be.
Nero. And what is of that page become? remains he with you, yea or no?
Clyo. I sent him hither ere I came, because the king and queen should know
That I in health returnèd was; but since I never saw him.
Nero. And, sure, he stands not far from hence, though now you do not know him.
Clyo. Not far from hence! where might he be?
Nero. Of troth, sir knight, myself am he:
I brought your message to the king, as here the queen can testify,
I gave you drink in forest sure when you with drought were like to die,
I found you once upon the shore full sick whenas† you came from seas,
I brought you home to father's court, I sought all means your mind to please,
And I it was that all this while have waited like a page on thee,
Still hoping for to spy a time wherein I might discover me;
And so by hap at last I did, I thank your mother's noble grace,
She entertain'd me courteously when I had told her all my case;
And now let this suffice, my dear, I am Neronis whom you see,
Who many a weary step hath gone before and since I met with thee.
Clyo. O sudden joy‡! O heavenly sight! O words more worth than gold!
Neronis, O my dear, welcóme! my arms I here unfold
To clasp thy comely corpse withal: twice-welcome to thy knight!
Nero. And I as joyful am, no doubt, my Clyomon, of thy happy sight.

---

* *gods tofore*] The expression "God tofore,"—i. e. God going before, favouring,—is of frequent occurrence: but the line is very obscure.

† *quit*] i. e. requite.

‡ *Say on your mind*] The 4to. gives these words (printed in Italics) as part of Neronis's speech.

* *whereas*] i. e. where.

† *whenas*] i. e. when.

‡ *joy*] The 4to. "ioyes."

Clyo. Clamydes, my assurèd friend, lo, how
Dame Fortune favoureth me!
This is Neronis my dear love, whose face so long
I wish'd to see.
Clam. My Clyomon, I am as glad as you your-
self to see this day.
King of D. Well, daughter, though a stranger
yet, welcome to court, as I may say.
Queen of D. And, lady, as welcome unto me as
if thou wert mine only child.
Nero. For this your gracious courtesy I thank
you, noble princess mild.
Juli. Though strange and unacquainted yet,
do make account you welcome are:
Your nuptial day as well as mine I know my
father will preparo.
King of D. Yes, we are prest* your nuptial
day with daughter ours to see,
As well as Clyomon's our son with this his lady
fair;
Come, therefore, to our court, that we the same
may soon prepare,
For we are prest throughout our land for all our
peers to send.
All. Thy pleasure, most renownèd king, thy
servants shall attend. [*Exeunt omnes.*

---

* *prest*] i. e. ready, or, rather, earnest, eager: compare p. 495, first col.—A line which rhymed with this line has dropt out.

DEVICE OF THE PAGEANT

BORNE BEFORE

WOLSTAN DIXIE.

The Device of the Pageant borne before Woolstone Dixi, Lord Maior of the Citie of London. An. 1585. *October* 29. *Imprinted at London by Edward Allde.* 1585. 4to.

Sir Wolstan Dixie was the fourth son of Thomas Dixie, whose eldest son Richard was the ancestor of the Baronets of that name. Sir Wolstan was Lord Mayor of London in 1585; and was twice married,—first to Agnes, daughter of —— Walkedon, and secondly to Ann, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Christopher Draper, Knight, who survived him and re-married Sir William Hickman. Having attained the age of sixty-nine, Sir Wolstan Dixie was buried in the church of St. Michael, Bassingshaw, and bequeathed his estate of Bosworth in Leicestershire to his great nephew Sir Wolstan Dixie, father of the first Baronet.—Kimber's *Baronetage*, vol. II. p. 66.

Stowe records *fifteen* benefactions by him, among the "honourable acts of citizens."

THE DEVICE OF THE PAGEANT, ETC.

A Speech spoken by him that rid on a luzern before the Pageant, apparelled like a Moor.*

FROM where the Sun doth settle in his wain,
And yokes his horses to his fiery cart,
And in his way gives life to Ceres' corn,
Even from the parching zone, behold, I come,
A stranger, strangely mounted, as you see,
Seated upon a lusty luzern's back;
And offer to your honour, good my lord,
This emblem thus in show significant.
Lo, lovely London, rich and fortunate,
Fam'd through the world for peace and happiness,
Is here advanc'd, and set in highest seat,
Beautified throughly as her state requires!
First, over her a princely trophy stands,
Of beaten gold, a rich and royal arms,
Whereto this London ever more bequeaths
Service of honour and of loyalty.
Her props are well-advisèd magistrates,
That carefully attend her person still.
The honest franklin and the husbandman
Lays down his sacks of corn at London's feet,
And brings such presents as the country yields.
The pleasant Thames, a sweet and dainty nymph,
For London's good conveys, with gentle stream
And safe and easy passage, what she can,
And keeps her leaping fishes in her lap.
The soldier and the sailor, frankly both,
For London's aid, are all in readiness,
To venture and to fight by land and sea.
And this thrice-reverend honourable dame,
Science, the sap of every commonwealth,
Surnam'd mechanical or liberal,
Is vow'd to honour London with her skill.
And London, by these friends so happy made,
First thanks her God, the author of her peace,
And next with humble gesture, as becomes,
In meek and lowly manner doth she yield
Herself, her wealth, with heart and willingness,
Unto the person of her gracious queen,
Elizabeth, renownèd through the world,
Stall'd and anointed by the highest power,
The God of kings, that with his holy hand
Hath long defended her and her Englánd.
This now remains, right honourable lord,
That carefully you do attend and keep
This lovely lady, rich and beautiful,
The jewel wherewithal your sovereign queen
Hath put your honour lovingly in trust,
That you may add to London's dignity,
And London's dignity may add to yours,
That worthily you may be counted one
Among the number of a many more
Careful lieutenants, careful magistrates,
For London's welfare and her worthiness.

DIXI.

Spoken by the Children in the Pageant, viz.

LONDON.

New Troy I hight,* whom Lud my lord surnam'd,
  London the glory of the western side;
Throughout the world is lovely London fam'd,
  So far as any sea comes in with tide:
Whose peace and calm, under her royal queen,
Hath long been such as like was never seen.
  Then let me live to carol of her name,
    That she may ever live and never die,
  Her sacred shrine set in the House of Fame,
    Consecrate to eternal memory:
My peerless mistress, sovereign of my peace,
Long may she joy with honour's great increase.

* *luzern*] i. e. lynx. "A luzern, *lupus cervarius.*" Coles's *Dict.* "Lupus cervarius, *a cat of mountain.*" *Id.*

* *hight*] i. e. am called.

MAGNANIMITY.

The country and the Thames afford their aid,
And careful magistrates their care attend;
All English hearts are glad and well apaid,*
In readiness their London to defend.
Defend them, Lord, and these fair nymphs likewise,
That ever they may do this sacrifice.

LOYALTY.

The greatest treasure that a prince can have
Doth lovely London offer to her queen,
Such loyalty as like was never seen,
And such as any English heart can crave.

THE COUNTRY.

For London's aid the country gives supply
Of needful things, and store of every grain.
London, give thanks to Him that sits on high,
(Had never town less cause for to complain,)
And love and serve the sovereign of thy peace,
Under whose reign thou hast this rich increase.

THE THAMES.

With silver glide my pleasant streams do run,
Where leaping fishes play betwixt the shores:
This gracious good hath God and Kind† begun
For London's use with help of sails and oars.
London, rejoice, and give thy God the praise
For her whose highness lengths thy happy days.

THE SOLDIER.

Armour of safe defence the soldier hath:
So lovely London carefully attends
To keep her sacred sovereign from scath,
That all this English land so well defends;
And so far London bids her soldiers go,
As well may serve to shield this land from woe.

THE SAILOR.

The sailor that in cold and quaking tide
The wrathful storms of winter's rage doth bide,
With streamers stretch'd prepares his merry bark,
For country's wealth to set his men a-wark;‡
That queen and country easily may see
The seaman serves his prince in his degree.

SCIENCE.

For London's safety and her happiness
The soldier and the sailor may you see
All well prepar'd, and put in readiness
To do such service as may fitting be;
And Art with them do[th] join, and they with me.
London, then, joy, and let all ages know
What duty to thy sovereign thou dost owe.

THE FIRST NYMPH.

Thus with the morning sun and evening star
These holy lights shall burn, the cheerful flame
With sweetest odour shall perfume as far
As India stands, in honour of her name,
Whose trophy we adore with sacred rites,
With sweetest incense, and with endless lights.

THE SECOND NYMPH.

So long as sun doth lend the world his light,
Or any grass doth grow upon the ground,
With holy flame our torches shall burn bright,
And Fame shall bruit* with golden trumpet's sound
The honour of her sacred regiment,†
That claims this honourable monument.

THE THIRD NYMPH.

Our holy lights shall burn continually,
To signify our duties to her state,
Whose excellent and princely majesty
Approves‡ itself to be most fortunate.

THE FOURTH NYMPH.

Virtue shall witness of her worthiness,
And Fame shall register her princely deeds;
The world shall still pray for her happiness,
From whom our peace and quietness proceeds.

Verses written under the Arms of England.

Gallia victa dedit flores, invicta leones
Anglia, jus belli in flore, leone suum;
O sic, O semper ferat Anglia læta triumphos,
Inclyta Gallorum flore, leone suo.

DONE BY GEORGE PEELE, MASTER OF ARTS IN OXFORD.

* *apaid*] i. e. satisfied, pleased.
† *Kind*] i. e. Nature.
‡ *a-wark*] i. e. a-work.

* *bruit*] i. e. report.
† *regiment*] i. e. government.
‡ *Approves*] i. e. Proves.

DESCENSUS ASTRÆÆ.

The Device of a Pageant, borne before M. William Web, Lord Maior of the Citie of London, on the day he took his oath; being the 29th of October, 1591. *Whereunto is annexed a Speech delivered by one, clad like a sea-nymph; who presented a Pinesse on the water, bravely rigd and mand, to the Lord Maior, at the time he tooke barge to go to Westminster. Done by G. Peele, Maister of Arts in Oxford. Printed for William Wright.* 4to.

DESCENSUS ASTRÆÆ.

The PRESENTER'S *Speech.*

SEE, lovely lords, and you, my lord, behold
How Time hath turn'd his restless wheel about,
And made the silver moon and heaven's bright eye
Gallop the zodiac, and end the year,
Whose revolution now begets anew
The days that have created and confirm'd
A worthy governor, for London's good,
To underbear, under his sovereign's sway,
Unpartial Justice' beam, and weav'd a Web *
For your content, and her command in all,
You citizens of this metropolis,
Whose honour and whose oath to gratulate,
Lordings, behold what emblem I present.
Astræa, daughter of th' immortal Jove,
Great Jove, defender of this ancient town,
Descended of the Trojan Brutus' line,
Offspring of a† courageous conquering king,
Whose pure renown hath pierc'd the world's large ears,
In golden scrolls rolling about the heavens;
Celestial sacred Nymph, that tends her flock
With watchful eyes, and keeps this fount in peace,
Guarded with Graces, and with gracious trains,
Virtues divine, and gifts incomparable,
Nor lets blind superstitious Ignorance
Corrupt so pure a spring: O happy times,
That do beget such calm and quiet days,
Where sheep and shepherd breathe in such content!

* *Web*] A wretched pun upon the Mayor's name.

† *a*] Not in the 4to.—Here, observes Walker, "*a* must have been lost between *of* and *courageous;* for the suppression of the article is not allowable according to Elizabethan grammar, except under certain conditions, which might be specified, and which are of very rare occurrence." *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 15.

Honour attends her throne; in her bright eyes
Sits Majesty; Virtue and Steadfastness
Possess her heart; sweet Mercy sways her sword;
Her Champion, arm'd with resolution,
Sits at her feet to châstise malcontents
That threat her honour's wreck; and Time and Kind *
Produce † her years to make them numberless;
While Fortune for her service and her sake
With golden hands doth strengthen and enrich
The Web that they for fair Astræa weave.
Long may she live, long may she govern us,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars,
Our fair Astræa, our Pandora fair,
Our fair Eliza, our Zabeta fair;
Sweet Cynthia's darling, beauteous Cypria's peer;
As dear to England and true English hearts
As Pompey to the citizens of Rome;
As merciful as Cæsar in his might;
As mighty as the Macedonian king,
Or Trojan Hector, terror to the Greeks.
Goddess, live long, whose honours we advance,
Strengthen thy neighbours', propagate thine own:
Guide well thy helm, lay thine anointed hand
To build the temple of triumphant Truth,
That while thy subjects draw their peace from thee,
Thy friends with aid of arms may succour'd be.

ASTRÆA, *with her sheephook, on the top of the Pageant.*

Feed on, my flock, among the gladsome green,
Where heavenly nectar flows above the banks;
Such pastures are not common to be seen:
Pay to immortal Jove immortal thanks,

* *Kind*] i. e. Nature.

† *Produce*] i. e. Extend, lengthen.

For what is good from heaven's high throne doth fall;
And heaven's great architect be prais'd for all.

SUPERSTITION *to Ignorance, a friar, sitting by the fountain.*

Stir, priest, and with thy beads poison this spring;
I tell thee all is baneful that I bring.

IGNORANCE, *a priest.*

It is in vain: her eye keeps me in awe,
Whose heart is purely fixèd on the law,
The holy law; and bootless we contend,
While this chaste nymph this fountain doth defend.

EUPHROSYNE.

Whilom, when Saturn's golden reign did cease,
And iron age had kindled cruel wars,
Envy in wrath perturbing common peace,
Engendering canker'd hate and bloody jars;
Lo, then Olympus' king, the thundering Jove,
Raught* hence this gracious nymph Astræa fair:
Now once again he sends her from above,
Descended through the sweet transparent air;
And here she sits in beauty fresh and sheen,
Shadowing the person of a peerless queen.

AGLAIA.

A peerless queen, a royal princely dame,
Enroll'd in register of eternal fame.

THALIA.

The Graces throw their balm about her sacred head,
Whose government her realm's true happiness hath bred.

CHARITY.

That happiness continue in her land,
Great Israel's God, spring of all heavenly peace,
And let thine angels in her rescue stand:
With her life's wane done† England's joys decrease:
O, let her princely days never have fine,‡
Whose virtues are immortal and divine!

HOPE.

Such virtues as her throne do beautify,
And make her honours mount and scale the sky.

FAITH.

Where hope of her eternal bliss doth rest,
Conceivèd in her sweet and sacred breast.

HONOUR.

With radiant beams, reflecting on the earth,
Even from the snowy brows of Albion,
Beyond the utmost verge of Christendom,
As bright as is the burning lamp of heaven,
Shineth my mistress' honour, in whose fame
The heathen carols sing, and all admire,
From icy Tanais to the sevenfold Nile,
Her glory, that commands this western isle.

CHAMPION.

In whose defence my colours I advance,
And girt me with my sword, and shake my lance:
These British lions, rampant in this field,
That never learn'd in battle's rage to yield,
Breathe terror to the proud aspiring foe,
Ranging the world, commanding where they go;
Therefore in vain this misproud malcontent
Threatens her state, whose harms the heavens prevent.
Sit safe, sweet nymph, among thy harmless sheep:
Thy sacred person angels have in keep.

FIRST MALCONTENT.

What meaneth this? I strive, and cannot strike;
She is preserv'd by miracle belike:
If so, then wherefore threaten we in vain
That queen whose cause the gracious heavens maintain?

SECOND MALCONTENT.

No marvel, then, although we faint and quail,
For mighty is the truth and will prevail.

In the hinder part of the Pageant did sit a child, representing Nature, holding in her hand a distaff, and spinning a web, which passed through the hand of Fortune, and was wheeled up by Time, who spake as followeth:

TIME.

Thus while my wheel with ever-turning gyres,
At heaven's high hest, serves earthly men's desires,
I wind the Web that Kind so well begins,
While Fortune doth enrich what Nature spins.

* *Raught*] i. e. Snatched.
† *done*] i. e. do.
‡ *fine*] i. e. end.

A Speech on the water, delivered in the morning, at my Lord Mayor's going to Westminster.

List, gentle lords,* and, bubbling stream, be still,
And, whistling winds, your angry murmur cease;
Let Thetis' nymph unfold the goddess' hest.
Behold, embark'd thus bravely as you see,
Laden with treasure and with precious ore,
From where in Tellus' veins the parching sun
Doth gold and glittering minerals create,
Are come these strangers lovingly inflam'd,
To gratulate to you, my lovely lord,
This gladsome day wherein your honours spring:
And by the bar that thwarts this silver stream,
Even to the beauteous verge of Troy-novant,†
That decks this Thamesis on either side,
Thus far these friends have pierc'd, and all by me
Salute your honour and your company,
Thrice-worthy pretor of this ancient town.
The mortar of these walls, temper'd in peace,
Yet holds the building sure, as are the sprigs
Woven from the spreading root in knotty box.
Labour, fair lord, as other mayors of yore,
To beautify this city with deserts.
So with* these friendly strangers, man by man,
Pass with advisement to receive thy oath;
Keep it inviolate for thy sovereign's hope,
Virtue's pure mirror, London's great mistress;
Unsheath the sword committed to thy sway,
With mereiful regard of every cause.
So go in peace, happy by sea and land,
Guided by grace and heaven's immortal hand.

* *lords*] Compare the first line of this piece.

† *Troy-novant*] i. e. London.

* *with*] The 4to. "wish."

A FAREWELL

TO

SIR JOHN NORRIS AND SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, ETC.

AND

A TALE OF TROY.

A Farewell. Entituled to the famous and fortunate Generalls of our Englishe forces: Sir Iohn Norris & Syr Frauncis Drake Knights, and all theyr braue and resolute followers. Whereunto is annexed: A tale of Troy. Ad Lectorem. Parue nec inuideo sine me (liber) ibis ad arma, Hei mihi, quod domino non licet ire tuo. Doone by George Peele, Maister of Artes in Oxforde. At London Printed by I. C. and are to bee solde by William Wright, at his shop adioyning to S. Mildreds Church in the Poultrie. Anno. 1589. *4to.*

On the back of the title are the arms of Elizabeth, with the motto "*Semper eadem,*" and under them these verses;

"*Gallia victa dedit flores, inuicta Leones*
Anglia: ius belli in flore, leone suum:
O sic O semper ferat Elizabetha triumphos,
Inclyta Gallorum flore leone suo."

In 1589, while the public exultation at the defeat of the Spanish Armada had not yet subsided, a band of gallant adventurers (excited chiefly by the desire of gain or glory) fitted out, almost entirely at their own expense, a fleet for an expedition to Portugal, for the declared purpose of seating on the throne of that country the bastard Don Antonio, who had taken refuge in England. On the 18th of April the armament set sail from Plymouth, consisting of 180 vessels and 21,000 men, under the command of Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris. A minute detail of the disasters which ensued would here be out of place; suffice it to say, that about eleven thousand persons perished in this expedition, and of the eleven hundred gentlemen who accompanied it, only three hundred and fifty returned to their native country.

The Tale of Troy: By G. Peele M. of Arts in Oxford. Printed by A. H. 1604: the imprint at the end being *London Printed by Arnold Hatfield, dwelling in Eliots Court in the Little old Baylie: And are to be sold by Nicholas Ling.* 1604,—forms a very diminutive volume, about an inch and a half in height, and having only two lines in a page. It presents a text differing greatly from that of ed. 1589. See *Account of Peele and his Writings*, pp. 335, 344.

TO

THE MOST FAMOUS GENERALS OF OUR ENGLISH FORCES BY LAND AND SEA, SIR JOHN NORRIS AND SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, KNIGHTS.

Your virtues famed by your fortunes, and fortunes renowned by your virtues, thrice-honourable generals, together with the admiration the world hath worthily conceived of your worthiness, have at this time encouraged me, a man not unknown to many of your brave and forward followers, captains, and soldiers, to send my short *Farewell* to our English forces. Whereunto I have annexed an old poem of mine own, *The Tale of Troy*, a pleasant discourse, fitly serving to recreate by the reading the chivalry of England ; to whom, as to your ingenious judgments, I dedicate the same ; that good minds, inflamed with honourable reports of their ancestry, may imitate their glory in highest adventures, and my countrymen, famed through the world for resolution and fortitude, may march in equipage of honour and arms with their glorious and renowned predecessors, the Trojans.

Beseeching God mercifully and miraculously, as hitherto he hath done, to defend fair England, that her soldiers may in their departure be fortunate and in their return triumphant,

GEO. PEELE.

A FAREWELL

ENTITULED

TO THE FAMOUS AND FORTUNATE GENERALS OF OUR ENGLISH FORCES, ETC.

HAVE done with care, my hearts! aboard amain,
With stretching sails to plough the swelling waves:
Bid England's shore and Albion's chalky cliffs
Farewell; bid stately Troynovant adieu,
Where pleasant Thames from Isis' silver head
Begins her quiet glide, and runs along
To that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts her course,
Near neighbour to the ancient stony Tower,
The glorious hold that Julius Cæsar built.
Change love for arms; girt-to your blades, my boys!
Your rests* and muskets take, take helm and targe,
And let God Mars his consort make you mirth,—
The roaring cannon,† and the brazen trump,
The angry-sounding drum, the whistling fife,
The shrieks of men, the princely courser's neigh.
Now vail‡ your bonnets to your friends at home:
Bid all the lovely British dames adieu,
That under many a standard well-advanc'd
Have hid§ the sweet alarms and braves of love;
Bid theatres and proud tragedians,
Bid Mahomet, Scipio,* and mighty Tamburlaine,†
King Charlemagne,‡ Tom Stukeley,§ and the rest,
Adieu. To arms, to arms, to glorious arms!
With noble Norris, and victorious Drake,
Under the sanguine cross, brave England's badge,
To propagate religious piety,
And hew a passage with your conquering swords
By land and sea, wherever Phœbus' eye,
Th' eternal lamp of heaven, lends us light;
By golden Tagus, or the western Inde,
Or through the spacious bay of Portugal,
The wealthy ocean-main, the Tyrrhene sea,
From great Alcides' pillars branching forth
Even to the gulf that leads to lofty Rome;
There to deface the pride of Antichrist,
And pull his paper walls and popery down,—
A famous enterprise for England's strength,
To steel your swords on Avarice' triple crown,
And cleanse Augeas' stalls in Italy.

---

* *rests*] i. e. supports for the muskets, which in Peele's days were very heavy.

† *And let God Mars his consort make you mirth,—*
The roaring cannon, &c.] Shakespeare perhaps remembered this passage when he wrote Othello's "farewell" to war: in Singer's *Shakespeare* (vol. 10, p. 443, ed. 1826), where Peele's lines are quoted, "trumpet" is printed instead of "*consort.*"

It is necessary to observe, that when this poem was produced, and a considerable time after, the expression "*consort* of music" was in use:—the term "*concert*" is comparatively modern.

‡ *vail*] i. e. lower.

§ *hid*] Old ed. "bid."

* *Mahomet, Scipio*] Old ed. "*Mahomets* Poo." Corrected by the Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for Feby. 1833, p. 103), who remarks; "The fact is, that *two letters* have fallen out, probably from the word having been written in a contracted form, and the *s* that belonged to the word has got wrongly attached to 'Mahomet;' but the true reading is clear. . . . Scipio was a great name among old poets and dramatists; and is seldom absent in the list of heroes."

† *Tamburlaine*] An allusion to Marlowe's well-known tragedy in Two Parts.

‡ *King Charlemagne*] No drama called *Charlemagne* has come down to us, nor am I acquainted with any old play in which that monarch is a character. According to Mr. Collier (*Memoirs of Alleyn*, p. 7), the allusion is perhaps to Greene's play of *Orlando Furioso*,—a most improbable conjecture.

§ *Tom Stukeley*] See prefatory remarks to our author's *Battle of Alcazar*, p. 419.

To arms, my fellow soldiers! Sea and land
Lie open to the voyage you intend;
And sea or land, bold Britons, far or near,
Whatever course your matchless virtue shapes,
Whether to Europe's bounds, or Asian plains,
To Afric's shore, or rich America,
Down to the shades of deep Avernus' crags,
Sail on, pursue your honours to your graves:
Heaven is a sacred covering for your heads,
And every climate virtue's tabernacle.
To arms, to arms, to honourable arms! *
Hoise sails, weigh anchors up, plough up the seas
With flying keels, plough up the land with swords:
In God's name venture on; and let me say
To you, my mates, as Cæsar said to his,
Striving with Neptune's hills; "You bear," quoth he,
"Cæsar and Cæsar's fortune in your ships."
You follow them, whose swords successful are:
You follow Drake, by sea the scourge of Spain,
The dreadful dragon, terror to your foes,
Victorious in his return from Inde,
In all his high attempts unvanquishèd;
You follow noble Norris, whose renown,
Won in the fertile fields of Belgia,
Spreads by the gates of Europe to the courts
Of Christian kings and heathen potentates.
You fight for Christ, and England's peerless queen,
Elizabeth, the wonder of the world,
Over whose throne the enemies of God
Have thunder'd erst their vain successless braves.
O, ten-times-treble happy men, that fight
Under the cross of Christ and England's queen,
And follow such as Drake and Norris are!
All honours do this cause accompany;
All glory on these endless honours waits:
These honours and this glory shall He send,
Whose honour and whose glory you defend.

Yours, G. P.

* *To arms, to arms, to honourable arms!*] In *The Lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*, &c., first printed in 1595, we find,—

"*To armes, my lord, to honourable armes,*"

which is followed by what forms part of the eleventh verse of the present poem,

"*Take helme and targe.*" Sig. F 2.

See note ‡, p. 425, first col.

THE TALE OF TROY.*

In that world's wounded part,† whose waves yet swell
With everlasting showers of tears that fell,
And bosom bleeds with great effuse of blood
That long war shed,—Troy, Neptune's city, stood,
Gorgeously built, like to the House of Fame,
Or Court of Jove, as some describe the same;
Under a prince whom, for his happy state,
That age surnam'd Priam the Fortunate,
So honour'd for his royal progeny,
Blest in his queen, his offspring, and his country:
Y-clyppèd * Stately Hecuba was she,
A goodly creature † of such majesty
As well became her princely personage;
And, long before she tasted fortune's rage,
With twenty ‡ sons and daughters, wondrous thing,
This lusty lady did enrich her king,
Fruit not unlike the tree whereof § they sprung;
The daughters lovely, modest, wise, || and young;

* *The Tale of Troy*] Ed. 1589 gives, as the heading of this piece, *The beginning, accidents, and ende of the warre of Troy.* It also has a short running argument, in the shape of marginal notes, which I have dismissed as an unnecessary incumbrance to the page.

† *In that world's wounded part*, &c.] Ed. 1589;

"Whilom in Troy, that ancient noble towne,
Did dwell a king of honor & renowne,
Of port, of puisaunce, and mickle fame,
And Priam was this mighty princes name;
Whom, in regard of *his* triumphant *state*,
The world as then *surnamde the Fortunate*,
So happy was he *for his progenie*,
His queene, his court, his children, *and countrie*."

* *Y-clyppèd*] i. e. Called, named.

† *A goodly creature*, &c.] Ed. 1589;

"So faire *a creature* hardlie might you see,
So braue, and of so comelie *personage*."

‡ *twenty*] Ed. 1604 "many." (Both lections being, for obvious reasons, very objectionable.)

§ *whereof*] Ed. 1604 "from whence."

|| *wise*] Ed. 1604 "fair."

The sons, as doth my story well unfold,
All knights-at-arms, gay, gallant, brave,* and bold,
Of wit and manhood † such as might suffice
To venture on the highest piece of service:
His peers as loyal to their royal lord
As might ne ‡ tainted be for deed or word;
His court presenting § to our human eyes
An earthly heaven or shining paradise,
Where ladies troop'd in rich disguis'd attire,
Glistering like stars of pure immortal fire.
Thus happy, Priam, didst thou live of yore,
That to thy hap could naught be added more; ‖
Till 'mong the gods I wot not which ¶ was he
Envýing tho ** this happiness to thee,
Or goddess, or accursèd fiend below,
Conspiring thy Troy's wreck and overthrow,—
Alack, that happiness may not long †† last,
That all our ‡‡ braveries been §§ so brief a blast!—
Till one, I say, revengeful ‖‖ power or other
Buzz'd in the brain of the unhappy mother
A dreadful dream, and, as it did befall,
To Priam's Troy a dream deadly and fatal.
For when the time of mother's pain drew nigh,
And now the load that in her womb did lie
Began to stir and move with ¶¶ proper strength,
Ready to leave his place; behold, at length
She dreams, and gives her lord *** to understand
That she should soon bring forth a fire-brand, †††
Whose flame ‡‡‡ and fatal smoke would grow so great
As Ilium's towers it should consume with heat:

And, counsel taken of her * troublous dream,
The soothsayers said † that not swift Simois' stream
Nor Xanthus' icy waves ‡ might quench the fire
That did this brand 'gainst Troy's proud walls conspire.
Which to prevent (a piteous tale to tell)
Both sire and dame 'gainst law and kind § rebel;
And, that this fear might soon ‖ be overblown,
This babe from Troy withouten ruth is thrown.
But tempted may the gods, not mockèd, be:
It is thy fate, nor mayst ¶ thou, Troy, foresee
What must befall, thou mayst it not foreknow:
Yet Paris lives, and men him callèd so;
He lives a shepherd's lad ** on Ida hills,
And breathes a man 'gainst Troy and Trojans' wills,
That threatens fire to Troy, a jolly swain.
And here me list †† leave Priam and his train,
And tell of ‡‡ Paris yet another while;
How he can nymphs and shepherds' trulls beguile,
And pipen songs, and whet his wits on books,
And rape poor maids with sweet-alluring looks:
So couth he §§ sing his lays among them all,
And tune his pipe unto the water's fall, ‖‖
And wear his coat of grey ¶¶ and lusty green,
That had the fair Œnone never seen
His ticing curlèd hair, his front of ivory,
The careless nymph had ne'er been so unhappy.
Then was the time when Flora dight with *** flowers,
Like Iris in her pride and parti-colours,
Sate in her summer arbours like a queen,
And deck'd the earth with ††† yellow, blue, and green;
Then Phœbe gan a solemn hunting make,
A feast for Pallas', Juno['s], Venus' sake;

---

* *knights-at-arms, gay, gallant, brave*] Ed. 1604 "*knights* in *arms*, adventurous."

† *Of wit and manhood*, &c.] Ed. 1604 omits this and the next line.

‡ *ne*] i. e. not.—Ed. 1604 "not."

§ *His court presenting*, &c.] Ed. 1589;
"*His court presenting to our* earthlie *eyes*
A skye of starres *or shyning paradise.*
Thus happy, Priam," &c.

‖ *hap could naught be added more*] Ed. 1604 "fortune heavens *could* add no *more*."

¶ *which*] Ed. 1589 "what."

** *Envýing tho*] i. e. Grudging then.

†† *long*] Ed. 1604 "ever."

‡‡ *our*] Ed. 1589 "these."

§§ *been*] i. e. be.

‖‖ *revengeful*] Ed. 1589 "avenging."

¶¶ *Began to stir and move with*] Ed. 1604 "To move began *and* stir *with*."

*** *lord*] Ed. 1604 "pheere" (i. e. husband).

††† *a fire-brand*] Ed. 1604 "*a* firy *brand*" (but our old poets often use "*fire*" as a dissyllable).

‡‡‡ *Whose flame*, &c.] Ed. 1589;
"*Whose* hote and clymbing *flame* should *grow so great*,
That Neptunes Troy *it* would *consume with heate*."

* *her*] Ed. 1589 "this."—Ed. 1604 "his" (hir).

† *said*] Ed. 1604 "say."

‡ *Nor Xanthus' icy waves*, &c.] Ed. 1589;
"*Might* serue to *quench* that fierce deuouring *fire*
That did this brand gainst towne of Troy *conspire*."

§ *kind*] i. e. nature.

‖ *soon*] Ed. 1589 "so."

¶ *mayst*] Ed. 1589 "may."

** *lad*] Ed. 1589 "swayne" (which word occurs in the next line but one).

†† *me list*] i. e. it pleases me.

‡‡ *tell of*] Ed. 1589 "tend we."

§§ *couth he*] i. e. he had skill to, knew how to.

‖‖ *And tune his pipe unto the water's fall*] This line is borrowed from Spenser's *Eclogue for April*,—
"And tuned it unto the water's fall."

¶¶ *grey*] See note *, p. 158, first col. But here ed. 1604 has "gay": with which compare the line in p. 361, sec. col., "The colour of his coat is lusty green."

*** *dight with*] Ed. 1589 "with her."

††† *deck'd the earth with*] Ed. 1589 "dight *the earth* in."

And on that Ida, where King Priam's son,
Paris, this lovely shepherd's swain,* did won,†
A sudden ‡ strife and variance did befall
Among those goddesses § for a golden ball,
That Ate brought‖ from hell, a fatal fruit,
And threw among them at Dame Tellus' suit,
That, all too weak her burden to sustain,
To Saturn's sons did of her load complain,
Whose swelling womb the gods agreed to ease
By slaughtering war a-land and wrecks by seas.
And fatal was it to this shepherd's boy,
That in his bosom bare the bane of Troy,¶
To wander by that sacred place alone
(Belike his nymph and walking-mate was gone);
And there was chosen judge to end the** strife
That after cost†† full many a man his life.
And thus this doughty daysman,‡‡ as I read,
Did crankly §§ venture on this thankless deed:
Whom Juno first, that proud ‖‖ and stately goddess,
Entic'd with offer ¶¶ of much wealth and richess;
And certes*** gold hath store of eloquence.
Him Pallas eke, the queen of sapience,
Tempted with wisdom ††† and with chivalry,
To win the golden ball bequeath'd to beauty.
But neither wealth nor wisdom might him move,
When Venus gan t' encounter him with love.
So, led away with over-vain conceit,
And surfeiting belike on pleasure's bait,‡‡‡
As men are wont to let the better go
And choose the worse, this jolly herd-groom,§§§ lo,

* *shepherd's swain*] Ed. 1604 "swain disguis'd."
† *won*] i. e. dwell.
‡ *sudden*] Ed. 1589 "wondrous."
§ *those goddesses*] Ed. 1589 "the *goddesses*."—Here Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 246) would alter, for the metre's sake, "*goddesses*" to "goddess'" (the contracted plural).
‖ *That Ate brought*, &c.] Ed. 1589;
"*That* some fell furie *threw among them* all.
And fatall was it," &c.
¶ *bare the bane of Troy*] Ed. 1604 "carried fire for *Troy*."
** *the*] Ed. 1589 "this."
†† *cost*] Ed. 1589 "lost."
‡‡ *daysman*] i. e. umpire.
§§ *crankly*] i. e. briskly.
‖‖ *that proud*] Ed. 1589 "the great."
¶¶ *offer*] Ed. 1589 "honor."
*** *certes*] i. e. certainly.
††† *Tempted with wisdom*, &c.] Ed. 1604;
"Would for pure wisdom's worth and *chivalry*
This earthly swain to praise her heavenly *beauty*.
But neither wealth nor wisdom's gifts *might move*,
When Venus 'gan t' enchant his thoughts *with love*."
‡‡‡ *belike on pleasure's bait*] Ed. 1604 "on pleasure's wanton *bait*."
§§§ *herd groom*] Ed. 1589 "shepheard."

In hope to win the flower of gallant Greece,*
Fair Helena, that brave and peerless piece,
Giveth the prize to Lady Venus' grace,†
And ends with endless war this doubtful case.
Ah Paris! hadst thou had but equal ‡ eyes,
Indifferent in bestowing of the prize,
Thy human wits § might have discernèd well
Where the ‖ true beauty of the mind did dwell:
But men must err, because that ¶ men they be,
And men with love y-blinded cannot see.**
Throughout the world the rumour being blown
Of this event, the man was quickly known,
And homewards †† comes, forsooth, to luckless ‡‡ Troy,
Of yore a shepherd's lad,§§ King Priam's boy;
And in his bosom lodg'd ‖‖ an uncouth heat,
The strength whereof began to grow so great
That needly Paris ¶¶ must prepare to see
What might the substance of the *** shadow be
That yet his fancy wrought upon so fast.
So, furnishèd with men and ships, at last
To Lacedæmon doth this minion come;
The winds made way, the sea affording room:
In fine, the cut and voyage seeming ††† short,
The knight arrives at Menelaus' court,
Where such his entertainment was, I find,
As justly might content a princely mind;
For she was there to give him welcome tho,‡‡‡
Who more his inward sense than eyes §§§ did know:
A lusty, brave, and lovely ‖‖‖ dame was she,
A lass well worthy to be Paris' fee,¶¶¶

* *the flower of gallant Greece*] Ed. 1589 "*the* gallant flower of *Greece*."
† *Giveth the prize to Lady Venus' grace*] Ed. 1604 "*Giveth* this beauty's *prize to Venus' grace*."
‡ *equal*] i. e. impartial.
§ *wits*] Ed. 1589 "wit."
‖ *Where the*] Ed. 1589 "Wherein."
¶ *that*] Ed. 1604 "but."
** *cannot see*] Ed. 1604 "may *not see*."—In *England's Parnassus*, 1600, (under the head "*Beauty*", p. 18,) this couplet is given thus;
"All *men* do *err*, *because that men they be*,
And men with beauty *blinded cannot see*."
†† *homewards*] Ed. 1604 "homeward."
‡‡ *luckless*] Ed. 1604 "wretched."
§§ *lad*] Ed. 1589 "swayne."
‖‖ *bosom lodg'd*] Ed. 1589 "brest did beare.
¶¶ *That needly Paris*]—*needly*, i. e. necessarily.—Ed. 1589 "As needes Sir *Paris*."
*** *the*] Ed. 1589 "this."
††† *seeming*] Ed. 1589 "beeing."
‡‡‡ *tho*] i. e. then.
§§§ *eyes*] Ed. 1589 "eye."
‖‖‖ *lovely*] Ed. 1589 "liuely."
¶¶¶ *A lass well worthy to be Paris' fee*] Ed. 1604 "Whom Venus promis'd *Paris* for his *fee*." (In applying the word "*lass*" to Helen, Peele was warranted by the usage of the classical writers: see Orelli's note on the

The queen herself that hight * fair Helena,
Whom yet unseen his thoughts did all obey;
And by the hand she takes this gallant † guest,
And gives him entertainment of the best.
Yet stately Troy did flourish in her ‡ pride,
And Priam, whom no king § might mate beside,
Till love and hate together did conspire
To waste this town with swift-devouring fire. ‖
The Prince of Troy gan easily now to see
How well her person with her fame did gree;
When calling ¶ on Dame Venus for his due,
The King of Sparta with a lordly crew
Must post from home, and leave his wife, forsooth,
To give Sir Paris welcome for his tooth:
Thus Venus first, to help love's policy,
Advantag'd him ** with opportunity.
And now, as lovers wont their time t' espy, ††
This lover can his task full well apply,
And strives to court his mistress cunningly,
(No whit in fear of women's surquedry. ‡‡)
Whose tender breast the conquering god of love,
As will'd his dame, with arrow §§ gan to prove,
And found it fit for love's impression.
No sooner was King Menelaus gone
But Helen's heart had ta'en so great a flame
As love increas'd with Paris' only name: ‖‖
And now she doth ¶¶ survey his lovely face,
And curiously observe each courtly grace;
And after large disputes of right and wrong,
What did to love and womanhood belong,—
Ah, that this love will not be over-rul'd, ***
Ah, that these lovers nill ††† be better school'd!—
After sweet lines, that from this stranger's pen
Came swiftly to her reading now and then,

Regard of honour thrown aside by this,
She arms her boldly to this great amiss; *
And, for her heart was from her body hent, †
To Troy this Helen with her lover went,
Thinking, perdy, ‡ a part contrary kind, §
Her heart so raught, ‖ herself to stay behind.
And thus hath Paris with his cunning caught
The dainty bird that all so far he sought.
No sooner were they started thus away
But that ¶ the king, yet all too late a day,
Had news of this unworthy treacherous ** deed,
And after (says my story) makes some †† speed;
But hardy ‡‡ Love, that hath no leaden heels,
Tied wings belike §§ unto the Trojan's keels.
Away flies Paris with his chasèd prey,
As blithe ‖‖ as bird of morning's light in May,
And lands in Troy the beauteous ¶¶ Helena;
Whom agèd Priam and Queen Hecuba,
And *** all their noble ††† sons and daughters too,
Welcome with royal feasts and great ‡‡‡ ado,
And every lovely dame and courtly §§§ knight
Salute, to do their sovereign honour's right. ‖‖‖‖
The peers, the princes, and the lords of Greece,
Touch'd with the rape of this reproachful piece,
Not able to endure this ¶¶¶ villany,
Dishonour to their state and country, ****
In fury gan the quarrel undertake;
Not all alone for Menelaus' sake,
But to rebuke and to avenge beside
Helen's revolt, †††† Paris' adulterous pride;

---

passage of Horace, "*puellæ* | Jam virum expertæ." *Carm.* iii. 14, 10.)

* *hight*] i. e. was called.

† *this gallant*] Ed. 1589 "her new come."

‡ *her*] Ed. 1589 "his."

§ *king*] Ed. 1589 "prince."

‖ *this town with swift-devouring fire*] Ed. 1589 "*this towne* and realme *with* wastful *fire*."

¶ *When calling*, &c.] i. e. When *Paris* calling on Venus, &c.

** *him*] Ed. 1604 "them."

†† *time t' espy*] Ed. 1589 "times *espie*."

‡‡ *surquedry*] i.e presumption, arrogance.—This line is not in ed. 1589.

§§ *arrow*] Ed. 1589 "arrowes."

‖‖ *with Paris' only name*] i. e. with the mere name of Paris.—Ed. 1604 "*with* sound of *Paris' name*."

¶¶ *doth*] Ed. 1589 "gan."

*** *will not be over-rul'd*] Ed. 1589 "*will* be no better *ruled*."

††† *nill*] i. e. will not.

* *amiss*] i. e. fault.

† *hent*] i. e. seized, taken.

‡ *perdy*] i. e. *par Dieu*, verily.

§ *contrary kind*] i. e. contrary to nature.

‖ *raught*] i. e. snatched away.

¶ *that*] Ed. 1589 "straight."

** *treacherous*] Ed. 1589 "trayterous."

†† *makes some*] Ed. 1589 "gins to."

‡‡ *hardy*] Ed. 1589 "conquering."

§§ *Tied wings belike*] Ed. 1589 "Belike tide wings."

‖‖ *As blithe*, &c.] This line is not in ed. 1589.

¶¶ *beauteous*] Ed. 1589 "gallant."

*** *And*] Ed. 1589 "With."

††† *noble*] Ed. 1604 "princely."

‡‡‡ *great*] Ed. 1589 "much."

§§§ *courtly*] Ed. 1589 "lustie."

‖‖‖‖ *Salute, to do their sovereign honour's right*] Ed. 1589 "Doe pay the prince such honour as they might"; which the author altered perhaps because "princes" occurs in the next line.

¶¶¶ *Not able to endure this*] Ed. 1589 "*Not* suffering such barbarous."

**** *to their state and country*] Ed. 1604 "*to* the honour of the *country*." But in our early poets (Shakespeare included) "*country*" is frequently a trisyllable.

†††† *revolt*] Ed. 1589 "false loue."

Making provision for a long-liv'd* war,
That wounded all so deep as† yet the scar
Remains, and will abide‡ from day to day,
That teeth of§ fretting Time shall never wear away.
In Aulis' gulf they mightily assemble,
Whose power might make the proudest Troy to tremble:
Lord Agamemnon there among them all,
With Greeks' consent, was chosen general.
Before this time a while, as I do‖ read,
Ulysses, by the wit¶ of Palamede,
Unhappy man,** was fetch'd from Ithaca,
Yet well could counterfeit a cause of stay
To tarry with his wife Penelope;
But private cause must common cause obey,
And though he feignèd†† madness for the nonce,‡‡
Yet could §§ Sir Palamedes all at once,
To sift his wile, lay down‖‖ his tender son,
Whom while the sire refus'd to over-run,
That play'd the frantic ploughman there¶¶ in vain,
He roundly brought him to*** the Argive train;
Who,††† for the hate he harbour'd in his head,
Nill cease till this Sir Palamede was dead.‡‡‡
So Peleus' valiant§§§ son, the great Achilles,
That lately‖‖‖ with the Grecians went to seas,
Restrain'd a while¶¶¶ in habit of a woman,
Unworthy wrong done to so brave a man,

Ulysses with his toys and trifles trim,
In pedler's base array, decipher'd him.
The flower* of Greece and armies all by this,
For want of wind, had† hover'd long in Aulis:
What mighty men misdo the meaner rue;
So great an ill by lingering did‡ ensue.
So far enrag'd§ was angry Artemis
With Agamemnon's sin and small amiss
For striking in the chase a gentle hind,
The Grecians pine, Phœbe restrains the wind:
And, will he, nill he, Agamemnon must,
If he will termèd be a general just,
Despatch some trusty messenger or page,
Under pretext of love and‖ marriage,
To fetch to Aulis' strand¶ the Argive queen
To see the spousals of fair Iphigen;
And Prince Achilles was her fere misnam'd:**
But all untowardly the†† business fram'd;
For Clytemnestra had espied ere long,
At their arrive, the fetch and fatal wrong.‡‡
In few,§§ the virgin slain in sacrifice,
The Greeks have wind at will, the waters rise.
How many ills do follow one annoy!
Now merrily sail these‖‖ gallant Greeks to Troy,
And scour the seas,¶¶ and keep their compass right:
Away they fly, their tackling toft and tight,
As shoots a streaming star in winter's night;
A thousand ships well-rigg'd, a glorious sight,
Waving ten thousand flags, they leave the port;
And, as ye wot, this war and tragic sport
It was for Helena.

---

* *long-liv'd*] Ed. 1589 "lasting."
† *as*] Ed. 1589 "and."
‡ *abide*] Ed. 1589 "endure."
§ *teeth of*] Not in ed. 1604.
‖ *do*] Ed. 1589 "can."
¶ *wit*] Ed. 1589 "meanes."
** *Unhappy man*, &c.
Yet well could, &c.
To tarry with, &c.
But private cause, &c.] The copy of ed. 1604 which was lent to me by Mr. Rodd wants the leaf containing these four lines. (I have already noticed that no more than two lines are contained in each page of that very diminutive edition.)
†† *feignèd*] Ed. 1589 "faind a."
‡‡ *the nonce*] i. e. the occasion.
§§ *could*] Ed. 1589 "can."
‖‖ *To sift his wile, lay down*] Ed. 1589 "*To* try *his* wit, offer."
¶¶ *there*] Ed. 1589 "all."
*** *him to*] Ed. 1604 "unto."
††† *Who*] Ed. 1589 "That."
‡‡‡ *Nill cease till this Sir Palamede was dead*] *Nill*, i. e. Will not.—Ed. 1604 "Accus'd him to the camp that doom'd him *dead*."
§§§ *valiant*] Ed. 1589 "noble."
‖‖‖ *lately*] Ed. 1589 "loth'lie."
¶¶¶ *Restrain'd a while*, &c.] Ed. 1589;
"Clad by his dame *in habite of a woman*,
Vnworthy cowardize of a valiant *man*,
But that no cowardize this deede can hight
In him that was approu'd so good a knight,
Ulisses with his toyes and tryfles trim
Full like a pedler can decipher *him*."
* *flower*] Ed. 1589 "force."
† *had*] Ed. 1589 "hane."
‡ *did*] Ed. 1589 "dooth."
§ *So far enrag'd*, &c.] Instead of this and the next three lines, ed. 1589 has,—
"Nor was there other helpe but Iphigen,
That might enforce the windes to blow agen."
‖ *pretext of love and*] Ed. 1589 "pretence *of loue* or."
¶ *strand*] Ed. 1589 "gulfe."
** *fere misnam'd*]—*fere*, i. e. mate, husband.—Ed. 1589 "louer namde."
†† *the*] Ed. 1589 "this."
‡‡ *At their arrive, the fetch and fatal wrong*] Ed. 1589 "Whereto this subtile message did belong."
§§ *In few*] Ed. 1589 "*In* fine."
‖‖ *these*] Ed. 1589 "our."
¶¶ *And scour the seas*, &c.] Ed. 1589;
"*And scoure the seas*, & cheerly runne forth *right*,
As shootes a streaming starre in winters night,
Away they flye, their tackling teft and tight,
Toppe and top-gallant in the brauest sort.
And, *as ye wote*," &c.

The King of Troy gan quickly * understand
How Grecks with all their power were hard at hand;
And sadly do the peers their prince advise,
The while in rage Cassandra calls and cries,
"Render, ye Trojans, to these madding Greeks
The dame that all this expedition seeks."
And to this battle, bruited far by fame,
Great aid of arms on either party came:
From Tyber† and the quaking Tanais,
To Troy, the queen of Amazons by this,
Penthesilea, with her warlike band,
Arrives ‡ in honour of King Priam's land.
And over-long it were for me to tell
In fury of this war § what hap befell;
How many Greeks, how many Trojan knights,
As chivalry by kind ‖ in love delights,
Upon their helmets can their plumes advance,¶
And twist their ladies' colours on ** their lance.
So doth this love make men adventurous: ††
So hardy was the true knight Troilus,
And all for love ‡‡ of the unconstant Cressed,
T' encounter with th' unworthy Diomed.
But leave I here of Troilus to say,§§
Whose passions for the ranging Cressida,
Read as fair ‖‖ England's Chaucer doth unfold,
Would tears exhale from eyes of iron mould.
And that I may give ¶¶ every man his right,
Sir *** Paris mounted, in his armour bright,
Pricks forth, and on his helm his mistress' sleeve:
How could that sight but Menelaus grieve?
And now the Greeks, and now the Trojans may,
As pleaseth ††† Fortune, bear away the day.

The time * of truce set down by martial law,
The dames of Troy with lovely looks do draw
The hearts of many Greeks,† and, lo, at last
The great Achilles is enthrallèd fast,
That night ne‡ day he might his rest enjoy;
So was his heart engagèd whole to Troy,
That now no more of arms this warrior would,
Or, mought§ I say, no more for love he could:
The camp complains upon his love and sloth,
And charge him with his knighthood and his oath.
Now rides out Hector, call'd the ‖ scourge of Greeks,
And, like the untam'd panther, pries and seeks
Where he may prove his strength;¶ and, storming thus,
He lights upon Achilles' friend, Patroclus.
King Peleus' son, thus rous'd, soon gan ** him greet,
And, lion-like, runs fiercely †† him to meet,
For rescue of his friend, as he were wood,‡‡
And charging so his staff in furious mood,§§
As falcon ‖‖ wonts to stoop upon his ¶¶ prey,
Forgetful of the fair Polyxena,
As Hector had unhors'd Patroclus tho,***
Despoiling him in field, the more the††† woe,
Unwares to wreak Patroclus' death‡‡‡ beleek,§§§
He slays a peerless Trojan for a Greek;
And having thus perform'd this piece of ‖‖‖ treason,
He triumphs in the spoils of Priam's son.
The Grecians now do ¶¶¶ clap their hands for glee;
But blood will blood, so ever mought **** it be.

---

* *The King of Troy gan quickly*] Ed. 1589 "King Priam now *gan* easelie."

† *Tyber*] So both eds.—Qy. "Tyras" or "Ister"?

‡ *Arrives*] Ed. 1589 "Ariu'd."

§ *In fury of this war*] Ed. 1589 "*In* this afflicting *warre*."

‖ *kind*] i. e. nature.

¶ *Upon their helmets can their plumes advance*] Ed. 1589 "*Vpon their* helmes their plumes can well *aduaunce*."

** *on*] Ed. 1589 "in."

†† *So doth this love make men adventurous*] Ed. 1589 "*So loue* doth make them bold and venturous."

‡‡ *And all for love*] Ed. 1589 "All for pure *loue*."

§§ *of Troilus to say*] Ed. 1604 "*of Troilus* ought *to say*": but we have just had "Troilus" used as a trisyllable.

‖‖ *Read as fair*, &c.] Instead of this and the next line, ed. 1589 has;

> "Requires a vollume to *vnfold* at large:
> And cunning needs he be that takes the charge,
> To paint the colloures of that chaunging peece,
> Staine to all dames of Troy and stately Grecce."

¶¶ *give*] Ed. 1589 "doo."

*** *Sir*] Ed. 1604 "So."

††† *pleaseth*] Ed. 1604 "pleased."

---

* *time*] Ed. 1589 "times."

† *Greeks*] Ed. 1604 "a knight."

‡ *ne*] Ed. 1604 "nor."

§ *mought*] i. e. might.—Ed. 1604 "shall."

‖ *Now rides out Hector, call'd the*] Ed. 1604 "Out Hector rides, surnam'd *the*."

¶ *may prove his strength*] Ed. 1589 "might *proove his* force."

** *King Peleus' son, thus rous'd, soon gan*] "When as the great Achilles *gan*."

†† *fiercely*] Ed. 1589 "proudlie."

‡‡ *wood*] i. e. mad.

§§ *so his staff in furious mood*] Ed. 1589 "tight *his staffe in* eager *moode*."

‖‖ *As falcon*, &c.] Ed. 1589 transposes this and the next line.

¶¶ *his*] Ed. 1589 "her."

*** *tho*] i. e. then.

††† *the more the*] Ed. 1589 "alas for."

‡‡‡ *Patroclus' death*] Ed. 1589 "this deede of his."

§§§ *beleek*] i. e. belike,—so written for the rhyme.

‖‖‖ *piece of*] Ed. 1589 "murdrous."

¶¶¶ *The Grecians now do*] Ed. 1589 "Now gan the Grecians" (altered, I suppose, because "gan" occurs in the next line but one).

**** *mought*] i. e. must.

The Trojans' glory now gan waxen dim,
And cold * their hope, sith death had † seizèd him
That gave them hope and happy fortune too.
The mother-queen withouten more ado
Gins ‡ whet her wits to wreak this malice done
And traitorous § murder of her valiant son.
When Hector's death was more than half forgot,
Or at the least dissembled well, I wot,
Right wisely doth ‖ this lady offer make,
That if the Prince Achilles list ¶ to take
His love, her daughter Polyxene,** to sponse,
In Pallas' temple should they make their †† vows:
And this the queen, that reck'd ‡‡ no law of arms,
Vow'd clear to him and void of further harms.
But when the §§ Greek did little think of guile,
To work revenge for Hector's death the while,
Even in the fatal place Sir Paris than ‖‖
With poison'd arrow rid ¶¶ the heedless man;
And where his mother Thetis had him hent,
Close to the heel th' envenom'd shaft was sent.
Now lies the great Achilles dead in Troy;
The Greeks make moan, the Trojans leap for joy,
And Priam doth bestow his bloodless bones
Upon his discontented *** Myrmidons.
Immediately began an irksome ††† brawl
Among the lords and Grecian princes ‡‡‡ all
About §§§ the armour of this valiant knight.
Sir Ajax first doth claim it as his right;
So doth the gracious ‖‖‖ Lord of Ithaca
Look ¶‖¶‖¶ for desert **** to bear the prize away;

* *cold*] Ed. 1604 "pale."
† *had*] Ed. 1589 "hath."
‡ *Gins*] Ed. 1589 "Gan."
§ *traitorous*] Ed. 1604 "tragic."
‖ *Right wisely doth*]—*wisely*, i. e. artfully.—Ed. 1589 "Full *wiselie* gan."
¶ *list*] Ed. 1604 "pleas'd."
** *His love, her daughter Polyxene*] Ed. 1589 "*Her daughter* faire Polixena."
†† *they make their*] Ed. 1604 "he *make* his."
‡‡ *And this the queen, that reck'd*] Ed. 1589 "*And* thus *the queene that* knew."
§§ *the*] Ed. 1589 "this."
‖‖ *than*] i. e. then: see note *, p. 206, sec. col.
¶¶ *With poison'd arrow rid*, &c.]—*rid*, i.e. despatched; —*hent*, i. e. seized, held.—Ed. 1589;
"*With poysoned* shaft dispatcht *the* haples *man*;
And where his mother Thetis him not *hent*,
Directlie thether was his arrowe *sent*."
*** *discontented*] Ed. 1589 "wretched hartles."
††† *an irksome*] Ed. 1589 "a bloodie."
‡‡‡ *Grecian princes*] Ed. 1589 "Greekish captaines."
§§§ *About*] Ed. 1589 "Touching."
‖ ‖ *So doth the gracious*] Ed. 1589 "And then gainst him the."
¶¶¶ *Look*] Ed. 1589 "Thinkes"
**** *desert*] Ed. 1604 "deserts."

And of the two * but one might it enjoy;
And plead they must upon the strand of Troy
Before their † ships, where Ajax in a heat,
For that the stomach ‡ of the man was great,
Lays open to the Greeks his service done
In their affairs since first this war § begun,
And twits Ulysses with his cowardice:
But, Ajax, this for thee may not suffice,
For though the targe were over-huge ‖ to bear,
And great Achilles' casque ¶ unfit to wear
For wise Laertes' son, yet policy,
The sinews and true ** strength of chivalry,
Is that whereof this knight might †† chiefly vaunt;
So with his words he can ‡‡ their wits enchant,
That, when he must conclude and say no more,
He §§ shows the fatal sign that to the shore
He §§ stole by night from Troy, and then quoth he,
"Bestow it here, ye Greeks, if ye nill ‖‖ give it me."
Wherewith he won their hearts, and charm'd their eyes,
And from Sir Ajax got the ¶¶ martial prize:
The man, whom wrath and fury overcame,
Not able to endure *** this open shame,
Foully sought violent means to stint this strife,
And with a deadly stab reav'd his own life.
And now this wasteful war that lasted long,
To dames of Troy and Greece a tedious wrong,
With hot encounter and unhappy fight,
And tragic end ††† of many a hardy knight,
Gan sort ‡‡‡ to this, that Greeks, to blear the eyes
Of Trojans, gin §§§ take counsel and advice

* *two*] Ed. 1589 "twayne."
† *their*] Ed. 1589 "the."
‡ *stomach*] i. e. anger, haughtiness.
§ *this war*] Ed. 1604 "those wars."
‖ *over-huge*] Ed. 1589 "*over*-big."
¶ *great Achilles' casque*] Ed. 1589 "stoute *Achilles* helme."
** *The sinews and true*] Ed. 1589 "That hight indeede the."
†† *Is that whereof this knight might*] Ed. 1589 "Was *that whereof this knight* doth."
‡‡ *can*] See note *, p. 287, sec. col.—Ed. 1589 "gan."
§§ *He*] Ed. 1589 "A."
‖‖ *Bestow it here, ye Greeks, if ye nill*] Ed. 1604 "Here, Greeks, bestow it, *if* you *nill*."
¶¶ *Sir Ajax got the*] Ed. 1604 "lord *Ajax got* this." (But we have had "*Sir* Ajax" a little before.)
*** *Not able to endure*, &c.] Ed. 1604;
"Dishonour'd with the Greeks, ill brook'd the *shame*,
But *sought* foul *means* basely *to stint* the *strife*," &c.
††† *tragic end*] Ed 1589 "hast'ned death."
‡‡‡ *sort*] Ed. 1589 "grow."
§§§ *Of Trojans, gin*, &c.] Ed. 1589;
"*Of* their foreweried foes, began deuise:
And hauing built a great *vnweldie frame*," &c.

To rear by art a huge unwieldy frame,
Much like a horse; and having fraught* the same
With men of war, they make a cunning† show,
As if‡ from Troy they homewards§ meant to go,
And raise the siege, and leave the prize behind,
But gods do know they nothing less did‖ mind;
For, as I ween, my history doth say,
To Tenedos the¶ Grecians slunk away,**
An isle that gave them harbour and abode:
Now leave we there these Greeks to lie at road.

Amidst this hurly-burly and uproar,
King Priam sends away young Polydore,
With store of treasure and with†† mickle muck,
His youngest son, to Thrace: but little luck
Ensu'd hereof; ‡‡ for Pylymnestor, lo,
The thirst of Priam's pillage working §§ so,
A woful tale, as I have heard it told,
Murders this prince for lucre of his gold.
The traitorous‖‖ Sinon, for his villany
Th' infámous¶¶ author of Troy's tragedy,
While subtle Grecians lurk'd in*** Tenedos,
Gan with the silly Trojans highly glose,
And tell a tale that sounded like a††† truth,
A tale that mov'd the hearers' hearts to ‡‡‡ ruth;
And so bewitch'd King Priam and his court,
That now at last, to Trojans' fatal hurt,
Instead of that might most their states advance,
They greed§§§ to hoise this engine of mischance,
And make a breach, like fools, and never lin‖‖‖
Till their own hands had pull'd their enemies in.
Thus riot, rape, and vain credulity,
Bin nam'd chief causes¶¶¶ of Troy's tragedy.

This* monstrous horse, that in his spacious† sides
A traitorous troop of armèd‡ Grecians hides,
Gan now discharge his vast and hideous load,
And spread his bloody bowels all§ abroad.
It was the time when midnight's sleep and rest
With quiet pause the town of Troy possess'd;
The Greeks forsake their‖ ships and make return:
Now Troy, as was foretold, began to burn,
And Ilium's lofty¶ towers to smoke apace;
The conquering foe begins** amain to chase
Th' affrighted Phrygians, that now†† unawares
False Sinon had entrappèd‡‡ in his snares.
Ah, what a piercing sight it was to see
So fair§§ a town as Troy was said to be,
By quenchless fire laid level with the soil,
The prince and people made the soldiers' spoil!
Th' unhappy Priam maz'd with frights and fears,
Seeing his palace flame about his ears,
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,‖‖‖
And, weening to have play'd a young man's part,
Girts-to¶¶ his arming-sword with trembling hand;
But she that erst brought forth*** the fatal brand
That fir'd the town, the most unhappy queen,
Whose like for wretchedness††† was never seen,
Said, "Leave, my lord; becomes not us‡‡‡ to strive,
Whom would no morning sun might see alive!
And fly from aid of men to powers divine,
And so with me lay hold on Phœbus' shrine."
But he, whose bloody mind and murdering rage
Nor awe§§§ of gods nor reverence of age
Could temper from a deed so tyrannous,
Achilles' son, the fierce unbridled Pyrrhus,
His father's angry ghost‖‖‖ enticing him,
With slaughtering hand, with visage pale and grim,¶¶¶

* *having fraught*] Ed. 1589 "well ystuft."
† *cunning*] Ed. 1589 "subtill."
‡ *if*] Ed. 1589 "though."
§ *homewards*] Ed. 1589 "homeward."
‖ *did*] Ed. 1589 "doo."
¶ *the*] Ed. 1604 "these" (but in the second line after this we have "*these* Greeks").
** *slunk away*] Ed. 1589 "tooke their way."
†† *with*] Ed. 1604 "of."
‡‡ *hereof*] Ed. 1589 "this deede."
§§ *pillage working*] Ed. 1589 "riches choakt him."
‖‖ *traitorous*] Ed. 1589 "subtile."
¶¶ *infámous*] Ed. 1589 "noted."
*** *While subtle Grecians lurk'd in*] Ed. 1589 "When traytrous Greekes had sluncke to."
††† *that sounded like a*] Ed. 1589 "perdie of little."
‡‡‡ *A tale that mov'd the hearers' hearts to*] Ed. 1589 "Although, as it befell, of mickle."
§§§ *greed*] Ed. 1589 "gree."
‖‖‖ *lin*] i. e. cease.
¶¶¶ *causes*] Ed. 1589 "authors."

* *This*] Ed. 1589 "The."
† *spacious*] Ed. 1589 "hugy."
‡ *troop of armèd*] Ed. 1589 "throuug *of* subtill."
§ *spread his bloody bowels all*] Ed. 1589 "silently disperse his strength."
‖ *their*] Ed. 1589 "the."
¶ *lofty*] Ed. 1589 "statelie."
** *foe begins*] Ed. 1589 "Greekes begin."
†† *Th' affrighted Phrygians, that now*] Ed. 1589 "And follow fas tltheir foes, that."
‡‡ *entrappèd*] Ed. 1589 "betrapped."
§§ *fair*] Ed. 1589 "braue."
‖‖‖ *start*] i. e. started.
¶¶ *Girts-to*] Ed. 1604 "Girds *to*."
*** *that erst brought forth*] Ed. 1589 "alas, that bare."
††† *wretchedness*] Ed. 1589 "wretched hap."
‡‡‡ *not us*] Ed. 1589 "vs not."
§§§ *awe*] Ed. 1589 "lawe."
‖‖‖ *angry ghost*] Ed. 1589 "ghost belike."
¶¶¶ *grim*] Ed. 1589 "dim."

Hath hent * this agèd Priam by the hair,
Like butcher bent to slay; and even there,
The man that liv'd so many golden years,
The great commander † of such lordly peers,
The King of Troy, the mighty King of Troy,
With cruel iron this cursèd Greekish boy
Rids of his life, as whilom he had done
With poison'd shaft ‡ Paris, old Priam's son.
Thus souls by swarms do press to Pluto's hall;
Thus, naked Troy, or now not Troy at all,
Done is thy pride, dim is thy glorious § gite.‖
Slain ¶ is thy prince in this unhappy fight.
My pen, forbear to write of Hecuba,
That made the sun his glistering ** chariot stay,
And raining tears his golden face to hide,
For ruth of that did after her †† betide;
Sith this thrice-wretched lady liv'd ‡‡ the last,
Till Fortune's spite and malice all was past,
And, worn with sorrows, §§ wexen fell and mad:
And all the happiness that Priam had
In his mishap ‖‖ and bloody funeral,
Was that he saw not yet the end of all,—
His daughters ravish'd, ¶¶ slain in sacrifice,
Astyanax, before his mother's eyes,
Hector's sweet boy,* thrown from the highest tower:
Thus to our end † there needeth but an hour.
Short tale to make, when thus ‡ the town of Troy
The Greeks had sack'd, to Asia's great annoy,
When Pyrrhus had the guilty Paris slain,
Lo, now at last the Greeks have home again,
With loss of many a Greek and Trojan's life,
Their wither'd flower, King § Menelaus' wife.
The good Æneas, whom the gods beleck ‖
Reserv'd some better future ¶ hap to seek,
With old Anchises, leaves this conquer'd ** town,
And, on the seas y-tossèd up and down,
Arrives at †† Lavine land, when he had seen
The bounty of the famous ‡‡ Carthage queen,
Whom, forc'd by fate, §§ this wandering knight deceiv'd,
That him and his so royally receiv'd.
My author says, to honour Helen's ‖‖ name,
That through the world hath been belied by fame,
How when the king her fere ¶¶ was absent thence,
(A tale that well may lessen her offence,)
Sir Paris took the town by arms and skill,
And carried her to Troy *** against her will;
Whom whether afterward she lov'd or no,
I cannot tell, but may imagine so.

---

* *hent*] i. e. seized.

† *great commander*] Ed. 1589 "lord and maister."

‡ *poison'd shaft*] Ed. 1604 "shaft envenom'd."

§ *glorious*] Ed. 1604 "glittering" (but we have "glistering" in the third line after this).

‖ *gite*] See note *, p 473, sec. col.

¶ *Slain*] Ed. 1589 "Dead."

** *sun his glistering*] Ed. 1589 "glorious sunne his"

†† *after her*] Ed. 1589 "afterwards."

‡‡ *thrice-wretched lady liv'd*] Ed. 1589 "vnhappy queene suruiude."

§§ *sorrows*] Ed. 1589 "sorrow."

‖‖ *mishap*] Ed. 1589 "mishaps."

¶¶ *His daughters ravish'd*, &c.] Ed. 1604 "*His* children *ravish'd*, &c." (Cassandra was "ravished," Polyxena "slain in sacrifice.")

* *Hector's sweet boy*] Ed. 1589 "The princelie babe."

† *end*] Ed. 1589 "deathes."

‡ *thus*] Ed. 1589 "first."

§ *Their wither'd flower, King*] Ed. 1589 "Vnhappy Helen."

‖ *beleck*] i. e. belike,—so written for the rhyme.

¶ *better future*] Ed. 1589 "further better."

** *conquer'd*] Ed 1589 "wretched."

†† *at*] Ed. 1589 "in."

‡‡ *famous*] Ed. 1604 "bounteous."

§§ *forc'd by fate*] Ed. 1589 "driuen *by* fates."

‖‖ *to honour Helen's*] Ed. 1604 "in favour of her."

¶¶ *fere*] i. e. husband.

*** *her to Troy*] Ed. 1604 "Helen thence."

AN ECLOGUE GRATULATORY,

ETC.

An Eglogve Gratvlatorie. Entituled: To the right honorable, and renowmed Shepheard of Albions Arcadia: Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, for his welcome into England from Portugall. Done by George Peele. Maister of arts in Oxon. At London; Printed by Richard Jones, and are to be solde at the signe of the Rose and Crowne, ouer against the Faulcon. 1589. 4*to.*

This piece is now given from a transcript (vide *Account of Peele and his Writings*, p. 335) which belonged to the late Mr. Heber.

Essex joined the expedition in behalf of Don Antonio (see p. 546), having fitted out several ships at his own expense. He sailed without the consent or knowledge of the Queen; but her anger at his secret departure was easily appeased on his return. He conducted himself during the expedition with his usual gallantry and generosity.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL OF ESSEX

HIS WELCOME INTO ENGLAND FROM PORTUGAL.

PIERS.

Dicite, Iö pæan, et, Iö, bis dicite, pæan!*
In patriam rediit magnus Apollo suam.

PALINODE.

Herdgroom, what gars † thy pipe to go so loud?
Why bin thy looks so smicker ‡ and so proud?
Perdy,§ plain Piers, but this couth ‖ ill agree
With thilk ¶ bad fortune that aye thwarteth thee.

PIERS.

That thwarteth me, good Palinode, is fate,
Y-born was Piers to be infortunate;
Yet shall my bag-pipe go so loud and shrill
That heaven may entertain my kind good-will;
Iö, iö pæan!

PALINODE.

Sot, I say, losel,** lewdest †† of all swains,
Sing'st thou proud pæans on these open plains?
So ill sitteth ‡‡ this strain, this lofty note,
With thy rude tire and grey russet coat.

PIERS.

Grey as my coat is, green all are my cares,
My grass to dross, my corn is turn'd to tares;
Yet even and morrow will I never lin §§
To make my crowd ‖‖ speak as it did begin;
Iö, iö pæan!

* *Dicite*, &c.] This line is from Ovid, *Ar. Am.* ii. 1.
† *gars*] i. e. makes, causes.
‡ *smicker*] i. e. smirking.
§ *Perdy*] i. e. *Par Dieu*, verily.
‖ *couth*] i. e. could.
¶ *thilk*] i. e. this or that same.
** *losel*] i. e. worthless fellow.
†† *lewdest*] i. e. most ignorant, most untaught.
‡‡ *sitteth*] i. e. agreeth.
§§ *lin*] i. e. cease.
‖‖ *crowd*] i. e. fiddle,—instrumeut.

PALINODE.

Thou art too crank,* and crowdest all too high;
Beware a chip fall not into thine eye:
Man, if triumphals here be in request,
Then let them chant them that can chant them best.

PIERS.

Thou art a sour swain, Palinode, perdy;
My bag-pipe vaunteth not of victory:
Then give me leave sonizance † to make
For chivalry and lovely learning's sake;
Iö, iö pæan!

PALINODE.

Thou hardy herdsman, dar'st thou of arms chant?
Sike ‡ verse, I tell thee, ought have a great vaunt:
Then how may thy boldness scape a fine frump? §
War's laud is matter for the brazen trump.

PIERS.

Of arms to sing I have nor lust nor skill;
Enough is me to blazon my good-will,
To welcome home that long hath lackèd been,
One of the jolliest shepherds of our green;
Iö, iö pæan!

PALINODE.

Tell me, good Piers, I pray thee tell it me,
What may thilk jolly swain or shepherd be,
Or whence y-comen, that he thus welcome is,
That thou art all so blithe to see his bliss?

* *crank*] i. e. brisk.
† *sonizance*] i. e. soundiug.
‡ *Sike*] i. e. Such.
§ *frump*] i. e. flout.

PIERS.

Palinode, thou makest a double demand,
Which I will answer as I understand;
Yet will I not forget, so God me mend,
To pipe loud pæans as my stanzas end;
Iö, iö pæan!

Thilk shepherd, Palinode, whom my pipe praiseth,
Whose glory my reed to the welkin* raiseth,
He's a great herdgroom, certes, but no swain,
Save hers that is the flower of Phœbe's plain;
Iö, iö pæan!

He's well-allied and lovèd of the best,
Well-thew'd,† fair and frank, and famous by his crest;
His Rain-deer, racking ‡ with proud and stately pace,
Giveth to his flock a right beautiful grace;
Iö, iö pæan!

He waits where our great shepherdess doth wun,§
He playeth in the shade, and thriveth in the sun;
He shineth on the plains, his lusty flock him by,
As when Apollo kept || in Arcady;
Iö, iö pæan!

Fellow in arms he was in their flow'ring days
With that great shepherd, good Philisides;¶
And in sad sable did I see him dight,**
Moaning the miss †† of Pallas' peerless knight;
Iö, iö pæan!

With him he serv'd, and watch'd, and waited late,
To keep the grim wolf from Eliza's gate;
And for their mistress, thoughten these two swains,
They moughten ‡‡ never take too mickle pains;
Iö, iö pæan!

But, ah for grief! that jolly groom is dead,
For whom the Muses silver tears have shed;
Yet in this lovely swain, source of our glee,
Mun §§ all his virtues sweet reviven be;
Iö, iö pæan!

* *welkin*] i. e. sky.

† *Well-thew'd*] i. e. well-mannered, well-disciplined, having a good deportment: see Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.* in v. *Thewit.*

‡ *racking*] i. e. moving on.

§ *wun*] i. e. dwell.

|| *kept*] i. e. resided, lived.

¶ *Philisides*] i. e. Sir Philip Sidney, who is frequently celebrated under this name, which he himself invented.

** *dight*] i. e. dressed.

†† *miss*] i. e. loss.

‡‡ *moughten*] i. e. might. [*Mon.*

§§ *Mun*] i.e. Must,—may: see Jamieson *ubi supra* in v.

PALINODE.

So moughten they, Piers, and happily thrive
To keepen this herdsman after death alive:
But whence, I pray thee tell me, come is he,
For whom thy pipe and pæans make such glee?

PIERS.

Certes, sir shepherd, comen he is from far,
From wrath of deepest seas and storm of war,
Safe is he come—O, swell, my pipe, with joy!—
To the old buildings of new-rearèd Troy;*
Iö, iö pæan!

From sea, from shore, where he with swink † and sweat
Felt foeman's rage and summer's parching heat,
Safe is he come, laden with honour's spoil:
O, swell, my pipe, with joy, and break the while;
Iö, iö pæan!

PALINODE.

Thou foolish swain that thus art overjoy'd,
How soon may here thy courage be accoy'd!‡
If he be one come new from western coast,
Small cause hath he, or thou for him, to boast.

I see no palm, I see no laurel-boughs
Circle his temples or adorn his brows;
I hear no triumphs for this late return,
But many a herdsman more dispos'd to mourn.

PIERS.

Pale lookest thou, like spite, proud Palinode;
Venture doth loss, and war doth danger bode:
But thou art of those harvesters, I see,
Would at one shock spoil all the filberd-tree;
Iö, iö pæan!

For shame, I say, give virtue honours due!
I'll please the shepherd but by telling true:
Palm mayst thou see and bays about his head,
That all his flock right forwardly hath led;
Iö, iö pæan!

But, woe is me, lewd § lad, fame's full of lies,
Envy doth aye true honour's deeds despise;
Yet chivalry will mount with glorious wings,
Spite all, and nestle near the seat of kings;
Iö, iö pæan!

* *new-rearèd Troy*] i. e. Troynovant,—London.

† *swink*] i. e. toil.

‡ *accoy'd*] i. e. daunted.

§ *lewd*] i. e. ignorant, untaught.

Base thrall is he that is foul slander's slave:
To pleasen all what wight may him behave?
Yea, Jove's great son, though he were now alive,
Mought find no way thilk labour to achive; *

Iö, iö pæan!

PALINODE.

Well plead'st thou, gentle lad, for this great peer:
Then tell me, sith but thou and I am † here,
Did not thilk ‡ bag-pipe, man, which thou dost blow,
A Farewell § on our soldiers erst bestow?

How is't, then, thilk great shepherd of the field,
To whom our swains sike humble 'beisance yield,
And thou these lauds and labours seriously,
Was in that work not mention'd specially?

PIERS.

Hark, Palinode, me dare not speak too loud;
Hence was he raught,‖ wrapt in a fiery cloud,
With Mars his viceroy ¶ and a golden drake,**
So that of him me durst no notice take;

Iö, iö pæan!

But now return'd, to royalize his fame,
Whose mighty thoughts at honour's trophies aim,
Lest worthily I moughten witned †† be,
I welcome him with shepherd's country glee;

Iö, iö pæan!

And of his dread adventures here sing I,
Equivalent with the Punic chivalry,
That brake his lance with terror and renown
Against the gates of slaughter'd Remus' town;

Iö, iö pæan!

And was the first of many thousands more
That at Penichia ‡‡ waded to the shore:

There couth * he lead his landed flock so far,
Till 'a was left of men approv'd in war;

Iö, iö pæan!

O honour's fire, that not the brackish sea
Mought quench, nor foeman's fearful 'larums lay!
So high those golden flakes done † mount and climb
That they exceed the reach of shepherd's rhyme;

Iö, iö pæan!

PALINODE.

What boot thy welcomes, foolish-hardy swain?
Louder pipes than thine are going on this plain;
Fair Eliza's lasses and her great grooms
Receive this shepherd with unfeign'd welcomes.

Honour is in him that doth it bestow;
Thy reed is rough, thy seat is all too low,
To writen sike praise: hadst thou blithe Homer's quill,
Thou moughtst have matter equal with thy skill.

PIERS.

Twit me with boldness, Palin, as thou wilt,
My good mind be my glory and my guilt;
Be my praise less or mickle, all is one,
His high deserts deserven to be known;

Iö, iö pæan!

So cease, my pipe, the worthies ‡ to record
Of thilk great shepherd, of thilk fair young lord;
Leave him with luck to those well-tunèd lays
That better ken § to sound sike shepherd's praise;

Iö, iö pæan!

Now time is near to pen our sheep in fold,
And evening air is rheumatic and cold.
For my late songs plead thou, my pure good-will!
Though new-come once, brave earl, yet welcome still!

Iö, iö pæan!

---

* *achive*] So written for the rhyme.

† *thou and I am*] See note §, p. 501, first col.

‡ *thilk*] See note ¶, p. 561, first col.—So old ed. four times elsewhere: here and in two other places "thick."

§ *A Farewell*] See p. 549.

‖ *raught*] i. e. snatched, carried off.

¶ *Mars his viceroy*] i. e. Sir John Norris.

** *a golden drake*] i. e. a golden dragon,—Sir Francis Drake.

†† *witned*] Or *witen'd*—i. e. blamed.

‡‡ *Penichia*] i. e. Peniche. Essex commanded the troops that landed there: see Southey's *British Admirals*, &c., vol. iii. p. 216.

* *couth*] i. e. could.

† *done*] i. e. do.

‡ *worthies*] i. e. worthy acts.

§ *ken*] i. e. know.

POLYHYMNIA.

Polyhymnia, Describing the honourable Triumph at Tylt, before her Maiestie, on the 17. *of November last past, being the first day of the three and thirtith yeare of Her Highnesse raigne. With Sir Henrie Lea his resignation of honour at Tylt, to her Maiestie, and received by the right honorable the Earle of Cumberland. Printed at London by Richard Jhones* 1590. 4to.

On the back of the title is;

"*Polyhymnia. Entituled, with all dutie to the Right Honourable Lord Compton of Compton. By George Peele, Maister of Artes in Oxforde.*"

"It appears," says Nichols, (*Prog. of Eliz.* vol. iii. p. 41. ed. 1823,) "by Warton's notes on Milton, p. 593, that George Peele wrote 'Polyhymnia, the Description, &c. 1590,' but of this I have not been able to obtain a copy." I therefore reckon myself most fortunate in being able to offer to the reader a reprint of this very rare and curious production from a copy in the Library of the University of Edinburgh, among the books presented by Drummond in 1626. In my first edition of Peele's *Works* the poem wanted several lines, Drummond's copy being slightly mutilated. It is now given complete; the omissions having been supplied, through the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Bliss, from a MS. copy which was discovered in an old family mansion in Oxfordshire, and which, like other old transcripts of our early poetry, has several variations from the printed copy. The Sonnet, at the end of this tract, "His golden locks," &c., was reprinted by Beloe (*Anec. of Lit* vol. ii. p. 5.) among 'Songs from Garrick collection;' but though several pieces not dramatic are bound up in that collection, I have repeatedly searched it for *Polyhymnia* in vain.

Sir Henry Lee was the son of Sir Anthony Lee, and of Margaret sister of Sir Thomas Wyatt. He died at his mansion at Quarendon in Bucks, in 1611, aged 80.

The following long extract from Segar's *Honor, Military and Ciuill*, will perhaps be acceptable to the reader: it forms the whole of the 54th Chapter of the 3d Book, and is entitled "*The originall occasions of the yeerely Triumphs in England:*"

"Here will we remember also (and I hope without enuie so may) that these annuall exercises in armes, solemnized the 17. day of Nouember, were first begun and occasioned by the right vertuous and honourable Sir Henry Lea, Master of her highnesse Armoric, and now deseruingly Knight of the Most Noble Order, who, of his great zeale and earnest desire to eternize the glory of her maiesties court, in the beginning of her happy reigne, voluntarily vowed (vnlesse infirmity, age, or other accident did impeach him), during his life, to present himselfe at the tilt armed, the day* aforesayd yeerely, there to performe, in honor of her sacred maiestie, the promise he formerly made Whereupon the lords and gentlemen of the sayd court, incited by so worthy an example, determined to continue that custome, and, not vnlike to the antient Knighthood della Banda in Spaine, haue euer since yerely assembled in armes accordingly: though true it is, that the author of that custome (being now by age ouertaken) in the 33. yeere of her maiesties reigne resigned and recommended that office vnto the right noble George Earle of Cumberland. The ceremonies of which assignation were publiquely performed in presence of her maiestie, her ladies and nobilitie, also an infinite number of people beholding the same, as followeth.

"On the 17. day of Nouember, anno 1590, this honourable gentleman, together with the Earle of Cumberland, hauing first performed their seruice in armes, presented themselues vnto her highnesse, at the foot of the staires vnder her gallery-window in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, where at that time her maiestie did sit, accompanied with the Vicount Turyn Ambassador of France, many ladies, and the chiefest nobilitie.

"Her maiestie, beholding these armed knights comming toward her, did suddenly heare a musicke so sweete and secret, as euery one thereat greatly marueiled. And hearkening to that excellent melodie, the earth, as it were, opening, there appeared a Paulion, made of white taffata, containing eight score elles, being in proportion like vnto the sacred Temple of the Virgins Vestall. This Temple seemed to consist upon pillars of pourferry, arched like vnto a church: within it were many lampes burning; also on the one side there stood an altar couered with cloth of gold, and thereupon two waxe candles burning in rich candlesticks; upon the altar also were layd certaine princely presents, which after by three virgins were presented vnto her maiestie. Before the doore of this Temple stood a Crowned Pillar, embraced by an Eglantine-tree, whereon there hanged a table; and therein written (with letters of gold) this prayer following;

ELIZÆ, &c.
Pie, potenti, felicissimæ virgini,
fidei, pacis, nobilitatis vindici,
cui Deus, astra, virtus,
summa deuouerunt
omnia.
Post tot annos, tot triumphos,
animam ad pedes positurus
tuos,
sacra senex
affixit arma.
Vitam quietam, imperium, famam
æternam, æternam
precatur tibi,
sanguine redempturus suo.
Ultra columnas Herculis
columna moueatur tua.

* The anniversary of Elizabeth's accession to the throne: Mary died on the 17th of November, 1558.

Corona superet coronas omnes,
ut quam cœlum fælicissime
nascenti coronam dedit,
beatissima moriens reportes cœlo.
Summe, Sancte, Æterne,
audi, exaudi,
Deus.

"The musicke aforesayd was accompanied with these verses, pronounced and sung by M. Hales her maiesties seruant, a gentleman in that arte excellent, and for his voice both commendable and admirable;

"My golden locks time hath to siluer turnd;
(Oh time too swift, and swiftnes neuer ceasing!)
My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth hath spurnd,
But spurnd in vaine; youth waineth by encreasing:
Beauty, strength, and youth, flowers fading beene;
Duety, faith, and loue, are rootes and euer greene.

My helmet now shall make an hiue for bees,
And louers songs shall turne to holy psalmes;
A man-at-armes must now sit on his knees,
And feed on pray'rs, that are old ages almes:
And so [though?] from court to cottage I depart.
My saint is sure of mine vnspotted hart.

And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
I'le teach my swaines this carrol for a song,—
Blest be the hearts that thinke my souereigne well,
Curs'd be the soules that thinke to doe her wrong!
Goddesse, vouchsafe this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

"The gifts which the vestall maydens presented unto her maiesty, were these: a vaile of white exceeding rich and curiously wrought; a cloke and safegard set with buttons of gold, and on them were grauen emprezes of excellent deuise; in the loope of euery button was a noble-mans badge, fixed to a pillar richly embrodered.

"And here (by way of digression) let vs remember a speech which this noble gentleman vsed at such time as these buttons were set upon the garment aforesaid: 'I would' (quoth he) 'that all my friends might haue bene remembred in these buttons, but there is not roome enough to containe them all; and if I haue them not all, then' (said hee) 'those that are left out may take exception.' Whereunto another standing by, answered; 'Sir, let as many be placed as can be, and cause the last button to be made like the caracter of *&c.*' 'Now, Godamercie, with all my heart,' (quoth the Knight,) 'for I would not haue giuen the *Cætera* of my friends for a milion of gold.'

"But to returne to the purpose,—these presents and prayer being with great reuerence deliuered into her maiesties owne hands, and he himselfe disarmed, offered vp his armour at the foot of her maiestics Crowned Pillar; and kneeling vpon his knees, presented the Earle of Cumberland, humbly besecching she would be pleased to accept him for her knight, to continue the yeerely exercises aforesaid. Her majesty gratiously accepting of that offer, this aged knight armed the earle, and mounted him vpon his horse. That being done, he put vpon his owne person a side* coat of blacke veluet pointed vnder the arme, and couered his head (in liew of an helmet) with a buttoned cap of the countrey fashion.

"After all these ceremonies, for diuers dayes hee ware vpon his cloake a crowne embrodered, with a certaine motto or deuice, but what his intention therein was, himselfe best knoweth.

"Now to conclude the matter of assignation, you shall vnderstand that this noble gentleman, by her maiesties expresse commandement, is yerely (without respect vnto his age) personally present at these military exercises, there to see, suruey, and as one most carefull and skilfull to direct them; for indeed his vertue and valour in arms is such as deserueth to command. And touching that point I will let you know the opinion of Mousieur de Champany, a gentleman of great experience and notable obseruation, who at his beeing embassadour in England for causes of the Low-Countreys, and writing to his friends there, in one of his intercepted letters, among other occurrents, these words were found: 'I was' (quoth he) 'one day by Sir Christopher Hatton, Captaine of her maiesties guard, inuited to Eltham, an house of the quenes, whereof he was the guardian. At which time I heard and saw three things that in all my trauel of France, Italy, and Spaine, I neuer heard or saw the like. The first was a consort of musicke, so excellent and sweet as cannot be expressed. The second a course at a bucke with the best and most beautifull greyhounds that euer I did behold. And the third a man-of-armes excellently mounted, richly armed, and indeed the most accomplished cavaliero I had euer seene. This knight was called Sir Henry Lea, who that day (accompanied with other gentlemen of the court) onely to doe me honour, vouchsafed at my returne to Greenwich to breake certaine lances: which action was performed with great dexterity and commendation.'

"Thus much was the substance (and well neere the whole circumstance) of Sir Henry Lea his last taking of armes: wherein he seemed to imitate the auncient Romanes, who hauing serued a conuenient time, and claiming the priuiledges due to old souldiers (whome they called *emeriti*), did come into Campo Martio, euery man leading his owne horse; and there offered his armes vnto Mars in presence of the chiefe magistrates: which ceremony Scipio, Cassius, the Great Pompey, with many other noble captaines, disdained not to doe.

"Summarily, these annuall actions haue bene most nobly performed (according to their times) by one Duke, 19 Earles, 27 Barons, 4 Knights of the Garter, and aboue 150 other Knights and Esquiers."—P. 197, q., ed. 1602.

* *side*] i. e. long.

THE NAMES OF THE LORDS AND GENTLEMEN THAT RAN, AND THE ORDER OF THEIR RUNNING.

THE COUPLES.

I

Sir Henry Lee and
The Earl of Cumberland.

II.

The Lord Strange and
Master Thomas Gerrard.

III.

The Lord Compton and
Master Henry Nowell.

IV.

The Lord Burke and
Sir Edward Denny.

V.

The Earl of Essex and
Master Fulk Greville.

VI.

Sir Charles Blount [and]
Master Thomas Vavasor.

VII.

Master Robert Carey and
Master William Gresham.

VIII.

Sir William Knowles [and]
Master Anthony Cooke.

IX.

Sir Thomas Knowles [and]
Sir Philip Butler.

X.

Master Robert Knowles [and]
Master Ralph Bowes.

XI.

Master Thomas Sidney [and]
Master Robert Alexander.

XII.

Master John Nedham [and]
Master Richard Acton.

XIII.

Master Charles Davers [and]
Master Everard Digby.

POLYHYMNIA.

WHEREFORE,* when thirty-two were come and gone,
Years of her reign, days of her country's peace,
Elizabeth, great empress of the world,
Britannia's Atlas, star of England's globe,
That sways the massy sceptre of her land,
And holds† the royal reins of Albion;
Began the gladsome sunny day to shine,
That draws in length date of her golden reign,
And thirty-three she numbereth in her throne,
That long in happiness and peace I pray
May number many to these thirty-three.
Wherefore it fares as whilom and of yore,
In armour bright and sheen fair England's knights,
In honour of their peerless sovereign,
High mistress of their service, thoughts, and lives,
Make to the tilt amain; and trumpets sound,
And princely coursers neigh and champ the bit:
When all, address'd for deeds of high devoir,
Prease‡ to the sacred presence of their prince.

The First Couple. { SIR HENRY LEE, / THE EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

Mighty in arms, mounted on puissant horse,
Knight of the crown, in rich embroidery,
And costly fair caparison charg'd with crowns,
O'ershadow'd with a wither'd running vine,
As who would say, "My spring of youth is past,"
In corselet gilt of curious workmanship,
Sir Henry Lee, redoubted man-at-arms,
Leads in the troops: whom worthy Cumberland,
Thrice-noble earl, accoutred as became
So great a warrior and so good a knight,
Encounter'd first, y-clad in coat of steel,
And plumes and pendants all as white as swan,
And spear in rest, right ready to perform
What 'long'd unto the honour of the place.

Together went these champions, horse and man,
Thundering along the tilt; that at the shock
The hollow gyring vault of heaven resounds.
Six courses spent, and spears in shivers split,

The Second Couple. { THE LORD STRANGE, / MASTER THOMAS GERRARD.

The Earl of Derby's valiant son and heir,
Brave Ferdinand Lord Strange, strangely embark'd
Under Jove's kingly bird the golden eagle,
Stanley's old crest and honourable badge,
As veering 'fore the wind in costly ship,
And armour white and watchet* buckled fast,
Presents himself; his horses and his men
Suited in satin to their master's colours,
Well near twice-twenty squires that went him by:
And having by his truchman† pardon crav'd,
Vailing his eagle to‡ his sovereign's eyes,
As who would§ say, "Stoop, eagle, to this sun,"
Dismounts him from his pageant, and attonce,‖
Taking his choice of lusty stirring horse
Cover'd with sumptuous rich caparisons,
He mounts him bravely for his friendly foe;
And at the head he aims, and in his aim
Happily thrives, and breaks his azure staves.
Whom¶ gentle Gerrard, all in white and green,
Colours belike best serving his conceit,
Lustily meets, mounted in seat of steel,
With flourishing plume and fair** caparison;
And then at every shock the shivers fly,
That recommend their honours to the sky.

---

* *Wherefore*] *Ox. MS.* "Therefore."
† *holds*] *Ox. MS.* "rules."
‡ *Prease*] i. e. Press.

* *watchet*] i. e. pale blue.
† *truchman*] i. e. interpreter.—Old ed. "trounchman" (a mistake for "*trouchman*").
‡ *Vailing his eagle to*]—*Vailing*, i. e. Lowering. — *Ox. MS.* "Vailed *his eagle* in."
§ *would*] So *Ox. MS.*—Here the old ed. has "should"; but in three other places of the poem it has "As who *would* say."
‖ *attonce*] For "at once."
¶ *Whom*] *Ox. MS.* "When."
** *fair*] *Ox. MS.* "rich."

The Third Couple. { THE LORD COMPTON, MASTER HENRY NOWELL.

Next, in the virgin's colours, as before
Ran Cumberland, comes lovely Compton in;
His courser trapp'd in white, and plumes and staves
Of snowy hue, and squires in fair array,
Waiting their lord's good fortune in the field;
His armour glittering like the moon's bright rays,
Or that clear silver path, the milk-white way,
That in Olympus leads to Jove's high court.
Him noble-minded Nowell * pricks to meet,
All arm'd in sables, with rich bandalier,
That baldrick-wise he ware, set with fair stones
And pearls of Inde, that like a silver bend
Show'd on his varnish'd corselet black as jet;
And beauteous plumes and bases† suitable;
And on his stirrup waits a trusty train
Of servants clad in purple liveries:
And to't they go, this lord and lusty knight,
To do their royal mistress honour's right.

The Fourth Couple. { THE LORD BURKE, SIR EDWARD DENNY.

When, mounted on his fierce and foaming steed,
In riches and in colours like his peers,
With ivory plumes, in silver-shining arms,
His men in crimson dight and staves in red,
Comes in Lord Burke, a fair young Ireland lord,
Bent chiefly to the‡ exercise of arms:
And bounding§ in his princely mistress' eye,
Chargeth his staff, when trumpet calls‖ away,
At noble Denny's head, brave man-at-arms,
That furiously, with flaming sword in hand,
(As if the God of War had sent him down,
Or, if you will, to show his burning zeal
And forwardness in service of her person,¶
To whom those martial deeds were consecrate,)
Speeds to the tilt amain,** rich as the rest;
Himself, his horse, his pages, all in green,
Green velvet, fairly garnish'd horse and man.

* *Him noble-minded Nowell, &c.*] *Ox. MS.*:
"*Him noble-minded Nowell pricks to meet,*
Brave Nowell fam'd for courtship and for arms,
All in black armour, *with rich bandalier.*"

† *bases*] "A kind of embroidered mantle which hung down from the middle to about the knees, or lower, worn by knights on horseback." Nares's *Gloss.*

‡ *chiefly to the*] *Ox. MS.* "to the princely."

§ *And bounding, &c.*] *Ox. MS.*:
"*And bounding in his* royal *mistress' eye,*
(Askances thus, I come to honour thee,)
Chargeth," &c.

‖ *trumpet calls*] *Ox. MS.* "trumpets call."

¶ *her person*] *Ox. MS.* "the day," omitting the next line.

** *amain*] *Ox. MS.* "apace."

The Fifth Couple. { THE EARL OF ESSEX, MASTER FULK GREVILLE.

Then proudly shocks amid the martial throng
Of lusty lanciers, all in sable* sad,
Drawn on with coal-black steeds of dusky hue,
In stately chariot full of deep device,
Where gloomy Time sat whipping on the team,
Just back to back with this great champion,—
Young Essex, that thrice-honourable earl;
Y-clad in mighty arms of mourner's dye,†
And plume as black as is the raven's wing,
That from his armour borrow'd such a light
As boughs of yew receive from shady stream:
His staves were such, or of such hue at least,
As are those banner-staves that mourners bear;
And all his company in funeral black;‡
As if he mourn'd to think of him he miss'd,
Sweet Sidney, fairest shepherd of our green,
Well-letter'd warrior, whose successor he
In love and arms had ever vow'd to be:
In love and arms, O, may he so succeed
As his deserts, as his desires would speed!
With this great lord must gallant Greville run,
Fair man-at-arms, the Muses' favourite,
Lover of learning and of chivalry,
Sage in his saws, sound judge of poesy;
That lightly mounted makes to him amain,
In armour gilt and bases§ full of cost.
Together go these friends as enemies;
As when a lion in a thicket pent,
Spying the boar all bent to combat him,
Makes through the shrubs and thunders as he goes.

The Sixth Couple. { SIR CHARLES BLOUNT, MASTER THOMAS VAVASOR.

And then, as blithe as bird of morning's light,
Inflam'd with honour, glistering as the sun
What time he mounts the sweating lion's back,
Beset with glorious sun-shine of his train,
Bearing the sun upon his armèd breast,
That like a precious shining‖ carbuncle,
Or Phœbus' eye, in heaven itself reflects,—
Comes Sir Charles Blount, in or and azure dight;
Rich in his colours, richer in his thoughts,
Rich in his fortune, honour, arms, and art.
And him the valiant Vavasor assails,
On fierce and ready horse, with spear in rest,

* *sable*] *Ox. MS.* "sables."

† *dye*] So *Ox. MS.*—Old ed. "hue" (which occurs a little before and a little after this line).

‡ *funeral black*] *Ox. MS.* "black beheest" (i. e., I suppose, "black behears'd").

§ *bases*] See note † in the preceding col.

‖ *shining*] *Ox. MS.* "sparkling."

In orange-tawny, bright and beautiful,
Himself, his men, and all: and on they speed,
And haste they make to meet, and meet they do,
And do the thing for which they meet in haste;
Each in his armour amiable to see,
That in their looks bear love and chivalry.

The Seventh Couple. { Master Robert Carey, Master William Gresham.

By this the trump call'd Carey to the tilt,
Fair bird, fair cygnet of our silver swan;
When, like a lord in pomp and princely show,
And like a champion fitted for the war,
And not unlike the son of such a sire,
Under a plume of murrey and of white,
That like a palm-tree beautifully spread,
On mighty horse of Naples mounted fair,
And horse at hand and men and pages pight,
All with a Burning Heart greets he her grace,
Whose gracious countenance he his heaven esteems,
And to her sacred person it presents,*
As who would say, "My heart and life† is hers,
To whom my loyalty this heart prefers."
And at the summons out his foeman flies,
Gresham, the heir of golden Gresham's land,
That beautified‡ New Troy§ with Royal Change,
Badge of his honour and magnificence:
Silver and sable, such his colours were,
And ready was his horse, and readier he,
To bound, and well behave him in her eye,
Upon whose looks his life and honour stood.
Then horse and man conspir'd to meet amain;
Along the tilt Carey and Gresham go,‖
Swift as the swallow, or that Greekish nymph
That seem'd to overfly the ears¶ of corn:
And break they do, they miss not, as I ween,
And all was done in honour of their queen.

The Eighth Couple. { Sir William Knowles, Master Anthony Cooke.

Then, like the three Horatii in the field,
Betwixt the Roman and the Alban camp,
That triumph'd in the royal right of Rome,
Or old Duke Aymon's glory, Dordogne's pride,**
Came in the noble English Nestor's sons,
Brave Knowles his offspring, hardy champions;
Each in his plumes, his colours, and device,
Expressing warrior's wit and courtier's grace.
Against Sir William ran a lusty* knight;
Fine in device he was and full of wit,
Famous beyond the chalky British cliffs,
And lov'd and honour'd in his country's bounds,
Anthony Cooke, a man of noble mind,†
For arms and courtship equal to the best:
Valour and Virtue sat upon his helm,
Whom Love and lowering Fortune led along,
And Life and Death he portray'd in his show;
A liberal Hand, badge of nobility,
A Heart that in his mistress' honour vows
To task his hand in witness‡ of his heart,
Till age shake off war's rough§ habiliments.
Then with such cunning can they couch their staves,
That worthily each knight himself behaves.

The Ninth Couple. { Sir Thomas Knowles, Sir Philip Butler.

The youngest brother, Mars his sworn‖ man,
That wan his knightly spurs in Belgia,
And follow'd dub of drum in fortune's grace,
Well hors'd and arm'd, Sir Philip Butler greets;
The noble Essex friend and follower,
In mourning sable dight by sympathy,
A gentle knight; and meekly¶ at the tilt
He stands, as one that had no heart to hurt
His friendly foe: but at the trumpet's sound
He flies along; and bravely at the face
His force he bends: the rival of his fame
Spurs on his steed, nor shuns the shock for fear:
And so they meet; the armour bears the scar
Of this encounter and delightful war.

The Tenth Couple. { Master Robert Knowles, Master Ralph Bowes.

The last, not least, of these brave brethren,**
Laden with honour and with golden boughs,††
Entering the lists, like Titan arm'd with fire
When in the queachy‡‡ plot Python he slew,

---

* *And to her sacred person it presents*] *Ox. MS.*; "*And to her* majesty the same *presents*."

† *heart and life*] *Ox. MS.* "life *and* all."

‡ *beautified*] *Ox. MS.* "beautifieth."

§ *New Troy*] i. e. London. It is hardly necessary to inform the reader that Sir Thomas Gresham founded the Royal Exchange.

‖ *go*] *Ox. MS.* "glide"

¶ *ears*] Old ed. "eyles."

** *Or old Duke Aymon's glory, Dordogne's pride*.] The adventures of the four sons of Aymon have furnished matter for various romances both in prose and verse. Of *Le Livre de quatre filz Aymon* two translations had appeared in English before Peele's time.

* *lusty*] *Ox. MS.* "gentle."

† *mind*] So *Ox. MS.*—Old ed. "name."

‡ *witness*] *Ox. MS.* "trial."

§ *war's rough*] So *Ox. MS.*—Old ed. "rough wars."

‖ *sworn*] A dissyllable here.

¶ *A gentle knight; and meekly*] *Ox. MS.* "A knight well-thew'd; *and* mildly."

** *brethren*] A trisyllable here (and so spelt in the old ed., "*bretheren*").

†† *boughs*] *Ox. MS* "leaves."

‡‡ *queachy*] See note ‡‡, p. 393, sec. col.

Bowes takes to task with strong and mighty arm,*
Right richly mounted: horse and man it seem'd
Were well agreed to serve as roughly there
As in the enemy's reach for life they would;†
And, when they ran, methought a tempest rose,
That in the storm the clattering armours sound,
As horse and man had both been borne to ground.

The Eleventh Couple. { Master Thomas Sidney, Master Robert Alexander.

Thus long hath dainty Sidney sit and seen
Honour and Fortune hover in the air,
That from‡ the glorious beams of England's eye
Came streaming; Sidney, at which name I sigh,
Because I lack the Sidney that I lov'd,§
And yet I love the Sidneys that survive.
Thus long, I say, sat Sidney and beheld
The shivers fly of many a shaken spear;
When, mounted on a courser trapp'd in white,
And throughly well-appointed he and his,
Pure sparks of virtue kindling honour's fire,
He thought he might, and, for he might, he would
Reach at this glory,—fair befall him still!—
And to the tilt, impatient of delay,
He comes, encounter'd with a threatening point
That Alexander menac'd to him fast,
A valorous and lusty gentleman,
Well-fitted with his armour and his steed;
And him young Sidney sits, and had he charg'd
The Macedonian Alexander's staff,
He had been answer'd by that valiant youth:‖
So well behav'd himself this fair young knight,
As Paris had to great Achilles' lance
Applied his tender fingers and his force.

The Twelfth Couple { Master [John] Nedham, Master Richard Acton.

The next came Nedham in on lusty horse,
That, angry with delay, at trumpet's sound
Would snort, and stamp, and stand upon no ground,
Unwilling of his master's tarriance:
Yet tarry must his master, and with him
His prancing steed; till trumpets sounding shrill
Made Acton spur apace, that, with applause
Of all beholders, hied him lustily,
As who would say, "Now go I to * the goal:"
And then they ride, and run, and take their chance,
As death were fix'd at point of either's lance.

The Thirteenth Couple. { Master Charles Davers, Master Everard Digby.

Now drew this martial exercise to end;
And Davers here and Digby were the last
Of six-and-twenty gallant gentlemen,
Of noble birth and princely resolution,
That ran in compliment, as you have heard,
In honour of their mistress' holiday;
A gracious sport, fitting that golden time,
The day, the birth-day of our happiness,
The blooming time, the spring of England's peace.
Peace, then, my Muse; yet, ere thou peace, report,
Say how thou saw'st these actors play their parts,
Both mounted bravely, bravely minded both,
Second to few or none for their success;
Their high devoir, their deeds do say no less.

And now had England's queen, fair England's life,†
Beheld her lords, and lovely lordly knights,
Do honour's service to their sovereign:
And heaven by this distill'd down tears of joy,
In memory and honour of this day.

Sir Henry Lee *resigns his place of honour at tilt to the* Earl of Cumberland.

And now, as first by him intended was,
In sight of prince, and peers, and people round,
Old Henry Lee, Knight of the Crown, dismounts;‡
And in a fair pavilion hard at hand,
Where holy lights burn'd§ on the hallow'd shrine
To Virtue or to Vesta consecrate,
Having unarm'd his‖ body, head and all,
To his great mistress his petition makes;
That, in regard and favour of his age,
It would so please her princely majesty¶
To suffer him give up his staff and arms,
And honourable place wherein he serv'd,
To that thrice-valiant earl whose honour's pledge
His life should be. With that he singled forth

* *strong and mighty arm*] *Ox. MS.* "stout *and* sturdy lance."
† *they would*] *Ox. MS.* "and fame."
‡ *from*] *Ox. MS.* "fore."
§ *lov'd*] So *Ox. MS.*—Old ed. "loue."
‖ *that valiant youth*] *Ox. MS.* "this lovely boy."

* *to*] *Ox MS.* "for."
† *life*] *Ox. MS.* "eye."
‡ *dismounts*] *Ox. MS.* "alights."
§ *burn'd*] *Ox. MS.* "burn."
‖ *his*] *Ox. MS.* "himself."
¶ *princely majesty*] *Ox. MS.* "royal excellence.

The flower of English knights, the valiant Earl
Of Cumberland; and him, before them all,
He humbly prays her highness to accept,
And him install in place of those designs;
And to him gives his armeur and his lance,
Protesting to her princely majesty,
In sight of heaven and all her lovely * lords,
He would betake him to his orisons,
And spend the remnant of his waning age,
Unfit for wars and martial exploits,
In prayers for her endless happiness.
Whereat she smiles, and sighs, and seem'd to say,

"Good woodman, though thy green be turn'd to grey,
Thy age past April's prime * and pleasant May,
Have thy request; we take him at thy praise:
May he succeed the honour of thy days!"
"Amen," said all, and hope they do no less;
No less his virtue and nobility,
His skill in arms and practice † promiseth.
And many champions such ‡ may England live to have,
And days and years as many such § as she in heart can crave!

* *lovely*] So *Ox. MS.*—Old ed. "princely" (which occurs in the preceding line).

* *prime*] *Ox. MS.* "spring."
† *practice*] *Ox. MS.* "honour."
‡ *such*] *Ox. MS.* "moe."
§ *such*] *Ox. MS.* "moe."

A SONNET.*

His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd;
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain; youth waneth by increasing:
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are age his alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—
"Bless'd be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Curs'd be the souls that think her any wrong!"
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

* We have seen (p. 567) that Segar has this Sonnet with several variations: Evans (who had never met with *Polyhymnia*) reprinted it from Segar's work, and attributed it to the Earl of Essex, because "Sir Henry Wotton, in his parallel between the Earl of Essex and the Duke of Buckingham, says, that a Sonnet of the Earl's was, upon a certain occasion, sung before the Queen, by one Halle, in whose voice she took some pleasure." *Old Ballads*, vol. iv. p. 48. ed. 1810. Ellis has given it (from Segar) among the pieces of "Uncertain Authors." *Spec.* vol. ii. p. 402. ed. 1811. This Sonnet is not in the *Ox. MS.*

SPEECHES TO QUEEN ELIZABETH AT THEOBALDS.

Speeches to Queen Elizabeth at Theobalds.

The first of these Speeches was originally printed in *The History of English Dramatic Poetry* by Mr. J. P. Collier, who has prefaced it with the following remarks: "In 1591 Queen Elizabeth paid a visit to Lord Burghley, at Theobalds, where, it seems, she was received with much solemnity, although the Lord Treasurer did not himself make his appearance to welcome her. In March, 1587, he had lost his mother at a very advanced age, and in April, 1589, his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, died: in the interval, also, his daughter, Lady Oxford, had expired, so that in 1591, depressed by these misfortunes, he had resolved to retire from public life, and the visit of the Queen was, perhaps, intended to revive his spirits, and to recall him to her active service. Mr. Nichols, in his *Progresses*, under this date, relates all that was known upon this point, and without being able to explain it, inserts from Strype a sort of mock writ or summons, directed to Sir Christopher Hatton, the object of which was, by a little official playfulness, to withdraw Lord Burghley from his seclusion: in that document he is spoken of as a Hermit; and it seems clear, that since the death of his wife, two years and some months anterior, he had quitted his noble mansion in disgust, and, making only occasional visits to court, had resided in some obscure cottage in the neighbourhood of Theobalds. A MS. poem, in blank verse, has fallen into my hands, which serves to explain the whole proceeding: it is a speech supposed to be delivered by a Hermit to the Queen, on her first arrival at Theobalds, the purpose of which was to excuse the absence of Lord Burghley, by stating that he had taken up his abode in the cell belonging to the Hermit, in consequence of his grief, and had enjoined the Hermit to do the honours of the house in his stead. Robert Cecil, knighted just afterwards, was the person who pronounced the speech, and he referred to it when the Queen again came to Theobalds in 1594. It was written by a poet no less distinguished than George Peele, who was employed by Lord Burghley's son to aid the scheme; for the mock writ, before mentioned, which puzzled Strype, and, as he says, defied commentary, is besought by the individual in the disguise of a Hermit. The whole piece is in the poet's handwriting, and his initials, G. P., are subscribed at the end." Vol. i. pp. 283–4.

The second and third Speeches, forming part of the entertainment to her Majesty on the same occasion, are now printed from a MS. in Peele's handwriting, which has been obligingly lent to me by Mr. Collier, who was not possessed of it when he gave his excellent *History* to the public.

"On the 10th of May 1591, 'the Queen came from Hackney to Theobalds' [*Burghley Papers*, vol. ii. p. 196]," &c. Nichols's *Prog. of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. iii. p. 74, ed. 1823.

SPEECHES TO QUEEN ELIZABETH AT THEOBALD'S.

I.

THE HERMIT'S SPEECH.

My sovereign lady, and most gracious queen,
Be not displeas'd that one so meanly clad
Presumes to stand thus boldly in the way
That leads into this house accounted yours;
But, mild and full of pity as you are,
Hear and respect my lamentable tale.
I am a hermit that this ten years' space
Have led a solitary and retirèd life,
Here in my cell, not past a furlong hence.
Till by my founder, he that built this house,
Forgetful of his writing and his word,
Full sore against my will I was remov'd;
For he, o'ertaken with excessive grief,
Betook him to my silly hermitage,
And there hath liv'd two years and some few months,
By reason of these most bitter accidents;
As, first of all, his agèd mother's death,
Who liv'd a fifth and saw her four descents
Of those that lineally have sprung from her;
His daughter's death, a countess of this land,
Lost in the prime and morning of her youth;
And, last of all, his dear and loving wife.
These brought him to this solitary abode,
Where now he keeps,* and hath enjoinèd me
To govern this his house and family,
A place unfit for one of my profession;
And therefore have I oft desir'd with tears,
That I might be restorèd to my cell,
Because I vow'd a life contemplative;
But all in vain; for, though to serve your majesty,
He often quits the place and comes to court,
Yet thither he repairs, and there will live.
Which I perceiving, sought by holy prayers
To change his mind and ease my troubled care;
Then, having many days with sacred rites
Prepar'd myself to entertain good thoughts,
I went up to the lantern of this hall,
The better to behold God's works above;
And suddenly, when my devotion gan
To pierce the heavens, there* did appear to me
A lady clad in white, who clos'd my eyes,
And, casting me into a slumbering trance,
"I am," said she, "that holy prophetess
Who sung the birth of Christ ere he appear'd;
Sibylla is my name; and I have heard
The moan thou mak'st for thy unquiet life:
Take thou this table,† note the verses well;
Every first golden letter of these lines
Being put together signify her name
That can and will relieve thy misery;
And therefore presently go search her out,
A princely paragon, a maiden queen,
For such a one there is and only one:"
And therewithal she vanish'd was again.
After this vision, coming down from thence,
The bruit‡ was that your majesty would come;
But yet my founder kept his hermitage,
And gave me warrant to provide for all,
A task unfitting one so base as I,
Whom neither sons nor servants would obey;
The younger like to scorn my poor advice,
Because that he hereafter in this place
Was to become the guardian of this house,
And so the same to settle in his blood
By that young babe, whom I have heard of late
By your appointment bears my founder's name;
Therefore I wish, for my good founder's sake,

* *keeps*] i. e. resides, lives.

* *there*] MS. "that."
† *table*] i. e. tablet.
‡ *bruit*] i. e. report.

That he may live, with this his first-born son,
Long time to serve your sacred majesty,
As his grandfather faithfully hath done.
Now, since you know my most distressèd plight,
My guardian's carelessness which came by care,
I humbly crave these verses may be read,
Whose capital letters make ELIZABETH,
By you, my noble Lord High Admiral;
The rather for [that] this great prophetess
Seem'd unto me as if she had foretold
Your famous victory o'er that Spanish navy
Which by themselves was term'd Invincible.
Seeing in these lines your princely name is writ
The miracle of time and nature's glory,
And you are she of whom Sibylla spake,
Vouchsafe to pity this your beadman's plaint,
And call my founder home unto his house,
That he may entertain your majesty,
And see these walks, wherein he little joys,
Delightful for your highness and your train;
Wherein likewise his two sons that be present
Will be both dutiful and diligent,
And this young Lady Vere, that's held so dear
Of my best founder, her good grandfather.
And lastly for myself, most gracious queen,
May it please you to restore me to my cell,
And, at your highness' absolute command,
My Lord High Chancellor may award a writ
For peaceable possession of the same;
And that [your] majesty's Lord Chamberlain
May from your highness have the like command
To cause my founder, now the guardian
Of this [fair] house, increas'd for your delight,
To take the charge thereof this present night:
Which being done, I'll to my hermitage,
And for your highness pray continually,
That God may pour upon you all his blessings,
And that the hour-glass of your happy reign
May run at full and never be at wane.
Thus having naught of value or of worth
Fit to present to such a peerless queen,
I offer to your highness, here, this bell,
A bell which hermits call Saint Anthony,
Given me by my noble lord and founder;
And I'll betake me to this brazen bell,
Which better me beseems ten thousand fold
Than any one of silver or of gold.

Finis. G. P.

II.

THE GARDENER'S SPEECH.

Most fortunate and fair queen, on whose heart Wisdom hath laid her crown, and in whose hands Justice hath left her balance, vouchsafe to hear a country controversy, for that there is as great equity in defending of poor men's onions as of rich men's lands.

At Pymms,* some four miles hence, the youngest son of this honourable old man (whom God bless with as many years and virtues as there be of him conceived hopes [and] wishes!) devised a plot for a garden, as methought, and in a place unfit for pleasure, being overgrown with thistles and turned up with moles, and besides so far from the house that, in my country capacity, a pound had been meeter than a paradise. What his meaning was I durst not inquire, for *sunt animis celestibus iræ;* but what my labours were I dare boast of.

The moles destroyed and the plot levelled, I cast it into four quarters. In the first I framed a maze, not of hyssop and thyme, but that which maketh time itself wither with wondering; all the Virtues, all the Graces, all the Muses winding and wreathing about your majesty, each contending to be chief, all contented to be cherished: all this not of potherbs, but flowers, and of flowers fairest and sweetest; for in so heavenly a maze, which astonished all earthly thought's promise, the Virtues were done in roses, flowers fit for the twelve Virtues, who have in themselves, as we gardeners have observed, above an hundred; the Grace[s] of pansies partly-coloured,* but in one stalk, never asunder, yet diversely beautified; the Muses of nine several flowers, being of sundry natures, yet all sweet, all sovereign.

These mingled in a maze, and brought into such shapes as poets and painters use to shadow, made mine eyes dazzle with the shadow, and all my thoughts amazed to behold the bodies. Then

* *Pymms*] Qy. "Mimms"?

* *partly-coloured*] i. e. parti-coloured: "there budded out the checkerd paunsie or *partly-coloured* harts-ease." —Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, Sig. B. ed 1620.

was I commanded to place an arbour all of eglantine, in which my master's conceit outstripped my cunning: "Eglantine," quoth he, "I most honour, and it hath been told me that the deeper it is rooted in the ground, the sweeter it smelleth in the flower, making it ever so green that the sun of Spain at the hottest cannot parch it."

As he was telling me more, I, intending * my work more than his words, set my spade with all force into the earth, and, at the first, hit upon the box.† This ratcatcher (as children do when any thing is found) cried, "Half!" which I denying, [he] claimed all, because he killed the moles, and if the moles had not been destroyed, there had been no garden; if no garden, no digging; if no digging, no box found. At length this box bred boxes betwixt us; till weary of those black and blue judges, we determined to appeal to your majesty, into whose hands we both commit the box and the cause, [I] hoping that this weasel-monger, who is no better than a cat in a house or a ferret in a cony-gat,* shall not dissuade your majesty from a gardener whose art is to make walks pleasant for princes, to set flowers, cast knots, graft trees, to do all things that may bring pleasure and profit; and so to give him one gird † for all, as much odds as there is between a woodcleaver and a carpenter, so great difference in this matter is between the molecatcher and the gardener.

WRITTEN ABOUT THE BOX.

I was a giant's daughter of this isle,
Turn'd to a mole by the Queen of Corn:
My jewel I did bury by a wile,
Again never from the earth to be torn,
Till a virgin had reigned thirty-three years,
Which shall be but the fourth part of her years.

III.

THE MOLECATCHER'S SPEECH.

Good lady, and the best that ever I saw, or any shall, give me leave to tell a plain tale, in which there is no device, but desert enough. I went to seek you at Greenwich; and there it was told me that the queen was gone from the court: I wondered that the body should start from the shadow. Next was I pointed to Hackney; there they said the court was gone into the country: I had thought to have made hue and cry, thinking that he that stole fire from heaven had stolen our heaven from earth. At the last I met with a post who told me you were at Theobald's: I was glad, for that next your majesty I honour the owner of that house, wishing that his virtues may double his years and yours treble.

I cannot discourse of knots and mazes: sure I am that the ground was so knotty that the gardener was amazed to see it; and as easy had it been, if I had not been, to make a shaft of a cammock ‡ as a garden of that croft. I came§ not to claim any right for myself, but to give you yours; for that, had the bickering been between us, there should have needed no other justice of peace than this,‖ to have made him a mittimus to the first gardener that ever was, Adam.

I went to lawyers to ask counsel, who made law like a plaice, a black side and a white; "for," said one, "it belongeth to the lord of the soil, by the custom of the manor." "Nay," said the other, "it is treasure trove." "What's that?" quoth I. "Marry, all money or jewels hidden in the earth are the queen's." *Noli me tangere:* I let go my hold, and desire your majesty that you will hold yours.

Now, for that this gardener twitteth me with my vocation, I could prove it a mystery not mechanical, and tell the tale of the giant's daughter which was turned to a mole because she would eat fairer bread than is made of wheat,

---

* *intending*] i. e. attending to.

† *the box*] Had probably been mentioned before in some "Speech" which has not come down to us: but qy. "this *box*"?

* *cony-gat*] i. e. rabbit-burrow.

† *gird*] i. e. hit, scoff.

‡ *cammock*] i. e. crooked tree, or knee-timber.

§ *came*] Qy. "come"?

‖ *this*] "his molespade." *Marginal note in MS.*

wear finer cloth than is made of wool, drink neater wine than is made of grapes; why she was blind, and yet light of hearing; and how good clerks told me that moles in fields were like ill subjects in commonwealths, which are always turning up the place in which they are bred. But I will not trouble your majesty, but every day pray on my knees that all those that be heavers at your state may come to a mole's blessing,—a knock on the pate and a swing on a tree. Now, madam, for this gardener, command him to end his garden, and, till his melancholy be past, let him walk in the alleys, and pick up worms like a lapwing.

THE HONOUR OF THE GARTER.

The Honovr of the Garter. Displaied in a Poeme gratulatorie: Entitled to the worthie and renowned Earle of Northumberland. Created Knight of that Order, and installd at Windsore. Anno Regni Elizabethæ. 35. Die Junii. 26. By George Peele, Maister of Artes in Oxenforde. At London, Printed by the Widdowe Charlewood, for John Busbie, and are o be sold at the West doore of Paules. 4to. [1593.]

On the back of the title are the arms of Elizabeth with the motto "*Semper eadem,*" and under them these verses;

> "*Gallia victa dedit flores, invicta Leones*
> *Anglia; ius belli in flore, leone suum:*
> *O sic O semper ferat Elizabetha triumphos,*
> *Inclyta Gallorum flore, leone suo.*"

My copy* of this poem differs here and there from the copy in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford,—alterations having been made in the text after a part of the impression was thrown off.

Henry, the ninth Earl of Northumberland, was born in 1564. Miss Aikin has given so elegant a sketch of his life, that I cannot do better than transcribe it here. "Immediately after the fatal catastrophe of his father in 1585, this young nobleman, anxious apparently to efface the stigma of popery and disaffection stamped by the rash attempts of his uncle and father on the gallant name of Percy, had seized the opportunity of embarking with Leicester for the wars of the Low Countries. He now sought distinction on another element and in a cause still nearer to the hearts of Englishmen [i. e. when in 1588 he joined the fleet against the Spanish Armada, on board a vessel hired by himself]. The conversion to Protestantism and loyalty of the head of such a house could not but be regarded by Elizabeth with feelings of peculiar complacency; and in 1593 she was pleased to confer upon the earl the insignia of the Garter. He was present in 1601 at the siege of Ostend; where he considered himself as so much aggrieved by the conduct of Sir Francis Vere, that on the return of this officer to England he sent him a challenge. During the decline of the queen's health, Northumberland was distinguished by the warmth with which he embraced the interests of the King of Scots; and he was the first privy-councillor named by James on his accession to the English throne. But the fate of his family seemed still to pursue him: on some unsupported charges connected with the gun-powder plot, he was stripped of all his offices, heavily fined, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment; the tardy mercy of the king procured, however, his release at the end of fifteen years; and he passed the remainder of his life in tranquil and honourable retirement. This unfortunate nobleman was a person of considerable talents: the abundant leisure for intellectual pursuits afforded by his long captivity was chiefly employed by him in the study of the mathematics, including perhaps the occult sciences; and as he was permitted to enjoy freely the conversation of such men of learning as he was desirous of assembling around him, he became one of their most bountiful patrons." † He died in 1632.

All that is known concerning this nobleman is to be found in Collins's *Peerage*, by Sir E. Brydges, vol. ii. p. 328.

---

* Mentioned in the former editions of the present collection as being in the possession of Mr. Therpe the bookseller.

† *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. ii. p. 219. Let me observe that one of the weakest parts of Miss Aikin's pleasing work is her account of the early English dramatists: she appears to have little or no acquaintance with them, and has drawn her notices not from the best sources. She does not mention Peele.

AD MÆCENATEM PROLOGUS.

Plain is my coat, and humble is my gait:
Thrice-noble earl, behold with gentle eyes
My wit's poor worth, even for your nobléss,
Renownèd lord, Northumberland's fair flower,
The Muses' love, patron, and favourite,
That artisans and scholars dost embrace,
And clothest Mathesis in rich ornaments;
That admirable mathematic skill,
Familiar with the stars and zodiac,
To whom the heaven lies open as her book;
By whose directions undeceivable,
Leaving our schoolmen's vulgar trodden paths,
And following the ancient reverend steps
Of Trismegistus and Pythagoras,
Through uncouth ways and unaccessible,
Dost pass into the spacious pleasant fields
Of divine science and philosophy;
From whence beholding the deformities
Of common errors, and world's vanity,
Dost here enjoy that sacred sweet content
That baser souls, not knowing, not affect:
And so by Fate's and Fortune's good aspéct
Rais'd, in thy height, and these unhappy times,
Disfurnish'd wholly of heroical spirits
That learning should with glorious hands uphold,
(For who should learning underbear but he
That knows thereof the precious worthiness,
And sees true science from base vanity?)
Hast in regard the true philosophy
That in pure wisdom seats her happiness.
And you the Muses, and the Graces three,
You I invoke from heaven and Helicon,
For other patrons have poor poets none,
But Muses and the Graces, to implore.
Augustus long ago hath left the world,
And liberal Sidney, famous for the love
He bare to learning and to chivalry,
And virtuous Walsingham are fled to heaven.
Why thither speed not Hobbin and his feres,*
Great Hobbinol,† on whom our shepherds ‡ gaze,

* *feres*] i. e. companions.

† *Hobbinol*] Old ed. "*Hobbinall.*"—*Hobbinol*, as most readers are aware, was the poetic name of Gabriel Harvey, and *Colin Clout* that of Spenser: but that Spenser is meant here I have no doubt: in *England's Helicon*, 1600, is a poem attributed to *Spenser* called *Hobbinol's Dittie in praise of Eliza, Queene of the Shepheards.*

‡ *shepherds*] Was formerly an ordinary term for *poets.*

And Harington,* well-letter'd and discreet,
That hath so purely naturálizèd
Strange words, and made them all free denizens?
Why thither speeds not Rosamond's trumpeter,†
Sweet as the nightingale? Why go'st not thou,
That richly cloth'st conceit with well-made words,
Campion, accompanied with our English Fraunce,‡
A peerless sweet translator of our time?
Why follow not a thousand that I know,
Fellows to these, Apollo's favourites,
And leave behind our ordinary grooms,
With trivial humours to pastíme the world,
That favours Pan and Phœbus both alike?
Why thither post not all good wits from hence,
To Chaucer, Gower, and to the fairest Phaer
That ever ventur'd on great Virgil's works?
To Watson, worthy many epitaphs
For his sweet poesy, for Amyntas' tears
And joys so well set down?§ And after thee
Why hie they not, unhappy in thine end,
Marley,‖ the Muses' darling for thy verse,
Fit to write passions for the souls below,
If any wretched souls in passion speak?
Why go not all into th' Elysian fields,
And leave this centre barren of repast,
Unless in hope Augusta will restore
The wrongs that learning bears of covetousness,
And court's disdain, the enemy to art?
Leave, foolish lad, it mendeth not with words;
Nor herbs nor time such remedy affords.

Your honour's in all humble service,
GEO. PEELE.

* *Harington*] i. e. Sir John Harington, whose *Orlando Furioso* was first printed in 1591.

† *Rosamond's trumpeter*] i. e. Samuel Daniel: his *Delia: contayning certaine sonnets; with The Complaint of Rosamond* appeared in 1592.

‡ *Campion, accompanied with our English Fraunce*] Thomas Campion wrote several poems and masques, which excited no slight contemporary applause. For notices of him and his writings, see Haslewood's *Ancient Critical Essays*, vol. ii. p. 6, and Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. i. pp. 367, 377, 382. Abraham Fraunce (already mentioned in the present volume, p. 27, and note) poured forth English hexameters with great facility. His poems, chiefly translations, are not undeservedly forgotten: see a list of them in Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.* p. 211. Some account of his life is given by Malone, *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. ii. p. 239.

§ *To Watson, worthy many epitaphs*
For his sweet poesy, for Amyntas' tears
And joys so well set down] See *Account of Peele and his Writings*, p. 332; also notes * and †, p. 601, first col. But the pieces more particularly alluded to here are the following. First, *Amyntas Thomæ Watsoni Londinensis J. V. studiosi. Nemini datur amare simul et sapere. Excudebat Henricus Marsh ex assignatione Thomæ Marsh*, 1585, duod., its subject the lamentations of Amyntas for the death of Phillis. This poem I have read at the British Museum (where is the only copy Malone had ever seen), and it is not unworthy of perusal: I cannot, however, subscribe to the opinion of Nash, who, in his Address "To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities," prefixed to Greene's *Arcadia or Menaphon*, calls it the "sugred Amintas," and says "it may march in equipage of honour with any of your ancient poets." (In the *Phœnix Nest*, 1593, is a copy of verses by Watson, printed also in *England's Helicon*, 1600, entitled *Amintas for his Phillis.*) Secondly, *Amintæ Gaudia, Authore Thoma Watsono Londinensi, juris studioso. Londini, Impensis Gulielmi Ponsonbei*, 1592, 4to.; in the Dedication to which by C. M., Watson is spoken of as dead. Dr. Drake has fallen into an error when he says that Watson "is supposed to have died about the year 1595" (*Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i. p. 663), and appears never to have heard of the first of these poems.

‖ *Marley*] One of the various ways in which the name of the great dramatist, Christopher Marlowe, used to be spelt: he was killed by Francis Archer at Deptford, and buried there 1st June 1593.

THE HONOUR OF

THE HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

About the time when Vesper in the west
Gan set the evening watch, and silent Night,
Richly attended by his twinkling train,
Sent sleep and slumber to possess the world,
And fantasy to hauzen* idle heads;
Under the starry† canopy of heaven
I laid me down, laden with many cares,
(My bed-fellows almost these twenty years,)
Fast by the stream where Thame and Isis meet,
And day by day roll to salute the sea
For more than common service it perform'd
To Albion's queen, when foemen shipp'd for fight,
To forage England plough'd the ocean up,
And slunk into the channel that divides
The Frenchmen's strand from Britain's fishy towns.
Even at that time, all in a fragrant mead,
In sight of that fair castle, that o'erlooks
The forest one way, and the fertile vale
Water'd with that renownèd river Thames,
Old Windsor Castle, did I take my rest:
When Cynthia, companion of the Night,
With shining brand lightening‡ his§ ebon car,
Whose axletree was jet enchas'd with stars,
And roof with shining ravens' feathers ceil'd,
Piercing mine eyelids as I lay along,‖
Awak'd me through. Therewith methought I saw
A royal glimmering light streaming aloft,
As Titan mounted on the Lion's back
Had cloth'd himself in fiery-pointed beams,
To chase the Night, and entertain the Morn;
Yet scarce had chanticleer rung the midnight peal,
Or Phœbe half-way gone her journey through.
Sleeping or waking as alone I lay,
Mine eyes, and ears, and senses all were serv'd
With every object perfect in his kind:
And, lo, a wonder to my senses all!
For through the melting air, perfum'd with sweets,
I might discern a troop of horsemen ride,
Arm'd cap-de-pè, with shield and shivering lance;
As in a plash,• or calm transparent brook,
We see the glistering fishes scour along;
A number numberless, appointed well
For tournament, as if the God of War
Had held a justs in honour of his love,
Or all the sons of Saturn and of Ops
Had been in arms against Enceladus.
Therewith I heard the clarions and the shalms,
The sackbuts, and a thousand instruments
Of several kinds; and, loudest of them all,
A trump more shrill than Triton's is at sea:†
The same‡ Renown, precursor of the train,
Did sound,—for who rings louder than Renown?
He mounted was upon a flying horse,
And cloth'd in falcon's feathers to the ground:
By his escutcheon justly might you guess
He was the herald of eternity,
And pursuivant-at-arms to mighty Jove.
I look'd to see an end of that I saw,
And still methought the train did multiply;
And yielding clouds gave way, and men-at-arms

* *hauzen*] The opening of this poem is given in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, p. 333, under the head "*Vesper*": and in a note on the reprint of that miscellany, p. 623, we are told that "*hauzen*" means *confound* or *frighten*,—a mistake. "*Hauzen*" (the same as "*halse*") means *embrace*.

† *starry*] *England's Parnassus* (*ibid.*) "stately."

‡ *lightening*] *England's Parnassus* (where this passage is given, p. 334, under the head "*Noctis initium*") "lighting."

§ *his*] Here again, as in the third line of this poem, our author makes Night masculine.

‖ *Piercing mine eyelids as I lay along*] *England's Parnassus* (*ibid.*),—

"*Piercing* my *eyelids as I* lie *along*."

* *plash*] i. e. pool.

† *is at sea*] *England's Parnassus*, p. 381, (under the head "*Renown*",) "on the *sea*."

‡ *same*] *England's Parnassus*, (*ibid.*) "said."

Succeed as fast, one at another's heels,
As in the vast Mediterranean sea
The rolling waves do one beget another.
Those that perfum'd the air with myrrh and balm,
Dancing and singing sweetly as they went,
Were naked virgins, deck'd with garlands green,
And seem'd the Graces, for with golden chains
They linkèd were, three lovely countenances.
About them Cupid, as to me it seem'd,
Lay playing on his parti-colour'd wings;
And sometime on a horse as white as milk
I saw* him arm'd and mounted in the throng,
As Love had right to march with men of war.
Weary of looking up, I laid me down,
Willing to rest, as sleepy souls are wont,
When of a sudden such a noise I heard
Of shot of ordnance pealing in mine ears,
As twenty thousand tire had play'd at sea,
Or Ætna split had belch'd her bowels forth,
Or heaven and earth in arms thundering amain
Had bent their great artillery for war,
And weary Atlas had let fall his load,
Enough to wake Endymion from his trance.
Yet was the welkin clear, nor smoke nor dust
Annoy'd mine eyes: I gaz'd, and, as I look'd,
Methought this host of aery armed men
Girt Windsor Castle round. Anon I saw,
Under a canopy of crimson bysse,†
Spangled with gold, and set with silver bells
That sweetly chim'd and lull'd me half a-sleep,
A goodly king in robes most richly dight,
The upper like a Roman palliament,
Indeed a chaperon, for such it was;
And looking nearer, lo, upon his leg
An ancient badge of honour I espied,
A garter brightly glistering in mine eye,
A worthy ornament! Then I call'd to mind
What princely Edward, of that name the Third,
King Edward, for his great achievments fam'd,
What he began,—the Order of Saint George,
That at this day is honour'd through the world,
The Order of the Garter so y-clept,‡
A great effect grown of a slender cause,
Grac'd by a king, and favour'd of his feres,§
Fam'd by his followers, worthy kings and queens,
That to this day are sovereigns of the same.
The manner how this matter grew at first
Was thus. The king, disposèd on a time
To revel, after he had shaken France,
(O, had he bravely held it to the last!)
And deck'd his lions with their flower-de-lyce,
Dispos'd to revel,—some say otherwise,—
Found on the ground by fortune, as he went,
A lady's garter, and* the queen's, I trow,
Lost in a dance, and took it up himself:
It was a silken ribbon weav'd of blue.
His lords and standers-by, seeing the king
Stoop for this garter, smil'd, as who would say,
"Our office that had been," or somewhat else.
King Edward wistly looking on them all,
With princely hands having that garter seiz'd,
From harmless heart, where honour was engrav'd,
Bespake in French, ('a could the language well,
And rife was French those days with Englishmen;
They went to school to put together towns,
And spell in France with fescues† made of pikes,)
"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," quoth he.
Wherewith upon advisement, though the cause
Were small, his pleasure and his purpose was
T'advance that garter, and to institute
A noble order sacred to Saint George,
And knights to make, whom he would have be term'd
Knights of the Garter. This beginning had
This honourable order of our time.
Hereon I thought when I beheld the king;
But swifter than my thought, by that I saw,
And words I heard or seem'd to hear at least,
I was instructed in the circumstance,
And found it was King Edward that did march
In robes like those he ware when with his lords
He held Saint George's royal feast on earth.
His eldest son, surnamèd the Black Prince,—
Though black of hue, that surname yet in France
He wan, for terror to the Frenchmen's hearts
His countenance was, his sword an iron scourge,—
He on a coal-black courser mounted was,
And in his hand a battle-axe he hent;‡
His beaver up; his corselet was of steel
Varnish'd as black as jet; his bases§ black;
And black from head to foot, yea, horse and hoof,
As black as night. But in a twinck methought
'A chang'd at once his habit and his steed,
And had a garter as his father had,
Right rich and costly, with embroidery
Of pearl and gold: I could on it discern

* *saw*] Old ed. "see."
† *bysse*] "Sorte d'étoffe de soie." Roquefort's *Gloss. de la Langue Romane*, vol. i. p. 196.
‡ *y-clept*] i. e. called.
§ *feres*] i. e. companions.

* *and*] Ashmol. copy "but."
† *fescues*] i. e. pieces of wire or stick, with which those who taught children to read pointed out the letters.
‡ *hent*] i. e. held.
§ *bases*] See note †, p. 570, first col.

The poesy whereof I spake of yore;
And well I wot, since this King Edward's days,
Our kings and queens about their royal arms
Have in a garter borne this poesy.
Still as I lay I gaz'd, and guess'd at once
What was this train, and whither it did bend:
I found at last King Edward was the man,
Accompanied with kings and conquerors,
That from the spacious aery House of Fame
Set forward royally to solemnize
Th' installment of some new-created knights.
For, lo, I saw in strange accoutrements,
Like to King Edward's and the Prince of Wales',
Full four-and-twenty knights, nor more nor less,
In robes with precious collars of Saint George;
And garters all they had buckled with gold.
Fame, in a stole of purple set with eyes
And ears and tongues, carried a golden book:
Upon the cover this I saw engrav'd;

Pauci quos æquus amavit*
Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,
Dis geniti.

Methought this saying could not but import
They should be noble men of golden minds
And great account, favour'd of prince and peers,
Whose names should in that register be writ,
Consecrate to Saint George's chosen knights.
Herewith the golden book gan† open fair,
And eathly‡ I might read their names that next
Went to the king: they were no common men,
For to my seeming each one had a page
That bare a fair escutcheon after him,
Whereon his arms were drawn; I have forgot
Their several coats, but well I wot their names.
And first I saw enroll'd within this book
King Edward's name; he was the sovereign.
Their register was Fame. Renown, before
That sounded shrill, was officer-at-arms
And usher to the train; his office-badge
Was a black rod whereof he took his name.
Honour went king-at-arms, next to the knights,
Half-arm'd, like Pallas shap'd for arms and arts,
Rich in habiliments of peace and war:
Ancient and grave he was and sage to see.
Near him went Time, well-pleas'd and well-content
As if he joy'd t'accompany this train,
And in his hand a royal standard bare,
Wherein Saint George was drawn and limn'd in gold.
Under the verge, as title to the book,
Was writ, *Knights of the Order of Saint George, Knights of the Garter.* Edward Prince of Wales
Was first, then Henry Duke of Lancaster,
And Nicholas Earl of Warwick made the third.
Captaine de Buch was next, renown'd for arms.
Then the brave Earls of Stafford and Southampton;
To whose successors, for his sake that lives
And now survives in honour of that name,
To whom my thoughts are humble and devote,
Gentle Wriothesley, Southampton's star,
I wish all fortune, that in Cynthia's eye,
Cynthia the glory of the western world,
With all the stars in her fair firmament,
Bright may he rise and shine immortally.
And* Mortimer, a gentle trusty lord,
More loyal than that cruel Mortimer
That plotted Edward's death at Killingworth,†
Edward the Second, father to this king,
Whose tragic cry even now methinks I hear,
When graceless wretches murder'd him by night.
Then Lisle, and Burwash,‡ Beauchamp, and Mohun,§
Grey, Courtney, and the Hollands worthy knights,
Fitz-simon, Wale, and Sir Hugh Wrottesley,‖
Nele Loryng,¶ Chandos, Sir Miles Stapleton,
Walter Pagannel,** Eam, and D'Audley;†† last
Was the good knight Sir Sanchet D'Abrichecourt.‡‡
These names I read, for they were written fair;
And, as it seem'd to me, these were the first
Created of that order by the king:
And man by man they march'd in equipage.
A many more there were than I could note,
And, sooth to say, I think the book was full;
And in the train a number infinite,
True knights of all the orders in the world,
Christians and heathens, that accompanied
This worthy king in his procession.
Cæsar himself was there; I saw him ride,
Triúmphing in his three-and-twenty wounds,
Because they show'd the malice of the world.
Pompey was there, the rival of his fame,
That died a death as base and violent.
Leave I this theme: the mightiest that have liv'd

* *Pauci quos*, &c.] Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 129.
† *gan*] Ashmol. copy "did."
eathly] i. e. easily.

*. *And*] Ashmol. copy "Sir."
† *Killingworth*] i. e. Kenelworth
‡ *Burwash*] Written more correctly "Burghersh."
§ *Mohun*] Old ed. "Mahun."
‖ *Wrottesley*] Old ed. "Woortesley."
¶ *Nele Loryng*] Old ed. "Neale, Lording."
** *Pagannel*] The proper way of spelling his name is "Paveley." I have met with it written "Paynel."
†† *D'Audley*] Old ed. "Dandley."
‡‡ *Sanchet D'Abrichecourt*] Old ed. "Haunchet Dambricourte."

Have fall'n, and headlong too; in misery
It is some comfort to have company.
Hector of Troy, and kings ere Troy was built,
Or Thrace was Thrace, were there: old Dardanus,
And Ilus, and Assaracus, came along.
For in the House of Fame what famous man,
What prince, but hath his trophy and his place?
There Joshua, David, and great Machabee,
Last anchor-hold and stay of Jacob's race,
Did march; and Macedonian Alexander;
Victorious Charles the Great, the flower of France;
Godfrey of Bullen, whom the Christian kings
Created King of great Jerusalem;
And Arthur, glory of the western world,
And all his knights were in this royal train.
Jason was there, Knight of the Golden Fleece;
Knights of the Tosson,* and of Saint Iago,
Knights of the Rhodes, Knights of the Sepulchre,
Were there: the air was pester'd† to my thought.
Among them all a worthy man of mark,
A prince of famous memory I saw,
Henry the Eighth, that led a warlike band
Of English earls, and lords, and lusty knights,
That ware the garter sacred to Saint George.
Who was not there? I think the court of Fame
Was naked and unpeopled, in this train
There were so many emperors, lords, and kings,
Knights errant and adventurous. In the book
That on a desk lay open before Fame,—
For in a sumptuous chariot did he‡ ride
Of crystal, set with leaves of glittering gold,
And fair tralucent§ stones, that over all
It did reflect,—within that glorious book
I saw a name rejoicèd me to see,
Francis of Bedford; I could read it plain,
And glad I was that in that precious book
That name I found, for now, methought, I said,
Here virtue doth outlive th' arrest of death;
For dead is Bedford, virtuous and renown'd
For arms, for honour, and religious love,
And yet alive his name in Fame's records,
That held this garter dear, and ware it well.
Some worthy wight let blazon his deserts:
Only a tale I thought on by the way,
As I observ'd his honourable name.

I heard it was his chance, o'erta'en with sleep,
To take a nap near to a farmer's lodge,
Trusted a little with himself belike:
This agèd earl, in his apparel plain,
Wrapt in his russet cloak, lay down to rest,
His badge of honour buckled to his leg,
Bare and unhid. There came a pilfering swad,*
And would have prey'd upon this ornament,
And say'd† t' unbuckle it, thinking him a-sleep:
The noble gentleman,‡ feeling what he meant,
"Hold, foolish lad," quoth he, "a better prey;
This garter is not fit for every leg,
And I account it better than my purse."
The varlet ran away; the earl awak'd,
And told his friends, and smiling said withal,
"'A would not, had 'a understood the French
Writ on my garter, dar'd t' have stoln the same."
This tale I thought upon, told me for truth,
The rather for it prais'd the poesy,
Right grave and honourable, that importeth much;
"*Ill be to him,*" it saith, "*that evil thinks.*"
O sacred loyalty, in purest hearts
Thou build'st thy bower! thy weeds of spotless white,
Like those that stood for Rome's great offices,
Make thee renown'd, glorious in innocency.
Why stick I here? The train cast in a ring
About the castle, making melody,
Under the glorious spreading wings of Fame,
I saw a virgin queen, attir'd in white,
Leading with her a sort§ of goodly knights,
With garters and with collars of Saint George:
"*Elizabeth*" on a compartiment
Of gold in bysse || was writ, and hung askew
Upon her head, under an imperial crown.
She was the sovereign of the knights she led:
Her face, methought, I knew, as if the same,
The same great empress that we here enjoy,
Had climb'd the clouds, and been in person there;
To whom the earth, the sea, and elements
Auspicious are. A many that I knew,
Knighted in my remembrance, I beheld,
And all their names were in that register;

* *Tosson*] i. e. *Toison d'or.*—Of the different orders of knighthood mentioned here, the reader will find a particular account in Segar's *Honour*, &c, pp. 79, 94, 95, 106.

† *pester'd*] i. e. crowded.

‡ *he*] i. e. Fame. See note §, p. 585, first col.

§ *tralucent*] This word (the same as *translucent*) is found in several pieces before the appearance of Jonson's *Masque of Hymen*, where Gifford (note on his *Works*, vol. vii. p. 78) seems to think it was first used.

* *swad*] i. e. clown, bumpkin. (Todd and Nares are most amusingly at variance in their explanations of this word: the former (in his ed. of *Johnson's Dict.*) says, it means "a short fat person," the latter (in his *Gloss.*) "a slender person").

† *say'd*] i. e assay'd, tried.

‡ *gentleman*] Ashmol. copy "gentle."

§ *sort*] i. e. company.

|| *bysse*] "*Byce* a colour, *azur.*" Palsgrave's *Lesclar. de la Lang. Fr.*, 1530. fol. xx. (Table of Subst.).

And yet I might perceive some so set down,
That, howsoc'er it hapt I cannot tell,
The carl Oblivion stoln from Lethe's lake,
Or Envy stept from out the deep Avern,
Had raz'd, or blemish'd, or obscur'd at least.
What have those fiends to do in Fame's fair court?
Yet in the House of Fame, and courts of kings,
Envy will bite, or snarl and bark at least,
As dogs against the moon that yelp in vain:
Say "*Frustra*" to those curs, and shake thy coat.
And all the kings, since that King Edward's days,
Were with their knights and companies in that train.
When all were whist,* King Edward thus bespake:
"Hail, Windsor! where I sometimes took delight
To hawk, and hunt, and back the proudest horse,
And where in princely pleasure I repos'd
In my return from France,"—a little sigh
I heard him fetch withal; his reason why
I cannot guess; I think it was for this,
That England had given o'er their traffic there,—
"And twenty times hail, Windsor!" quoth the king,
"Where I have stall'd so many hardy knights,
And tournaments and royal justs perform'd:
Behold, in honour of mine ancient throne,
In honour of fair England, and Saint George,
To whom this Order of the Garter first
I sacred held; in honour of my knights,
Before this day created and install'd,
But specially in honour of those five
That at this day this honour have receiv'd
Under Elizabeth, England's great sovereign,—
Northumberland and Worcester, noble earls,
Borough and Sheffield, lords of lively hope,
And honourable old Knowles fam'd for his sons,
And for his service gracious and renown'd;
Lo, from the House of Fame, with princely trains
Accompanied, and kings, and conquerors,
And knights of proof, loyal and valourous,
I re-salute thee here, and gratulate
To those new knights, created by a queen
Peerless for wisdom and for majesty,
The honour of the Garter: may they long
Wear them as notes of true nobility
And virtue's ornaments! Young Northumberland,
Mounted on Fortune's wheel, by virtue's aim
Become thy badge, as it becometh thee,
That Europe's eyes thy worthiness may see.
And, Worcester, what pure honour hath put on
With chaste and spotless hands, in honour wear;
Answer the noblest of thine ancestry,
In deeds to fame and virtue consecrate.
Borough, brought up in learning and in arms,
Patron of music and of chivalry,
Brandish thy sword in right, and spend thy wits
In commonwealth-affairs: it shall become
Thy forwardness to follow virtue's cause,
And great designs of noble consequence.
And, Sheffield, shape thy course no otherwise
Than loyalty, the load-star of renown,
Directs; that, as thine ancestors have done,
Thine earthly race in honour thou mayst run.
To thee, old man," with kindness quoth the king,
"That reap'st this honour in thy waning age,
See what a trophy Queen Elizabeth
Prepares before thy hearse: long mayst thou live,
And die in fame, that hast well near achiev'd
The noble Norris' honour in thy sons,
Thrice-noble lord, as happy for his few,
As was the King of Troy for many more."
With that he ceas'd, and to the foremost earl,—
For why* methought I saw† them every man,
Stall'd in their places and their ornaments,—
"Percy," quoth he, "thou and thy lordly peers,
Your names are in this register of Fame,
Written in leaves and characters of gold:
So live, as with a many more you may
Survive and triumph in eternity,
Out of Oblivion's reach or Envy's shot;
And that your names immortally may shine
In these records, not earthly, but divine."
Then shalms and sackbuts sounded in the air,
But shrill'st of all, the trumpet of Renown;
And by and by a loud retraite he rung.
The train retir'd, as swift as stars don shoot,
From whence they came, and day began to break;
And with the noise and thunder in the sky,
When Fame's great double-doors fell to and shut,
And this triumphant train was vanish'd quite,
The gaudy Morn out of her golden sleep
Awak'd, and little birds uncag'd gan sing
To welcome home the bridegroom of the sea.

* *whist*] i. e. still, silent.

* *For why*] i. e. Because.
† *saw*] Old ed. "see."

EPILOGUS.

Wherewith I rous'd, recounting what I saw:
And then thought I; were it as once it was,
But long ago, when learning was in price,
And poesy with princes gracious,
I would adventure to set down my dream,
In honour of these new-advancèd lords,
Saint George's knights. I was encouragèd,
And did as I have done; which humbly here
I yield, as firstlings of my scholar's crop,
Consecrated* purely to your noble name,
To gratulate to you this honour's height,
As little boys with flinging up their caps
Congratulate great kings and conquerors.
Take it in gree,† fair lord. *Procul hinc turba invidiosa:*
Stirps rudis urtica est, stirps generosa rosa.

G. P.

* *Consecrated*] Qy. "Consecrate"?
† *gree*] i. e. good part.

ANGLORUM FERIÆ, ENGLAND'S HOLIDAYS.

Anglorum Feriæ, Englandes Hollydayes, celebrated the 17th of Novemb. last, 1595, *beginninge happyly the* 38 *yeare of the raigne of our soveraigne ladie Queene Elizabeth. By George Peele Mr. of Arte in Oxforde,*—was first printed, about thirty years ago, in an undated 4to., for private circulation, by the late Mr. Fitch of Ipswich, who then possessed the original MS. Since his decease, I have collated the said MS. (in the well-known handwriting of Peele), which I had not seen when I reprinted the poem in a supplementary volume to Peele's *Works,* 1839.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND WORTHY LADY,

KATHERINE, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGTON.

ANGLORUM FERIÆ.

Descend, ye sacred daughters of King Jove:
Apollo, spread thy sparkling wings to mount,
And try some lightsome sweet Castalian springs
That warble to their silver-winding waves,
Making soft music in their gentle glide:
Clio, the sagest of these Sisters Nine,
Conduct thy learnèd company to court,
Eliza's court, Astræa's earthly heaven;
There take survey of England's empress,*
And in her praise tune your heroic songs:
Write, write, you chroniclers of time and fame
That keep Remembrance' golden register,
And recommend to time's eternity
Her honour's height and wonders of her age,
Wonders of her that reason's reach transcend,
Such wonders as have set the world at gaze;
Write, write, you chroniclers of time and fame,
Elizabeth by miracles preserv'd
From perils imminent and infinite:
Clio, proclaim with golden trump and pen
Her happy days, England's high holidays; [flight
O'er Europe's bounds take wing, and make thy
Through melting air, from where the rising sun
Gallops the zodiac in his fiery wain,
Even to the brink where Thetis in her bower
Of pumey † and tralucent ‡ pebble-stones
Receives the weary bridegroom of the sea,
Beyond Graud Cair, by Nilus' slimy bank,
Over the wild and sandy Afric plains,
Along the frozen shore of Tanais,
Whose icy crust Apollo cannot thaw;
Even there and round about this earthly ball
Proclaim the day of England's happiness,
The days of peace, the days of quietness,
And let her gladsome birth-day be the first,
Her day of birth, beginning of our bliss;
Set down the day in characters of gold,
And mark it with a stone as white as milk,
That cheerful sunny day. Wear eglantine,
And wreaths of roses red and white put on
In honour of that day, you lovely nymphs,
And pæans sing and sweet melodious songs;
Along the chalky cliffs of Albion
Lead England's lovely shepherds in a dance
O'er hill and dale, and downs, and daisy-plots,
And be that day England's high holiday;
And holidays and high days be they all,
High holidays, days, minutes, months, and hours,
That multiply the number of her years;
Years that for us beget this golden age,
Wherein we live in safety under her,
Wherein she reigns in honour over us:
So may she long and ever may she so,
Untouch'd of traitorous hand or treacherous foe!
  Her birth-day being celebrated thus,
Clio, record how she hath been preserv'd,
Even in the gates of death and from her youth,
To govern England in the ways of truth;
Record heaven's goodness to this gracious queen,
Whose virtue's peer what age hath ever seen!
  To pass the story of her younger days,
And stormy tempest happily o'erblown,
Wherein by mercy and by miracle
She was rescú'd for England's happiness,
And comfort of the long-afflicted flock
That stray'd like scatter'd sheep scar'd from the fold;
To slip remembrance of those careful days,
Days full of danger, happy days withal,
Days of her preservation and defence;
Behold the happiest day, the holiday
That young and old and all don* celebrate,

* *empress*] A trisyllable here (and, as far as I recollect, written in the MS. "emperess").

† *pumey*] i. e. pumice: Spenser (as Todd remarks in his ed. of *Johnson's Dict.*) repeatedly writes the word *pumie*.

‡ *tralucent*] See note §, p. 588, first col.

* *don*] i. e. do.

The day of joy, the day of jollity!
The best of all the days that we have seen
Was wherein she was crownèd England's Queen,
Elizabeth, anointed of the Highest
To sit upon her kingly father's seat,
And wear in honour England's diadem,
To sway that massy sceptre and that sword
That aw'd the world in his triumphant hand,
And now in her's commands the enemy,
And with dishonour drives the daring foe
Back to his den, tir'd with successless arms,
Wearied with wars by land and wreck by sea.
Muses and Graces, gods and goddesses,
Adorn, adore, and celebrate this day.
The meanest with the mightiest may in this
Express his love; for loyalty alike
Blazons affection's force in lord and lown.
In honour of this happy day, behold
How high and low, the young and old in years,
England, hath put a face of gladness on,
And court and country carol in her praise,
And in her honour tune a thousand lays!
With just return of this triumphant day,
And prosperous revolution of the same,
Auspiciously beginning many years
And golden days and infinite to come,
Passing in number and in happiness
The best that ever earthly prince enjoy'd
By sufferance of the highest King of kings;
Behold, in honour of this holiday,
What pæans loud triumphant London sings,
What holy tunes and sacrifice of thanks
England's metropolis as incense sends!
And in the sound of cymbals, trumps, and shalms,
In honour of his noble mistress' name,
To whom* his life he owes and offers up,
Lo, London's shepherd, guardian of his flock,
Praiseth the Mighty One of Israel,
And with the strings of his unfeignèd heart
Tunes his true joy for all those days of peace,
Those quiet days that Englishmen enjoy
Under our queen, fair queen of Brute's New Troy!
With whom in sympathy and sweet accord
All loyal subjects join, and hearts and hands
Lift up to Heaven's high throne, and sacrifice
Of praises and of hearty prayers send;
Thanksgiving for our blessings and the grace,
The gracious blessings on that day pour'd down
On England's head; that day whereon this queen
Inaugur'd was and holily install'd,
Anointed of the highest King of kings,
In her hereditary royal right
Successively to sit enthronizèd.
And in this general plaudit and applause,
And celebration of this joyful day,
Wherein pale Envy, vanquish'd long ago,
Gave way to Virtue's great deserts in her,
And wounded with remembrance of her name,
Made hence amain to murmur that abroad
He durst not openly disgorge at home,
In his own nest fil'd with so foul a bird,
And breathe his discontentments over sea
Among those erring fugitives that pine
At England's prosperous peace, and nothing more
Do thirst than alteration of the state,
And nothing less than our good queen affect;
A number of unnatural Englishmen,
That curse the day so happy held of us,
Whose base revolt from their allegiance due
To prince and country makes them infamous,
Condemn'd among the Turks and Infidels,
False architects of those foul practices
That end in their dishonour and their shame,
Those bloody stratagems, those traitorous trains,
And cruel siege they lay unto her life,
Precious in sight of heaven and dear to us,
Her loving and her loyal subjects all,
Whom Jacob's God hath many ways preserv'd,
Yea, even betwixt the bridge and water's brink,
Saving her as by miracle in the fall
From Pharoah's rod and from the sword of Saul:—
Lo, in this triumph that true subjects make,
Envied of none but enemies of the truth,
Her enemies, that serves the living Lord
And puts in him her confidence and trust,
Thou, sacred Muse of History, describe,
That all may see how well she is belov'd,
What troop of loyal English knights in arms,
Right richly mounted and appointed all,
In shining arms accoutred for the war,
Small number of a number numberless,
Held justs in honour of her holiday,
Ready to do their duties and devoir
Against the mightiest enemy she hath,
Under what clime soe'er his colours wave,
And with keen sword and battle-axe in hand
To wound his crest, whatever foe he be
That any way in her dishonour braves.
Among this stirring company of knights,
That at the tilt in fair habiliments
Can show themselves, renownèd Cumberland,
Knight of the Crown, in gilded armour dight,
Mounted at Queen Elizabeth's approach,
Inflam'd with honour's fire, and left his hold
Kept by a dragon, laden with fair spoils:

* *whom*] MS. "whō he."

And there his duty done, and large device
Made by his page known to her majesty,
Whose gracious eye reflecting on this earl
Was like Prometheus' life-infusing fire,
Behold, he stands impatient of delay,
Awaiting there his friendly foe's approach!
Daring he stands, true knight and challenger,
And hardly brooks the time of their address
That shortly came in duty all devote,
To solace with their martial exercise
Their princely mistress, to whose worthiness
That day's device and days of all their lives
Right humbly were and purely dedicate.
The first that led, in cheerful colours clad,
In innocent white and fair carnation,
Was he whose wisdom in his younger years
And love to arms make him so far renown'd,
The noble Earl of Essex and of Ewe.
His mute approach and action of his mutes
Said that he was solicited diversely;
One way to follow war and war's designs,—
And well he may, for skill he can full well
Of war's adventures, 'larms, and stratagems;—
Another way t' apply him to the care
Of commonweal-affairs, and show the way
To help to underbear with grave advice
The weighty beam whereon the state depends:
Well may he this way or the other take,
And both shall his nobility become;
The gravity and greatness of the one
Shall beautify the other's worthiness;
His senate-robes shall beautify his arms,
His chivalry nobilitate his name.
Then Sussex, seated on his champing steed,
Dreadful to see, and in sad tawny dight,
Came in, as if some angry man of war
Had charg'd his lance and put himself in arms,
Under an eben-tree or blasted yew:
Such show'd his plume, or like in my conceit
To ravens' feathers by the moon's reflex,
Shining where night by day doth take repose.
Mars in his wrath sitting upon his drum,
Devising tragedies, strikes no greater fear
Into the eyes and hearts of earthly men,
Than did methought this champion in his way;
Nor in his doings ever man-at-arms
So young of years more forward than this earl:
So prone, so puissant, and successful still
In all his courses was this warlike knight.
Then Bedford and Southampton made up five,
Five valiant English earls. Southampton ran
As Bevis of Southampton, that good knight,
Had justed in the honour of the day;
And certes * Bevis was a mighty man,
Valiant in arms, gentle and debonair;
And such was young Wriothesley, that came
As if in duty to his sovereign
And honour's race for all that he had done,
He would † be of the noblest over-run.
Like to himself and to his ancestors,
Ran Bedford, to express his readiness,
His love to arms, his loyalty to her
Whose burning eyeballs did retain the heat
That kindled honour's fire at their hearts;
Bravely ran Bedford, and his staves he brake
Right happily for his high mistress' sake.
Compton of Compton came in shining arms,
Well mounted and appointed for the field,
A gallant lord; richly array'd was he,
He and his train. Clio, recount his fame;
Record with me his love to learning's lore,
And valiant doings on this holiday:
Short will I be in process of his praise;
Courageously he ran, and with the best
From forth the field bare honour on his crest.
Carew was well-acquainted with the place,
And to the tilt proudly he made approach;
His steed well-taught, himself fitted in all,
Fell to his noble exercise of arms,
And on his courser gan himself advance,
Whose neighs and plays were princely to behold:
Remembrance of this day reviv'd this knight;
His turn he takes, and at the trumpet's sound
Breaks at the head with many a lofty bound.
In bases ‡ and caparisons of cost
Came three redoubted knights and men-at-arms,
Old Knowles his offspring, gallant cavaliers;
And such they show'd as were King Arthur's knights
He whilom us'd to feast at Camelot,
Or three of great King Priam's valiant sons
Had left Elysium and the fields of Mars
To celebrate Eliza's holiday:
They ran as if three Hectors had made way
To meet Achilles, Ajax, Diomede.
Palm had the eldest branching of his crest:
'Tis hard to say which brother did the best.
Like Venus' son in Mars his armour clad,
Beset with glorious globes and golden flames,
Came Dudley in; nor shall it me become
To dive into the depth of his device;
Rich in his thoughts and valiant in his deeds,

* *certes*] i. e. certainly.

† *He would*, &c.] Qy.
"He would not of the noblest be o'er-run"?

‡ *bases*] See note †, p. 570, first col.

No whit dishonour'd by his fainting horse,
That cowardlike would have held his master back
From honour's goal,—ill-natur'd and ill-taught,
To fail him foully in so great a presence.
But as an archer with a bended bow
The farther from the mark he draws his shaft,
The farther flies it and with greater force
Wounds earth and air; so did it fare in this:
This lusty runner, thus restrain'd at first,
Now all inflam'd, soon having chang'd his steed,
And view'd the person of his princely mistress,
Whose radiant beams have* power to set on fire
The icy ridge of snowy Rhodope,
Flies like a bullet from a cannon's mouth.
His armèd horse made dreadful harmony,
Grating against the rails: so valiantly
He justed, that unjust it were in me
Not to admire young Dudley's chivalry.
Young Howard, ramping lion-like, came on,
Anchor of Howard's honourable house,
His noble father's hope, his mother's joy.
Loyal and lovely was this fair young knight,
Gracious in his beginnings at the tilt,
Pleasing to her to whom he did present
His person and the service of that day,
And all the days and minutes of his life:
Bravely he bare him in his mistress' eye,
And brake† his staves and let the shivers fly.
Drury in flames of gold embroider'd fair,
Inflam'd with love of virtue and of arms,
Came* to the tilt like Phœbus,
And like a warrior there demean'd himself;
Heaven's vault, earth's centre sounded of his force:
So well he ran as they that do him right,
For field and court held him a worthy knight.
Among these runners that in virtue's race
Contended, rivals of each other's praise,
Nowell and Needham, gentlemen of name,
Came mounted and appointed gallantly;
Both nobly minded, as became them well,
Resolv'd to run in honour of the day.
L'éscu d'amour, the arms of loyalty,
Lodg'd Skydmore in his heart; and on he came,
And well and worthily demean'd himself
In that day's service: short and plain to be,
Nor lord nor knight more forward than was he.
Then Ratcliffe, Reynolds, Blount, and Carey came,
In all accoutrements fitting gentlemen;
Well mounted and appointed every man;
And gallantly and worthily they ran.
Long may they run in honour of the day!
Long may she live to do them honour's right,
To grace their sports and them as she hath done,
England's Astræa, Albion's shining sun!
And may she shine in beauty fresh and sheen
Hundreds of years, our thrice-renowned queen!
Write, Clio, write; write, and record her story,
Dear in heaven's eye, her court and country's glory.

* *have*] MS. "and."
† *brake*] MS. "breakes."

* *Came, &c.*] A mutilated line.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THOMAS WATSON,

Prefixed to *The* 'ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ, *or Passionate Centurie of Love.**

—♦—

If graver heads shall count it overlight
To treat of love, say thou to them, a stain
Is incident unto the finest dye:
And yet no stain at all it is for thee,
These lays of love, as mirth to melancholy,
To follow fast thy sad *Antigone*;†
Which may bear out a broader work than this,
Compil'd with judgment, order, and with art;
And shroud thee under shadow of his wings,
Whose gentle heart, and head with learning fraight,‡
Shall yield thee gracious favour and defence.

THE PRAISE OF CHASTITY,

WHEREIN IS SET FORTH, BY WAY OF COMPARISON, HOW GREAT IS THE CONQUEST OVER OUR AFFECTIONS.

From *The Phœnix Nest*, 1593.

—♦—

The noble Romans whilom wonted were,
For triumph of their conquer'd enemies,
The wreaths of laurel and of palm to wear,
In honour of their famous victories;

And so, in robes of gold and purple dight,
Like bodies shrin'd in seats of ivory,
Their names renown'd for happiness in fight,
They bear the guerdon of their chivalry.

The valiant Greeks for sack of Priam's town,
A work of manhood match'd with policy,
Have fill'd the world with books of their renown,
As much as erst the Roman empery.

The Phrygian knights that in the House of Fame
Have shining arms of endless memory,
By hot and fierce repulse did win the same,
Though Helen's rape hurt Paris' progeny.

Thus strength hath guerdon by the world's award;
So praise we birth and high nobility:
If, then, the mind and body reap reward
For nature's dower, conferrèd liberally,

Press, then, for praise unto the highest room,
That art the highest of the gifts of heaven,
More beautiful by wisdom's sacred doom
Than Sol himself amid the Planets Seven;

Queen of content and temperate desires,
Choice nurse of health, thy name hight* Chastity;
A sovereign power to quench such climbing fires
As choke the mind with smoke of infamy;

Champion-at-arms, re'ncounter with thy foe,
An enemy foul and fearful to behold:
If, then, stout captains have been honour'd so,
Their names in books of memory enroll'd

For puissant strength,—ye Roman peers, retire,
And, Greeks, give ground; more honour there is won,
With chaste rebukes to temper thy desire,
Than glory gain'd the world to over-run;

---

* *The* 'ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ *or Passionate Centurie of Loue, Diuided into two parts: whereof, the first expresseth the Authors sufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie. Composed by Thomas Watson Gentleman; and published at the request of certaine Gentlemen his very frendes. London Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe for Gabriell Cawood, dwellinge in Paules Churchyard at the Signe of the Holy Ghost.* 4to. n. d.,—published in 1582. It is dedicated to "Lord Edwarde Vere, Earle of Oxenforde," &c. See more concerning Watson in the *Account of Perle and his Writings*, p. 332, and in note §, p. 584.

† *thy sad Antigone*] *Sophoclis Antigone. Interprete Thoma Watsono J. U. studioso. Huic adduntur pompæ quædam, ex singulis Tragediæ actis derivatæ; et post eas, totidem themata sententiis refertissima; eodem Thoma Watsono Authore. Londini excudebat Johannes Wolfius*, 1581. 4to.

‡ *fraight*] i. e. fraught.

* *hight*] i. e. called.

Than fierce Achilles got by Hector's spoil;
Than erst the mighty Prince of Macedon,
King Philip's imp,* that put his foes to foil
And wish'd more worlds to hold him play than one.

Believe me, to contend 'gainst armies royal,
To tame wild panthers but by strength of hand,
To praise the triumph, not so special,
As ticing pleasure's charms for to withstand;

And, for me list compare with men of war,
For honour of the field, I dare maintain,
This victory exceedeth that as far
As Phœbus' chariot Vulcan's forge doth stain:†

Both noble, and triumphant in their kinds,
And matter worthy Queen Remembrance' pen;
But that that tangles both our thoughts and minds,
To master that, is more than over men

To make thy triumph; sith to strength alone
Of body it belongs, to bruise or wound;
But raging thoughts to quell, or few or none,
Save Virtue's imps, are able champions found;

Or those whom Jove hath lov'd; or noble of birth:
So strong Alcides, Jove's unconquer'd son,
Did lift Achelous' body from the earth,
To show what deeds by Virtue's strength are done;

So him he foil'd; and put to sudden flight,
By aim of wit, the foul Stymphalides:
And while we say, he master'd men by might,
Behold, in person of this Hercules,

It liketh me to figure Chastity;
His labour like that foul unclean desire
That, under guide of tickling fantasy,
Would mar the mind through pleasure's scorching fire.

And who hath seen a fair alluring face,
A lusty girl, y-clad in quaint array,
Whose dainty hand makes music with her lace,
And tempts thy thoughts, and steals thy sense away;

Whose ticing hair, like nets of golden wire,
Enchain[s] thy heart; whose gait and voice divine
Inflame thy blood, and kindle thy desire;
Whose features rape and dazzle human eyne;

Who hath beheld fair Venus in her pride
Of nakedness, all alabaster white,
In ivory bed, straight laid by Mars his side,
And hath not been enchanted with the sight;

To wish to dally, and to offer game,
To coy, to court, *et cætera* to do;
(Forgive me, Chasteness, if in terms of shame,
To thy renown, I paint what longs thereto;)

Who hath not liv'd, and yet hath seen, I say,
That might offend chaste hearers to endure;
Who hath been halèd on to touch and play,
And yet not stoop'd to pleasure's wanton lure;

Crown him with laurel for his victory,
Clad* him in purple and in scarlet dye,
Enroll his name in books of memory,
Ne† let the honour of his conquest die;

More royal in his triumph than the man
Whom tigers drew in coach of burnish'd gold,
In whom the Roman monarchy began,
Whose works of worth no wit hath erst controll'd:

Elysium be his walk, high heaven his shrine,
His drink sweet nectar, and ambrosia,
The food that makes immortal and divine,
Be his to taste, to make him live for aye;

And that I may, in brief, describe his due,
What lasting honour Virtue's guerdon is,
So much and more his just desert pursue,
Sith his desert awards it to be his.

L'ENVOY.

To thee, in honour of whose government
Entitled is this *Praise of Chastity*,
My gentle friend, these hasty lines are meant:
So flowereth Virtue like the laurel-tree,
Immortal green, that every eye may see;
And well was Daphne turn'd into the bay,
Whose chasteness triumphs, grows, and lives for aye.

* *imp*] i. e. offspring.
† *stain*] See note ¶¶, p. 412, scc. col.

* *Clad*] i. e. Clothe: see note †, p. 108, scc. col.
† *Ne*] i. e. Nor.

LOVE.*

WHAT thing is love?—for sure love is a thing :—
Love is a prick, love is a sting,
Love is a pretty, pretty thing;
Love is a fire, love is a coal,
Whose flame creeps in at every hole;
And, as myself can best devise,
His dwelling is in ladies' eyes,
From whence he shoots his dainty darts
Into the lusty gallants' hearts;
And ever since was call'd a god
That Mars with Venus play'd even and odd.

CUPID'S ARROWS,

From *England's Parnassus*, 1600.†

AT Venus' entreaty for Cupid her son,
These arrows by Vulcan were cunningly done.
The first is Love, as here you may behold,
His feathers, head, and body, are of gold :
The second shaft is Hate, a foe to love,
And bitter are his torments for to prove :
The third is Hope, from whence our comfort springs;
His feathers [they] are pull'd from Fortune's wings :
Fourth Jealousy in basest minds doth dwell;
His‡ metal Vulcan's Cyclops sent from hell.

CORIDON AND MELAMPUS' SONG,§

From *England's Helicon*, 1600.

Cor. Melampus, when will love be void of fears?
Mel. When jealousy hath neither eyes nor ears.
Cor. Melampus, when will love be throughly shriev'd?
Mel. When it is hard to speak and not believ'd.
Cor. Melampus, when is love most malcontent?
Mel. When lovers range and bear their bows unbent.
Cor. Melampus, tell me when love takes least harm?
Mel. When swains' sweet pipes are puff'd and trulls are warm.
Cor. Melampus, tell me when is love best fed?
Mel. When it has suck'd the sweet that ease hath bred.
Cor. Melampus, when is time in love ill-spent?*
Mel. When it earns meed and yet receives no rent.
Cor. Melampus, when is time well-spent in love?
Mel. When deeds win meed and words love-works do prove.

Fragments of *The Hunting of Cupid* from a MS. volume (consisting chiefly of extracts from books) by WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden, belonging to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries.

THE HUNTING OF CUPID,†

BY GEORGE PEELE OF OXFORD, PASTORAL.

ON the snowie browes of Albion. sueet woodes sueet running brookes, y^t^ chide in a pleasant tune and make quiet murmur, leaving [*i.e.*, laving] the lilies, mints and waterflowers in ther gentle glide. making her face the marke of his wondring eies and his eyes the messengers of his woundit hart. Like a candle keepith but a litil roome zet blazeth round about. Heardgroome w^t^ his strauberrie lasse. Some w^t^ his sueet hart making false position putting a schort sillabe wher a long one should be. some a false supposition. to celebrate mistres holiday in Idlenesse.

Love. What thing is love (for wel I wot) love is a thing
it is a pricke, it is a sting
it is a prettie, prettie thing
it is a fire, it is a cole
whose flame creepes in at eurie hole.
and is [*read* as] my wit doth best devise
loves dwelling is in ladys eies :

* *Love*] These lines were most obligingly transcribed for me by Dr. Bliss from one of Rawlinson's MSS (in the Bodleian Library), which attributes them to "Mr. G. Peele." Since I received them from Oxford, I have discovered that they are an extract from *The Hunting of Cupid :* see the next col.

In an old play, *The Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600, Sig. A 4, Cornelia sings the first six of these lines with some very trifling variations.

† *From England's Parnassus*, 1600] P. 177, under the head "*Love.*"—These verses are a portion of *The Hunting of Cupid :* see p. 604, first col.

‡ *His*] *E. P.* "This."

§ *Coridon and Melampus' Song*] This song formed part of *The Hunting of Cupid :* see p. 604, first col.

* *Melampus, when is time in love ill-spent?*] So stands the line in *England's Helicon*, 1600, Malone's copy of which is now before me : in the reprint of that very rare work (in *The British Bibliographer*) it is incorrectly given thus ;

"*Melampus, when is* love in time *ill-spent?*"

† *The Hunting of Cupid*] This curious jumble is printed from a verbatim transcript of the original, made by Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh, who kindly examined with me the Drummond MSS. in the hope of finding some mention of Peele.

See *Account of Peele and his Writings*, p. 336

from whence do glance loves piercing darts
that mak such holes into o^r harts
and al the world herin accord
love is a great and mightie lord
And when he list to mount so hie
With Venus he in heaven doth lie
And ever more hath been a god
Since Mars and sche plaid even and od.
Kis a litle and use not.

Q. why kissings good. *R.* to stirre zour bloud to make zoù wel dispos'd to play. ab aquilone omne malum. wold have moued teares in vreath [*i. e.* wrath] herselfe. wrinckled sorrow sate in furrowes of a faire face. famous for his il fortune. zou that think ther is no heaven but on earth. zou that sucke poison insteed of honney. he excedeth fiends in crueltie and fortune in unconstancie.

set up Cynthea by day and Citherea by nig^t
sche strakid his head and mist his hornes.
who bluntly bespake her
grew this sweet rose in this soure stalke
Cupids At Venus entreate for Cupid her sone
Arrowes these arrowes by Vlcan are cuuningly done
the first is love the second shafte is hate
but this is hope from whence sweet comfort springs
this jelousie in bassest minds doth duell
his mettall Vlcan's Cyclops fetcht from Hel
a smaking kis that wakt me w^t the dine
know good and eschew it praise chastnesse and follow lustful love like the old [*one or two words illegible here*]
al quicklie com home by weeping crosse.
highest imperial orbe and throne of the thunder
Et non morieris inultus. schelter and shade.
holdeth them faster than Vlcan's fine wires kept Mars.
a song to be sung for a wager a dish of damsons new gathered off the trees.
Melampus when wil love be voide of feares
when jelousie hath nather eies nor eires
Melampus tel me when is love best fed [bred
when it hath suck[t]e the sweet y^t ease hath
Licoris as sweet to him as licorice. Cor sapit et [*some words illegible here*] a hot liver must be in a lover. To commend anay thing is the Italian way of craving. my hart is like a point of geometric indiuisible, and wher it goes it goes al.
Hard hart that did thy reed (poore shephard) brake
thy reed y^t was the trumpet of thy wit
Zet though unworthie sound thy phenix's praise
and with this slender pipe her glorie raise
Cupid enraged to see a thousand boyes
as faire as he sit shooting in her eies
fell doune and sche
pluckt al his plumes and made herselfe a fau
suering him her true litle seruing man.
Muse chuse
My mistres feeds the ayre ayre feeds not her
ly^t of the ly^t sche is, delyt supreame.
Zet so far from the lytness of her sex
for sche is the bird whose name doth end in X.
Not clouds cast from the spungie element
nor darknesse shot from Orcus pitchie eyes
Zet both her shines vailed w^t her arche beauties
her words such quickning odors cast
as raise the sicke and make the soundest thinke
ayre is not wholsome, til her walke be past
more then the fontaynes til the vnicornes drinke
a thousand echoes vat [*i. e.* wait] upon her voice.
Cupid. Those milkie mounts he eurie morning hants
wher to their drink his mothers doues he calls.
in my younger dayes when my witts ran a wool gathering
some prettie lye he coined.

A MERRY BALLAD OF THE HAWTHORN-TREE.*

TO BE SUNG AFTER DONKIN DARGESON.†

(From a Manuscript in the Cottonian Library, Vesp. A. xxv. ff. 163-4)

—•—

It was a maid of my country,
As she came by the‡ hawthorn-tree,
As full of flowers as might be seen,
She marvell'd to see the tree so green.

At last she askèd of this tree,
"How came this freshness unto thee,
And every branch so fair and clean?
I marvel that you grow so green."

* *A merry ballad of the Hawthorn-tree*] Why did Ritson, who has given this ballad among his *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 146, omit to mention that the MS. has "G. Peele" appended to it? Our poet's name is indeed written in a much more modern hand than the ballad, but it must have been there long before Ritson's day. That Peele was really the author of it, I think very doubtful.

† *Donkin Dargeson*] "This tune, whatever it was, appears to have been in use till after the Restoration."—*Ritson.*

‡ *the*] Ritson prints "a."

The tree made answer by and by,
"I have good cause to grow triumphantly;
The sweetest dew that ever be seen
Doth fall on me to keep me green."

"Yea," quoth the maid, "but where you grow,
You stand at hand for every blow,
Of every man for to be seen:
I marvel that you grow so green."

"Though many one take flowers fro me,
And many a branch out of my tree,
I have such store they will not be seen,
For more and more my twigs grow green."

"But how an they chance to cut thee down,
And carry thy braneches into the town?
Then will they never no more be seen,
To grow again so fresh and green."

"Though that you do, it is no boot;
Although they eut me to the root,
Next year again I will be seen
To bud my branches fresh and green.

And you, fair maid, can not do so,
For if you let your maidhood go,
Then will it never no more be seen,
As I with my branches can grow green."

The maid with that began to blush,
And turn'd her from the hawthorn-bush;
She thought herself so fair and clean,
Her beauty still would ever grow green.

When that she heard this marvellous doubt,
She wander'd still then all about,
Suspecting still what she would ween,
Her maidhood lost would never be seen.

With many a sigh she went her way,
To see how she made herself so gay,
To walk, to see, and to be seen,
And so outfac'd the hawthorn-green.

Besides all that, it put her in fear,
To talk with company any where,
For fear to lose the thing that should be seen
To grow as were the hawthorn green.

But after this never I could hear
Of this fair maiden any where,
That ever she was in forest seen,
To talk again of [with ?] the hawthorn green.

PEELE'S MERRY CONCEITED JESTS.

" *Merrie conceited Iests: of George Peele Gentleman, sometimes a Student in Oxford. Wherein is shewed the course of his life, how he liued: a man very well knowne in the Citie of London, and elsewhere.*

Buy, reade, and iudge,
The price doe not grudge:
It will doe thee more pleasure,
Then twice so much treasure.

London, Printed by G. P. for F. Faulkner, and are to be sold at his Shop in Southwarke, neere Saint Margarets Hill. 1627. 4to.

Of this tract I have made particular mention in my *Account of Peele and his Writings*, p. 329.

PEELE'S MERRY CONCEITED JESTS.

THE

JEST OF GEORGE PEELE WITH FOUR OF HIS COMPANIONS AT BRAINFORD.

GEORGE, with others of his associates, being merry together at the tavern, having more store of coin than usually they did possess, although they were as regardless of their silver as a garden-whore is of her honesty; yet they intended for a season to become good husbands, if they knew how to be sparing of that their pockets were then furnished withal. Five pounds they had amongst them; and a plot must be cast how they might be merry with extraordinary cheer three or four days, and keep their five pounds whole in stock. George Peele was the man must do it or none, and generally they conjured him by their loves, his own credit, and the reputation that went on him, that he would but in this show his wit; and withal he should have all the furtherance that in them lay. George, as easy as they earnest to be won to such an exploit, consented, and [they] gathered their money together, and gave it all to George, who should be their purse-bearer, and the other four should seem as servants to George Peele; and the better to colour it, they should go change their cloaks, the one like the other, so near as they could possible; the which at Beelzebub's brother the broker's they might quickly do. This was soon accomplished, and George was furnished with his black satin suit, and a pair of boots, which were as familiar to his legs as the pillory to a baker's or collier's neck; and he sufficiently possessed his friends with the whole scope of his intent, as, gentle reader, the sequel will show. Instantly they took a pair of oars, whose arms were to make a false gallop no further than Brainford, where their fare was paid them so liberally, that each of them, the next tide to London, purchased two new waistcoats: yet should these good benefactors come to their usual places of trade, and if they spy a better fare than their own, that happily the gentleman hath more mind to go withal, they will not only fall out with him that is of their own sweet transporters, as they are, but abuse the fare they carry with foul speeches, as "A pox," or "The devil go with you," as their godfather Charon, the ferryman of hell, hath taught them. I speak not this of all, but of some that are brought up in the east, some in the west, some in the north, but most part in the south; but for the rest, they are honest complete men. Leaving them, to come to my honest George; who is now merry at The Three Pigeons in Brainford,* with sack and sugar, not any wine wanting, the musicians playing, my host drinking, my hostess dancing with the worshipful justice, for so then he was termed, and his mansion-house in Kent, who came thither of purpose to be merry with his men, because he could not so conveniently near home by reason of a shrewish wife he had. My gentle hostess gave him all the entertainment her house could afford; for Master Peele had paid royally, for all his five pounds was come to ten groats. Now George Peele's wit labours to bring in that five pounds there was spent; which was soon begotten. Being set at dinner, "My host," quoth George, "how falls the tide out for London?" "Not till the evening," quoth mine host: "have you any business, sir?" "Yes, marry," quoth George, "I intend not to go home this two days: therefore, my host, saddle my man a horse for London, if you be so

* *The Three Pigeons in Brainford*] The persons who frequented The Three Pigeons at Brentford were generally not of the most respectable description. At a later period, when the Puritans had put down the stage, it was kept by the celebrated actor Lowin, then in old age and poverty.

well furnished, for I must send him for one bag more," quoth George, "ten pounds hath seen no sun this six months." "I am ill furnished if I cannot furnish you with that," quoth my host, and presently saddled him a good nag, and away rides one of George's men to London, attending the good hour of his master Peele in London. In the mean time George bespeaks great cheer to supper, saying, he expected some of his friends from London. Now you must imagine there was not a penny owing in the house, for he had paid as liberal as Cæsar, as far as Cæsar's wealth went; for, indeed, most of the money was one Cæsar's, an honest man yet living in London. But to the catastrophe. All the day before, had one of the other men of George Peele been a great solicitor to my hostess, she would beg leave of his master he might go see a maid, a sweetheart of his, so far as Kingston, and before his master went to bed he would return again; saying, he was sure she might command it at his master's hands. My kind hostess willing to pleasure the young fellow, knowing in her time what belonged to such matters, went to Master Peele, and moved him in it, which he angerly refused; but she was so earnest in it, that she swore he should not deny her, protesting he went but to see an uncle of his some five miles off. "Marry, I thank you," quoth George: "my good hostess, would you so discredit me, or hath the knave no more wit than at this time to go, knowing I have no horse here, and would he base cullian * go a-foot?" "Nay, good sir," quoth mine hostess, "be not angry, it is not his intent to go a-foot, for he shall have my mare; and I will assure you, sir, upon my word, he shall be here again to have you to bed." "Well," quoth George, "hostess, I'll take you at your word, let him go; his negligence shall light upon you." "So be it," quoth mine hostess. So down goeth she, and sends away civil Thomas, for so she called him, to his sweetheart, backed upon her mare: which Thomas, instead of riding to Kingston, took London in his way; where meeting with my other horseman, attended the arrival of George Peele, which was not long after. They are at London; George in his chamber at Brainford, accompanied with none but one Anthony Nit, a barber, who dined and supped with him continually, of whom he had borrowed a lute,† to pass away the melancholy afternoon, of * which he could play as well as Banks his horse.† The barber very modestly takes his leave: George obsequiously bids him to supper, who (God willing) would not fail. George being left alone with his two supposed men, gave them the mean how to escape, and walking in the court, George found fault with the weather, saying it was rawish and cold; which word mine hostess hearing, my kind hostess fetched her husband's holiday gown, which George thankfully put about him, and withal called for a cup of sack, after which he would walk into the meadows and practise upon his lute. "'Tis good for your worship to do so," quoth mine hostess: which walk George took directly to Sion; where having the advantage of a pair of oars at hand, made this [*qy.* his?] journey for London. His two associates behind had the plot in their heads by George's instruction for their escape; for they knew he was gone. My hostess she was in the market, buying of provision for supper; mine host he was at tables;‡ and my two masterless men desired the maids to excuse them if their master came, "For," quoth they, "we will go drink two pots with my smug smith's wife at Old Brainford." "I warrant you," quoth the maids. So away went my men to the smith's at Old Brainford, from thence to London; where they all met, and sold the horse and the mare, the gown and the lute, which money was as badly spent as it was lewdly § got. How my host and my hostess looked when they saw the event of this, go but to The Three Pigeons at Brainford, you shall know.

* *cullian*] Or *cullion*, i. e. scoundrel, rogue.

† *a lute*] Was always to be found in a barber's shop, for the amusement of those customers who were obliged to wait.

THE JEST OF GEORGE AND THE BARBER.‖

GEORGE was not so merry at London with his capons and claret as poor Anthony the barber

* *of*] i. e. on.

† *Banks his horse*] Banks taught his horse, named Morocco, to perform feats much more wonderful than any exhibited by the most accomplished quadrupeds of our time. The ascent of Morocco to the top of St. Paul's Church is mentioned by several writers.

‡ *tables*] i. e. backgammon.

§ *lewdly*] i. e. knavishly.

‖ *The Jest of George and the Barber*] George Pyeboard escapes from the sheriff's officers by a like stratagem. When they arrest him at the suit of his hostess for "four pound, five shillings, and five pence," he says, "If you had not crossed me, I was going in great joy to receive

was sorrowful at Brainford for the loss of his lute; and therefore determined to come to London to seek out George Peele; which by the means of a kinsman that Anthony Nit had in London, his name was Cuts or Feats, a fellow that had good skill in tricks on the cards, and he was well acquainted with the place where George's common abode was; and for kindred-sake he directed the barber where he should have him, which was at a blind alehouse in Sea-coal Lane. There he found George in a green jerkin, a Spanish platter-fashioned hat, all alone at a peck of oysters. The barber's heart danced within him for joy he had so happily found him. He gave him the time of the day. George not a little abashed at the sight of the barber, yet went not to discover it openly. He that at all times had a quick invention, was not now behindhand to entertain my barber, who knew for what his coming was. George thus saluted him. "My honest barber," quoth George, "welcome to London: I partly know your business; you come for your lute, do you not?" "Indeed, sir," quoth the barber, "for that is my coming." "And believe me," quoth George, "you shall not lose your labour: I pray you stand to and eat an oyster, and I'll go with you presently; for a gentleman in the city of great worship borrowed it of me for the use of his daughter, that plays exceeding well and had a great desire to have the lute: but, sir, if you will go along with me to the gentleman's house, you shall have your lute with great satisfaction; for had not you come, I assure you, I had sent [it] to you; for you must understand that all that was done at Brainford among us mad gentlemen was but a jest, and no otherwise." "Sir, I think not any otherwise," quoth the barber: "but I would desire your worship that as you had it of me in love, so in kindness you would help me to it again." "O God, what else?" quoth George: "I'll go with thee presently, even as I am, for I came from hunting this morning; and should I go up to the certain gentlemen above, I should hardly get away." "I thank you, sir," quoth the barber. So on goes George with him in his green jerkin, a wand in his hand very pretty, till he came almost at the alderman's house: where making a sudden stay, "Afore God," quoth George, "I must crave thy pardon at this instant, for I have bethought myself, should I go as I am, it would be imagined I had had some of my lord's hounds out this morning; therefore I'll take my leave of thee, and meet thee where thou wilt about one of the clock." "Nay, good sir," quoth the barber, "go with me now; for I purpose, God willing, to be at Brainford to-night." "Sayest thou so?" quoth George: "why, then, I'll tell thee what thou shalt do: thou art here a stranger and altogether unknown; lend me thy cloak and thy hat, and do thou put on my green jerkin, and I'll go with thee directly along." The barber, loth to leave him until he had his lute, yielded to the change. So when they came to the gentleman's porch, he put on George's green jerkin and his Spanish hat, and he the barber's cloak and his hat. Either of them being thus fitted, George knocks at the door: to whom the porter bids heartily welcome, for George was well known, who at that time had all the oversight of the pageants.* He desires the porter to bid his friend welcome; "For he is a good fellow and a keeper, Master Porter, one that at his pleasure can bestow a haunch of venison on you." "Marry, that can I," quoth the barber. "I thank you, sir," answered the porter. "Master Peele, my master is in the hall; pleaseth it you to walk in?" "With all my heart," quoth George: "in the mean time let my friend bear you company." "That he shall, Master Peele," quoth the porter; "and if it please him, he shall take a simple dinner with me." The barber gives him hearty thanks, not misdoubting Master Peele any way, seeing him known; and himself so welcome, fell in chat with the porter. George Peele goes directly to the alderman, who now is come into the court, in the eye of the barber; where George, after many complaints, draws a blank† paper out of his bosom, and making action to the barber, reads to the alderman as followeth. "I humbly desire your worship to stand my friend in a slight matter. Yonder hard-favoured knave, that sits by your worship's porter, hath dogged me to

five pound of a gentleman, for the device of a masque here, drawn in this paper;" and they consent to accompany him to the gentleman's house, on condition of their receiving what remains of the five pounds after the claim of the hostess has been satisfied. George takes them to a house in the next street; and while the officers think he is talking to the owner of it about the masque, George explains his situation to him, and begs permission to make his exit by a back-door: the good-natured gentleman likes the jest, and George escapes.—*The Puritan*, Act 3, sc. 4 and 5.

* *had all the oversight of the pageants*] "He's an excellent scholar," says Puttock of George Pyeboard, "and especially for a masque."—*The Puritan*, Act. 3, sc. 5.

† *blank*] Old ed. "black."

arrest me, and I had no other means but to take your worship's house for shelter. The occasion is but trivial, only for stealing of a piece of flesh, myself consorted with three or four gentlemen of good fashion, that would not willingly have our names come in question. Therefore, this is my boon;* that your worship would let one of your servants let me out at the garden-door, and I shall think myself much indebted to your worship." The kind gentleman, little dreaming of George Peele's deceit, took him into the parlour, gave him a brace of angels, and caused one of his servants to let George out at the garden-door; which was no sooner opened, but George made way for the barber seeing him any more, and all the way he went could not choose but laugh at his knavish conceit, how he had gulled the simple barber, who sat all this while with the porter blowing of his nails; to whom came this fellow that let out George. "You whoreson keeperly rascal," quoth the fellow, "do you come to arrest any honest gentleman in my master's house?" "Not I, so God help me," quoth the barber. "I pray, sir, where is the gentleman, Master Peele, that came along with me?" "Far enough," quoth the fellow, "for your coming near him; he is gone out at the garden-door." "Garden-door!" quoth the barber; "why, have you any more doors than one?" "We have, sir; and get you hence, or I'll set you going, goodman keeper." "Alas," quoth the barber, "sir, I am no keeper, I am quite undone! I am a barber dwelling at Brainford:" and with weeping tears up and told him how George had used him. The servant goes in, and tells his master: which when he heard, he could not but laugh at the first; yet in pity of the poor barber, he gave him twenty shillings towards his loss. The barber sighing took it, and towards Brainford home he goes; and whereas he came from thence in a new cloak and a fair hat, he went home weeping in an old hat and a green jerkin.

HOW GEORGE PEELE BECAME A PHYSICIAN.

George on a time being happily furnished both of horse and money, though the horse he hired, and the money he borrowed; but no matter how he was possessed of them; and towards Oxford he rides to make merry with his friends and fellow students; and in his way he took up Wickham, where he sojourned that night. Being at supper, accompanied with his hostess, among other table-talk, they fell into discourse of chirurgery, of which my hostess was a simple professor. George Peele, observing the humour of my she-chirurgeon, upheld her in all the strange cures she talked of, and praised her womanly endeavour; telling her, he loved her so much the better, because it was a thing that he professed, both physic and chirurgery: and George had a dictionary of physical words, that it might set a better gloss upon that which he seemingly professed; and told his good hostess, at his return he would teach her something that should do her no hurt; "For," quoth he, "at this instant I am going about a great cure, as far as Warwickshire, to a gentleman of great living, and one that hath been in a consumption this half year, and I hope to do him good." "O God," quoth the hostess, "there is a gentleman not a quarter of a mile off, that hath been a long time sick of the same disease. Believe me, sir," quoth the hostess, "would it please your worship, ere your departure in the morning, but to visit the gentleman, and but spend your opinion of him, and I make no question but the gentlewoman will be very thankful to you." "'I faith," quoth George, "happily at my return I may; but at this time my haste is such that I cannot; and so good night, mine hostess." So away went George to bed; and my giddy hostess, right of the nature of most women, thought that night as long as ten, till she was delivered of that burden of news which she had received from my new doctor, for so he termed himself. Morning being come, at break of the day mine hostess trudges to this gentleman's house, acquainteth his wife what an excellent man she had at her house; protesting he was the best seen in physic, and had done the most strangest cures that ever she heard of; saying, that if she would but send for him, no question he would do him good. The gentlewoman, glad to hear of any thing that might procure the health of her husband, presently sent one of her men to desire the doctor to come and visit her husband. Which message when George heard, he wondered; for he had no more skill in physic than in music; and they were as distant both from him as heaven from hell. But, to conclude, George set a bold face on it,

* *Therefore, this is my boon, &c.*] George Pyeboard in the parallel scene of *The Puritan*, already mentioned, uses nearly the same words: "May it please your good worship, then, but to uphold my device, which is to let one of your men put me out at a back-door, and I shall be bound to your worship for ever."

and away went he to the sick gentleman: where when he came, after some compliment to the gentlewoman, he was brought to the chamber, where the ancient gentleman lay wonderful sick, for all physic had given him over. George begins to feel his pulses and his temples, saying, he was very far spent: "Yet," quoth he, "under God, I will do him some good, if nature be not quite extinct." Whereupon he demanded whether they had ever a garden? "That I have," quoth the gentlewoman. "I pray you direct me thither," quoth George. Where when he came, he cut a handful of every flower, herb and blossom, or whatsoever else in the garden, and brought them in in the lappet of his cloak, boiled them in ale, strained them, boiled them again; and when he had all the juice out of them, of which he made some pottle of drink, he caused the sick gentleman to drink off a maudlin cupful, and willed his wife to give him of that same at morning, noon, and night; protesting, if any thing in this world did him good, it must be that; giving great charge to the gentlewoman to keep him wonderful warm: "And at my return," quoth George, "some ten days hence, I will return and see how he fares; for," quoth he, "by that time something will be done; and so I will take my leave." "Not so," quoth the gentlewoman; "your worship must needs stay and take a simple dinner with me to-day." "Indeed," quoth George, "I cannot now stay; my haste is such, I must presently to horse." You may suppose George was in haste until he was out of the gentleman's house; for he knew not whether he had poisoned the gentleman or not, which made him so eager to be gone out of the gentleman's house. The gentlewoman, seeing she could by no means stay him, gave him two brace of angels, which never shined long in his purse, and desired him at his return to know her house: which George promised, and with seeming niceness* took the gold, and towards Oxford went he, forty shillings heavier than he was; where he bravely domineered while his physical money lasted. But to see the strangeness of this. Whether it was the virtue of some herb which he gathered, or the conceit the gentleman had of George Peele, but it so pleased God the gentleman recovered; and in eight days walked abroad; and that fortunate potion which George made at random, did him more good than many pounds that he had spent in half a year before in physic.

* *niceness*] i. e. scrupulousness.

George, his money being spent, he made his return towards London; and when he came within a mile of the gentleman's house, he inquired of a country fellow how such a gentleman did? The fellow told him, God be praised, his good landlord was well recovered by a virtuous gentleman that came this way by chance. "Art thou sure of it?" quoth George. "Yes, believe me," quoth the fellow; "I saw him in the fields but this morning." This was no simple news to George. He presently set spurs to his horse, and whereas he thought to shun the town, he went directly to his inn: at whose arrival, the hostess clapped her hands; the ostler laughed; the tapster leaped; the chamberlain ran to the gentleman's house, and told him the doctor was come. How joyful the gentleman was, let them imagine that have any after-healths. George Peele was sent for; and after a million of thanks from the gentleman and his friends, George Peele had twenty pounds delivered him; which money, how long it was a-spending, let the taverns in London witness.

HOW GEORGE HELPED HIS FRIEND TO A SUPPER.

George was invited one night by certain of his friends to supper at The White Horse in Friday Street; and in the evening as he was going, he met with an old friend of his, who was so ill at the stomach, hearing George tell him of the good cheer he went to, himself being unprovided both of meat and money, that he swore he had rather have gone a mile about than have met him at that instant. "And believe me," quoth George, "I am heartily sorry that I cannot take thee along with me, myself being but an invited guest; besides, thou art out of clothes, unfitting for such a company: marry, this I'll do; if thou wilt follow my advice, I'll help thee to thy supper." "Any way," quoth he to George: "do thou but devise the means, and I'll execute it." George presently told him what he should do; so they parted. George well entertained, with extraordinary welcome, and seated at the upper end of the table, supper being brought up, H. M. watched his time below; and when he saw that the meat was carried up, up he follows, as George had directed him: who when George saw, "You whoreson rascal," quoth George, "what make you here?" "Sir," quoth he, "I am come from

the party you wot of." "You rogue," quoth George, "have I not forewarned you of this?" "I pray you, sir," quoth he, "hear my errand." "Do you prate, you slave?" quoth George; and with that took a rabbit out of the dish, and threw it at him. Quoth he, "You use me very hardly." "You dunghill," quoth George, "do you outface me?" and with that took the other rabbit, and threw it at his head; after that a loaf; then drawing his dagger, making an offer to throw it, the gentlemen stayed him. Meanwhile H. M. got the loaf and the two rabbits, and away he went: which when George saw he was gone, after a little fretting, he sat quietly. So by that honest shift he helped his friend to his supper, and was never suspected for it of the company.

HOW GEORGE PEELE WAS SHAVEN, AND OF THE REVENGE HE TOOK.*

THERE was a gentleman that dwelt in the west country, and had stayed here in London a term longer than he intended, by reason of a book that George had to translate out of Greek into English; and when he wanted money, George had it of the gentleman: but the more he supplied him of coin, the further off he was from his book, and could get no end of it, neither by fair means, entreaty, or double payment; for George was of the poetical disposition, never to write so long as his money lasted; some quarter of the book being done, and lying in his hands at random. The gentleman had plotted a means to take such an order with George next time he came, that he would have his book finished. It was not long before he had his company. His arrival was for more money: the gentleman bids him welcome, causeth him to stay dinner; where falling into discourse about his book, found that it was as near ended as he left it two months ago. The gentleman, meaning to be gulled no longer, caused two of his men to bind George, hand and foot, in a chair. A folly it was for him to ask what they meant by it: the gentleman sent for a barber; and George had a beard of an indifferent size and well grown: he made the barber shave him, beard and head, left him as bare of hair as he was of money. The barber he was well contented for his pains, who left George like an old woman in man's apparel; and his voice became it well, for it was more woman than man. "George," quoth the gentleman, "I have always used you like a friend; my purse hath been open to you: that you have of mine to translate, you know it is a thing I highly esteem; therefore I have used you in this fashion, that I might have an end of my book, which shall be as much for your profit as my pleasure." So forthwith he commanded his men to unbind him; and putting his hand into his pocket, gave him two brace of angels. Quoth he, "Master Peele, drink this, and by that time you have finished my book, your beard will be grown; until which time I know you will be ashamed to walk abroad." George patiently took the gold, said little, and when it was dark night, took his leave of the gentleman, and went directly home: who when his wife saw, I omit the wonder she made, but imagine those that shall behold their husbands in such a case. To bed went George; and ere morning he had plotted sufficiently how to cry *quid pro quo* with his politic gentleman.

* *and of the revenge he took*] But "the revenge" is not described till the third section after this.

THE JEST OF GEORGE PEELE AT BRISTOW.

GEORGE was at Bristow, and there staying somewhat longer than his coin would last him, his palfrey that should be his carrier to London, his head was grown so big that he could not get him out of the stable. It so fortuned at that instant, certain players came to the town, and lay at that inn where George Peele was: to whom George was well known, being in that time an excellent poet, and had acquaintance of most of the best players in England: from the trivial sort he was but so so; of which these were; only knew George by name, no otherwise. There was not past three of the company come with the carriage, the rest were behind, by reason of a long journey they had, so that night they could not enact; which George hearing, had presently a stratagem in his head to get his horse free out of the stable, and money in his purse to bear his charges up to London. And thus it was. He goes directly to the mayor, tells him he was a scholar and a gentleman, and that he had a certain history* of *The Knight of the Rhodes;* and withal, how Bristow was first founded and by whom, and a brief of all

* *history*] i. e. historical play.

those that before him had succeeded in office in that worshipful city; desiring the mayor, that he with his presence, and the rest of his brethren, would grace his labours. The mayor agreed to it, gave him leave, and withal appointed him a place, but for himself, he could not be there, being in the evening; but bade him make the best benefit he could of the city, and very liberally gave him an angel; which George thankfully receives, and about his business he goes, got his stage made, his history cried, and hired the players' apparel, to flourish out his show, promising to pay them liberally; and withal desired them they would favour him so much as to gather him his money at the door; for he thought it his best course to employ them, lest they should spy out his knavery, for they have perilous heads. They willingly yield to do him any kindness that lies in them; in brief, carry their apparel to the hall, place themselves at the door; where George in the mean time, with the ten shillings he had of the mayor, delivered his horse out of purgatory, and carries him to the town's end, and there placeth him to be ready at his coming. By this time the audience were come, and some forty shillings gathered; which money George put in his purse, and putting on one of the players' silk robes, after the trumpet had sounded thrice,* out he comes, makes low obeisance, goes forward with his prologue, which was thus;

"A trifling toy, a jest of no account, perdy;†
The knight, perhaps you think for to be I:
Think on so still; for why ‡ you know that thought is
Sit still a while, I'll send the actors to ye." [free:

Which being said, after some fire-works that he had made of purpose, threw [*qy.* thrown?] out among them, and down stairs goes he, gets to his horse, and so with forty shillings to London; leaves the players to answer it; who when the jest was known, their innocence excused them, being as well gulled as the mayor and the audience.

HOW GEORGE GULLED A PUNK,
OTHERWISE CALLED A CROSHABELL.

Coming to London, he fell in company with a cockatrice; which pleased his eye so well, that George fell a-boarding of her, and proffered her the wine, which my croshabell willingly accepted. To the tavern they go; where, after a little idle talk, George fell to the question about the thing you wot of. My she-hobby was very dainty, which made George far more eager; and my lecherous animal proffered largely to obtain his purpose. To conclude, nothing she would grant unto except ready coin, which was forty shillings, not a farthing less; if so he would, next night she would appoint him where he should meet her. George saw how the game went, that she was more for lucre than for love, thus cunningly answered her; "Gentlewoman, howsoever you speak, I do not think your heart agrees with your tongue: the money you demand is but to try me, and indeed but a trifle to me; but because it shall not be said I bought that gem of you I prize so highly, I'll give you a token to-morrow, that shall be more worth than your demand, if so you please to accept it." "Sir," quoth she, "it contenteth me well; and so, if please you, at this time we'll part, and to-morrow in the evening meet you where you shall appoint." The place was determined; and they kissed and parted, she home, George into Saint Thomas Apostle's, to a friend of his, of whom he knew he could take up a petticoat of * trust; the first letter of his name begins with G. A petticoat he had of him, at the price of five shillings; which money is owing till this day. The next night being come, they met at the place appointed, which was a tavern: there they were to sup; that ended, George was to go home with her, to end his yeoman's plea in her common case. But Master Peele had another drift in his mazzard; for he did so ply her with wine, that in a small time she spun such a thread, that she reeled homewards, and George he was fain to be her supporter. When to her house she came, with nothing so much painting in the inside as her face had on the outside, with much ado her maid had her to bed; who was no sooner laid, but she fell fast asleep: which when George perceived, he sent the maid for milk and a quart of sack to make a posset; where, before her return, George made so bold as to take up his own new petticoat, a fair gown of hers, two gold rings that lay in the window, and away he went. The gown and the gold rings he made a chaffer of; the petticoat he gave to his honest wife, one of the best deeds he ever did to her. How the crosh-

* *after the trumpet had sounded thrice*] See note *, p. 225, first col.

† *perdy*] i. e. *par Dieu*, verily. (Here the old ed. has "pardie": but see note †, p. 365, sec. col.

‡ *for why*] i. e. because.

* *of*] i. e. on.

abell looked when she awaked and saw this, I was never there to know.

HOW THE GENTLEMAN WAS GULLED FOR SHAVING OF GEORGE.

George had a daughter of the age of ten years, a girl of a pretty form, but of an excellent wit: all part of her was father, save her middle; and she* had George so tutored all night, that although himself was the author of it, yet had he been transformed into his daughter's shape, he could not have done it with more conceit. George at that time dwelt at the Bankside: from whence comes this she-Sinon,† early in the morning, with her hair dishevelled, wringing her hands, and making such pitiful moan, with shrieks and tears, and beating of her breast, that made the people in a maze. Some stood wondering at the child, others plucked her to know the occasion; but none could stay her by any means, but on she kept her journey, crying "O, her father, her good father, her dear father!" over the Bridge, thorough Cheapeside, and so to the Old Bailey, where the gentleman sojourned. There sitting herself down, a hundred people gaping upon her, there she begins to cry out, "Woe to that place, that her father ever saw it! she was a cast-away, her mother was undone!" till with the noise one of the gentleman's men coming down, looked on her, and knew her to be George Peele's daughter. He presently runs up, and tells his master, who commanded his man to bring her up. The gentleman was in a cold sweat, fearing that George had, for the wrong that he did him the day before, some way undone himself. When the girl came up, he demanded the cause why she so lamented and called upon her father? George his flesh and blood, after a million of sighs, cried "Out upon him! he had made her father, her good father, drown himself:" which words once uttered, she fell into a counterfeit swoon; whom the gentleman soon recovered. This news went to his heart: and he being a man of a very mild condition, cheered up the girl; made his men to go buy her new clothes from top to toe; said he would be a father to her; gave her five pounds; bid her go home and carry it to her mother, and in the evening he would visit her. At this, by little and little, she began to be quiet, desiring him to come and see her mother. He tells her he will not fail; bids her go home quietly. So down stairs goes she pertly; and the wondering people that stayed at door to hear the manner of her grief, had of her naught but knavish answers, and home went she directly. The gentleman was so crossed in mind, and disturbed in thought at this unhappy accident, that his soul could not be in quiet till he had been with this woful widow, as he thought; and presently went to Black Friars, took a pair of oars, and went directly to George Peele's house: where he found his wife plucking of larks, my crying crocodile turning of the spit, and George, pinned up in a blanket, at his translation. The gentleman, more glad at the unlooked-for life of George than [grieved at] the loss of his money, took part of the good cheer George had to dinner; wondered at the cunning of the wench; and within some few days after had an end of his book.

* *she*] i. e. her.

† *she-Sinon*] Old ed. "*she*-sinnow."

HOW GEORGE READ A PLAY-BOOK TO A GENTLEMAN.

There was a gentleman whom God had endued with good living to maintain his small wit: he was not a fool absolute, although in this world he had good fortune; and he was in a manner an ingle* to George, one that took great delight to have the first hearing of any work that George had done, himself being a writer, and had a poetical invention of his own, which when he had with great labour finished, their fatal end was for privy purposes. This self-conceited brock† had George invited to half-a-score sheets of paper; whose Christianly pen had writ *Finis* to the famous play of *The Turkish Mahamet and Hyrin the fair Greek*,‡ in Italian called a curtezan, in Spain, a margerite, in French, *une curtain* [?], in England, among the barbarous, a whore, but among the gentle, their usual associates, a punk: but now the word refined being latest, and the authority brought from a climate as yet unconquered, the fruitful county of Kent, they call them croshabell, which is a word but lately used,

* *ingle*] i. e. familiar, intimate.

† *brock*] i. e. (properly) badger.

‡ *The Turkish Mahamet and Hyrin the fair Greek*] See the *Account of Peele and his Writings*, p. 341.

and fitting with their trade, being of a lovely and courteous condition. Leaving them, this fantastic, whose brain was made of naught but cork and sponge, came to the cold lodging of Monsieur Peele, in his black satin suit, his gown furred with cony, in his slippers. Being in the evening, he thought to hear George's book, and so to return to his inn; this not of the wisest, being of Saint Barnard's. George bids him welcome; told him he would gladly have his opinion in his book. He willingly condescended; and George begins to read, and between every scene he would make pauses, and demand his opinion how he liked the carriage of it. Quoth he, "Wondrous well, the conveyance." "O, but," quoth George, "the end is far better;" for he meant another conveyance ere they two departed. George was very tedious in reading, and the night grew old. "I protest," quoth the gentleman, "I have stayed over-long; I fear me I shall hardly get into mine inn." "If you fear that," quoth George, "we will have a clean pair of sheets, and you shall take a simple lodging here." This house-gull willingly embraced it, and to bed they go: where George, in the midst of the night, spying his time, put on this dormouse his clothes, desired God to keep him in good rest, honestly takes leave of him and the house to whom he was indebted four nobles. When this drone awaked, and found himself so left, he had not the wit to be angry, but swore scurvily at the misfortune, and said, "I thought he would not have used me so." And although it so pleased the fates he had another suit to put on, yet he could not get thence till he had paid the money George owed to the house, which for his credit he did; and when he came to his lodging, in anger he made a poem of it;

> "Peele is no poet, but a gull and clown,
> To take away my clothes and gown:
> I vow by Jove, if I can see him wear it,
> I'll give him a glyg, and patiently bear it."

HOW GEORGE PEELE SERVED HALF A SCORE CITIZENS.

GEORGE once had invited half a score of his friends to a great supper, where they were passing merry, no cheer wanting, wine enough, music playing: the night growing on, and being upon departure, they call for a reckoning. George swears there is not a penny for them to pay. They, being men of good fashion, by no means will yield unto it, but every man throws down his money, some ten shillings, some five, some more; protesting, something they will pay. "Well," quoth George, taking up all the money, "seeing you will be so wilful, you shall see what shall follow." He commands the music to play, and while they were skipping and dancing, George gets his cloak, sends up two pottles of hippocras,* and leaves them and the reckoning to pay. They, wondering at the stay of George, meant to be gone; but they were stayed by the way, and before they went, forced to pay the reckoning anew. This showed a mind in him, he cared not whom he deceived, so he profited himself for the present.

A JEST OF GEORGE RIDING TO OXFORD.†

THERE was some half-dozen of citizens that had oftentimes been solicitors to George, he being a Master of Art at the University of Oxford, that he would ride with them to the Commencement, it being at midsummer. George, willing to pleasure the gentlemen his friends, rode along with them. When they had rode the better part of the way, they baited at a village called Stoken, five miles from Wycombe. Good cheer was bespoken for dinner; and frolic was the company, all but George, who could not be in that pleasant vein that did ordinarily possess him, by reason he was without money: but he had not fetched forty turns about the chamber, before his noddle had entertained a conceit how to money himself with credit, and yet gleau it from some one of the company. There was among them one excellent ass, a fellow that did nothing but frisk up and down the chamber, that his money might be heard chide in his pocket. This fellow had George observed, and secretly conveyed his gilt rapier-and-dagger into another chamber, and there closely hid it: that done, he

* *hippocras*] A drink made of wine, sugar, and spices, strained through a cloth.—Old ed. "hypocrist."

† *A Jest of George riding to Oxford*] In *The Puritan*, Captain Idle (who is in prison) and George Pyeboard persuade Nicholas to steal Sir Godfrey's gold chain, to hide it in the garden, and to inform the simple knight that Idle is a great conjuror able to recover it: Sir Godfrey procures the release of Idle, who, assisted by George Pyeboard, plays the conjuror, and makes the Devil drop the chain on a rosemary-bank.—Act 1, s. 4; Act 4, s. 2.

called up the tapster, and upon his cloak borrows five shillings for an hour or so, till his man came, as he could fashion it well enough. So much money he had; and then who more merry than George? Meat was brought up: they set themselves to dinner, all full of mirth, especially my little fool, who drank [*qy.* dreamed?] not of the conclusion of their feast. Dinner ended, much prattle past, every man begins to buckle to his furniture: among whom this hichcock missed his rapier; at which all the company were in a maze; he besides his wits, for he had borrowed it of a special friend of his, and swore he had rather spend twenty nobles. "This is strange," quoth George, "it should be gone in this fashion, none being here but ourselves, and the fellows of the house;" who were examined, but no rapier could be heard of: all the company much grieved; but George, in a pitiful chafe, swore it should cost him forty shillings but he would know what was become of it, if art could do it: and with that he caused the ostler to saddle his nag; for George would ride to a scholar, a friend of his, that had skill in such matters. "O good Master Peele," quoth the fellow, "want no money: here is forty shillings; see what you can do; and if you please, I'll ride along with you." "Not so," quoth George, taking his forty shillings, "I'll ride alone, and be you as merry as you can till my return." So George left them, and rode directly to Oxford. There he acquaints a friend of his with all the circumstance; who presently took horse and rode along with him to laugh at the jest. When they came back, George tells them he had brought one of the rarest men in England; whom they with much compliment bid welcome. He, after a distracted countenance and strange words, takes this bulfinch by the wrist, and carried him into the privy, and there willed him to put in his head, but while he had written his name and told forty: which he willingly did. That done, the scholar asked him what he saw? "By my faith, sir, I smelt a villanous scent, but I saw nothing." "Then I have," quoth he; and with that directed him where his rapier was; saying, "It is just north-east, enclosed in wood near the earth":* for which they all made diligent search, till George, who hid it under a settle, found it, to the comfort of the fellow, the joy of the company, and the eternal credit of his friend, who was entertained with wine and sugar:* and George redeemed his cloak, rode merrily to Oxford, having coin in his pocket, where this loach spares not for any expense, for the good fortune he had in the happy finding of his rapier.

* *enclosed in wood near the earth.*] Compare; "*Sir Godfrey* . . . I know 'tis [i. e. the chain] somewhere above the earth.

Idle. Ay, nigher the earth than thou wot'st on."—*The Puritan*, Act 3, s. 6.

HOW GEORGE SERVED HIS HOSTESS.

George lying at an old widow's house, and had gone so far on the score that his credit would stretch no farther; for she had made a vow not to depart† with drink or victuals without ready money. Which George, seeing the fury of his froward hostess, in grief kept his chamber; called to his hostess, and told her, "She should understand that he was not without money, how poorly soever he appeared to her, and that my diet shall testify; in the mean time, good hostess," quoth he, "send for such a friend of mine." She did: so his friend came; to whom George imparted his mind, the effect whereof was this, to pawn his cloak, hose, and doublet, unknown to his hostess: "For," quoth George, "this seven nights do I intend to keep my bed." Truly he spake, for his intent was, the bed should not keep him any longer. Away goes he to pawn his apparel: George bespeaks good cheer to supper, which was no shamble-butcher['s]-stuff, but according to the place; for, his chamber being remote from the house, at the end of the garden, his apparel being gone, it appeared to him as the counter; therefore, to comfort himself, he dealt in poultry.‡ His friend brought the money, supped with him: his hostess he very liberally paid, but cavilled with her at her unkindness, vowing that, while he lay there, none should attend him but his friend. The hostess replied, a' God's name, she was well contented with it: so was George too; for none knew better than himself what he intended. But, in brief, thus he used his kind hostess. After his apparel and money was gone, he made bold with the feather-bed he lay on, which his friend slily conveyed away, having as villanous a wolf in his belly as George, though not altogether so wise,

* *wine and sugar*] When this tract was written, it was customary to mix sugar with every kind of wine.

† *depart*] i. e. part.

‡ *it appeared to him as the counter; therefore, to comfort himself, he dealt in poultry*] A quibbling allusion to the Counter Prison in the Poultry.

for that feather-bed they devoured in two days, feathers and all; which was no sooner digested, but away went the coverlet, sheets, and the blanket; and at the last dinner, when George's good friend perceiving nothing left but the bed-cords, as the devil would have it, straight came in his mind the fashion of a halter, the foolish kind knave would needs fetch a quart of sack for his friend George; which sack to this day never saw vintner's cellar: and so he left George in a cold chamber, a thin shirt, a ravished bed, no comfort left him but the bare bones of deceased capons. In this distress George bethought him what he might do: nothing was left him; and as his eye wandered up and down the empty chamber, by chance he spied out an old armour, at which sight George was the joyfulest man in Christendom; for the armour of Achilles, that Ulysses and Ajax strove for, was not more precious to them, than this to him; for he presently claps it upon his back, the halbert in his hand, the morion on his head; and so gets out the back way, marches from Shoreditch to Clerkenwell, to the no small wonder of those spectators that beheld him. Being arrived to the wished haven he would be, an old acquaintance of his furnished him with an old suit and an old cloak for his old armour. How the hostess looked when she saw that metamorphosis in her chamber, judge those bomborts that live by tapping, between the age of fifty and threescore.

HOW HE SERVED A TAPSTER.

George was making merry with three or four of his friends in Pye-corner, where the tapster of the house was much given to poetry; for he had engrossed *The Knight of the Sun, Venus and Adonis,** and other pamphlets, which the stripling had collected together; and knowing George to be a poet, he took great delight in his company, and out of his bounty would bestow a brace of cans of† him. George observing the humour of the tapster, meant presently to work upon him. "What will you say," quoth George to his friends, "if out of this spirit of the cellar I fetch a good angel that shall bid us all to supper?" "We would gladly see that," quoth his friends. "Content yourself," quoth George. The tapster ascends with his two cans; delivers one to Master Peele, and the other to his friends; gives them kind welcome: but George, instead of giving him thanks, bids him not to trouble him, and begins in these terms. "I protest, gentlemen, I wonder you will urge me so much; I swear I have it not about me." "What is the matter?" quoth the tapster; "hath any one angered you?" "No, faith," quoth George: "I'll tell thee, it is this. There is a friend of ours in Newgate for nothing but only the command of the justices; and he being now to be released, sends to me to bring him an angel. Now the man I love dearly well, and if he want ten angels, he shall have them, for I know him sure: but here's the misery, either I must go home, or I must be forced to pawn this;" and plucks an old Harry-groat* out of his pocket. The tapster looks upon it: "Why, an it please you, sir," quoth he, "this is but a groat." "No, sir," quoth George, "I know it is but a groat: but this groat will I not lose for forty pounds; for this groat had I of my mother as a testimony of a lease of a house I am to possess after her decease; and if I should lose this groat, I were in a fair case; and either I must pawn this groat, or there the fellow must lie still." Quoth the tapster, "If it please you, I will lend you an angel on it, and I will assure you it shall be safe." "Wilt thou?" quoth George: "as thou art an honest man, lock it up in thy chest, and let me have it whensoever I call for it." "As I am an honest man, you shall," quoth the tapster. George delivered him his groat: the tapster gave him ten shillings: to the tavern go they with the money, and there merrily spend it. It fell out in a small time after, the tapster, having many of these lurches, fell to decay, and indeed was turned out of service, having no more coin in the world than this groat; and in this misery he met George as poor as himself. "O sir," quoth the tapster, "you are happily met; I have your groat safe, though since I saw you last, I have bid great extremity: and I protest, save that groat, I have not any one penny in the world; therefore I pray you, sir, help me to my money, and take your pawn." "Not for the world," quoth George: "thou sayest thou hast but that groat in the world; my bargain was, that thou shouldst keep that groat until I did demand it of thee; I ask thee none. I will do thee far more good, because thou art an honest fellow; keep thou that groat still, till I call for it; and so doing, the proudest Jack in England

* *Venus and Adonis*] Shakspeare's well-known poem.
† *of*] i. e. on.

* *Harry-groat*] i. e. groat of Henry the Eighth.

cannot justify that thou art not worth a groat; otherwise they might: and so, honest Michael, farewell." So George leaves the poor tapster picking of his fingers, his head full of proclamations what he might do; at last, sighing, he ends with this proverb;

"For the price of a barrel of beer
I have bought a groat's-worth of wit:
Is not that dear?"

HOW GEORGE SERVED A GENTLEWOMAN.

George used often to an ordinary in this town, where a kinswoman of the good wife's in the house held a great pride and vain opinion of her own mother-wit; for her tongue was as a jack continually wagging; and for she had heard that George was a scholar, she thought she would find a time to give him notice that she had as much in her head as ever was in her grandfather's. Yet in some things she differed from the women in those days; for their natural complexion was their beauty: now this titmouse, what she is scanted by nature, she doth replenish by art, as her boxes of red and white daily can testify. But to come to George, who arrived at the ordinary among other gallants, throws his cloak upon the table, salutes the gentlemen, and presently calls for a cup of canary. George had a pair of hose on, that for some offence durst not be seen in that hue they were first dyed in, but from his first colour being a youthful green, his long age turned him into a mournful black, and for his antiquity was in print. Which this busy body perceiving, thought now to give it him to the quick; and drawing near Master Peele, looking upon his breeches, "By my troth, sir," quoth she, "these are exceedingly well printed." At which word, George being a little moved in his mind that his old hose were called in question answered, "And, by my faith, mistress," quoth George, "your face is most damnably ill painted." "How mean you, sir?" quoth she. "Marry, thus, mistress," quoth George; "that if it were not for printing and painting,* my arse and your face would grow out of reparations." At which she biting her lip, in a parrot fury went down the stairs. The gentlemen laughed at the sudden answer of George, and being seated to dinner, the gentlemen would needs have the company of this witty gentlewoman to dine with them; who with little denying came, in hope to cry quittance with George. When she was ascended, the gentlemen would needs place her by Master Peele; because they did use to dart one at another, they thought it meet, for their more safety, they should be placed nearest together. George kindly entertains her, and being seated, he desires her to reach him the capon that stood by her, and he would be so bold as to carve for his money: and as she put out her arm to take the capon, George sitting by her, yerks me out a huge fart, which made all the company in amaze, one looking upon the other, yet they knew it came that way. "Peace," quoth George, and jogs her on the elbow, "I will say it was I." At which all the company fell into a huge laughter; she into a fretting fury, vowing never she should sleep quietly till she was revenged of George his wrong done unto her; and so in a great chafe left their company.

* *if it were not for printing and painting*, &c.] Compare; "*Flavia.* Pray you, in ancient times were not those satin hose? In good faith, now they are new-dyed, pinked, and scowered, they show as well as if they were new. What, mute, Balurdo?

"*Feliche.* Ay, in faith, *and 'twere not for printing and painting, my breech and your face would be out of reparation.*"—Marston's *Antonio and Mellida, First Part*, 1602, act ii. sc. 1.

INDEX TO THE NOTES ON GREENE.

abraid 231
adrad 277
addrest 198
adyts 137
affects 256
aldertruest 220
ale, the 138
all amort 153
amated 95
amiss 110
amorets 168
approve 227
Astræus 288
awarrant 188
away with 144
axier 136
ays gar 187

bain 304
Barclay's ship 164
battling 166
beholding 119
Bisa 134
blent 124
blin 298
Bocardo 164
borrow 296
brabbling 125
braids 302
brave 104
breech 300
bright of blee 264
brown-bill 172
bum 203
by 263
by'rlady 208

callet 131
can 287
censure 89
che trow, cha 130
civil 122
—— Mr Collier's mistake about 123
clad 108
clapperdudgeon 265
cleeves 154
clifts 90
clip 306
cob, a red-herring- 144
cobs 291
commodity 120
convince 278
corned 320
cote 154
counterfeit 158
counterpane 121
crake 225
creeple 318
crowd 180
curats 89
cut and long-tail 267
———— Mr. Collier's mistake about 267
cutting 159

dain 225
daw 213
denay 237
detract 191
dictamnum 208
dilated 278
Domine Dawcock 164
doon 304
Dority 102
drad 279

early up, and never the nearer . 161
employ 190
Euphrates 89

fair 118
fancy 166
fashion 120
fast-fancied 160
favour 124
fere 136
flaws 90
fond 119
fond-conceited 109
for why 96
found 267
frump 200

gassampine 135
gear 126
geason 279
giglot 306
gome 209
gree 91
greet 277
guard 177
guess 156

harp-shilling 204
Hatton, Lady Elizabeth . . 275
haud your clacks 188
heal 278
hent 281
Hesperides 90
hight 229
hilding 157
hold my cap to a noble . . 126
horn-thumb 138
hose 145
huffcap 127
hue 234

inconvenient 191
intending 129
into 111

jet 206

lawnds 95
lease-parol 134
leese 261
leman 117
letters-patents 198
lewely 195
lief 266
liefer 305
lig 180
lin 308
lour 197
lovely 189
lute-strings 121

manneth 89
margarites 90
Martlemas 260
mateth 98
may 305
mease 124
merkest 194
Middlebam-castle 268
mirabolans 170
'miss 109
mo 313
mockado 124
mops 218
Morglay 210
mouse 244
mutton 176

ne wot 144
niece 229
nild 301
nill 264
nonce 124
nonst 188
nouriced 293

of 235
ostry-faggot 133
out of all ho 174
over-curious 246
owe 146

pair 178
pantofles 164
pashed 94
pass not of 156
passeth 100
perceiverance 261
philautia 204
pickerel 197
pight 278
pinner 253
pioners 164
plackerd 154
plighted 289
plunged 144
plunges 131
point of war 94
———— —— ignorantly altered by Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector 94
portace 162
powl 139
practice 235
prease 135
prest 180
pretend 130
prevails 124
prize 175

quit 179
quittance 231

	PAGE
rebated	90
——— Mr. Collier's mistake about	90
recured	210
recureless	200
rede	236
regiment	89
remorse	130
resolve you	155
rid	187
road	255
roisters	164
rout	280
roves a bow beyond his reach	156
sackless	299
sain	231
sale	194
sall	195
salt-cellar	169
say nay, and take it	123
sect	244
seeming	304
seen	216
sendal	111
shoon	320
shrow	209
side	304
siege	299
silverlings	130
sithe	305
sithens	239
skills	169
skink	140
slops	145
souce-wife	257
sounded thrice	225
stales	142
stammel red	153
standards	141
start	280
stock	320
stomach	234
stowre	290
strides a lance	255
stripped	153
swads	292
swink	129
tables	193
taint	154
tall	138
teasers	153
than	206
tho	198
threap	187
timely	161
tire	288
to	193
treat	160
truchmen	290
umbles	177
unless	227
ure	225
vade	303
vail	107
veney	175
where	145
whereas	130
whig	304
while	127
whilst	122
whist	201
white	133
whittle	320
will	213
witch	262
wood	101
wooned	194
yearnful	277
y-blent	298
y-cleped	300

INDEX TO THE NOTES ON PEELE.

	PAGE
a ha	517
achived	497
accoyed	562
a-life	519
almain	358
all amort	392
allegate	510
amate	505
ambodexter	503
amiss	360
ancients	494
apaid	381
approves	538
argolets	423
arrest	528
as hard as the world goes	449
astoned	506
attempt	502
attonce	362
a-wark	538
Aymon, sons of	571
bale	508
Banks, his horse	610
bases	570
be	507
bedare	484
bedfellow	430
been	551
beggar dwelling upon a green	448
beholding	368
beleek	360
berayed	493
bonomably	516
bosky	407
bound	529
brabble	390
brave	516
bravery	352
break	511
brief	356
bring, be with him to	503
brock	616
bruit	492
bug	424
bulk	482
burgen	352
by'rlady	503
bysse	586
bysse	588
cammock	579
Campion, Thomas	584
can	357
cantred	398
centuries	388
certes	552
certis	513
cha	515
chain	393
cham	515
chambers	433
chare is chared	392
Charing-cross, ridiculous derivation of the name	414
Charlemagne, King	549
charm	353
chave	352
cheer	360
chest	496
chill	515
chinks	503
chould	516
Cithæron	368
clads	432
cloth of ray	390
cockell-bread	454
commodity	503
con	366
condition	509
congé	524
consort	549
controm	518
cony-gat	579
copesmates	501
cottens	396
counterfeit	483
courtnold	516
couth	551
coys	360
crake	379
crank	561
crankly	552
cross	402
crowds	401
cullian	610
cursen	516
cypress-springs	369
damn, Mr. Collier's mistake about the meaning of	424
Daniel, Samuel	584
dared	503
daysman	366
deck	393
defy	517
denay	499
deny	532
depart	458
deprave	499
detract	515
dictamnum	359
dight	562
discoloured	463
diseased	514
disposed	391
distains	430
dole	398
don	595
done	542
Donkin Dargeson	604
doubt	498
drake	563
cathly	587
egal	367
endeavour	493
entreat	517
equal	552
fancy	512
farewell and a thousand	448
favour	466
feres	352
fescues	586
fine	542
flig	408
foison	449
foltring	517
fond	428
force	523
foreslow	436
for why	412
foul	448
fraight	601
franion	445
Fraunce, Abraham	584
froes	356
frumps	364
funerals	440
gain-legged	384
gars	561
ghosts crying "*Vindicta*"	425
gird	579
Gis	398
gite	473
give aim	402
glazing	529
God's ames	495
gods tofore	533
Gog's blood	502
Gog's ounds	528
Go's	515
gree	354
ha wad	515
Harington, Sir John	584
Harry-groat	619
harquebuze	435
hast	495
hauzen	585
hearse	519
hent	553
hether	509
hight	353
hippocras	617
history	614
Hobbinol	583
Horse, The White, in Friday Street	445
hugy	424
ignomious	490
imp	602
in	458
ingle	616
intending	579
jack	410
Jack-an-apes	455
jet	363
joins	413
jouisance	354
journ	527
Jove	462
joy	464
keep	501
ken	563
kept	562
keysar	498
Killingworth	587
kind	369
kinder-kind	383
kindless	466
Lachis	520
lamb's-wool	446
languishes	494
lay	381
lays	384
leest	516
let	436

	PAGE
lets	434
lewd	428
lewdly	610
liefest	384
lightly	358
lin	557
list	551
live	427
Locrine, the tragedy of	425
losel	561
lovely	358
lute, a barber's	610
luzern	537
make	528
Marley (Marlowe), Christopher	584
martris	514
maugre	499
mean	414
mere	496
merely	466
mess	393
milt	400
'miss	562
mo	355
moil	490
mought	554
moughten	562
muleters	434
mun	562
mutton	381
naught, and be	391
ne	502
needly	517
needsly	492
ne'er the near	518
nicenss	613
nill	351
nonce	554
nones	351
noul	395
noy	522
"*O man in desperation*"	445
of	452
osprey, its power of fascinating fish	428
oxlips	352
pal	532
pantables	390
parbreak	466
partly-coloured	578
pass for	449
passeth	510
Penichia	563
perdy	353
perstand	492
pestered	588
Philisides	562
Pigeons, the Three, at Brentford	609
pigsnie	455
pi ners	393
plash	585
point-device	379
point of war	378
pot, to the	389
——— rashly altered by Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector	389
practice	504
prease	413
prest	435
pretence	507
pretend	497
prevaileth	496
princox	404
produce	541
proin-stone	500
proper	447
properties	369
propound	411
Pueriles, Cato's	401
pumey	595
queachy	393
quited	366
quit	533
rack	466
racking	562
raught	351
records	449
reduced	434
refuse	466
regiment	367
remorse	500
remorseful	481
rests	549
revoke	517
Rhamnusia	359
rid	408
rids	361
roads	380
rood	392
rout	405
ruff	446
sack	505
sack	516
sad	529
sans	381
say in brief	384
say nay, and take it	494
sayed	588
scaled	513
scorn	471
she-Sinon	616
shendeth	471
shent	367
shepherds	583
shroe	364
side	445
signed	505
sike	561
silly	491
sitteth	561
skills	493
slight	515
slops	409
smicker	561
solitaries	428
sonizance	561
sort	354
sorts an end	391
spider-catcher	504
start	557
stained	412
state	369
stature	414
steed	522
stock	448
stomach	556
Stukeley, Tom	549
styeth	484
sugar mixed with wine	618
sup	527
surquedry	553
surringer	518
swad	588
swink	562
table	577
tables	610
take	405
take us with ye	383
tall	482
Tamburlaine	424
teen	394
tempt	496
than	361
that's once	393
thilk	561
this	529
tho	354
though I am black, I am not the devil	453
"Three merry men," &c.	445
togither	495
tooting	355
Tosson, the	588
towards	494
toy	501
tralucent	588
trick	352
Troy, new-reared	562
Troy, New	571
Troy-novant	543
truchman	569
trump	446
trumpet sounding thrice	615
tyran	467
unhappy	422
vade	355
vail	403
valure	506
viage	514
vorty pence	518
waist	481
waltering	491
wanion, with a	493
wast	493
watchet	569
Watson, Thomas	584
weesels	465
welkin	562
well said	453
well-thewed	562
"Westward, ho!"	409
what's he for a man?	383
whenas	474
where	410
whereas	413
whiffler	523
while	354
whilst	392
whist	589
whorecop	518
who there	518
will	478
witned	563
won	353
wood	399
wooden	445
world, a	515
worthies	563
wun	562
y-cleped	369
y-clept	586
y-clypped	550

THE END.

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Santa Barbara

STACK COLLECTION

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW.

FAC MAY 1 1972 J

FAC NOV 15 1972 S

10m-6,'62 (C9724s4) 476D

3 1205 03058 8741

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A A 001 404 293 1